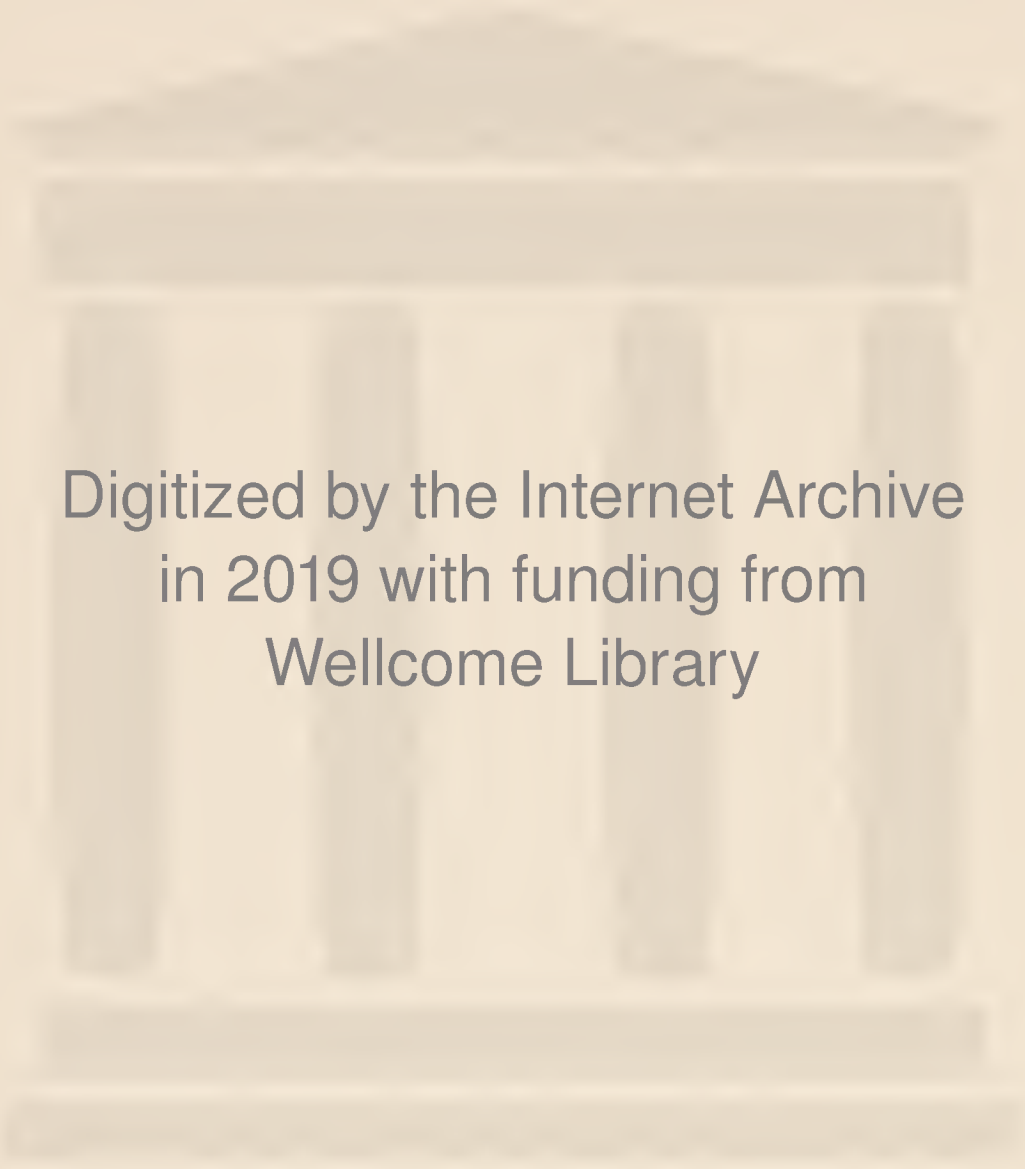

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019 with funding from
Wellcome Library

https://archive.org/details/s3id13414740

85375

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

AND

LITERARY JOURNAL.

1831.

PART II.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BENTLEY,

NEW BURLINGTON-STREET.

LONDON
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY, DORSET-STREET.

CONTENTS

OF

THE THIRTY-SECOND VOLUME.

PAGE

The Irish Elections 1

Cholera Morbus. What is its nature? In what manner ought it to be treated? And is it likely to visit the British islands? By David Uwins, M.D. 13

Ode to the Ourang-outangs at the Egyptian Hall 20

The Meeting of Parliament 22

Sonnet. By William Wordsworth. To B. R. Haydon. Composed on seeing his picture of Napoleon musing at St. Helena 26

Mrs. Siddons 27

The Convict. By L. E. L. 33

The Quarantine 37

My Pension 49

First and Second.—No. II. First and Second Thoughts, 51.—No. III. The First and Second Husband 140

The Poet's Old Age 64

The Irish Church Establishment 65

The Months.—April 75

Living Literary Characters.—No. VII. Thomas Colley Grattan, 77.—No. VIII. Robert Plomer Ward, Esq. 186.—No. IX. The Earl of Mulgrave, 249.—No. X. Miss Mitford, 366.—No. XI. Samuel Rogers, Esq. 473

No Article this Month 81

Monthly Commentary 85, 190, 290, 384, 487, 577

If the Lords reject the Reform Bill, what will follow? 97

The Prayer in the Wilderness 107

Mr. Stanley in Ireland 108

The New Parliament—The Reform Bill 118

Sketches of the English Bar.—No. V. Sir Charles Wetherell .. 129

Scenes near the Five Waters, (the Punjaub) 134

PAGE

Wishes. By T. H. Bayly 153
Sketch of the Character of Lord Grey 154
The Rhyme of the Fugitive—to his Mistress 162
A Story of the Plague at Constantinople 166
Pitt's Bon Mot 172
The Aristocracy in France 174
My Aunt's Bequest 178
Foreign Policy 201
Stanzas 210
An Episode of Real Life 211
A new Batch of Uneducated Poets 218
Literature considered as a Profession 227
Where is the Mob? 233
Hobbs and Dobbs 236
Greek Affray at Smyrna 238
Sketches of the Scottish Bar.—No. III. Mr. Forsythe 244
The French Ministry and the New Chamber 254
Gossipings, Gay and Grave. By a retired Londoner 258
Song for Music 264
The Month in Parliament. County-Division Clause, and Lord Chandos's Amendment 265
From the Portfolio of a deceased Poet 271
David Garrick and his Contemporaries 273
The Irish Yeomanry, the Irish Members, and Lord Grey 279
The Song of the Brave Man. From the German of Bürger 287
America 297
The Slave-Ship 312
The Fire at Pera. By an Eye-witness 313
The Second Marriage 320
The Ministerial Dinner 321
Coronation Lays. Picked up in the crowd 327
The Fall of Warsaw, and its effects upon England 336
Black Work 344
A Letter to Tom Shackleford 345
The Two Maidens 349
Switzerland in 1831 351
Retrospective Review of the Novels and Romances of the Year .. 356
The Vendean's Son. By the Author of "The English in Italy" .. 370
The Mainote Mother 377
The Anti-Innovator 379
Monsieur Le Brun 382
Address to the Public 393
How will the Peers be gained? 395

PAGE

Why may we blame the Bishops? 402
The Room in which Canning died 403
Pandemonium Politics 406
Conversations with an Ambitious Student in Ill Health .. No. VI. 409
The World as it Is. A Tale 420
Sonnet—The King 428
The Temper of the House of Commons. By a Member in Five Parliaments 429
Aristocracy in Religion 437
Society 438
Ourselves, our Correspondents, and the Public 445
The Annuals for 1832 455
Discussion on the French Peerage 462
Cholera Morbus Disarmed 468
A Week at Derby "during the Festival" 481
The Times 497
A Foreigner in England 500
Lord Brougham, The Man of the Time 507
The Knowledge of the World in Men and Books. By the Author of "Conversations with an Ambitious Student" 523
The Cholera Morbus. On hearing it said that this disease only attacked the Poor 528
Chateaubriand and Louis-Philippe 529
Margaret Sunderland 534
Romance and Reality. By L. E. L. 545
Government and Administration 551
Byron and Napoleon: a Poem by the Author of the "Corn Law Rhymes" 552
Reminiscences of Windham: by an old Member of Parliament .. 555
The Victim: a true Story, by a Medical Student 571
Dialogue between a Reforming Commoner and a Tory Peer .. 587

THE

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JULY 1, 1831.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THE IRISH ELECTIONS.

In reviewing the most remarkable of the Irish elections, and giving some account of their parliamentary products, I shall begin with Dublin. There the Corporation has sustained, not only a signal, but extraordinary defeat. Mr. George Moore, the hereditary champion of ascendancy, and Mr. Frederic Shaw, the Recorder, have been overthrown by the combined forces of the Government and the people, and the genius of Orangeism has been vanquished in its loftiest and strongest hold. It was imagined that the position in which they stood was impregnable; but Reform has scaled the fortress, and planted the green flag on the proudest tower on which the standard of the Williamites ever waved! Of George Moore a brief account ought to be given. He derives his main title to the predilections of his party from the recollections of George Ogle. The latter was his uncle by marriage, and left him his principles and his estate. He was a man once well known in the circles of fashion and politics in Dublin, and having a turn for literature as well as for faction, alternately presided over the orgies of ascendancy and "consorted with the small poets of the time." Of his compositions, two or three songs remain. The memory of his political intemperance is not yet passed away. He was wont to say that a Catholic would swallow an oath as soon as a poached egg. Mr. Bernard Coyne, once known in the annals of Popery, called him out for reflection on the veracity of the nation. They discharged their pistols ten or twelve times. The arms had not been loaded, and the people, aware of the fact (of which the combatants were ignorant), gathered to witness the scene in a wide circle of derision. This is all I remember of George Ogle. Mr. Moore, his successor, was a man distinguished at the Irish Bar for the urbanity of his manners, set off by a sweet smile—a look of ruddy juvenility at forty-eight—a formidable flow of tautology, and a great charm and gentleness of demeanour, which rendered him an agreeable companion, and endeared him to all those who mixed with him in the intercourse of private life. He was known to be a strong politician, but his aspect, his intonations, and his address, made those who differed from him pay little regard to any acerbity in his opinions. He took little active part in politics. William Saurin, the ex-Attorney-General, perceived

that the recollections which were associated with him might be turned to a good account, and brought him into public life. Being in want of a candidate, he selected Mr. Moore, and threw him into the deepest vortex of Corporation animosities. Mr. Moore was received with acclamation by the "good Protestants" of Dublin, and returned by a vast majority. He was thenceforward the great Corypheus of orthodoxy: he became inflamed and heated by his contact with the fiery mass of faction, and reflected all the intemperance of his constituents with fidelity, although his tranquil manner and natural suavity did not depart. It was pleasant to see him in the House of Commons delivering himself of the most ferocious conceptions in the gentlest and most simpering fashion. He was happily called Sir Forcible Feeble. John Doherty having noted that he commenced, progressed, and ended in every speech with "the glorious Revolution of 1688," took advantage of it, in order to produce, in a piece of ridicule, one of those "impromptus *faits à loisir*," which sometimes make a man's fortune in the House of Commons. Mr. Moore might have suffered in the House from the happy laughter of the present Lord Chief Justice, but was only exalted by the martyrdom of ridicule into greater favour with the Corporation. He was deemed invincible, and yet has been overthrown!

Mr. Shaw, his co-partner in the representation of Dublin, was less an object of political partiality, but had many advantages to second him. His father's bank was a tower of strength, and the coffers, it is supposed, of the Master of the Rolls were thrown open—their ponderous lids creaked on their rusty hinges in his behalf. Sir W. M'Mahon is his uncle. Mr. Shaw had, besides, the recommendation arising from very considerable ability, which he had displayed in his reply to O'Gorman Mahon, in which he gave a description of that gentleman by exhibiting a picture of another, and was accounted not only one of the sustainments, but, what is far more rare, one of the ornaments of the Corporation. He was altogether a most creditable representative. His solemnity of aspect—his full, large black and brilliant eye—his handsome countenance, overspread with an air of evangelical as well as judicial solemnity—his grave judicial walk, and his Recorder emphasis on every word, constituted an assemblage of imposing circumstance, which rendered Mr. Shaw an object of pride to the body which had delegated him to Parliament. It was imagined, on the dissolution, that no attempt would be made to resist him and Mr. Moore.

Two candidates, however, were produced by the people, in the persons of Mr. Perrin and Sir Robert Harty. The Government, laying aside the quiescence which had neutralised the power of the Irish administration in so many instances, interfered in their behalf. Orders were issued, or hints, which are equivalent to injunctions, were given, which were perfectly intelligible in the Police offices and the Paving Board, and a phenomenon in political conversion was presented in the person of the famous (famous at least in the world of provinciality called Ireland) Major Sirr. Sirr had been the Fouché of the Rebellion. He was a renowned traitor-catcher, and has been commended to immortality in one of Curran's speeches. He was a loyalist of the first zeal and acrimony, and lately superadded sanctimony to the spirit of allegiance, which, among the ascendancy party,

is always, if not synonymous with a man's interest, quite inseparable from it. "The Major" was the name by which he was known in Dublin, and the designation was enough to make many a lover of "Ould Ireland" thrill at the sound. Sanctity, ascendancy, and magistracy, all combined to render him one of the great props of what are called the institutions, and "the Major" would a little time ago as readily have anticipated his being called on to "eat a crocodile," as Hamlet says, as to swallow and digest the proposal of what is called a Popish candidate for the representation of the city of Dublin. It was, however, suggested to him by the Castle, and though it must have cost him many a straining and stretching of his political conscience, he stomached the mandate of His Excellency at last. It was a sight to behold the Major upon this occasion. His friends gathered to see him go through the operation, and as he went through it, the public face wore one universal grin. His example was of no mean use. The other dependants on authority were desired to look on the Major as a pattern, and the model was immediately copied. A fierce contest ensued, and Sir Robert Harty and Mr. Perrin were, after a strenuous struggle, returned members for the city of Dublin. The pride of the Corporation was levelled to the earth, and the proud ascendancy that had so long trampled on the head of Ireland, was compelled, although with gnashing teeth, to bite the dust. Than Sir Robert Harty and Mr. Perrin there can scarcely be two persons more dissimilar. The former was originally in trade, but having acquired a large fortune, retired from business. He is a good-humoured, rosy-faced, blue-eyed person, with a prompt and ready smile, accompanied, however, with a consciousness of that dignity which fifty thousand pounds and a baronetcy, the reward of his honourable services as Lord Mayor, are calculated to impart. He has always been a liberal man, and was wont to express his advocacy of emancipation in good set terms in that convivial rhetoric in which the aldermen of Dublin are admitted to excel. Mr. Perrin is a remarkable man. He is of French origin, and has the peculiar Huguenot expression observable in almost all French Calvinists strongly impressed on his face. A democratic character is stamped upon it. Yet it is free from any acerbity, which indeed is no ingredient of his nature, but has a directness and spirit of plain dealing which indicates that he would not give himself the trouble of disguising his opinions, and a recklessness of the judgments and estimate of other men. It is singularly thoughtful, and in the paleness which is suffused over its expanse, the evidences of long and laborious mental occupation are readily to be discerned. The brows are dark and massive, and overhang eyes, in which there are no flashes of imagination, but which are occupied by a thinking and reflective spirit, and combine frankness and boldness of character with the intimation of high intellectual endowment. The manners of Mr. Perrin are well suited to his aspect and bearing. They are independent, abrupt, and honest—a little curt, perhaps, but never purposely uncivil. He is evidently a man as incapable of offering as of brooking an offence, and would as much disdain to treat his inferiors with indignity, as those above with abjectness and servility. He came to the bar without any patron, except his high personal merit, and under no

other auspices has he made his way. He has attained the highest place in his profession as a most expert and erudite advocate, and has never stooped to a judge, or offered adulation to authority in all that time. It is a most creditable circumstance in his conduct, that when almost the whole Bar concurred in offering incense to Lord Manners in an address on his departure, Mr. Perrin refused to put his hand to a document expressing opinions which not a single barrister entertained. But I go into details too minute for the compass within which I ought to confine myself. I pass, without regard to the order in which I select the localities, to the county of Clare.

Alas! for O'Gorman Mahon. How has he declined from the high, although it was a somewhat fantastical station on which he stood not long ago, when he lighted on the tops of parliamentary eminence like Mercury on a heaven-kissing hill! There he remained poised in a posture peculiar indeed, and sufficiently strange; but it was much, after all, to have had all eyes directed on him, and by his dress, his attitude, his deportment, and an eloquence which is entirely his own, to have attracted the regards and occupied the ear of London. He is hurled down from the peaks of fashion, and instead of alternately figuring in Regent-Street and St. Stephen's Chapel, and astounding the one with his rhetoric, and the other with his attire, he is condemned to wander through the solitudes of Clare, and to gaze on those mountains which his friend Steele has associated with the immortal name of O'Connel, and given an eternity to their fame as doubtless as that of the foundations on which they stand. I own it grieves me to see this change in his political fortunes, and the incident which pains me most is the separation which took place between him and Thomas Steele. They were wont to call each other by vocatives of fraternal friendship, and Tom Steele would end every sentence by a panegyric on the virtues and services of his brother O'Gorman Mahon. At the late Clare election the passion of Tom Steele for his country, or what he considers as equivalent, his admiration of Daniel O'Connel, overcame his enthusiasm for his friend, and they who would have gladly perished for each other's sake but a little while ago, were animated by the most deadly resentment. The public are too well aware of all the gladiatorial interchanges of messages, and appointments, and "moving accidents by flood and field," which prevented any rencounter between the bands of belligerents on that memorable occasion. It would, however, be preposterous to throw any doubt on the courage of any of the parties. They are all men approved in their vocation, but fortunately for them and for their country, their O'Trigger propensities were disappointed by a series of events which cannot be considered fortuitous, but in which the finger of a guardian Providence can be distinctly traced. Why go through the half-melancholy, half-ridiculous narrative of the incidents of that election? It terminated, however, with a circumstance so honourable to both parties, that it ought not to be kept back. O'Gorman Mahon was assailed in Limerick by an infuriated rabble. He defended himself with a valour which was really heroic. When he was on the point of being overpowered, his former friend Steele, perceiving his danger, forgetting all their recent animosities in the remembrance of their ancient friendship, rushed forward, and

raising him with his vigorous arm, snatched him from the grasp of a sanguinary mob, and bore him in safety off. That two men, both full of worth and of high personal as well as public merit, have shaken hands, with "hearts in them," is the sincere wish of all those who are aware of all the good which they accomplished when they were honourably emulous for the service of their country, and left it matter of difficulty to arbitrate between their comparative claims on the gratitude of Ireland.

Mr. Maurice O'Connel, the son of "the Liberator," defeated O'Gorman Mahon. He has spoken but once in the House of Commons, and on that occasion spoke with success. His demeanour was modest and unaffected, and won the praises of those who were least disposed to allow him merit. He is singularly improved in every particular, and instead of endeavouring to obtain distinction (a pardonable frivolity) by any peculiarity of dress and deportment, he has begun to seek the acquisition of a genuine reputation. He has many of his father's attributes—a fine memory, quickness, and facility. It is certainly an injury, in many regards, to bear the name of a distinguished person, by creating a perpetual comparison; but it is also in many respects serviceable by opening to the display of talent a career already formed.

The Waterford election (for I proceed to it) was attended with a striking circumstance. The Beresford family—that family which had been so long absolute in Ireland, and which held a pre-eminence in its politics as lofty as the tall hills which crown the demesne of their splendid mansion—did not venture to enter the field for the contest of an honour on which they had expended thousands upon thousands, and which they not only considered as an appurtenance to their rank, but as a constituent of their political being. Here was, indeed, the triumph of Reform! Before its spirit the ancient aristocracy, attended with all the power which boundless opulence could give, was obliged to retreat, and to hide itself in the recesses of the fine woods of Curraghmore. The two gentlemen elected are, the brother of the late member, Mr. Robert Power, and Sir Richard Musgrave. The former is a sharp, active, quick-sighted man, with shrewd sense and good faculties, and likely to be a very useful member of parliament. Sir Richard Musgrave is remarkable for having inherited the estate and baronetcy of the celebrated partisan and Irish historian of that name, whose wild volumes purport to be a history of the Rebellion, and contain little else than the visions of an imagination ridden by a bloody incubus. His nephew, Sir Richard Musgrave, is in every political respect his exact opposite. He is a man of views as enlightened as his manners are bland, and who possesses an understanding as clear and vigorous as his purpose is pure and sound. He is beloved by the people—respected by the gentry—the model of a country-gentleman—a kind neighbour—a faithful friend, and, in the largest and most honourable sense of that noble designation—"an honest man!"

In the City of Waterford, Sir John Newport was elected without opposition. The Nestor of the Irish Whigs is too well known to require a description. He is seventy-five, but his heart still beats with a vigorous passion for his country, though I am sorry to perceive

that his hand has begun to tremble and his fine eyes have lost their lustre.

Tipperary conferred a second time an honour on itself by re-electing Mr. Wyse. It was apprehended that the death of Mr. Lanigen, an attorney, who, by his talents and influence over the public mind, has before so essentially contributed to the triumph of Mr. Wyse, would strip him of all likelihood of success. But the merits of Mr. Wyse were too well appreciated by the people; they justly felt, that however a man unknown and undistinguished might be well repudiated as an alien, genius and integrity should every where find a domicile. There was, accordingly, no contest. Mr. Wyse has been so much before the public that a description of him is almost superfluous; yet to those who have not seen him, it is as well to say what manner of man he is. His person is small and rather below the middle size; he has, however, an exceedingly-gentlemanlike bearing, which takes away any impression of diminutiveness. He holds himself erect, and seems a little animated by a consciousness that he belongs to an ancient family and is owner of the manor of St. John. He is exceedingly graceful in his manners, and at once conveys the conviction of his having lived in the best society. His countenance is more refined than marked, and expressive, and indicates gracefulness and elegance of thought and feeling rather than any strong and broad traits of character. Mr. Wyse is eminently accomplished; a master of several languages; a poet, a painter; versed in antiquities, and a traveller in the East, he presents a rare combination of personal merits and adventitious advantages. His eloquence is, perhaps, a little too rotund and full, and he is too wholesale a dealer in abstractions, and too lofty an intonator of high-sounding diction; but it flows out of a copious and abundant fountain, and runs through a broad channel, amidst all the rich divestings of highly-decorated phrase. What he mainly wants is simplicity and directness in position and in argument. He gives his hearer credit for more velocity in following him than he is entitled to, and forgets that when he arrives himself *per saltum* at a conclusion, full many an auditor may not be able to leap with the same agility to his consequences as himself.

The associate of Mr. Wyse is Mr. Hutchinson. He is generally known by the name of Lavalette, from his having, in conjunction with Mr. Bruce, performed a signal feat of courage, with which the world are too familiar to make a more distinct reference to it appropriate. Mr. Hutchinson had incurred, notwithstanding the long advocacy of the Catholic Question by his family, a good deal of popular disrelish by writing what was certainly a very incautious letter of admonition, in reply to an invitation to dine at a public dinner at Clonmel. This imprudence cost him the county at a former election. He did not regret it, but it grieved old Lord Donoughmore to the heart. He is now again elected, and it is pleasurable to think that the animosities between him and the people are at an end. He is what is commonly called "a good fellow," who does not set up any claims to eminent faculty, but whose title to good sense is beyond dispute.

The City of Kilkenny has again sent Mr. Leader to Parliament. Mr. Leader is a most useful member of the House. He has a minute

knowledge of Ireland, and possesses perhaps more acquaintance with its statistics, than any other of its representatives. I understand he never speaks without conveying information, and on that account is always attended to, although it must be owned, that he sometimes displays so much vivacity, and animates his oratorical physique with so much impetuosity of emotion, that he gives the Saxon temperaments of his hearers a start. But these imperfections ought not to be mentioned in any comparison with his most valuable qualities. He has a clear vigorous mind, amply stored with facts, and possesses a perspicuous, full, and simple diction, which from its freedom from the false brilliancy of that Irish eloquence which is held in about as much value as Irish diamonds, is a good deal prized in the House of Commons, as the most appropriate vehicle of sound reasoning and illustrative fact.

Daniel O'Connel is at last Member for Kerry, and has refuted the sacred aphorism, by becoming a prophet in a country where his claims to inspiration had been hitherto the subject of incredulity. In the county of Kerry he had less influence than in any other part of Ireland, from causes which I have not heard explained—I presume on account of the pre-eminence which the Kenmare family have for generations enjoyed in that district. It appeared singular to Englishmen, that when he started, after his unfortunate exclusion from the benefits of the Relief Bill, for any Irish county, he should not have selected his native one. Some imagined that it was in order to give evidence of his power that he wandered through the country, leaving it to put its counties into emulation for the honour of selecting him. The truth was, however, that he had not at that period any hold over Kerry. His recent election there gives the best proof of his increased popularity, and of the extent to which "the Repeal" has possessed itself of the national mind. Mr. O'Connel has substituted it for the Catholic Question, and turned it to even a more exciting account. It has effected for him in Kerry what the former measure could not accomplish, and from the summits of the mountains of Ivra he beheld the Lords of Kenmare, if not tributary to his dominion, subject, at all events, to his ascendancy. With him, Mr. Mullins, the son of a clergyman, and a relation of Lord Ventry, was returned. The brother of Lord Kenmare (Mr. Brown) did not venture to come to the poll. Neither did the Knight of Kerry, Mr. Maurice Fitzgerald. The exclusion of the latter is a source of regret to those who know him. However opposed to his late proceedings in Parliament, they recollect his services to Ireland, and his inflexible adherence, in the midst of temptations the most trying, to the cause of his countrymen. In an unhappy moment he joined the Duke of Wellington. For this union much allowance should be made; he was the Duke's early friend; they both lived together in the dissipation of the Irish Court, and formed that ligature of friendship which circumstances are least likely to snap or time to wear away. The Duke, in his splendid prosperity, always reverted to the social hours of his youth with pleasure, and honoured the Knight of Kerry with testimonies of his undiminished regard. When he came into power, he tendered him office. It was

difficult to resist place, when held out by the hand of an old friend to one who stood, perhaps, in some domestic need of it. The Knight of Kerry gave way—he accepted office, and is now banished, I fear, from public life for ever. I lament it. He is a high-minded gentleman, belongs to the old school of dignity and lofty-breeding, and has a heart, whose location in its right place in his bosom has never been suspected.

This, the fourth return of Alexander Dawson for the county of Louth, is at once a testimony to his merits, and a proof that the Roman Catholic body are not as forgetful of services as has been sometimes suggested by those who employed their own estimate of their claims to thankfulness as the standard of that virtue in others. The benefit conferred by him was signal, and the return which has been made for it has been commensurate. Mr. Dawson broke the yoke of the aristocracy by coming forward from his retirement in 1826, and has rendered it impossible that it should ever be again placed upon the necks of the people. His first speech in Parliament was greatly praised, and was admired almost beyond any other by Mr. Canning, who was struck with the intellectual *bonhommie* of the plain, unvarnished agricultural delegate from an Irish county, who told the truth with a strenuous frankness, far preferable to the gaudy eloquence which in Ireland has obtained so undue a portion of the popular favour.

The colleague of Mr. Dawson is Mr. Sheil, who has at length succeeded in obtaining the object of his aspirations, although it would have been as well for himself, and better for the country, if he had continued Member for Milbourne Port. He was already in Parliament, and it looked ungracious that he should interfere with Sir Patrick Bellew, the natural representative of the county, and who has thrown himself with much devotion into alliance with the people. Sir Patrick Bellew would, by his election, have confirmed the popular influence, and given it a permanent basis; whereas the hold of Mr. Sheil cannot be considered as very tenacious, and there can be no doubt that he will be strongly opposed by the gentry on the next election, who superadded to an aversion for his politics, a resentment for his intrusion. The friends of Mr. Sheil consider it desirable that he should be placed in an independent relation to the country, but Mr. Sheil cannot forget the obligations which he owes to the Marquess of Anglesey to such an extent as to act against his government. There is this farther awkwardness in his position: as a Government member, allowance would have been made for his necessity to sustain the Administration which put him in: he has now no apology to make to his constituents. If he votes against Government, he will be charged with an oblivion of favours; and if he votes with Government, he will be denounced by his friends as a traitor to the people. The little gentleman is in a practical dilemma, from which it will require some of his habits of rhetorical artifice to escape. Mr. Stanley has already, in the House of Commons, given him some hint of his displeasure, by referring to his characteristic impetuosity in insisting that the Government should at once proceed to the relief of the grievances of Ireland. The rebuke was well deserved; for while Mr. Sheil found fault with his patrons for their tardiness, he made no suggestion of a single practical measure for the

benefit of his country, in a speech which was delivered on very ill-selected topics upon a very inappropriate occasion.

Mr. Wallace has been defeated at Drogheda by Mr. North. The former has now expended some thousands of pounds in his parliamentary pursuits, and it is to be lamented that money so hardly earned should have been so deplorably misapplied. In the House of Commons Mr. Wallace had failed; that failure arose far more from accident and obstinacy than from any deficiency in fitness for the House. He rose at three in the morning on the fourth night of the Catholic debate, and commenced with the Treaty of Limerick. He plunged, as I have heard it observed, at once into one of the old moats of that ancient city, and lost himself in the ooze, if I may so call it, with which his infelicitous topic was overspread. The House had been wearied with eternal discussion on a matter which the Joseph Surfaceism of Sir Robert Peel had first thrown out for discussion; for he had declared that if he could be convinced that the treaty was violated, he would at once give way. Mr. Wallace undertook to convince him, with what success is well known. The consciousness which he must have of his capacity probably induced him to feel solicitous to return to Parliament. He flung two thousand pounds away on the adventure, and discovered at that cost that the power of the Corporation was not to be resisted. Mr. North was returned. He is thus once more in Parliament; but when will he be again elected for any Irish borough?—Reform will extinguish his political life. I am sorry that he has exhibited so strange a contrast between his faculties and his discretion. With great abilities, he has contrived to render himself of little practical weight in the House, and an object of great aversion to his country. An advocate of Emancipation, he perpetually shocked the Catholics by his sustainment of the Bible institutions, which they held in abhorrence; and although a supporter of the Kildare-street Society, he created among the Protestant faction an irreconcilable hostility by his voting for Emancipation. In the House of Commons he fell into the same mistakes. His attack on Mr. O'Connel was ill-timed, because it was no part of his duty to fall on a man whom Mr. Doherty had officially assailed. In his recent speeches in Parliament on Reform, although he has evinced abundance of ability, he has constantly permitted himself to be carried away by his emotions into the utterance of language offensive to an entire nation; and while others asserted their principles with as much zeal, he has committed himself by the use of unfortunate phrases, which gave great offence to one party, and proved no recommendation to the other. I fear that he will not be elected after the dissolution, and think it matter of regret. He is one of the few members in whose oratory the traces of the Pitt and Canning school are to be discovered, and nothing but that blindness of party, which shuts men's eyes so close, could fail to perceive in his eloquence a more than ordinary splendor.

The University of Dublin, true to its principles, and anxious to have a representative in the House in whom its politics and literary eminence should be faithfully represented, has sent Mr. Lefroy a second time to the House of Commons. As the University has never deemed it requisite to give any evidence of the progress made by

Science, or by the Arts, in its cloisters, and not a book of any kind appears in the course of years to rescue its professors from the imputation of incompetence, it was not unnatural that it should choose for its member a gentleman who had never obtained any sort of distinction within its walls, and who has as studiously concealed his own great proficiency in learning, and his extraordinary talents, as the very venerable body which he represents in the House of Commons. On the other hand, the known abilities, the scholarship, and literary and scientific qualifications of Mr. Crampton, who had obtained a fellowship in the college with great *éclat*, were quite sufficient to disentitle him to the honour of sitting for the "silent sister" in the House of Commons. It is true that Mr. Lefroy has in one instance departed from the character of his constituents and violated a prudential taciturnity. I did not hear him, but have understood that it was exceedingly improbable that the House would ever permit such a deviation from his parliamentary character again.

But what shall I say of the County of Carlow?—what of Sir John Miley Doyle and of Mr. Walter Blakeney?—and what, above *all*, of their nominator, who turned them into Members of Parliament with a single touch of his magic crosier, Doctor Doyle? Strange vicissitudes! Who could have conjectured that a "Bachelor of Salamanca," (for there, I believe, the Doctor was initiated into theology,) and afterwards a Parish Priest in some part of Wexford, and then a Professor of dogmatic divinity at the sacerdotal College of Carlow, should now with a mitre, lofty as that of Becket, (although without a gem in it,) on his brow, and a pastoral staff of Bellarmine potency in his hand, legislate for the passions of the people, and not only summon and dismiss at his bidding the popular emotions, but without stretch or effort, and by the simple intimation of his will, accomplish that which not a Peer in the empire could have effected? Where is the man, except James or John, (I forget which,) Bishop of Leighlin and Kildare, who could return two county members? Even the great Daniel himself could not achieve so much in any single Irish county. He can recommend the principle, but not prescribe the men—but the episcopal Franciscan can with a hint of his sacred predilection return two members without a struggle. It must be confessed that his choice was singular. Sir John Miley Doyle had been hitherto famous as a walking Wellington testimonial (so he was called from the profusion of his military decorations), for his prodigal whiskers that are spread in minacious profusion over his jaws, and his being the best whistler in Ireland. He was an excellent officer, and served with great distinction in the Peninsula, but his genius as a legislator was not conjectured, until it was detected by the sagacity of Doctor Doyle. Mr. Blakeney is a country gentleman, who did not even take a part in Catholic politics, and was unknown in the Association. His only claim to public honours must have been confined to the great respectability of his family, and to his personal virtues and worth. It is not the least derogation from his real merits to say, that no one ever regarded him as likely to become the trustee of the interests of the empire—yet these gentlemen were not only placed in Parliament by Doctor Doyle, but Mr.

Cavenagh and Mr. Bruen, the heads of the old Protestant aristocracy, did not even venture to enter the lists against them. Such a man is Doctor Doyle: and yet this man, whose abilities are of the first class, whose power over popular opinion is incalculable, and who would, if he were permitted, enter into co-operation with the Government for any legitimate object of public utility, and, above all, the production of peace and happiness through the country, is kept apart by a miserable system from the authorities, and has not even succeeded in persuading them to abandon that system of education, which, beyond anything else, irritates and exasperates the Roman Clergy of Ireland.

The County of Wexford has, in throwing out Lord Valentia, got rid of a man, in whom the morgue aristocratique was combined with a feudalism in religion, (for there is such a thing in Ireland,) and has accomplished the double good of removing an evil and substituting a great good in the person of Mr. Henry Lambert. This gentleman unites all the requisites for the representative of a popular county. He has a large property, he is of ancient family, is devoted to the cause of true freedom, is at the same time reasonable in his views, and not only has the judgment to see what is likely to conduce to the public benefit, but the talents requisite to enforce his opinions, and become a powerful expositor of Irish wrongs in the House of Commons. For many years he did not take any very active concern in the business of agitation in Ireland. His tastes and habits are perhaps a little fastidious, and he did not in all likelihood relish the close approximation with turbulence and the ruder attributes of democracy, which a large participation in the pursuits of the Association would have involved. He led rather a secluded life at his country seat, where he beguiled his time with the graceful literature and the study and cultivation of those accomplishments which are most in affinity with a mind of a nice and delicate texture. He published some tracts on politics which were full of just observations, and written in a sparkling and vivacious style. But he seldom appeared in the convocations of the people, and to the great mass of his fellow religionists was hardly known. He has now come forward to take the station which his circumstances and endowments entitle him to fill, and has already, by his forcible observations on the Newtown-Barry massacre, approved himself to be animated by the sentiments and possessed of the qualities requisite for the efficient service of his country.

The member for the town of Wexford is Mr. Walker, son of a gentleman who was one of the Masters in the Irish Chancery, and who has a large estate near the town. Mr. Walker, although a Protestant and a member of the highest class of gentry in his county, was always distinguished for his steadfast and zealous support of the Catholic claims. He ingratiated himself in the popular liking to such an extent that it is hardly exaggeration to say that he was almost adored by the people. He never omitted an opportunity to sustain the lower classes, when oppressed by their superiors, and on the seat of magisterial justice was the dauntless champion of the poor. In one instance he particularly distinguished himself. He found in an English parson settled in a good living in his neighbour-

hood, no other pastoral quality than a peculiar genius for the shearing of his flock. This shepherd of the people was also a Justice of the Peace. This nuisance of the altar, and this tyrant of the bench, was resisted by Mr. Walker. He turned his weapons against himself, and dragged him into the Ecclesiastical Court as a delinquent against decency, and a mocker of the name of God. After having broken many hearts, it became his turn to perish of that malady which he had so often inflicted. The " arte perire suâ" was a just retribution.

Lord Roden had already given some strange instances of that enthusiasm in religion which consists fully as much in interference with that of his neighbours as in attending to his own. He had incurred the resentment of the inhabitants of Dundalk, by introducing a clause in all leases made by him, to prevent any of his tenants from building, or allowing to be built, a Roman Catholic Chapel on the demised premises. This was sufficient, it is almost needless to say, to arm the priesthood and array the whole mass of religious passions against him. He might have been contented with the effects produced by this offence to the most sensitive of all feelings, but as if he had not succeeded to the utmost of his desires, he has recourse to an ensuring expedient, and puts in Captain Gordon of the Royal Navy, and of missionary celebrity in Ireland, as his nominee for the borough of Dundalk. The Captain may be, peradventure, a most estimable individual in all his personal relations, and he may have received a special delegation from Heaven on the quarter-deck on some fine moonlight night upon the high seas. He might have travelled on his tour of conversion, when he performed his progress through Ireland with Mr. Gerard Noel, from motives in which his heart alone, and not his stomach were concerned, and without the least reference to the justice of Pope's culinary predilection, when he exclaims—" still let me dine with Saints!" but admitting him to be as sincere, though as yet not as fortunate as Mr. Wolfe, the converted Jew, it was a strange selection on the part of Lord Roden to choose a man so obnoxious to the Irish people, who have been accustomed to associate derision and contumely with his name. But that Lord Roden is known to be an inveterate antagonist of Reform, one would be tempted almost to believe that he intended to expose the monstrosities of the Irish borough system, by the nomination of a man, as an Irish representative, whom beyond any other, perhaps, Ireland would stenuously repudiate! and who is no otherwise distinguished than by those barbarous homilies in which mysticism is involved in nautical phraseology, set off by a Caledonian intonation.

O'Connor Don is gone. His white and venerable head, his face flushed with rural health at seventy-two, his tall, straight, and erect figure are " in my mind's eye." He was the descendant of the last of the Irish Kings, and tempered his monarchical prerogatives by manners of peculiar kindness, which only reflected the affability of his benign and gentle nature. Peace be with him! His eldest son —But I shall return to the Irish elections in the next number. I have already exceeded my due limits. C. D.

CHOLERA MORBUS.

What is its nature? In what manner ought it to be treated? And is it likely to visit the British Islands? By David Uwins, M.D.

My reader must not imagine that I am about to frighten him out of his senses with medical polemics, and technical jargon, when I advert to three or four errors which have always (as it appears to me, for I would not be dogmatical) clung with more or less tenacity to, and thereby occasioned more or less of confusion in, the doctrines and principles of the healing art.

In the first place, the excitant of a disease, or one of its prominent characters, has by a curious sort of metonymical nomenclature been considered and described as the disease itself; or what is more to the purpose of our present argument, the error as to its consequences being in some measure similar, varied degrees of morbid action have been received, as differences absolutely in kind.

Secondly, the ideas of contagion and infection have been strangely confounded, even by men, who, for the most part, are precise in their language, and particular in their designation, of other things.

It has, thirdly, been taken for granted, and acted upon as a practical truth, that an infectious disease cannot be a contagious one, nor a contagious an infectious one.

Lastly, the management of a malady has been considered a mere abstract affair, whereas, in point of fact, it is one of the most circumstantial and relative of all things. The physician, in his endeavours to combat morbid action, has been supposed to be engaged with a substantial entity—and you hear talk of remedies for this, and cures for that distemper, as if, like the chemist, a medical practitioner had only to learn the opposites of the several derangements to which we are obnoxious to apply *that* to the particular case and thus to obtain the *tertium quid* of health.

I will give one or two instances of these several errors, and endeavour to make the argument apply to the resolution of the important queries placed at the head of the present article.

We will suppose a certain condition of atmospheric temperature—an undefinable and hitherto inscrutable state of circumambient air—a too fearless exposure to sudden alternations of heat and cold—a dejected or apprehensive turn of mind—an indulgence in unwholesome fruits—to operate separately, or, to a greater or less extent, conjunctively, upon the frame, and the consequence shall be some kind or other of nervous, and stomach, and biliary derangement. Upon an individual of one constitution and under particular circumstances (and I have seen this happen in our own country) the rush of disordered action shall be such as to occasion a general cramp or spasm upon almost every part of the body (the biliary ducts included) —and the patient shall be hurled to the ground a lifeless corpse before medical aid can be procured. Surely the malady would in this case possess every title to the appellation of *spasmodic* Cholera—and yet it shall have been induced by the very same means which in other individuals of the family or the district shall merely occasion an acrimony in the quality, and superabundance in the quantity, of bile, a mere diarrhœa, or, at the most, what is named a *bilious* Cholera, being the result. To imagine then that spasmodic Cholera, bilious

Cholera, and windy Cholera (the divisions of systematic writers), are so many abstract essences, necessarily acknowledging each its specific excitant, is to imagine erroneously.

Again, let a certain virus or poison, however generated, so be made to impinge upon the body as to bring about those particular effects to which the term fever has been very improperly applied.* If the attack is made in the autumnal season, or upon what is called a bilious constitution, the consequence will be "a bilious fever;" if its influence be directed to the poor and ill-fed and filthy inhabitants of a miserable alley in a miserable part of the metropolis, the distemper will prove a "typhus fever;" if we could suppose an individual labouring under this form of disease to be immediately, or with much more than rail-way rapidity conveyed to the shores of the Levant, and to communicate with another—the second with a third, and so on in rapid succession, under external and internal circumstances calculated to foster it, plague in all its enormous malignity shall rear its head and carry dismay and destruction among the community. Let the conveyance of the typhoid sufferer be supposed in another direction; let him be transported to the swampy shores and burning suns of a West India island—here his own malady will assume more of the bilious character, and if the cause and causes effecting this change in the kind of malady act with sufficient intensity, he shall become the subject of yellow fever himself, and be the medium of communicating the yellow fever to others. Who, I have elsewhere asked, has ever heard of the yellow fever becoming general in Britain? and why, with all its acknowledged powers of communication, does it not become so? Because it is an *infectious* as well as contagious distemper—in other words, it is dependent upon time, place, and circumstance, as well as upon a virus or poison. But I am told that Cholera has travelled from the East to the North, and that the virulent plague of the Levant has in past times been an English distemper. It is true that Cholera has so travelled, and that plague has in past times become general in this country; but among what people and under what circumstances has Cholera thus been transported from place to place? and under what circumstances has the real plague ever been an English malady? The first has taken its route with migratory tribes and caravan travellers, among whom, from the very nature and mode of their existence, that kind of association is established which is the most calculated to preserve the seeds and foster the germination of a contagious poison. It has been conveyed to and communicated amongst districts where, as in the instance of the Cossacs, the subjects of its operation are in their habits and customs but one remove from thorough barbarism; and it has visited provinces which are torn and rent by the horrors of present or anticipated war, and where famine, and fear, and carnage, and their consequences, have rendered the people vulnerable to almost any species of malady, especially such as act particularly and prominently upon the nervous and biliary functions.

* Fever is a word taken from a prominent symptom—viz. the increased heat—but this increase of heat is by no means proportioned always to the intensity of other marks, and there is, therefore, an impropriety in making it the essence of any malady. But I must not allow myself to go further into these objections, as my present design is of a popular nature.

I have just admitted that plague has heretofore visited Britain, in its true, and proper, and virulent form, instead of being the more mild or more malignant typhus of present times. But I hope and trust, nay, I am fully assured, that this will never again be the case. Upon what is my hope and expectation founded? not upon quarantine enactments, which I fear are as useless as they are expensive and vexatious;* but upon the feeling that the polity of this comparatively happy country has, in conjunction with the active good sense of its inhabitants, brought the land and the particulars of its climate into such a condition as to prevent the generation of *malaria*, thus to prevent plague from becoming an infection, and to dilute it into a mere contagion. Blasts from noxious winds, and blights from baneful states of the atmosphere, still occasionally visit us; but the industry of our peasantry, under the direction of our men of science, has in a great measure rent asunder the formerly joint influence of soil and atmosphere; and our citizens have effected the same disunion of animal and putrid effluvia from aërial conditions of a noxious kind. I have heard it suggested that atmospheric infection is produced by myriads of insects, or their larvæ—a suggestion which may be considered as authorised by the appearances that vegetation assumes after what is named a blight has for a short time been hovering over the land. Others ascribe the *malaria*, which converts a contagious into an infectious distemper, to intestine commotions of the earth engendering chemical compounds, which mixing to a certain extent with the air, impart to it its deleterious qualities. No theory, however, has hitherto proved satisfactory which aims at the explication of atmospheric poison; but certain it is that man possesses considerable power, by the management of the soil, of mitigating its malign influence; and to the exercise of this power is, I repeat, our comparative immunity from pestilential influence in a great measure to be ascribed. Assuming Cholera, about which there is at present so much, and in my mind such needless apprehension, to be a contagious disorder, (and its contagious quality seems established by the best authority,) I say, assuming that it is communicable from one individual to another by immediate contact, you assume what is rather favourable to the supposition, that *we* shall always be preserved from any very formidable measure of its influence; because we can dilute the poison into comparative nonentity by our habits and by our polity; and we may meet its visits, not under the paralyzing depression of alarm, but with a manly determination to do all that man has a right and a power to effect, in the way of opposing what was in former times, and still is in some countries considered as an immediate visitation from Heaven of a punitory nature, and, therefore, that resistance to it is impious, and opposition unavailing.

The Cholera in question seems to have been originally of sponta-

* If articles of merchandize could cause plague in the way that quarantine institutions suppose, we should often and often have been visited by the distemper, in spite of all the precautions of the most rigorous police. It is well known that officers at the several stations smile at what they are obliged officially to perform, in the same spirit that some of the more liberal priests of an austere and ceremonious religion, after going through the duties their functions impose on them, thank God that "the farce is over." If "Reform" be required in any thing, it is required in the laws enacted for the prevention of plague. At the same time I should be far from countenancing the *lawless* proposals of your thorough anti-contagionists.

neous or atmospheric origin, to have been communicated to and conveyed through parts and provinces as a *mere* contagion; this contagion, however, being nursed and fostered into a species of artificial infection, and thus, from being in the first instance an infection, it became a contagion; this contagion itself being again converted into some sort of infectious character by the habitudes and circumstances of the parts and persons affected.

Now, were the malady more properly and strictly infectious—that is, were it like the influenza, *ab origine ad finem*, both infectious and contagious—we should have more reason to fear its descent upon our shores. Even then, as in the instance of influenza, much might be done in the way of mitigation by separating the sick from each other; and thus preventing artificial from mixing itself with natural or aërial poison; but, in the present case, I conceive that every thing may be done by a care commensurate to its demands, and I should say, that were a whole ship's crew to be landed to-morrow on our coast, it would only be for medical men to treat the disease properly, and to insure a separation of the sick from each other, as well as from the inhabitants of the village or town into which the ship had unburdened its cargo, for the inhabitants of a neighbouring village to remain as secure in their dwellings as if the much-dreaded plague were three thousand, instead of only three miles from them.

They have only, I say, "to treat the disease properly;" and here we have to advert again to the last species of error which has been said to mix itself up with vulgar speculations on the subject of medicinal agency. "What is the cure for Cholera?" do we hear in every company reiterated. I would reply, it is that which the immediate circumstances and complications, local and constitutional, of the case demand. Medical men, I repeat, when they encounter disease, do not encounter an abstract essence. Disorder has occasionally "a local habitation," but it can never, properly and strictly, have "a name." The same course shall be followed in different individuals with vastly different effects; and opium and ammonia, and calomel and blood-letting, and sudorifics, shall be all proper—nay, imperiously called for in this instance—they shall some be demanded, and some contra-indicated, in that instance—the malady still retaining from its excitant an appellation implying identity.

I alluded to cases, in the beginning of this essay, where frightful spasms had seized their victims, and crushed the vital principle by an eager grasp before medicinal aid could be procured. I recollect one particular instance, where a fine young woman, in the full vigour and flower of life, was thus cut off from among the living, and who, most probably, might have had her life preserved to this day had a qualified person been at hand to pour down opium and ammonia in sufficient quantities, to drown, as it were, the cruel spasms. I have been called to other cases, where the timely administration of opium in due quantities *has* appeared to effect the purpose of immediate preservation, while the radical, or eventual indication, so to speak, has been for an opposite system of treatment; but it is obvious that in all severe cases of disordered visitation the main object of the medical practitioner ought to be to think of his patient *circumstantially*, and not of the malady abstractedly, and to prevent the extinction of the living principle by measures apportioned to the magnitude of the occasion.

And with what conscious satisfaction may not medical men appeal to the astonishing success attendant upon the treatment of Cholera, even in its direst degrees and forms, when called upon tauntingly by sceptics to show the ground of their pretensions to restoring power!

On this head, we may extract the following statement from Dr. Mason Good, who, in alluding to the Cholera of 1817, remarks, "Of the dreadful spread and havoc of this cruel Asiatic scourge we may form some idea, from the report to the Medical Board at Bombay by George Ogilvy, Esq. Secretary. The population in this district alone is calculated at from 200,000 to 220,000; the total number of ascertained cases amounted to 15,945, giving a proportion of seven and a half per cent. Of these cases, 1294 sick had been without receiving medical aid; and there is reason to believe that of these, *every individual perished!* Mr. Ogilvy, indeed, expressly asserts it was not ascertained that any case had recovered in which medicine had not been administered; while it is gratifying to learn, on the other hand, that among those who had received the advantages of the judicious and active plan concurrently pursued, the proportion of deaths was reduced to 6.6 per cent. an alarming mortality still, but a marvellous improvement upon the *natural* course of the disease. In other parts of India, indeed, the deaths under the same plan of treatment seem to have been still fewer; for Dr. Burrell, surgeon to the 65th regiment at Seroor, out of sixty cases, makes a return of only four deaths; and Mr. Craw, on the same station, asserts that, on an early application for relief, the disease, in his opinion, 'is not fatal in more than one in a hundred cases.' Than this statement nothing can be more satisfactory—nothing more demonstrative in favour of medicinal interference." "Let Nature alone to work its own cures" is the cant of many; but who, after perusing the above narrative, can fail to be convinced that this notion of leaving things to Nature is utterly and often fatally erroneous?

If in the few foregoing intimations I have made myself understood by the reader, he will infer that I have very little apprehension of Cholera ever being an epidemic in Britain. It is possible that the bilious affections which are common with us at the autumnal season, may this year assume a little more than their wonted malignity; but we have only to be dietetically careful and medicinally watchful, and I believe that much may be done in counteracting even such tendency. At the same time, I am far from joining the fierce and fearless anti-contagionist, who laughs at all preventive measures, and who derides Government enactments by comparing them with commands to build up high walls in order to keep in larks. The term contagion, these gentlemen contend, ought to be restricted to such maladies as measles, scarlatina, and small-pox; for it is these and these only which are capable of being conveyed by a specific poison from district to district, and from clime to clime. Dr. M'Lean, indeed, was so thoroughly imbued with this sentiment, that he entered, without the smallest scruple or care, into the Lazarettoes of the Levant, in which hundreds were labouring under plague. He became himself the subject of plague, and was cured of his distemper, but not of his conceit: for he afterwards returned to this country, and wrote an interesting

book, the main purpose of which was to prove that the distemper in question is from an infectious atmosphere, and from that alone.

So far from going these lengths, I have supposed, and will still presume upon the possibility, that some contagion may find its way to our shores, but I hope not with sufficient intensity, as to measure or quality, for the production of any very serious disorder. Preventives, however, may very properly be had recourse to, if they can be instituted without filling the imagination with direful forebodings; and, under this impression, I will close my paper with an extract from a small volume on Cholera, lately published, by Mr. Searle, the extract itself, however, being one from Mr. Annesley's splendid work on Indian Diseases. I will mark in italics the points which I deem of the greatest practical importance.

"All that I can say under this head may be comprehended under the general injunction of avoiding the predisposing and exciting causes of the disease. Whatever tends, directly or indirectly, to debilitate or fatigue the system; whatever lowers its vital energy, as *excess of every description*, disposes to the operation of the efficient cause of the malady. On the other hand, I am fully persuaded, that whatever tends to preserve this energy, serves to render the system impregnable to its operations.

"*Exposure to cold, to chills, to the night dew, and to wet and moisture*, ought carefully to be avoided; and if at any time these exposures are inevitable, the system should be fortified against their effects. But the mode of fortifying the system requires consideration. This should not be attempted unless better means are not within reach, by wines or spirits: *these generally leave the system, as soon as their stimulating effects have passed off, more exposed than before to the invasion of disease.* Permanent tonics, however, and those more especially which determine to the surface of the body, at the same time that they improve the tone of the digestive viscera, and promote the regular functions of the bowels and biliary organs, may be resorted to on such occasions. For this purpose, infusion or decoction of bark, or of calumba, may be taken with the spiritus mindereri, or any warm stomachic; or the powdered bark may be administered, combined with the spicy aromatics. The same medicinal means may also be attended to whenever the disease prevails at the place where the individual resides, and should be put in practice when he retires to sleep, and as soon as he rises in the morning, before he leaves his apartment. *He should avoid also sleeping in low and ill ventilated apartments, and be equally distrustful of sleeping near, or even of passing through, in the night time, marshy or swampy districts.* If, however, these latter precautions cannot be taken, the medicinal means already suggested should be adopted.

"The bowels should be attended to, and their functions regulated; but in no case should this be attempted by debilitating purgatives, or by salts. The warm stomachic laxatives, and these combined with tonics, may be adopted with advantage as occasion may require. The surface of the body should be kept in a warm perspirable state: but excessive perspirations should be avoided.

"The diet should be regular, moderate, and easy of digestion. Whilst low living ought to be shunned, its opposite should never be indulged in. *The stomach ought to have no more to do than what it can perfectly accomplish without fatigue to itself, and to the promotion of its own energics.* It must never be roused to a state of false energy by means of palatable excitants, or weakened by distending it with too copious draughts of weak diluents.

"The state of mind ought to be regulated in such a manner as not to be excited much above, nor lowered beneath its usual tenor. *The imagination should not for a moment be allowed to dwell upon the painful consideration which the disease is calculated to bring before the mind; and least of all, ought the dread of it to be encouraged.* Those who dread not diseases, and who yet possess sufficient prudence to avoid unnecessary exposure to their predisposing and ex-

citing causes, may generally be considered as subjected to comparatively little risk from them. This, I am persuaded, is particularly the case as respects epidemic Cholera; and I wish to impress it upon the minds of those whom the observation concerns."

Since the above was written, I perceive that the College of Physicians has been acting under the commands of Government in instituting preventive measures, founded upon the contagious nature of the disorder in question. All this is exceedingly proper, and nothing, of course, will be left undone which it shall seem expedient to adopt by the gentlemen who compose the commission. But I would still wish the public mind, while it is on the alert, not to be upon the alarm. Let not every bilious attack (and, as the hot weather has set in sooner than common, we shall be likely to have these attacks in a proportionate measure sooner,)—let not, I say, every bilious derangement be put down to the score of epidemic Cholera. Let us not frighten each other into malignant disease, nor succumb to the depressing apprehension that is abroad. On this day, (June 23rd,) we find the death confirmed of the Russian General Diebitsch. "It would appear," says "The Times" newspaper, "that he died of the Cholera; and it may be presumed, that his death will thus tend to increase the alarm which that disease has already inspired in the north of Europe." To me, however, the event in question does not seem at all to militate against the opinions I have above expressed. We can easily conceive that Diebitsch was in that state of mind which rendered him vulnerable to the shafts of disease. He found that Poland was no bed of roses; that he had something more to do than when he directed his hostile steps eastward; and the discouragements and disappointments of the campaign were just such circumstances as we should expect would wound the spirit and debilitate the frame of a man who set out under the impression that conquest was at his command.

In the same paper, ("The Times" of the 23rd of June,) we find some rumours reported of the Cholera having visited Dublin: these reports will very likely be multiplied and added to every day. We hope, however, that in a city like Dublin, which has been, for a long time, proverbial for medical skill and science, every care will be taken, even in the event of Cholera appearing, against permitting it to spread through the island. If once a disorder of a contagious nature were to make good its footing among the famished poor of the sister country, then, indeed, we should have just ground for alarm. But this, I trust, will, as there is every reason to hope it may be, averted.

I will take occasion to intimate, that contagion of all kinds makes its way into the system with much more readiness through the medium of the lungs than the skin. I am doubtful, indeed, whether, while the outer skin is whole or unabraded, *any thing of a poisonous nature can be introduced by it.* I merely throw out this hint in order that care, should its exercise be at all necessary, may be rather directed against inhaling the exhalations of the sick, than of coming in contact with the infected person. All the reputed antidotes to contagion are worse than nugatory. Covering the surface of the body with *any* material is a proposal childish in the extreme.

ODE TO THE OURANG-OUTANGS AT THE EGYPTIAN HALL.

"A LIKENESS for a shilling!"—*Vide* Records of Fine Arts.

Oh! dumb philosophers!—oh! sages mute!—
Oh! Simian wonders!—Reader, have you seen them?
Enlighteners alike of Man and Brute,
For ye are "links" between them!
Oh! marvels twain,
Beings whom Bond-street in her brightest days
Hath sought to rival—but, alas! in vain,
How shall I sing your praise?
I will not try, not I;
But rather call upon that monster, Man,
Compound of Brummell and of Caliban,
To come and bow
His disappointed and dislaurell'd brow;
And to confess,
Queerest of quadrupeds, that you are ess
A libel upon man, than man on you.
Satyrs ye are, 'tis true!

Here, pulpit prodigies and peerless peers
Will come and stare,
And gaze upon you with a blank despair,
And greet you with a shower-bath—of tears;
How will Lord E. and Mr. Irving tear
Their hair!
Will Paganini boast his length of arm,
Now that your monkey-majesty's is seen?
Or Taglioni match a single charm
Of mould or motion with the Simian queen?
Divine the dancer is, I know;
But then the latter,
As fascinating quite, is somewhat fatter.
Oh! for thy chisel, Chantrey—thine, oh, Behnes!—
Now, as she sitteth there beside her *beau*,
That seems a wizard—just like Paganini's!

Twins, before whom the youthful Siamese
Melt into air—prodigious pair!
Here grateful Fashion greets you on its knees,
And looking on your aspects rare,
(A moral likeness of her brood)
Instead of praising you with form and fuss,
It asketh simply, what you think of *us?*
Is there a Revolution in the Wood?
Come you to give your "Lives" to that variety
In literature,—for sayings *versus* doings,
Call'd Cam.'s or Sham.'s ENCOURAGEMENT SOCIETY,
The *Wit-bred* vat for literary brewings?
Or were you caught
By any "M. P.-Candidate" Committee,
For making members quite as quick as thought,
And digging up debaters—in the City?
Alas! then you were brought
Too late, and Parliament has lost, I fear,
The aid of your sage councils, for a year.
You still may find your kindred in that walk—
But then *they* talk!

The world is weary of Orang-harangues;
But *you* would still escape its fierce critique,
Editors' jokes, and rude reporters' fangs—
For ah! you cannot speak.
How should your silence shame the wight
Who still says nothing, while he talks all night!
Yet *should* you speak—no matter what about—
Pray mention "Providence," lest some one should
(Perhaps Lord Thomas Cecil) call you out.

Your foes, great Ape-Ambassadors, report
You never went to court.
No coronet, of course, adorns your brows,
Yet in your own far land,
You live, it seems, as courtiers do—on *boughs*,
And walk like them—on sand.
There too, besides all cool, delicious fruits,
You feed, like etymologists, on roots.
Can you resign these treasures,
For laughing London's pleasures?
Will you to theatres repair, and see
Objects that have full oft your hearts inspired?
As rich-voiced Wood, small Poole, sweet Ellen Tree,
And ancient Mountain—had she not retired!
Or do your souls for sunnier landscapes burn,
Where balmy winds descend like Nature's florists?
Ah! yes, I see you gladly would return
(Like Viscount Lowther) to the "Woods and Forests."

Yet, monkey-meteors—comets without tails—
I fain would know, ere yet you go,
What you have seen in those same distant dales?
Say, did you ever meet
In those wild lands untrod by human feet,
Beset with perils, pathlessness, and pits—
I hope the question is not indiscreet—
But did you ever meet
The good Lord Londonderry's wits?
Ah! should you see them when you next go down,
Say they are sadly wanted here in town!
Or have you, for your eyes are clear,
Discover'd what the public weal
Hath gain'd by *four* Sir Roberts here—
Inglis, Bateson, Wilson, Peel?

Hark! break we off—what wild and sudden wail
Is hither wafted by the western gale?
Voice of one who, broken-hearted,
Mourneth for her mate departed!
Ah! yes, the show is past, the pageant's o'er—
King Orang is no more!*
Ah me! to see how even monkeys pass!
How many kingly deaths a year will bring!
Is this the creature,
To look upon whose almost human feature
The money-loving world so late was willing
To pay its shilling?
Alas! alas! all flesh must turn to grass!
Un-Stultz'd, un-Hoby'd man, is such a thing
As thou, poor Monkey King!

L.

* He died a few days ago.

THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

Well, Parliament has assembled—the King has addressed "My Lords and Gentlemen" in person, and an address responsive has been agreed to in both Houses without any formal opposition. So far so good. But still the question is, "Will *The* Bill pass the Lords?" We answer,—it will, it must! As well might one expect, Canute-like, to see the ocean-tide arrest its progress at the bidding of a maniac—my Lord ——, for example—as that the great current of public opinion should be now stayed in its course by the faction of Noble and Right Reverend anti-reformers, of which his Royal Highness Ernest Duke of Cumberland is the venerated chieftain. The mighty stream may be here and there impeded by temporary obstacles—the sediment and growth of time—but systematic opposition can now only serve to invest it with the fury of the mountain torrent. The schoolmaster is, indeed, abroad; and that which has been so often spoken is of a verity about to be fulfilled.

We will not stop—we had almost said condescend—at this twelfth hour, to repeat, for the hundred and first time within the last few months, all that has been said on the side of good government. That the greatest happiness of the greatest number is the sole end of all civil institutions, is now felt to be a self-evident maxim;—that a representative form of government is an essential means to this end; and that it is a mockery, hardly to be surpassed in mendacious audacity by the heroes of the Pitt Club themselves, to consider the nominees of some 140 boroughmongers as the faithful trustees of the wants and interests of the Commons of England, are propositions which every man in the empire (always excepting the divinity graduates of Cambridge and Oxford) feels to be self-evident. As was observed in a recent number of the "New Monthly," were the question merely one of principle and expediency, the controversy would have been long since at an end; but as it is a contest of right *versus* usurpation,—of the right of the middle classes—the wealth and intelligence and main-stay of the British name—to have a voice in the election of those who are to hold their purses and properties, and, in degree, their lives and persons, in their own hands,—other arguments than those which reason and justice would suggest are thought to be more applicable to the proceedings in the House of Lords, so far as they may affect the success of the Reform Bill. Hence the several appeals to the passions of their Lordships—to their self-interest, their hopes and fears, upon which the press has been ringing the changes since the dissolution—among which, a pamphlet, entitled "Friendly Advice to the Lords on the Reform Bill," from the celebrity of its imputed author, has attracted most attention. We must confess that these appeals have struck us as very unsatisfactory, and that the main argument by which we may count on their Lordships' inveterate hostility to every measure tending to the amelioration of the political condition of the people being overcome, has been overlooked; and that argument is contained in the answer to the simple question, What would be the consequence to themselves of their Lordships' placing themselves in direct hostility to the King in his regal and individual capacity, to the King's Government, and, above all, to the unanimous acclaim of the people for Reform, as speaking through the large majority in favour of the Bill which they have returned at the late election, and through that most influential of organs in these days of the schoolmaster—the Press? Supposing, for a moment, that the Lords threw out the Bill, where is there to be found, outside of the walls of Bedlam, the anti-reformer daring enough to meet the present House of Commons in the character of Minister? Even a Tory House of Commons rejected Sir R. Peel and his imbeciles with contempt; and, if black differs at all from white, it is to be presumed, that the feeble self-sufficiency of Mr. Goulbourn and his well-paired colleague will be no great additional recommendation to a majority chosen for the express purpose of bruising the serpent's head of Toryism for ever. To any man at a loss for a proof of the irresistible unanimity of the wealth and intelligence of the country on the side of pure representation, and, as a consequence, of the mischievous folly, the fatal madness, of all attempts to persist in practically maintaining the Wellington doctrine of the constitutional excellence of rotten boroughs, let him

purchase a list of the returns of the late election, and compare it with that of the returns made but a few short months before. Let him examine any or every mansion or hovel in the United Kingdom, the owner of which has been taught his letters, and ask its inmates, are they friendly or hostile to Reform? Let him simply ask his newsman which of the journals—the hundreds in favour of the Bill to the unit against it—of the metropolis has the largest number of purchasers? And, above all, let him pause and ask himself, why one of the most feeble, vacillating, and self-sufficient Ministries that ever presided over the destinies of a great nation, is enabled to retain the reins of power in the teeth of ten-times-proved incompetency; nay, assume to itself, without provoking derision, a kind of shadowy popularity, merely because they were instrumental in giving the form of a legislative enactment to the popular demand for Reform? Blind as the majority of hereditary statesmen who grace the benches in the House of Lords are, in general, to what is passing around them, even Lord Londonderry can just now distinguish, when the wind is southerly, a hawk from a hand-saw. The fact is, the Lords will pass the Bill, because they cannot help it; and the more graciously they do so, the more will they have to congratulate themselves on their well-timed plasticity.

This is plain talk; but the present is not a time for mincing and lisping facts, à la Sir James Graham. Ardently attached, as we are, to the political classification of the three orders, or estates, which compose our matchless Constitution, we should reproach ourselves as only worthy to be counted among the "moderates," whom we despise, were we to mouth advice to men standing on the brink of an unfathomable chasm. And why do we call the English Constitution matchless? Because its most distinctive feature is its progressive nature; that is, its tendency to adapt its machinery to those changes which Time, the great innovator, is ever introducing into our habits, wants, and opinions. The history of the English Constitution is a series of changes and innovations, the result, not of that groping in the dark, nicknamed the wisdom of our ancestors, but of the exigencies and accidents of the moment; all, it is true, more or less animated by the spirit of growing wealth and intelligence—in other words, civil liberty. It is based not only on the (if we may so speak) national interests, but on the feudal habits and mammon prejudices of the national character. We are in grain an aristocracy-loving people, and shall be, so long as money and rank confer distinction; that is, so long as we are Englishmen. And they, therefore, who would fain persuade us, that to admit the middle classes to a just participation of the advantages of the Constitution, would be to abrogate the just rights of the hereditary branch of our legislature, only expose their ignorance of human nature. In the most republican era in our history, when Charles I. was led to the scaffold, it was found to be impossible to eradicate the House of Peers out of the affections of the people: and in the present day, all that that body has to guard itself against is,—their themselves demonstrating to the eyes of an indignant nation, that their exclusive rights can only be exercised at the expense of the general weal, as would be the case if they declared themselves "not content" with the Reform Bill. *Salus populi suprema lex.* Let their Lordships show that their hereditary privileges are not incompatible with the general welfare, and not even the flippant pertness of Lords Ellenborough and Durham, or the indiscreet zeal against all improvement of the bench of Bishops, or the "do with my own" pranks of his Grace of Newcastle, will loosen their hold on the habits of thought of the English people.

We have thought these few preliminary remarks just now not inopportune, as the eyes of the public are riveted on the proceedings in the House of Lords—the triumphant success of the Reform Bill being a matter of certainty in that branch of the legislature most under the influence of public opinion—and much apprehension having been entertained that their Lordships would be so madly blind to their own permanent interests as to outvote the Minister on the mere form of the usual Address, and thus indirectly defeat the measure on which alone he was lifted, and could be sustained in power. These apprehensions have been proved to be unfounded, though, it must be confessed, the *animus* against the Bill was but too clearly evinced in the petulant captiousness with

which some verbal informality of the Duke of Norfolk's Address was received, and in the boisterous exultation of their Lordships at the Earl of Winchelsea's re-re-re-re-recession. As this return of Lord Winchelsea to the narrow-minded ultra-Toryism of his first and last love was the most amusing occurrence of an exceedingly tedious evening, we shall bestow upon it something more than a passing note. But first a word on the speech itself, and its delivery.

On a former occasion, the elocution of the excellent sovereign who now fills the throne, as contrasted with that of his immediate predecessor, was described in the pages of "The New Monthly" by an observant eye-witness. George the Fourth's tone and manner of reading the King's speech have been, with justice, a long-standing theme of public eulogy. His delivery, on these occasions, was indeed *unique*, for its imposing dignity and "due emphasis and discretion;" and, to those who have not witnessed the matchless elocution of Lord Lyndhurst, the most theatrically perfect of modern times. It was, moreover, strikingly indicative of his personal character, betraying in its elaborate and measured cadences, marble coldness, and unbroken monotony of tone, the man of art, whose highest ambition was to be rated the "first gentleman in Europe," (in the dancing-master's sense of the term gentleman,) and who, absorbed in self-importance and self-gratification, held few flesh and blood sympathies in common with his hearers. Not so with the warm-hearted patriot monarch who now reigns in the hearts of his people. Despising all artificial means of effect, and trusting wholly in the honesty of his purpose, King William reads his speech, as he does every thing else, naturally, frankly, and in that jerking vehemence of tone, which has been justly described as expressive of the fire-side warmth of his feelings. This was, indeed, less manifest yesterday (the 21st of June) than when he last opened Parliament, as the present speech had much less reference to his own private feelings than that delivered in November last. In the speech itself we find little that calls for remark, save its general lengthiness and indefiniteness, particularly as it refers to Ireland. "The possibility of introducing any measures, which, by assisting the improvements of the natural resources of the country, may tend to prevent the recurrence of such evils, must be a subject of the most anxious interest to me, and to you of the most grave and cautious consideration," is about the most vague and unsatisfactory paragraph that we have met with even in King's speeches, and is evidently meant as a blinking of the question of introducing poor-laws into Ireland; a question which we shall endeavour, on an early occasion, to show cannot be thus got rid of, involving, as it does, not only the peace of Ireland, but the stability of the English alliance.

The Earl of Winchelsea's redintegration of his ultra-Tory first love was, as we have observed, the most amusing occurrence of the evening. It surprised no one who heard him, at all acquainted with his public or private character. The noble hero of Penenden Heath is one of those personages one meets with in every society, who possess but *one idea*, and on that is rabid, it being the pivot on which all instincts, feelings, recollections, sympathies, and antipathies blindly turn. Lord Winchelsea's one idea is, that the Pope is Antichrist; and, as a consequence, that every man who holds the doctrine of transubstantiation instead of consubstantiation, (if there be any difference,) is a "gentleman in black" in disguise. The noble Earl, like all honest bigots, is a bold, above-board, "slap up" speaker, mincing no expression lest it should not meet with the approbation of some discreet "moderate" of the Chesterfield school, and making vehemence of delivery and zeal atone for the absence of every thing like common sense, or adherence to those doctrines on which one Lindley Murray is reported to have written a treatise. In listening to his Lordship, one is reminded of the good old times of the Muclewraths, and the Habakkuk Mackbriars, saving and excepting that, whereas these worthies railed at prelacy as a legacy of the scarlet gentlewoman, whose nethers occupied seven hills, the noble advocate of Protestant ascendancy maintains, that, but for the bench of Bishops, we should be the victims of Popery, and Smithfield bonfires, and Cholera Morbus. Lord! how he did howl, and stamp, and froth, and grin with a "ghastly smile," and prophesy, during the progress of the Catholic Relief Bill!

and how he did threaten and declare, when that Constitution-destroying measure passed into a law, that he should withdraw the light of his Protestant-ascendancy-countenance from the spiritual and temporal recreants to the Church of England for ever, and in the wilds and fastnesses of Kent pass his life in Ezekiel visions of a new Protestant Jerusalem! But, fortunately for his country, this Pythonic fit was but of short duration, and the noble Vaticinator has resumed his senatorial duties, and in his place in the House of Lords nightly cheers the declining years of the Protestant Earl of Eldon, with the proof personal that the good old cause of intolerance and hatred of human improvement is not, as yet, altogether without its appropriate advocates in an assembly proclaiming itself to be the most august and enlightened in the world.

We will not presume to offer any argument with a view to counteracting the mischief which Lord Winchelsea's withdrawal of "unqualified" confidence in the present Administration might inflict on the success of the Reform Bill, because it would be hopeless with those whom it does not at once excite to laughter, and because it was more than triumphantly refuted by Earl Grey. Lord Winchelsea will, he says, oppose the Bill, because among its supporters are men who question the extraordinary advantages, in either a religious or political point of view, of what is called Protestant ascendancy. On this emanation of hot-headed folly, Lord Grey happily observed:—

"The Noble Earl insinuated that the Government was connected with persons adverse to the Protestant interest, and opposed to the Church Establishment. The Noble Lord almost hinted that some members of the Government entertained a hostile feeling that way. Who were those individuals? For himself he was heart and soul a Protestant, an affectionate member of the Church of England, believing it to be the very best church that had ever existed in the world. But when the Noble Earl stated his opinion of the necessity of what he called an intimate union and connexion between Church and State, he begged to know precisely what it was that the Noble Lord meant by the expression, which was rather vague and general. If the Noble Earl meant by an intimate union between Church and State, that support from the Government to the Church which might be reasonably looked for with a view to a due performance and exercise of church rites and privileges, and that support which the Church could afford the Government by the inculcation of such maxims of morality and religion as might render the people obedient to the established authorities, and happy and contented in their respective situations, he perfectly concurred with the Noble Lord in his view of the union that ought to subsist between Church and State; and to such a connexion he was a friend as well as the Noble Earl. But if the Noble Lord meant by his expression a political union between Church and State, with a view to the political support of the Government, through the agency of the Church, he dissented from the Noble Earl in his approbation of such a union, and thought that when the Church interfered in politics, it seldom interfered with advantage to itself, and often with great detriment and injury to the public. * * * * If the Noble Earl thought to support Protestant ascendancy by keeping alive religious distinctions and religious discord, long fatal to the peace and well-being of Ireland, he was very much mistaken. The object could not be effected by means such as these, which too many, oh, shortsighted men! had employed to promote the interests of the Church, but in vain; for in this way had much been done to injure and depress them. He was not a friend to attempts at maintaining Protestant ascendancy by such means as tended to continue feelings of separation and animosity between the members of different religious sects. He did hope he should not hear it asserted that there was any thing, on a fair and enlightened view of the question of Reform, to subject him or his colleagues who supported the measure to any imputation of indifference to the true interests of religion, or of the Church of England, any more than the Noble Lord himself. The difference between the Noble Lord and myself consists in this; that I wish to support the Church by means which would tend to extinguish religious animosities and dissensions, and enable the Establishment, by the truth and purity of its doctrines, and the affectionate assiduity of its ministers, to conciliate the people, while measures such as the Noble Earl appears to contemplate would have a directly contrary effect."

This is language becoming an enlightened statesman in the nineteenth century.

After Lord Grey had taken his seat, up rose his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland, the popular Commander-in-chief of the anti-reformers. And what did the illustrious orator say? We hardly believed our ears, and are still in

doubt that even the Duke of Cumberland could muster bronze enough to assert that he had always been a "zealous friend of the liberties of the people!" But he shall speak for himself, according to "The Times" report:—

"The Duke of Cumberland would not have obtruded himself on their Lordships' notice, had not the Noble Lord opposite (Earl Grey) chosen to charge him with being adverse to the liberties of the people. He denied the charge, and now stated before their Lordships and the country at large, that *no member of that or the other House would fight more strenuously for the liberties of the people than the individual who now addressed them. In what act of his life, during the thirty years he had been in the House, had he ever shown a spirit of hostility to the liberties of the people?* He trusted his warmth of manner would be excused, but, in the situation in which he was placed, and acting *with the friends around him, who were all strenuous friends of liberty*, (Lords Eldon, Newcastle, Londonderry, Sidmouth, and Co.) he felt it necessary to vindicate himself from the charge of being an enemy to freedom. He was for maintaining the Constitution as it then stood, and for preserving to the King, to the aristocracy, and to the Commons the enjoyment of just and equal rights and privileges. *With respect to the Reform Bill, he took a totally different view of it from the noble Premier and his colleagues.* Whenever another measure on the subject should be brought forward, he neither pledged himself to oppose nor support it: he would listen with attention to the arguments, and make up his mind impartially on the merits of the case.

"Earl Grey was not aware that he had spoken of the illustrious Duke as an enemy of the liberties of the people. What he thought he said was, that the illustrious Duke prided himself on his consistent opposition to every measure for improving the rights, and consolidating or extending the liberties of the country; and that on this ground he concurred in the opposition to the Reform Bill, which had been designated as revolutionary. Those, he believed, were the words which he had used; he was in the recollection of their Lordships; and these words he could neither retract nor deny. *Every measure that had been brought forward, whether for the extension of religious or civil liberty, had uniformly met the decided opposition of the illustrious Duke.*"

[Press of matter, and the lateness of the period of the month in which the present article necessarily was written, oblige us to omit the notices of Lord Plunkett's defence of himself against Sir Robert Bateson, and the debate on the 24th on foreign affairs, which Lord Aberdeen originated, as well as a notice of Lord John Russell's speech on introducing the Reform Bill, and to break off abruptly here. We shall, however, endeavour to make up for the omission in our next number.]

SONNET, BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

[*To B. R. Haydon. Composed on seeing his Picture of Napoleon musing at St. Helena.*]

Haydon! let worthier judges praise the skill
Here by thy pencil shown in truth of lines
And charm of colours; *I* applaud those signs
Of thought, that give the true *poetic* thrill,—
That unincumber'd Whole of blank and still—
Sky without cloud—ocean without a wave—
And the one Man that labour'd to enslave
The World, sole standing high on the bare hill,
Back turn'd—arms folded—the unapparent face
Tinged (we may fancy) in this dreary place
With light reflected from the invisible Sun
Set—like his fortunes! but not set for aye
Like *them*. The unguilty power pursues his way,
And before *Him* doth dawn perpetual run.

Saturday, June 11th, 1831.

MRS. SIDDONS.

"*Implora pace!*"—She, who upon earth ruled the souls and senses of men, as the moon rules the surge of waters; the acknowledged and liege Empress of all the realms of illusion; the crowned queen; the throned muse; the sceptred shadow of departed genius, majesty and beauty,—supplicates—*Peace!*

What unhallowed work has been going forward in some of the daily papers since this illustrious creature has been laid in her quiet unostentatious grave! ay, even before her poor remains were cold! What pains have been taken to cater trifling scandal for the blind, heartless, gossip-loving vulgar! and to throw round the memory of a woman, whose private life was as irreproachable, as her public career was glorious, some ridiculous or unamiable association which should tend to unsphere her from her throne in our imaginations, and degrade from her towering pride of place, the heroine of Shakspeare, and the Muse of Tragedy!

That stupid malignity which revels in the martyrdom of fame—which rejoices when, by some approximation of the mean and ludicrous with the beautiful and sublime, it can for a moment bring down the rainbow-like glory in which the fancy invests genius, to the drab-coloured level of mediocrity—is always hateful and contemptible; but in the present case it is something worse; it has a peculiar degree of *cowardly* injustice. If some elegant biographer inform us that the same hand which painted the infant Hercules, or Ugolino, or Mrs. Sheridan, half seraph and half saint—could clutch a guinea with satisfaction, or drive a bargain with a footman; if some discreet friend, from the mere love of truth, no doubt, reveal to us the puerile, lamentable frailties of that bright spirit, which poured itself forth in torrents of song and passion: what then? 'tis pitiful, certainly, wondrous pitiful; but there is no great harm done,—no irremediable injury inflicted; for there stand their works: the poet's immortal page, the painter's breathing canvass witness for them. "Death hath had no power yet upon *their* beauty"—over *them* scandal cannot draw her cold slimy finger;—on *them* calumny cannot breathe her mildew; nor envy wither *them* with a blast from hell. There they stand for ever to confute injustice, to rectify error, to defy malice; to silence, and long outlive the sneer, the lie, the jest, the reproach. But *she*—who was of painters the model, the wonder, the despair;—she, who realised in her own presence and person the poet's divinest dreams and noblest creations;—she, who has enriched our language with a new epithet, and made the word *Siddonian* synonymous with all we can imagine of feminine grace and grandeur: she has left nothing behind her, but the memory of a great name: she has bequeathed it to our reverence, our gratitude, our charity, and our sympathy; and if it is not to be sacred, I know not what is—or ever will be.

Mrs. Siddons, as an *artist*, presented a singular example of the union of all the faculties, mental and physical, which constitute excellence in her art, directed to the end for which they seemed created. In any other situation or profession, some one or other of her splendid gifts would have been misplaced or dormant. It was her especial good fortune, and not less that of the time in which she

lived, that this wonderful combination of mental powers and external graces, was fully and completely developed by the circumstances in which she was placed.* "With the most commanding beauty of face and form, and varied grace of action; with the most noble combination of features, and extensive capability of expression in each of them; with an unequalled genius for her art, the utmost patience in study, and the strongest ardour of feeling; there was not a passion which she could not delineate; not the nicest shade, not the most delicate modification of passion, which she could not seize with philosophical accuracy, and render with such immediate force of Nature and truth, as well as precision, that what was the result of profound study and unwearied practice, appeared like sudden inspiration. There was not a height of grandeur to which she could not soar, nor a darkness of misery to which she could not descend; not a chord of feeling, from the sternest to the most delicate, which she could not cause to vibrate at her will. She had reached that point of perfection in art, where it ceases to be art, and becomes a second nature. She had studied most profoundly the powers and capabilities of language; so that the most critical sagacity could not have suggested a delicacy of emphasis, by which the meaning of the author might be more distinctly conveyed, or a shade of intonation by which the sentiment could be more fully, or more faithfully expressed." While other performers of the past or present time, have made approaches to excellence, or attained it now and then, Mrs. Siddons alone was pronounced faultless; and, in *her*, the last generation witnessed what we shall not see in ours;—no, nor our children after us;—that amazing union of "splendid intellectual powers, with unequalled charms of person, which, in the tragic department of her art, realised the idea of perfection."

Such was the magnificent portrait drawn of Mrs. Siddons twenty years ago; and it will be admitted by those who remember her, and must be believed by those who do not, that in this case, eulogy could not wander into exaggeration, nor enthusiasm be exalted beyond the bounds of truth.

It has been disputed, whether Mrs. Siddons possessed genius. If genius be exclusively defined as the creative and inventive faculty of the soul, I do not think she did. If it be taken, in its usual acceptation (*Vide* Johnson,) as "a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction," then she undoubtedly possessed it. It appears to have been slowly developed. She did not, like her niece, "spring at once into the chair of the tragic muse;" but toiled her way up to glory and excellence in her profession, through length of time, difficulties, and obstacles innumerable. She was exclusively professional; and all her attainments, and all her powers seem to have been directed to one end and aim. Yet I suppose no one would have said of Mrs. Siddons, that she was a "*mere actress*," as it was usually said of Garrick, that he was a "*mere player;*"—the most admirable and versatile actor that ever existed; but still the mere player;—nothing more—nothing better. He does not appear to have had a tincture of that high gentlemanly feeling, that native elevation of

* Some of the sentences which follow (marked by inverted commas,) are taken from a portrait of Mrs. Siddons, dated 1812.

character, and general literary taste which strike us in John Kemble and his brother; nor any thing of the splendid imagination, the enthusiasm of art, the personal grace and grandeur, which threw such a glory around Mrs. Siddons. Of John Kemble it might be said,* as Dryden said of Harte in his time, that "kings and princes might have come to him, and taken lessons how to comport themselves with dignity." And with the noble presence of Mrs. Siddons, we associated in public and in private, something absolutely awful. Who was it?—(I think Northcote the painter,) who said he had seen a group of young ladies of rank, Lady Fanny's and Lady Mary's, peeping through the half-open door of a room where Mrs. Siddons was sitting, with the same timidity and curiosity as if it had been some preternatural being,—much more than if it had been the Queen: which I can easily believe. I remember that the first time I found myself in the same room with Mrs. Siddons, I was struck with a sensation which made my heart pause, and rendered me dumb for some minutes; and when I was led into conversation with her, my first words came faltering and thick,—which never certainly would have been the case in presence of the autocratrix of all the Russias; nor was this feeling of her power, which was derived from her association with all that was grand, poetical, terrible, confined to those who had felt and could appreciate the full measure of her endowments. Every member of that public, whose idol she was, from the greatest down to the meanest, felt it more or less. I know a poor woman who once went to the house of Mrs. Siddons to be paid by her daughter for some embroidery. Mrs. Siddons happened to be in the room, and the woman perceiving who it was, was so overpowered, that she could not count her money, and scarcely dared to draw her breath. "And when I went away, Ma'am," added she, in describing her own sensations, "I walked all the way down the street, feeling myself a great deal bigger." This was the same unconscious feeling of the sublime, which made Bouchardon say that, after reading the Iliad, he fancied himself seven feet high. It reminds one also of the poor musician, who, when introduced to Mozart, was so overcome by the presence of that greatness which had so long filled his imagination, that he could not even lift his eyes from the ground; but stood bowing, and stammering out "Imperial majesty!—Ah!—Imperial majesty!"

Mrs. Siddons was born in 1755. She was in her twenty-first year when she made her first attempt in London, (for it was but an attempt,) in the character of Portia. She also appeared as Lady Anne in Richard III. and in comedy as Mrs. Strickland to Garrick's Ranger. She was not successful: the public did not discover in her the future tragic muse; and for herself—"She felt that she was greater than she knew." She returned to her provincial career; she spent seven years in patient study, in reflection, in contemplation, and in mastering the practical part of her profession, and then she returned at the age of twenty-eight, and burst upon the world in the prime of her beauty and transcendant powers, with all the attributes of confirmed and acknowledged excellence.

It appears that, in her first season, she did not play one of Shak-

* I believe it *has* been said; but, like Mad. de Montpensier, my imagination and my memory are sometimes confounded.

speare's characters: she performed Isabella, Euphrasia, Jane Shore, Calista, and Zara. In a visit she paid to Dr. Johnson, at the conclusion of the season, she informed him that it was her intention, the following year, to bring out some of Shakspeare's heroines, particularly Katherine of Arragon, to which she *then* gave the preference as a character. Dr. Johnson agreed with her, and added that, when she played Katherine, he would hobble to the theatre himself to see her; but he did not live to pay her this tribute of admiration. He, however, paid her another not less valuable: describing his visitor after her departure, he said, "she left nothing behind her to be censured or despised; neither praise nor money, the two powerful corrupters of mankind, seem to have depraved her.* In this interview she seems to have pleased the old critic and moralist, who was also a severe and acute judge of human nature, and not inclined to judge favourably of actresses, by the union of modesty with native dignity;—a rare union! and most delightful in those who are the objects of the public gaze, and when the popular enthusiasm is still in all its first intoxicating effervescence.

The first of Shakspeare's characters which Mrs. Siddons performed was Isabella in Measure for Measure, (1784,) and the next Constance. In the same year Sir Joshua painted her as the tragic muse.† With what a deep interest shall we now visit this her true apotheosis, now that it has received its last consecration!—The rest of Shakspeare's characters followed in this order: Lady Macbeth in 1785, and, soon afterwards, as if by way of contrast, Desdemona, Ophelia, Rosalind. In 1786 she played Imogen; in 1788 Katherine of Arragon; and, in 1789, Volumnia; and in the same season she played Juliet, being then in her thirty-fifth year,—too old for Juliet; nor did this ever become one of her popular parts; she left it to her niece to identify herself for ever with the poetry and sensibility, the youthful grace and fervid passion of Shakspeare's Juliet; and we have as little chance of ever seeing such another Juliet as Fanny Kemble, as of ever seeing such another Lady Macbeth as her magnificent aunt.

A good critic, who was also a great admirer of Mrs. Siddons, asserts that there must be something in acting which levels all poetical distinctions, since people talked in the same breath of her Lady Macbeth and Mrs. Beverley as being equally "fine pieces of acting." I think he is mistaken: no one—none at least but the most vulgar part of her audience—ever equalized these two characters, even as pieces of acting; or imagined for a moment that the same degree of talent which sufficed to represent Mrs. Beverley could have grasped the towering grandeur of such a character as Lady Macbeth;—dived into its profound and gloomy depths—seized and reflected its wonderful gradations—displayed its magnificence—developed its beauties, and revealed its terrors: no such thing. She might have drawn more tears in Isabella than in Constance—thrown more young ladies into hysterics in Belvidera than in Katherine of Arragon; but all with whom I have conversed on the subject of Mrs. Siddons, are agreed in this;—that her finest characters, as pieces of art, were those which afforded the fullest scope for her powers, and contained in themselves the largest materials in poetry, grandeur, and passion:

---

* In a letter to Mrs. Thrale.

† In the Grosvenor gallery. There is a duplicate of this picture in the Dulwich gallery.

consequently, that her Constance, Katherine of Arragon, Volumnia, and Lady Macbeth stood pre-eminent. Lord Byron, I believe, preferred Constance; but the general opinion stamps her Lady Macbeth as the grandest effort of her art; and therefore, as she was the first in her art, as the *ne plus ultra* of acting. This at least was the opinion of one who admired her with all the fervour of a kindred genius, and could lavish on her praise of such "rich words composed as made the gift more rare." "Of her Lady Macbeth," he says, "nothing could have been imagined grander,—it was something above nature; it seemed almost as if a being of a superior order had dropped from a higher sphere to awe the world with the majesty of her appearance. Power was seated on her brow, passion emanated from her breast as from a shrine. In coming on in the sleeping scene, her eyes were open, but their sense was shut; she was like a person bewildered; her lips moved involuntarily; all her gestures seemed mechanical—she glided on and off the stage like an apparition. To have seen her in that character was an event in every one's life never to be forgotten."

By profound and incessant study she had brought her conception and representation of this character to such a pitch of perfection that the imagination could conceive of nothing more magnificent or more finished; and yet she has been heard to say, after playing it for thirty years, that she never read over the part without discovering in it something new.

I am not old enough to remember Mrs. Siddons in her best days, but, judging from my own recollections, I should say that, to hear her read one of Shakspeare's plays, was a higher, a more complete gratification, and a more astonishing display of her powers than her performance of any single character. On the stage she was the perfect actress; when she was reading Shakspeare her profound enthusiastic admiration of the poet, and deep insight into his most hidden beauties, made her almost a poetess, or at least like a priestess full of the god of her idolatry. Her whole soul looked out from her regal brow and effulgent eyes; and then her countenance!—the inconceivable flexibility and musical intonations of her voice! there was no got-up illusion here: no scenes—no trickery of the stage; there needed no sceptred pall—no sweeping train, nor any of the gorgeous accompaniments of tragedy:—She was tragedy! When in reading Macbeth she said, "give me the daggers!" they gleamed before our eyes. The witch scenes in the same play she rendered awfully terrific by the magic of looks and tones; she invested the weird sisters with all their own infernal fascinations; they were the serious, poetical, tragical personages which the poet intended them to be, and the wild grotesque horror of their enchantments made the blood curdle. When, in King John, she came to the passage beginning—

> If the midnight bell,
> Did with his iron tongue and brazen note, &c.

I remember I felt every drop of blood pause, and then run backwards through my veins with an overpowering awe and horror. No scenic representation I ever witnessed produced the hundredth part of the effect of her reading Hamlet. This tragedy was the triumph of her art. Hamlet and his mother, Polonius, Ophelia, were all there before us. Those who ever heard her give Ophelia's reply to Hamlet,

Hamlet. I loved you not.
Ophelia. I was the more deceived!

and the lines—

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows, &c.

will never forget their exquisite pathos. What a revelation of love and woe was there!—the very heart seemed to break upon the utterance.

She continued to exercise her power of reading and reciting to a late period, even till within a few weeks of her death, although her health had long been in a declining state. She died at length on the 8th of June last, after a few hours of acute suffering. She had lived nearly seventy-six years, of which forty-six were spent in the constant presence and service of the public. She was an honour to her profession, which was more honoured and honourable in her person and family than it ever was before, or will be hereafter, till the stage becomes something very different from what it now is.

And, since it has pleased the newspapers to lament over the *misfortune* of this celebrated woman, in having survived all her children, &c. &c. it may be interesting to add that, a short time before her death, she was seated in a room in her own house, when about thirty of her young relatives, children, grand-children, nephews and nieces were assembled, and looked on while they were dancing, with great and evident pleasure: and that her surviving daughter, Cecilia Siddons, who has been, for many years, the inseparable friend and companion of her mother, attended upon her with truly filial devotion and reverence to the last moment of existence. Her admirers may, therefore, console themselves with the idea that in "love, obedience, troops of friends," as well as affluence and fame, she had "all that should accompany old age." She died full of years and honours; having enjoyed, in her long life, as much glory and prosperity as any mortal could expect: having imparted more intense and general pleasure than ever mortal did; and having paid the tribute of mortality in such suffering and sorrow as wait on the widowed wife and the bereaved mother. If, in the course of a professional career of unexampled continuance and splendour, the love of praise ever degenerated into the appetite for applause;—if the habit of exciting and being excited became a mode of existence which wore away at last some of that simplicity of feeling and character which Dr. Johnson acknowledged and admired in her young days;—if the worshipped actress languished out of her atmosphere of incense, is this to be made matter of wonder or of ill-natured comment? Did ever any human being escape more *intacte* in person and mind from the fiery furnace of popular admiration? Let us remember the severity of the ordeal to which she was exposed; the hard lot of those who pass their lives in the full-noon glare of public observation, where every speck is noted! What a difference too, between the aspiration after immortality and the pursuit of celebrity!—The noise of distant and future fame is like the sound of the far-off sea, and the mingled roll of its multitudinous waves, which, as it swells on the ear, elevates the soul with a sublime emotion; but present and loud applause, flung continually in one's face, is like the noisy dash of the surf upon the rock,—and it requires the firmness of the rock to bear it.

THE CONVICT. BY L. E. L.

" These are words that we should read like warnings,
Meekly, as fearing, if we had been tried,
We might have done the same, and thankfully
That such temptation fell not to our lot :
The human heart is evil in itself,
And, like a child, requires restraint and care ;
Restraint to keep from wrong, and care to soothe
Its wilder beatings into peace and love."

The light of two or three pale stars
Is dimly shining through the bars
Of my lone cell, and the cool air
Seems as it loath'd to enter there.
Now are those wan and gloomy hours,
When Night and Day, like struggling powers,
Make the sky cheerless with their strife,
Then most resembling human life :
It suits with me !—ill could I brook
Upon a cloudless heaven to look ;
The calm blue air, the clear sunshine,
Were mockery to gaze like mine ;
To watch the sun look bright on me,
Although the last that I shall see.
—Ah ! even while I speak, the light
Is breaking beautiful through night.
'Tis all the same ! the earth, the sky,
Nothing with me has sympathy !

—The clouds are breaking fast away—
Oh ! why art thou so lovely, Day ?
Oh ! for a morn of clouds and rain,
To shroud and soothe my last of pain.
No—faster the glad sunbeams break—
They will not sorrow for my sake !
—It has been—it will be my fate—
I've lived—I shall die desolate !
—Oh ! take your rosary away,
For what are prayers of mine to pray ?
For pardon ?—if the burning tears
That fed upon my earlier years—
If blasted hopes and ruin'd name,
And all the venom Love lends Shame—
The violent death, and rabble eye,
To look upon its agony ;
If these are not enough to win
A pardon for Earth's deadliest sin,
Words will not, cannot !—never dare
Tell me it may be won by prayer !
The coward prayer, the coward tear,
Not from remorse wrung, but from fear !
—Here still—then, yield my last relief—
My woman's solace—hear my grief.
Come nearer—thou a judge shalt be
Between my misery and me !

" I grew up a neglected child :
The meanest floweret of the wild

Has far more culture and more care
From summer sun and summer air.
—My mother, she was laid to rest
Within the green earth's quiet breast;
My father had another bride,
And other children grew beside
The orphan one—his love could be
So much for them—'twas nought for me.
I never mingled in their mirth,
I saw their smiles, but shared them not;
And in the circle round the hearth
My very being seem'd forgot.
They call'd me sullen, said my heart
In natural fondness had no part;
For that I sate apart from all,
With cold cheek turn'd to the dark wall.
I hid my face—I could not bear
It should be seen, while tears were there.

"I had a haunt, 'twas by the shade
Wherein my mother's grave was made:
It was a church-yard, small and lone,
Without a monumental stone;
But flowers were planted by each grave,
Sweet, like the thoughts they seem'd to save
From Time's forgetfulness—but one,
One only, mid the sods had none—
Grown with tall weeds, as if the wind
Were the sole mourner it could find,
And in its careless course had brought
Whatever seeds its wild wings caught.
And marvel you I had no pride
To make that tomb like those beside?
—Methought if there my hand should bring
The sunny treasures of the spring,
It would reproach my father's eye,
That long had pass'd it careless by.

"My melancholy childhood gone,
Youth, with its dreamy time, came on;
Affections long repress'd and chill'd,
Days with their own vain fancies fill'd,
Which haunt the heart—what soil was here
For Love's wild growth of hope and fear?
—It matters not my early tale,
My heart was won, my will was frail;
I knew I was not Evelyn's bride,—
But what to me the world beside?
One only voice was in my ear,
I only sought to meet one eye—
And if to me they ever changed,
I knew that I could only die!

"Terrible city!—London, thou
Who liftest like a queen thy brow;
Stern, cold, and proud the night when first
Thy mighty world upon me burst;
Houses, yet none of them my home;
Faces, of which I knew not one;

I felt more than I ever felt—
A stranger—utterly alone;
My very heart within me died,
And close I crouch'd to Evelyn's side;
His soothing words were soft and low,
Such as Love's lip alone can know.
He loved me—ay, loved *is* the word!
So lightly said, so vainly heard—
But I—the light of heaven was dim
To eyes that only look'd on him;
I listen'd—'twas to hear his voice;
I spoke—it was to win his ear;
I watch'd—it was to meet his eye;
I only lived when he was near;
His absence seem'd a void as deep,
As dark as is a dreamless sleep.
And was I happy?—no; still dread
Hung like the sword above my head;
My thoughts to other hopes would roam—
I knew his home was not my home;
I knew his name was not my name,
And I felt insecure through shame.

"Still less it recks how, day by day,
I saw the life of love decay;
The absent look, the careless word,
The anger by a trifle stirr'd,
And found that Evelyn's brow could be
Harsh, though that brow was bent on me.
—Brief be my tale, as was his love—
He, who had call'd on heaven above
To witness every vow he spoke—
May it record the vow he broke!
He loved another—calm and cold,
He wrote farewell!—and sent me gold.
He came not—perhaps he could not bear
To view what he had wrought—despair!

"I thought that I would see his face—
Secret I sought his dwelling-place,
A villa, where the river strays—
I had been there in happier days:
There was one room, whose windows led
To where the turf its carpet spread,
And shrubs and flowers a labyrinth wrought
Of bud and leaf—that room I sought:
'Twas late—I scarce could find my path
By the dim ray the starlight hath:
A lamp was burning in the room,
So faint it scarcely lit the gloom;
Yet lovely seem'd the light—it fell
Upon the face I loved so well.
He'd flung him on a couch to sleep—
Ah! how unequal seem'd our share,
For I was left to watch and weep,
And he lay calmly slumbering there.
How beautiful!—the open brow
Like morning, or like mountain snow;

I leant mine, pale and cold, beside,
And felt as if I could have died
To save that sleeper from one pang—
Ay, though the arch-fiend's summons rang.
A murmur from his closed lip came;
I listen'd—it was not my name:
Around his neck a ribbon clung,
Close to his heart a picture hung:
I saw the face—it was not mine;
I saw, too, a small dagger shine,
A curious toy—you know the rest."

—Her forehead with her hand she press'd,
As if to still the burning pain
That throbb'd in every beating vein.
He took the cross, that holy man,
And kind and gentle words began;
She fiercely raised to his her eye,
As if such soothing to defy.
"I tell thee, father, 'tis in vain,
His life, mine own is not so dear,
Yet would I do that deed again,
And be again a prisoner here,
Rather than know that he could be
Loving and loved, yet not by me.
Begun in guilt and closed in gloom,
Our love's fit altar is the tomb!"

She died as few can dare to die,
With soul unquail'd and tearless eye:
None soothed the culprit as she pass'd,
With look grown kind, because the last,
Or with affection's desperate tone—
She died, unpitied and alone!
And never told that priest her tale,
But lip grew cold and cheek grew pale.
The guilt of blood on one so young,
Such haughty brow, such daring tongue,
And such wild love; and some would weep,
Some bear the image to their sleep,
And start from feverish dream to see
The moonlight close their phantasie,
And eager count their beads, and pray
To keep such evil from their way;
Then while the warning in them wrought,
Finding it food for serious thought,
And marking how wild passions lead
To wasted life and fearful deed,
Pray, ere they sank to sleep again,
Such tale might not be told in vain.

THE QUARANTINE.

Very few travellers in the Mediterranean have escaped the purgatory of Quarantine; but as my wanderings have been chiefly on that sea and its shores, I have performed the journey between the hell of a country vessel and the heaven of an Italian or French city, no less than five times, and in different ways, and with an amusing variety of accommodations. Once—it was at Gallipoli, an oil-port at the extremity of the kingdom of Naples, where there is no Lazzaretto, and properly speaking, no port—I was shut up for thirty-eight days in a deserted church built on a rock without the town. My dormitory was the sacristy, where a tattered picture of the Madonna stood by the side of my bed, and a statue of Saint Nicholas, who had lost his head, at its foot; my promenade by night as by day was in the aisles of the church, in the vaults under which might lie some scores of worthy oil-shippers deaf to all the charms of "*prezzi avanzati*," and "*folla di bastimenti;*" my look-out was a portal of the church, beside which were posted two grim-looking Gallipolitans whom I had to pay for keeping me in prison; and my *salon d'audience* was the church-portico, where my visitors were not permitted to approach within three yards of me, and my inflexible *guardiani* waved the long staves or wands they always held, in forbidding circles. But this Quarantine was long ago. Years, and the somewhat curious variety of events, and feelings, and passions that have filled them, have weakened its impressions on my mind. I see some of its features as "through a glass darkly," and to give a portrait of the monster "Quarantine," I will take a recent one.

In the winter of 1828 I arrived from the Levant, which has so bad a reputation for plague that no civilized port in the Mediterranean will at any season admit a vessel thence, without subjecting it to the annoying ordeal. I came in an old Provençal ship which had well nigh played me a scurvy trick somewhere between Sicily and Sardinia, by drowning "Cesar and his fortunes," and our port was Marseilles. It was on a fine December morning, very like one of our finest mornings in June, that after sailing by the curious barren rocks, that are thrown, here and there, close before the coast, as if artificially done to form a rampart or out-work against the sea, which, in good sooth, does at times roll over from Africa with tremendous violence, we came to anchor at the quarantine ground. We arrived just in time; for with one pump broken ever since the affair between Sicily and Sardinia, and with the very free ingress of the sea-water, and the still and still opening seams of our strained vessel, the probabilities were much against her surviving another gale of wind, or even of keeping her head above water in a calm, for four-and-twenty hours longer. This quarantine ground is an inlet or basin in a bare rocky islet, situated at the distance of about two miles from the shore and the city of Marseilles, a respectful distance certainly, even for those who might bring the plague with them.

Before we were well moored, among a number of other trading-vessels of various flags, but all from the "Land of the East," from Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, or the Barbary coast, two men from the

Quarantine office were put on board to watch that we had no communication with our fellow-prisoners, some of which had longer, some shorter periods than ourselves to perform. My satisfaction at having safely finished a perilous voyage, and the prospect of again treading terra firma, and tasting the pleasures of a civilized country after two years of abstinence from all such, were somewhat clouded by the information one of these men gave me, that in consequence of certain recent apprehensions entertained by the Board of Health, our Quarantine was likely to be lengthened beyond the usual term, which, Heaven knows! is long enough. Few things are perhaps less agreeable than this. When you have made up your mind as to the extent of your sufferings or privations—when you have settled the length of your imprisonment, and fixed the day of your liberation, the addition even of twenty-four hours seems to be insupportable! As our old ship, dreadfully impeded in her course by the leak and damages she had suffered, scarcely seemed to move over the waters, I would still keep up my spirits and hope to see the bold, bluff coast of Provence at last, and then twenty-five days' more confinement, and the Quarantine finished, I should be free as air, and running over the south of France towards Old England. And now, that one portion of my wishes were accomplished, that I was safe in harbour, and at the very gates of the Lazzaretto, to be told that I should have to sojourn in its cells half as long again as the time I had determined—'twas vexatious indeed! I had, however, recourse to the panacea, patience; and as an old traveller, familiar with all classes of men I may be thrown among, and disposed to make something even of the worst of them in the way of amusement or information, I betook myself to converse with the two guards, who had in my eyes, at least one point of superiority over the captain, and the mate, and the sailors—they had not been cooped up with me for the best part of a dreary month, but were *something new*. After I had discussed with these honest Marseillais the blockade of Algiers, and the grand African expedition then preparing at the neighbouring port of Toulon, with a few other important subjects, and had taken up my Turkish pipe whose mild and fragrant contents had so often dissipated the fumes of *ennui*, one of the *gardiens*, with an expression of countenance meant to excite my interest, said—"Do you see, Sir, that broken mast and that blackened fragment of the hulk of a vessel lying there among the rocks?"

I nodded in the affirmative, and he continued—"They remind us here of a dreadful event which happened a few weeks ago. That ship, 'La belle Epouse,' of Marseilles, that was anchored in the very spot where we now are—yes, precisely where this brig is—her chain cable tawt to that pillar on shore, her hawsers cast off here, just as we are moored,—was blown into the air one fine morning."

"By what accident?" I inquired.

"Oh, by no accident," said my interlocutor; "it was coolly done by a Corsican. You know how revengeful Italians and Corsicans are," and he told with much emphasis, and a laudable proportion of repetition and rigmarole, the following dreadful anecdote, which was afterwards confirmed to me by many persons.

The master of the "Belle Epouse" was the son of a respectable

merchant of Marseilles, and a handsome well-informed young man, far superior to the general run of commanders of trading-vessels in the Mediterranean. During two or three voyages to the Levant, he had had with him, as mate, a Corsican of about his own age, to whom he was much attached. A handsome youth and of superior manners like himself, the mate was treated at all times with respect, and in the Captain's cabin the distinctions of condition disappeared, and the Marseillois and the Corsican lived like friends. In their familiar intercourse these two young men were accustomed to pass jokes on each other; at times to proceed to practical wit, excusable perhaps to exuberantly-spirited youth, but which is always so dangerous where the blood is warm. On their last voyage, as they were returning from Alexandria, and gay and friendly as ever, the Corsican received a blow—a slap on the cheek—it was given in play by the Captain, but converted into deadly injury and insupportable insult by the mate. From that moment the too susceptible islander never spoke to his captain save on duty; he brooded incessantly over the blow, and when they had come to anchor in the Quarantine ground of Marseilles, his feelings, whatever they were, resolved themselves into a most fearful deed. One morning, as the Captain was lying reading on a hen-coop on the quarter-deck, and *two gardiens*, (whose fate was very naturally most deplored by mine interlocutor,) were quietly smoking their short clay-pipes on the poop of the vessel, he went down to the cabin in which he had spent so many happy hours with his friend rather than master, and opening the *sainte-barbe*, or powder magazine, set fire to its contents. The magazine was well furnished, and the explosion, in consequence, terrible. To the dismay of the shipping, all moored at short distances from each other in the Quarantine ground, a white smoke, a whiter blaze burst from her, and in the next instant "La Belle Epouse" flew high into the atmosphere with an astounding roar, dreadful as what accompanies the ejection of some huge mass from a volcano. When the disjointed members of the brig returned to their own element, and persons could approach, they found the dead bodies of the Corsican, the Captain, the two guards, and the cabin-boy, who was below at the time the deliberate incendiary opened the powder-magazine. The sailors to the number of seven or eight who were forward at the moment of the explosion, were picked up alive, but all more or less wounded and bruised. The dead were gathered together on a rock: they presented a horrid spectacle, but it was said by those who saw them, that whilst the faces of the murdered appeared calm or languid as those struck by lightning, the face of the murderer, though blackened as a coal from its close contact with the powder, wore an expression of triumph, mixed with not-human hate and revenge. The bodies were afterwards carried for judicial examination and interment, to the Lazzaretto, where, in a small chamber, outside of its gloomy Bastille-looking gate, I was afterwards shown foul marks of their blood and brains—testimonials at once of the deed of horror, and of the cleanliness of the people employed on the Quarantine establishment. The verses of Homer himself may be indebted to the circumstances of time and locality, and the "Tale of Troy divine" be a different thing on the plain between the Sigæum and Lectos

capes with the Scamander atwain, and the "broad Hellespont" and the blue Ægean before, to what it is in a carpeted chamber, or under a clouded northern sky; and certainly my *gardien's* tale interested me deeply there, where the scene was all before me. It was well nigh worth a whole day's quarantine.

The morning after our arrival was Sunday morning. At a very early hour a priest from Marseilles arrived at the island, and was seen to walk up a rugged path to a chapel built on the top of the rock that overlooked the whole of the harbour. This chapel is not large, but kept very neat exteriorly; there is one bell, and before the door one large crucifix, which I confess I saw with pleasure after my long sojourn in the lands of the Moslem. The priest and his acolyte alone entered the chapel: the nearest approach allowed to those on board the vessels with the yellow flag, was the rocks round the sacred edifice, and the sailors for the most part contented themselves with kneeling on the decks of their respective ships, where they could hear the tinkling of the mass-bell, and catch the precise instant of the "élevation" of the Host. And then it was impressive to see those crews of swarthy, boisterous men, now silent, subdued, and tranquil as infants, making simultaneously the sign of the cross on their breast, and moving their arms all together when the mass-bell rang, as if animated by one unseen, but potent agency. The Romish religion, which is undeniably on the decline throughout the rest of France, still seems to retain its hold in the south; in Provence, in Languedoc, in Rousillon, devout, or if you will, bigoted Catholics, are yet to be met with; and the French philosophy, which has overthrown Popery without (in my humble opinion, and with full allowance made for all the vices of that mode of faith) erecting any thing so good in its place, seems to be disregarded, or unknown to the mass of the people. The mariners on board our brig, who were all Provençaux, were, or appeared to be, warm in their devotion; but they were luke-warm, or even frigid, compared to a crew of Sicilians close alongside of us. The dark expressive faces of those islanders—their eyes, which always seem to me to have an African character, reminding one of the copious mixture of Moorish blood in Sicily—were bent submissively on the deck, or the waves of the sea that flowed around the shipping with a most gentle ripple, and each time they marked the mystic sign of the cross with the open hand, their breasts returned a hollow, deep sound, as if struck violently. A mass, unless it be a "Missa cantata," does not last long. The priest and his acolyte left the chapel—its door was closed, and in less than five minutes the guitar, and the profane song, were heard on board the Sicilian polacca, whilst our sailors went hard to work about the ship. At about ten in the forenoon our captain returned from the shore, whither he had been to make his declarations to the Custom-house and the Board of Health; and he brought with him the welcome intelligence that our Quarantine was not lengthened, and that I might go at once on shore to the Lazzaretto.

The Lazzaretto of Marseilles, which is the most extensive establishment of the kind I have anywhere seen, covers the whole of a bare rocky tongue of land, to the north of the city and port, from which it may be distant about half a mile. Its walls are high; its

gates massy, and the *corps-de-logis* you see from without, being divided into cells opening on long corridors, the whole has the air of a prison, and is well calculated to depress the spirits. Within these gloomy walls I was enclosed about the hour of noon, and left to almost perfect solitude; for it so happened, that at the moment, and during all the tedious time I passed there, not one traveller was performing quarantine, though the Lazzaretto is generally pretty well tenanted.

When my janitor had secured the iron-bound wicket-gate that admitted me, he introduced a short, thick-set, garlic-coloured, amphibious-looking fellow, (being partly clad in the dress of a sailor, and partly in that of a landsman,) who stood grinning complacently from ear to ear, and twitching about an oilskin-covered hat, at the foot of a staircase which led to my cell. This was the *guardiano* appointed to watch over me, to see that I broke no bounds, that I touched nothing, that I was never ill: all this he was to do for a certain sum, (I think it was about two francs daily,) fixed by the Quarantine authorities; and in consideration of another daily sum *d'usage*, or "*de volonté*," he would add to his functions of my gaoler those of my domestic. I had nothing to say to these arrangements, but I *did* whisper to the officer of the establishment, who had admitted me, that his satellite had a most forbidding countenance, and smelt most pungently of garlic, on which the dapper, consequential man in authority over me, was pleased to remark—"That *les soldats de la peste* were not chosen on account of their beauty, and that garlic was an excellent febrifuge and supposed to be good even against the plague." He, however, allowed me an alternative. By paying him some money, I might send the *gardien* now, before he had touched me or any of my things, back to the town, and get in another of his corps in his stead; but this I begged to decline, not knowing but the second might be as ill-visaged as the first, and smell just as strong of garlic. Up-stairs, therefore, I followed my gaoler-servant, the officer, with a bundle of large keys and a long stick in his hand, coming after me to give a few sententious instructions. "Here," said he, as we reached a long, low corridor, with the doors of some thirty or more cells opening upon it, "here you will have plenty of room to walk about and take fresh air and exercise, but you must not descend those stairs until farther orders; and you must be very particular not to throw over any bits of paper, or any thing you have touched, into the yard below, and you must settle (*arranger* in this instance meant *payer*) with your *gardien* about going to bed at ten o'clock or otherwise, for he must not lose sight of you in the night. There is plenty of room, you see—you have the whole *suite d'apartements* at your choice, which is no small privilege, for I have seen the time, when the commerce of the Levant was active, that a whole family, women and children, and all, would be happy to get the worst—the smallest one of these rooms." I pointed to a door about the middle of the cell-looking range, and asked to see the interior of that room. The officer detached a key from his bundle, and opening the door, said I had made an excellent choice, that that was my apartment, that he was always below in case of my wanting any thing, *à numero un*, and then with an assurance that he

was my most devoted, humble servant, and too happy at the opportunities of cultivating my acquaintance, my dapper friend skipped down stairs, and left me in agreeable *tête-à-tête* with the man of garlic. The room of which I took possession was large, gloomy, and dirty, as well might be; and within it was a smaller chamber, fouler and darker still—the latter was the dormitory of the *gardien*, which worthy personage, producing a rush-broom, began to remove the more moveable part of the dirt without giving me a word of warning. I ran from the dust, which rose like the sands of the desert under a simoom, into the open corridor, and began a course of monotonous perambulations up and down, lengthways and breadthways, which repeated Heaven knows how many times each day and night, must have made at the end of my quarantine a sum total of melancholy miles performed, of no trifling amount. When the man had swept the rooms, he descended and presently re-appeared with a large earthen vase, containing chloride of lime, which was placed in my cell, and on being well stirred, dissipated every odious smell except his garlic. My luggage was then brought up, and my cell furnished successively with a rickety table, two chairs, a truckle bedstead on which I spread my travelling mattress, and with a very few other conveniencies or luxuries. When all these were properly arranged, and I looked round, I could not but acknowledge that the Lazzaretto at Marseilles was a better place than the church at Gallipoli, and that if eight-and-thirty days had been got through there, I might survive five-and-twenty here. I took out the faithful companions of my wanderings, a few favourite books, some maps, writing materials, and papers, which, set in order on the high, broad, stone mantelpiece, added considerably to the appearance of my apartment, and offered me comforts and resources far dearer than any adventitious ones I could hope to find in my imprisonment. By the time all these preparations were made, my spirits had considerably recovered from the depression I could not avoid at first. I lighted my Turkish pipe, I renewed my promenade in the corridor, and compared its long, free open space with the deck of the foul old ship I had left, which was so encumbered with raw unpressed cotton bales, and bales of goats' hair, and I know not what other bales of Levant exportation, that I had not more than three yards space to stretch my legs upon, and this for nearly a month! In process of time, indeed, I became comfortable, nay, even exhilarated, and though not quite prepared to declare in the spirit of statu-quo-itism, that my *status* could not be better, I felt that it might be a thousand and a thousand times worse.

This good-humour was dissipated by my *gardien's* bringing me a wretchedly-cooked dinner from a species of *gargôt*, or cook-shop, which is permitted to exist within the walls of the Lazzaretto. A man, perhaps, is no great philosopher whose humour can be influenced, though but momentarily, by a dinner; but I should like to see the Englishman's philosophy that could stand the pest of garlic invading him from fish, meat, vegetables—and this, too, when he has gained an appetite, as I had done, by walking and breathing the fresh air from the sea. I had known something in former times of the *cuisine Provençale* and its proneness to garlic, and ought to have warned my provider; but now that I did so, he seemed astonished at my want

of taste, and absolutely indignant when I desired him never to infect me again, and offered to give him so many sous per diem if he himself would eat no more garlic during his attendance on me. I have observed, in the course of my travels, that there are few points on which national or local prejudice is more chary and susceptible than on the article of the *cuisine;* and if, as was the case, the greatest genius of our day, who is at the same time the best-natured man living—I mean, of course, Sir Walter Scott—could suffer his gentle, and all but imperturbable temper to be ruffled by a friend of mine, who quizzed at Abbotsford the cookery of the Scotch generally, and their mode of dressing woodcocks particularly, it is not surprising that my Marseillais, who was a morose brute, should be irate at my disrespectful mention of the staple commodity of the *cuisine Provençale.* As to my proposition that he should eat no garlic himself, he seemed to consider it as an abominable interference in the rights of man.

That day I dined on bread and olives. My wine was one of those noxious drugs that are *fabriquées* to such an extent at Marseilles, and retailed and shipped under the false name of claret—it also tasted of garlic in my mouth, and I really began to think I was destined to die of that fetid root, to which I applied all the dishonouring epithets with which King Jamie traduced the Virginian weed. On the morrow a kind merchant in Marseilles, to whom I was warmly recommended, remedied the defect of the wine from his own cellar, but as to the edibles, in spite of all my remonstrances, I could never get them free of a certain odour. I suppose, from constant use, the entire *batterie de cuisine* of the Lazzaretto was impregnated with the essence of garlic.

The next annoyance I endured was from my *gardien's* short black clay-pipe, which was hardly ever out of his mouth, the fellow smoking in my room, where he invariably seated himself close to me, without asking permission or making excuse. This, however, I could remedy without prejudice to himself. I gave him clean pipes, and substituted the Turkish weed, the crackling and fragrant Latakia, for the tobacco of France, which being a Government monopoly is bad, as all articles similarly produced and restricted, will ever be.

The first evening I passed in my confinement was a very dull one. It was in vain I tried the conversational resources of my companion —he was a very dull fellow, and spoke the barbarous Provençal *patois* with so much strictness that it was with difficulty I could understand him. I left my cell to walk in the corridor—he followed me—I returned to my seat by the hearth, where we had a good blazing wood-fire, for the nights were cold, and my familiar came and seated himself opposite to me. When we had discussed a silent pipe, I went out to walk again, and again my unsightly, unsavoury tormentor was at my side. At last I became quite nervous at finding this monster, more pertinacious if not so horrid as he that beset Frankenstein, constantly at my elbow, and feeling I had no right to interfere with his enjoyment of air and exercise, I again returned to my room; but the very next instant, there he was seated opposite to me with his coarse garlic-coloured face glaring in the reflection of the bright flames, with one horny fist balancing his pipe, the other thrust in the pocket of his nether garment, and his legs stretched out

towards the fire, as if he was perfectly at home. Though many months have passed since then, I still feel a sort of vulgar horror creep over me as I recall that man, who persecuted me for five-and-twenty days; and it is a truth, that for a long while after, his odious figure haunted my dreams like the rhubarb-vender in the "Opium Eater." If the mind and eye are once seized or possessed by an odious object, it is astonishing how difficult it is to detach them from it. I tried to read, but though the verse was Tasso's, my eye was constantly wandering from the book to the person of my familiar; I smoked my chibook and attempted to look at nothing but the pale-blue smoke that issued from it, but, spite of myself, I was the next instant gazing on the garlic-coloured face and the squat, insolent figure of my *gardien*, who never broke silence save by a loud long yawn.

About ten o'clock these yawns becoming louder and more frequent, I suggested the expediency of his going to bed. "*Je vous attends*," was the laconic but startling reply, with which he followed up a yawn so tremendous, and opened full before me, (for he never turned his hideous visage) that I thought he was going to swallow me—chair, rickety table, lamp, books, and all.

"*Comment?—vous m'attendez*," said I, "what has my going to bed to do with yours?—I have no intention of going to bed for several hours."

"Then I must lock the door," said he, "and put the key under my pillow." And this he did, to my no small annoyance, for I had counted on an uninterrupted walk in the quiet corridor when he should be asleep, and felt (ridiculously enough, perhaps,) an increase of nervousness at thus being locked-up in a room.

In a very few minutes after my familiar had retired to the small inner chamber, the door of which, if it ever had one, was gone, yawns were succeeded by the loudest snoring it has ever been my lot to hear. To this enduring, and appropriate accompaniment, I read several cantos of the melodious Italian Epic, and I remember very well that one of them was the canto containing the exquisitely luxurious description of the enchanted garden of Armida, where,

"Vezzosi augelli infra le verdi fronde
Temprano a prova lascivette note."

To give a regular diary of my Quarantine would be to afflict the reader with a portion of the *ennui* I then endured; so I will merely throw together the circumstances that enlivened or saddened the days of my captivity, without reference to order or date.

At one end of the long corridor in which I used to walk, there was an unlocked door, opening into a chapel where mass was performed on Sundays and holidays, for the benefit of the people on the Lazzaretto establishment, and of such persons as might be performing quarantine there. In this chapel, which was neat and almost elegant, there was a large picture, always covered by a green curtain. I had looked in from my door, at the end of the corridor, which admitted me to a grated gallery above the picture, a hundred times, and at all hours of the day, in hopes of seeing this green curtain withdrawn, but always in vain, until the Christmas-eve, when the chapel was studiously decorated in honour of the season, and the picture that had irritated

my curiosity uncovered and revealed to sight. I have seldom been impressed with more horror by a work of art. This was the subject, —which might be consonant to a Lazzaretto, though it certainly was not calculated to cheer the spirits of a melancholy inmate:—during the destructive epidemic which raged at Barcelona, the French Government very laudably sent several medical-men to afford assistance to the suffering Spaniards, and to investigate the nature of the mysterious malady. One of these, a young man, and, I believe, a native of Marseilles, distinguished himself in an eminent degree, by his skill, his never-tiring humanity, and assiduous attentions to the sick; but one day, as he stood by the side of a patient whom he was going to bleed, he was suddenly seized by the most fatal symptoms of the infection, and, in a few hours, the fearless, devoted philanthropist had ceased to breathe. The moment selected by the painter is that where the physician is first struck by the insidious malady, and certainly he has succeeded in depicting it with horrid, ghastly truth. The fixed eyes, the livid lips, the drooping figure of the physician, the robust, but attenuated form, and decayed and sunken countenance of the patient, sent me away shivering from that picture I had been so impatient to see, and with the confirmation of an opinion, I had long before formed, in some of the churches of Spain and Italy, that the fine arts are misapplied when turned to such revolting subjects.

The other end of my promenade, the corridor, looked over a narrow enclosure, which a cross, and here and there a swelling of the earth, and an uncouth tombstone, denoted as a place of sepulture. It was the cemetery of the Lazzaretto, where those were buried who died in Quarantine. Some of its graves had received victims of the plague, who had brought the malady from Alexandria; and the officer of the Lazaretto—my dapper friend—who had a certain familiar eloquence in him, harrowed me, one day, with a detailed account of the sufferings and the madness of a ship's crew, that all died of the plague, pent up in another enclosure hard by the cemetery, where they now slept the calm sleep of death. With these localities and associations I had food to give the melancholy mood that would often invade me, and by peeping in the Romish chapel, whose dim obscurity was rendered visible by a solitary lamp burning before the effigy of the Virgin, at one extremity of the corridor, or gazing over the burying-ground at the other, I could, at times, bring my mind to an aberration, and a species of supernatu*ralism* it had long been a stranger to; for I had buried all the ghosts of former years during my quarantine in the Church of Gallipoli. Up to that period, though smiling at my feeling, I had not been able wholly to rid myself, at midnight hours and in solitary places, of a certain creeping awe, and of the superstitious, ghostly impressions of my childhood, which had been more than usually exposed to legends and ghost stories; but, after sleeping eight-and-thirty nights in a sacristy, within an old church, with the dead underneath, and statues and pictures that looked like spectres, above ground, I had been pretty well cured, and indeed considered myself ghost-proof for the rest of my days. In justice, however, to my philosophy and manhood, I must remark this difference from the feelings of former times;—instead of

avoiding and shrinking from the images and fancies of my imagination, I now courted them, and found an amusement in turning and varying their preternatural horrors; and it was a real treat to lie on my pallet, in my gloomy cell, when it and the whole vast enclosure of the Lazzaretto was still as death, and summon up

> " Le invenzioni atroci d'ogni sorte
> Spacciate per eventi che già furo:
> Apparizioni di persone morte,
> Ombre che rivelarono il futuro,
> Anime di dannati a chiuse porte
> Di mezza notte penetrate, al scuro
> A visitar in minacciose forme
> Ora l'amanza, ora il rival che dorme.*

I suppose it was in accordance to this frame of mind, that I borrowed from the officer of the Lazzaretto the whole series of " Les Causes Celebres," and read with peculiar gusto the tales of horror they contain, and this always in the dead of night.

During my quarantine I felt as I have always done in disagreeable situations, or under adverse circumstances, the day to be much more irksome than the night. I therefore used to sit up till three or four o'clock in the morning, which permitted me to lie in bed till noon, and so consume a good round number of day-light hours. There was, besides, this additional advantage in sitting up—I was freed from the odious presence of my familiar, being only occasionally distressed by his elephantine snoring. It was on nights like these that I chiefly collated and arranged the notes of my " Travels in the East," which, on my arrival in England, to my great surprise, swelled out to a quarto volume. And some of these nights of my imprisonment, with such occupation, and my books, and my chibook, my cheering pint of claret, and cheerful fire, and the music of the wintry wind singing in the long corridor, and of the waves dashing among the rocks and against the outer wall of the cemetery, were really delightful nights, and scarcely left me any thing to desire.

One morning, after one of these nights, as I was rising to a very late breakfast, I heard English words and English oaths from the court below. Before I could reach the corridor, I heard one gruff voice, in the same dear dialect, and with the same rhetorical ornaments, say, " Things are come to a pretty pass, Jack, that you and me should a' to carry such a freight as this here !"

I looked over into the court to see what unwelcome freight this might be: it was a dead body, stretched on a couple of planks, rudely tied together. The sailors, even of the most civilized nations, are exceedingly obnoxious to superstition; and, knowing the dread they have of the poor harmless " mortal coil," and all the prognostics they found on the untoward circumstance of having a dead body on board ship, I was not much surprised to see four of them very reluctantly performing the duties of undertakers'-men on shore. My attention was claimed, the next moment, by a singular dialogue between my dapper friend, the quarantine-officer, who had learned a very small portion of English when prisoner-of-war aboard our hulks, and the seamen,

---

* Ildegonda, parte terza.

whom I presently discovered, by oral proofs not susceptible of mistake, to be Yankeys. It was evident there was "no intelligence" in more than half of the words that passed between the parties; nor did the vivacious gesticulation of the little Marseillais seem to convey any clearer meaning to the lads from the other side of the Atlantic. At last, the little Frenchman lost all patience, and after a good round Provençal oath, (these *hommes du Midi*—these descendants of the Troubadours beat all the Mediterranean for swearing,) and after making a tremendous effort on his long dormant English, he cried out, "It must that you make fosse!—it must that you make fosse!"

"Fosse—fuss—who the devil wouldn't make a fuss, after overhauling this here cold meat, and bringing it ashore, with the wind that it blows, to be kept here a-jawing!"

"You no me understand—*sacrés bêtes!*" cried the petulant little man, "*voyez ça!—voyez ça!*" and with hands and feet he imitated the action of digging.

"What is Mounseer arter now? what does he mean?" said one of the Yankeys.

"Mean!" replied a comrade, twitching up his canvass trowsers, "why, I guess he means we are to dig a grave!"

A long shrill "whew!" an oath still longer, and an expression of countenance, such as a rigid Jew might put on if brought in contact with things most unclean, showed the repugnance of all four to such a task. Anon words waxed louder and louder; the officer raved and swore in Provençal, the Yankeys in American-English; the less they understood each other, the louder they talked; and at last, as the only medium of explanation and arrangement, I was sent for, and begged to interpret between them. Affairs certainly went off better after my mediation, but it was with the greatest difficulty, when I had informed them that by the severe regulations of the place they must bury the body that had died on board of their ship, themselves, and that no other persons could touch it, without subjecting themselves to this Quarantine, that I could reconcile them to their novel duties. But they would not begin even then, without a supply of rum, and so copiously did they drink at their work, that by the time the grave was dug they were all four dead drunk. In the afternoon I saw three of them sleeping by the side of the grave—the fourth, I suppose, being asleep within it.

By the French laws, the body could not be buried until dissection had ascertained that it had died neither of violence nor an infectious disorder. Towards evening a surgeon from the town was admitted into the Lazzaretto, and he hastily made the *post-mortem* examination, at which I attended. As far as a cause of death was required, the trouble might have been spared; for the attenuated female form that lay before us, showed at once extreme old age, and an extreme stage of physical exhaustion and decay. The surgeon said it was wonderful how she could have lasted so long; that in the course of his practice he had never seen an instance in which the body was worn so near to the bone and sinew. Indeed, as he moved it about, it seemed as light as the body of a little child, and so wasted and thin as to be almost transparent. When the dissection was finished, the surgeon was conducted to a cell in the Lazzaretto to begin his quarantine; and

the body was carried by the reeling sailors to the grave, to render to the elements the infinitely small portions of matter it still retained.

And yet that snowy-headed, very old woman, that almost obliterated form of mortality, had enshrined, until a few hours before, an ardent hope, an intense and exquisite feeling! Her story was interesting. She was a native of Marseilles, but had gone to America in her early days. She had seen the War of Independence; had been married three times; had had children and grandchildren, but had survived them all. Though surrounded by comforts and by friends, with whom she had spent many more years than are generally allotted to human life, as old age began to be felt, she felt with it an eager longing to see, ere she died, the land of her birth; and this desire became more ardent when the infirmities of years should have precluded the apparent possibility of her supporting so long a voyage as from Baltimore to Marseilles. At length she would talk of nothing but her own France, *la belle France;* and protesting she should not sleep quietly in her grave unless she saw again the coast of Provence and Marseilles, she determined, to the surprise of every body, to undertake the voyage. But by this time the rapid decay of old age was so visible, that the masters of several vessels refused to treat with her for a passage, never imagining that any thing so frail could survive three days on board of ship. The captain who at last received her, related, that during the voyage across the Atlantic, when they had very stormy weather, he several times thought her dying, and even dead—that she revived a little as they got within the Straits of Gibraltar, but sank into a state of lethargy the day after. She could no longer assist herself, and it was with difficulty he had been able, now and then, to pour a little liquid nourishment down her throat. She had not uttered a syllable for several days until the preceding evening, when the captain, on telling her they were very near their journey's end, could hear her murmur "Marseilles!"—and her hands were closed as if in prayer as she named her native city. That morning, as the vessel came in sight, the captain gave her the welcome information, at which she rallied, as though the fabulous elixir had been administered to her. She was carried, at her eager request, to the deck. They laid her down on some sail-cloths and a mattress, and she steadfastly fixed her dim eyes on the rocks of Provence, that every moment increased to the sight. By degrees, even her dull organs could distinguish the steeples and houses of the town peering above a pale grey line of rock and hill—they became more and more pronounced, and as the ship entered the Quarantine Port in the island, she could see the towers of her own parish-church of St. Roch on the hill in the old town—but before the ship was anchored, the old Marseillaise had ceased to breathe!

I have made mention of Christmas-eve. It was my lot to pass my birth-day, Christmas-day, and the New-year in quarantine; and though perhaps a trifle, the recollections of these seasons of festivity in former years did not tend to lighten the dulness of my solitary and uncomfortable confinement. We had some miserably-bad, and even cold weather. The fire-place in my apartment (of which be it said, in passing, neither door nor window shut properly) was so large, and so very ill-constructed, that in spite of a ruinous *dépense* in wood, I never

could keep myself warm on these rigid nights. The chimney, moreover, was so wide and open at top, that whenever it rained, it rained on my fire; and there I used to sit, shivering over its embers, and almost choked with the smoke.

After the first ten or twelve days, the strictness of my quarantine was somewhat abated. I was permitted to extend my promenade from the corridor to the court below, and, in company with my *gardien*, to perambulate nearly the whole extent of the Quarantine-ground, which is much more extensive even than I had fancied. In its vastness, and in its outer walls, it reminded me of the Arsenal and Bagnio of Constantinople; but instead of being crowded like those places, the Lazzaretto of Marseilles, during all my stay, was almost awfully solitary and still. There was scarcely a soul to be seen; and I have gone through court-yard, and enclosure after enclosure, and looked into I know not how many of the immense warehouses recently built for the reception of susceptible Levant merchandise, without seeing so much as a bale of goods. The Greek war; the piracies long exercised in all parts of the Archipelago; the impoverishment of the Eastern countries on the Mediterranean; bad crops of cotton in Egypt, and other circumstances, had held the trade of Marseilles (which is principally with the Levant) in check for some time, and may account for the loneliness of the Lazzaretto.

From this irksome solitude and restraint I was released at last—the time, so long to look forward to, having glided away as happier hours will do, though not so rapidly. On a beautiful morning, like that on which I had arrived at Marseilles, and at an early hour—after I had been fumigated with sulphur and I know not what—I was told by my dapper friend, the officer, that, on the payment of a long account of fees and expenses he presented, I was at liberty to walk out. I paid and went, experiencing, as I crossed the gloomy threshold of my prison, that thrilling, bounding joy, that one who has been a prisoner, though but for a short time, must feel. C. M. F.

MY PENSION.

What, take away my Pension! a word with you, Lord Grey;
You cannot be so barbarous! you mean not what you say.
I have enjoyed for seven years twelve hundred pounds a year,
'Twas granted me by George the Fourth, how can you interfere?
I really hoped you 'd think it right to grant me an extension;
It never once occurr'd to *me* you 'd *take away* my Pension!

The thing 's so inconvenient, you 'll force me to retrench,—
Indeed retrenchment will not do, you 'll send me to the Bench!
How *can* you serve a *Lady* so! oh! if I were a man,
I 'd call you out, my Noble Lord, and end *you* with your plan;
You might retrench in many little ways that I could mention,
But what on earth possesses you to take away my Pension!

You ask about my services; but surely to intrude
And ask *a Lady* such a thing is little less than rude;
Of course I *could* explain to you,—My Lord, I say again,
If 'twas my *pleasure* so to do, of course I *could* explain;
I 'm sure I 've many female friends of vastly less pretension,
Who 've met with greater recompense—then don't disturb my Pension.

Reform *may* all be very proper in a certain line,
I never can object to it, it 's no affair of mine;
Reform the House of Commons, and correct abuses *there*,
But *don't* reform *my* little house in Green-street, Grosvenor-square.
Don't seize *my* jewels to allay the popular dissension—
You can't appease the Radicals with my poor little Pension.

The Revolutionists abroad have stirr'd up all this fuss,
But can your Lordship tell me what are Paris mobs to us?
Because the papers bore one so about the row at Brussels,
Must English ladies interfere with Foreign people's bustles?
Now be assured, my Noble Lord, 'twas folly set the French on;
You really are *not* call'd upon to take away my Pension.

Propriety might prompt your economical design
In *many* cases doubtless,—but believe me *not* in mine;
Were *I alone*, I now *might* make a sacrifice, 'tis true,
But all my Family, you know, have little pensions too;
My Brothers and my Cousins would go mad were I to mention
The revolutionary scheme of giving up a Pension!

I think it would be setting an extremely bad example
In times like these, when people are endeavouring to trample
On all our ancient usages,—and raising such a storm
About the Place and Pension List, and Radical Reform,—
I say, my Lord, that *I* should feel deserving reprehension
If *I*—by these intimidated—threw away my Pension.

I'm quite convinced the only way of setting matters right,
And making common people see things in a proper light,
Is, keeping up the ancient aristocracy of course,
And keeping down plebeians with a military force:
The Lower Orders really are so dull of comprehension,
They can't see the utility of granting me a Pension.

The truth is this—(you must not deem these few remarks intrusive)—
The Aristocracy are not sufficiently exclusive,
They call on Mistress *this* and *that*, and curtsey at a ball
To people who, in point of fact, are nobodies at all!
I never could perceive the use of smiling condescension—
It makes the upstarts insolent, they cavil at a Pension!

When *I* am at my country seat, *I* shun this growing evil,
No member of the middling ranks presumes to call *me* civil;
I never call on *them*, and if one dares pay *me* a visit,
She comes in some old-fashion'd gown, and I and Laura quiz it;
And at the Race-ball once a year I sit the upper bench on,
In high unbending dignity,—so *I* deserve my Pension.

Now pray, my Lord, consider this, you 're ruined if you grant
Concessions of the sweeping kind the common people want;
The Aristocracy must not be interfered with thus,
Pray tell me what are starving individuals to *us!*
To pacify the Radicals, and end all this contention,
We 'll call my little income by some other name than Pension.

Of course, my Lord, you can retrench in *ev'ry other* way,
The Clerks in Public Offices may scribble on half-pay;
The Captains and the Cornets, and the Curates may be fleeced,
(The incomes of the Bishops, by the by, should be increased,)
I see you are convinced, my Lord, and through *your* intervention
I trust, in spite of Mr. Hume, you 'll let me keep my Pension.

T. H. B.

FIRST AND SECOND. NO. II.

First and Second Thoughts.

In my boyhood I lived much with an old gentleman who called himself my uncle. I never heard, however, that I had either a father or mother who called him brother; and, therefore, I have often suspected our consanguinity was much nearer than he represented. I say I have often suspected such to be the fact; because, whoever might happen to be my parents, they not only kept the secret to themselves, but left me to my uncle as completely as if there were no one else in the world who had a right to look after me, which I am bound, in gratitude, to acknowledge he did, in a way quite unparalleled in the history of all the uncles I have ever read or heard of. Whatever the best of sons could say of the best of fathers, I had the melancholy satisfaction of saying in gilt letters upon black marble, under the organ-loft of ——— church, after the old gentleman's death, as the posthumous tribute of an affectionate nephew.

It was one of his favourite maxims, (and, being a favourite, no one was allowed to question it,) that "we should always *think* to-day and *act* to-morrow;" in other words, that we should take *second* thoughts for our guide, and consider *first* ones only as our desires, which seldom square with our interests. He would frequently enforce this admonition by sundry pertinent observations, all of them tending to show, that if men did not set about coaxing themselves into good-humour with their *first* thoughts, (which, for the most part, he said, were nothing but their wishes,) they would not so often have to lament the consequences of their actions; and he generally wound up his advice by exclaiming, "it was *second* thoughts saved *me* from Widow Woakes." These words were so constantly on his tongue, that they became, at last, a sort of proverb with the family; insomuch, that whenever any circumstance happened fortunately, which might have fallen out unfortunately, had first intentions been followed, the usual congratulation was, "Thank God, we have escaped Widow Woakes!"

My uncle's account of the Woakes affair was this:—

"I had very early subscribed," said he, "to the doctrine of Sir Thomas Brown, (in his 'Religio Medici,') who says, 'the whole world was made for man, but the twelfth part of man for woman; man being the whole world, and the breath of God; woman, the rib, and crooked part of man.' Like him, I was resolved 'never to marry *once*,' and 'commended their resolutions who never married *twice*.' Moreover, I was particularly impressed with the truth of what followed these opinions—"

Here the old gentleman would make a sudden pause, and look strange things, as if there were something in the "opinions" he valued so highly, of a very doubtful character. I was not easy, therefore, till I had rummaged over his books, and found a copy of the "Religio Medici;" but I must refer the "curious reader" to p. 154, edition 1645, of that once celebrated work, (whose bold scepticism and whimsical speculations provoked the philosophy of Sir Kenelm Digby and the metaphysics of Alexander Ross into the field of controversy, and called forth the admiration of the learned Guy Patin, though, as he

says elsewhere, "he naturally hated the English, and thought of them with horror,") because it is not the custom, in these days, to write and speak of certain matters so plainly as our unsophisticated ancestors were pleased to do.

"The fact is," he would continue, shaking his head, "I never was a man to make up to the ladies, having always felt in their company like adventurous discoverers by sea and land,—an apprehension of rocks, quicksands, laughing hyenas, and weeping crocodiles. But, forty years ago, when I was at Bath, Mrs. Susannah Woakes made up to me with such determined vigour, that it seemed I must fall into her hands, as birds are said to drop, in spite of themselves, into the expanded jaws of the rattle-snake, fascinated by the glare of its terrific eyes.

"Not that *I* was *fascinated;* for, though the widow was tolerably young, that is, not more than three and twenty, and really beautiful, and infinitely sprightly, and as graceful as the Graces themselves, still there was one ugly circumstance—she *was* a *widow!* I repeat, therefore, I was not fascinated; but I was uncommonly puzzled what to do with her. She had made such a dead set at me, that, while I was thinking of nothing in the world but how to get away from her, the world itself, or, what is the same thing, the circle of my friends and acquaintance, (which is all that any man means when he talks of *the world,*) was thinking of nothing but the inevitable certainty of my approaching union with the "charming widow." Nor was this all. The more intimate of my friends, they who thought it became them, *as* friends, to advise me for my good, were incessantly eloquent to convince me of my happy fortune: so that, what with the constant fire of the Widow herself, and the broadsides of my friends, I was in a fair way of being made to surrender, and laid up for life, as a sheer hulk, in Woakes's dock.

"I have heard of a man hanging himself to stop his wife from going to a ball, after he had vainly tried all gentler modes of persuasion; and I was very near perpetrating a similar act of folly. I all but yielded to my *first* thoughts, and married the widow, simply because I had derogated so far from my bachelor dignity as to allow *the world* to consider me a husband elect. My *second* thoughts, however, saved me.

"It was in the month of August that the widow began her manœuvres, and, towards the middle of October, I perceived things were coming to extremities. There was no possibility of my holding out another week. I could not account for this increased activity in the enemy's movements; but they so crippled my means of defence, that I was every moment in dread of being made prize of. I took advantage of darkness, therefore, set all my sails, and escaped during the night. In plain English, I packed up my trunks, without saying a word to any body, ordered a post-chaise to the door an hour after my usual time of going to bed, and set off for the Lakes. I learned afterwards that the widow, inconsolable for my loss, married, the very next week, Sir Boobykin Gosling, Bart., a descendant of the ancient family of the Goosecaps, whose ancestors came in with the Conqueror, and one of the branches of whose genealogical tree produced the renowned men of Gotham.

"I also learned, that before the honeymoon was in its wane, Sir Boobykin confessed his bride became dearer and dearer to him every day; hundreds of his paternal acres slipping, like himself, into *bond*-age, to liquidate certain widowed debts that were growing as impatient as herself for a husband. In fact, she was so circumstanced, that, had she not gone to church, she must have gone to prison; and, of the two locks, preferring wedlock, she at once determined to take up with Sir Boobykin when she found she could not take in myself. It was neck-or-nothing with her after I had absconded: for it is an ancient practice in this realm, that about the beginning of November, (and it was the 25th of October I set off for the Lakes,) our Sovereign Lord the King is accustomed to keep his court at Westminster, where, laying aside his usual observance of etiquette, he causes to be invited, in his name, persons whom he never thinks of asking either to St. James's or Windsor. About that time too, lawyers, as rapacious as hawks, assemble in Westminster Hall, and make *brief* work with their long bills of whatever they can catch. The widow had received some six or seven of these invitations; but, either feeling the extreme awkwardness of a female going to such a place alone, or not caring to go at all, yet too well-bred to neglect the thing entirely, she prevailed upon her husband to attend for her. Sir Boobykin, who had never visited the Court at Westminster upon any similar occasion, was greatly surprised at the costly nature of the *suits* in which it was necessary he should appear; and was heard to grumble something about the d—d expensive *habits* of Lady Gosling before he had the felicity of marrying her. So I have reason, you see, for saying, that '*second* thoughts *saved* me from Widow Woakes.'"

This important incident in the life of my uncle, which I heard him relate so often, that I could tell it as well as himself before I was fourteen, and the almost daily inculcation of his favourite precept, "*think* to-day, and *act* to-morrow," had a decided influence upon my own life. Even as a school-boy, I can recollect how I used to take four-and-twenty hours to consider of it, before I would exchange a cricket-bat, or favourite taw, with my companions; and once, in particular, when I was invited to join a boating party, I adhered so systematically to my practice, that, though the excursion was to take place in the afternoon, I would not give my answer till the next day. They laughed at me; but what was the consequence? The next day, *three* of the laughers were taken home in a hearse to their disconsolate parents. And who knows but *four* might have been drowned, had I gone with them? The only chance in my favour was, that *I* had no tender parents to grieve by an untimely death, if my uncle was really my uncle.

I cannot, however, say I have always had equal reason to congratulate myself upon escaping "Widow Woakes." I was engaged, for example, as a principal in a duel, just after I had quitted the University; but if I had stuck to my *first* thoughts, in all probability I should still be in possession of the first finger of my right hand, which was shot off on the occasion. There was the less excuse for me, because I might have been contented with those reasons for not fighting, which invariably take precedence of those that induce us to fight. I had *nature* on my side; and, highly as we may think of preceptive

wisdom, nature, rightly understood, is the better authority; especially in cases where one of her first laws is concerned, that of self-preservation. Shakspeare says, "*conscience* makes cowards of us all;" but I suspect nature makes more cowards than conscience, let phrenology say what it may about its organs of combativeness. Two men, though living on a desert island, *may* quarrel, and not speak to each other for a twelvemonth, but they will not kill each other. Let there be a third man, and it is ten to one the desire to stand well in *his* opinion will lead to bloodshed. What has nature to do with this? Just as much as she has with any one of the infinite number of habits and customs which distinguish different states of society, from the Greenlander, who is a very epicure in blubber, to the London Alderman, who is as great an epicure in calipash and calipee. But I am growing too philosophical.

This affair of the duel is worth recording. It happened thus:—

"That was a very beautiful ostrich plume which Miss Smith wore at the Race Ball last night," said I.

"I thought it the ugliest thing I ever saw," remarked Captain Brown.

"It certainly was not ugly," I replied; "but, of course, there may be different opinions as to its beauty. I, for instance, thought it *very* beautiful."

"And I thought it *very* ugly—d—d ugly!" responded Captain Brown—"as ugly as Miss Smith herself."

"Miss Smith is not exactly handsome, I allow," was my answer; "but a lady may not be handsome, and yet not ugly."

"Every one to his taste," said Captain Brown, with what I considered an insulting air; and then added, "every Jack has his Gill!"

"Miss Smith is no Gill of mine," I replied.

"I did not say she was," said Captain Brown, and laughed.

"And I am no Jack," I continued, nettled by his laugh.

"I did not say you were," said Captain Brown, fiercely; "but if you want to make a quarrel of it you may. I say again, and I have as much right to say what I say, as you have to say what you say, that Miss Smith's ostrich plume was d—d ugly—as ugly as Miss Smith herself."

"Since you put it thus offensively, Captain Brown," I retorted, "I now maintain there was nothing d—d ugly—no, nor any thing ugly at all, either in Miss Smith's feathers or Miss Smith herself. I'll not be brow-beaten by any man, Captain Brown!"

"Sir! you are insolent!" exclaimed Captain Brown, looking as scarlet as his own jacket.

"Very likely; but I always make it a rule to conduct myself towards persons as they deserve," and I turned upon my heel to quit the room.

Captain Brown followed me to the door.

"You shall hear from me in an hour," said he.

"In half an hour, if you like," said I, and walked away, boiling with indignation.

Before I heard from Captain Brown I was as cool as a cucumber. I saw all the folly of my situation. I had never spoken to Miss Smith in my life. What was it to me, then, whether her ostrich plume was

beautiful or ugly, or she herself handsome or a fright? I resolved to treat the matter with ridicule. It would be preposterous to go out for such a cause. We should be the laughing-stock of all our friends and acquaintance. These were my *first* thoughts, when my mind was calm enough for thought to take the place of feeling. Besides, I might be shot through the body; and all for what?—a silly dispute about Miss Smith and her feathers! I did not like the idea. I determined I would *not* make an affair of honour of it. But what would the world say, if Captain Brown posted me as a coward? Or horsewhipped me? Or if I were pointed at as a man who had sneaked out of a duel by a voluntary apology? These were my *second* thoughts. They carried the day, after a sharp struggle, with my first. I determined I *would* make an affair of honour of it. I did so. I met Captain Brown the next morning at sunrise, and I sacrificed one of my fingers, besides the risk of sacrificing my life, in defence of Miss Smith's personal charms and the disputed pulchritude of her ostrich plume. My uncle's precept failed. I could not congratulate myself upon having "escaped Widow Woakes" that time.

But it was not always thus. I was one day walking through Finsbury-square. There sat a pale, sick woman, meekly and sorrowfully bending her eyes to the earth, while a child slept in her arms, upon whose thin pallid features were the traces of as much misery as can fall to the lot of sinless infancy. I had been reading that very morning chap. v. b. iii. part 3, of Paley's "Moral and Political Philosophy," and all the better feelings of my nature had responded to every argument he employed for enforcing the duty of alms-giving. But I rather think it must have been a grand field-day with the beggars; that they had all turned out upon some special occasion; for I met eleven cripples, four widows with five fatherless children a-piece, three starving industrious mechanics, in clean white aprons, and one blind sailor, who had lost his "precious sight" by lightning, in the Bay of Biscay, between St. Paul's and the Old Jewry. It was this, I suppose, that soured the milk of human kindness within me, and made me pass, with an unpitying heart, the simple, touching appeal of the poor creature I have described, on whose lap lay a written paper with these words only; "*Have compassion on us; we are destitute!*" She asked no charity, either by word or look; but, with folded arms round her baby, and her head drooping over it, she trusted all to the tale which this little scroll told of her condition. Yet I passed on!

I blush while I write this confession of cold, miserable selfishness, that could, even for a moment, stifle the yearnings of the lowest species of humanity, upon the paltry plea, that perhaps I had (for I did not know I had) given my mite already to the unworthy. It is curious how conscience keeps tugging at a man to hold him back when he is going in a wrong path. Every step I took towards the City Road, leaving that poor silent suppliant behind unrelieved, I felt I was walking under the constantly increasing burden of a self-accusing spirit—a consciousness that I had left something undone, which it was necessary, for my own comfort, I should return and do. I obeyed my monitor. I returned; and, as if to show me to myself in my true colours, I saw a Greenwich pensioner, with a face as hard

as a cannon-ball, and a look as crabbed as if he had just been fined a day's allowance of grog, drop even his mite into the woman's lap. The rewarding look with which her eyes followed the maimed veteran, as he hobbled away upon his wooden leg, smote me.

It would be a piece of tedious egotism to relate the conversation I held with this distressed creature, after I had dispensed my bounty to her. But the scene to which it led I will describe.

It was with some difficulty I prevailed upon her to disclose her abode, or rather, to consent that she should conduct me to it; and, notwithstanding the sharp rebuke I had already received, in proportion to her reluctance the feeling grew strong within me that I was still the dupe of imposture. At length she yielded, but with a mournful shake of the head, which might be interpreted, I thought, two ways; either that she was conscious she could not escape detection, or satisfied that I should find her tale of misery too true. She arose, and I followed her slow feeble steps till we arrived at —— street, leading into the New Road, near Pentonville.

She stopped at No. — in that street; and, looking at me as she knocked at the door, said faintly, "We live here, sir."

I had hardly time to notice the apparent comfort and respectability of the outward appearance of the house, before the door was opened by a fine-looking lad, about thirteen, whose dress denoted that species of poverty which is the wreck of former competence. He was old enough to know what misery means beyond the mere endurance of its sufferings and privations; and his countenance, therefore, wore that melancholy expression which is stamped by the habitual presence of sad thoughts. Yet there was a sparkling gladness in his eye to welcome back his mother, mingled with a timid inquiring glance at the stranger who accompanied her.

No words passed between them, and I followed my conductress silently into the parlour. Here was my first evidence of the destitution which the paper she had displayed proclaimed. There was nothing but the bare walls; literally nothing else: not an article of furniture of any description.

"Take your sister, George," said the miserable mother, "and lay her—" tears choked her utterance. She might have added, "on the ground!" for, as I afterwards learned, bed there was none, nor chair, nor table, nor aught, save the floor, for its resting-place. The poor fellow took the infant, yet asleep, and while his own tears started at those of his mother, left the room.

I heard a heavy tread above, as of one pacing up and down with a hurried, impetuous step.

"It is my husband," said she, anticipating the question which my look, I suppose, betrayed was upon my lips.

"Your husband! What is he?"

"An artist."

"An artist!" I repeated, in a tone which I dare say expressed what I felt; for, judging from all that had occurred, I expected to find the lowest branch of the art of colouring, dignified with a name which it has grown into a fashion to apply to the most consummate masters of the pencil.

"Yes, Sir," she replied, with something of offended pride, "an artist; and such an enthusiast of his art, that it has turned his brain. But I will go to him, and see if he will admit you."

She quitted the apartment, and the next moment I heard a loud laughing, clapping of hands, and vehement talking. I could not distinguish what was said; and before I had time to consider how I should act in the presence of a mad painter, quick steps descending the stairs apprised me of a visit for which I was wholly unprepared. The door flew open, and in rushed the husband followed by his wife entreating him to be calm, and assuring him he was mistaken.

He made a sudden halt when he saw me, and with a wild, scrutinizing glare, surveyed me from head to foot. I was at once convinced of the disordered state of his mind, and wished our relative positions changed; I between him and the door, instead of his being between me and the only means of an escape, if it should be necessary, which the room presented, unless I made a precipitate retreat from the window into the area. He was tall, thin, pale, and haggard in appearance, with a beard that had not been shaved for a month; and had on a faded green great coat, one sleeve of which was half torn away, and the other hanging in tatters. In his left hand he held an ivory palette; his right grasped—not his pencil—but a large iron poker!

It does not require the experience of a lunatic asylum to know that insane persons are best managed by gentleness; and with a sort of instinctive consciousness of this, I saluted him very courteously, taking off my hat to render the homage which was due to the master of the house from a stranger. The effect of my politeness answered my most sanguine expectations. He returned my bow with a great deal of exuberant dignity; dropped his poker, which hitherto he had held as if prepared either to repel or commit an aggression, and used it as a walking-stick, while with a stately measured step he approached the farther corner of the room where I had planted myself, and where, at that moment, I should have been well pleased to find the wall opening behind me, for the convenience of retreating two steps to each one of his in advance.

"Ha! ha!" he exclaimed, when he was so close to me, that if I had not held my head as erect as a grenadier of the Guards, the bristles of his month's beard would have entered my own chin: "Ha! ha! do you think I would let them touch the *Last Judgement?*" and he brandished his poker over his head: "No! the rascals! They took every thing else; and I stood by and laughed to see what trouble they were at for my convenience. What cared I for tables, chairs, beds? They were in my way. But when they would have laid hands upon the *Last Judgement!* Martha," he continued, turning to his wife, who stood trembling and dejected at his side; "What did I say to the fellow who looked like Michael Angelo, when he came into the room for the *Last Judgement?* I knocked him down, Sir," addressing me again, and elevating his poker—"A judgment upon him, ha! ha! but not the last; for then I took him thus," seizing me by the collar, "and thrust him into the street, ha! ha! ha!"

"You did perfectly right," said I, with as much composure as I

could possibly assume in my very awkward situation, and devoutly hoping he would not mistake me for Michael Angelo coming for his *Last Judgement.*

"Right!" he exclaimed. "Had he been an R.A. or the President of the R.A. himself, I would have felled him to the ground like an ox, or any man who dared to remove that canvass from the easel, till I had painted in the nose of Alexander: he is the principal figure in the fore-ground. If you are an artist, I need not tell you that to paint the end of a nose well—true to nature—is the climax of perfection in a portrait. Sir Joshua could never do it; West failed in all his noses; Sir Thomas is the only man in England, except myself, who can really paint a nose. Look even at the noses of the Prophets and Sibyls of Michael Angelo, in the Sistine Chapel—they are lumps of putty, Sir, stuck on by a glazier. YOURS would be a very difficult nose to paint!" he added, fixing his eyes upon my nose with an earnest gaze of so equivocal a meaning, that I wished at the moment Nature had defrauded me of that prominent feature.

All this time he had never once shifted his position; neither could I mine. His wife continued to stand close to us, looking at me every now and then with an expression of countenance which silently, but intelligibly, conjured me not to cross him; while the son, with his infant sister in his arms, appeared at the door, surveying the scene in an attitude of intense curiosity, and deep affliction for the state of his wretched parent. If I had had leisure to think of any thing but the jeopardy in which I considered myself, I should certainly have doubted whether *second* thoughts had proved themselves best on this occasion.

At length he yielded to the persuasions of his wife, and consented that I should go up stairs and see the *Last Judgement*, after making me promise I would not approach nearer to it than he should point out. He led the way, shouldering his poker like a musket: the wife followed next, and I brought up the rear. When I entered the room I was amazed! It was stripped of every article of furniture; but in the centre, stretched upon the easel, stood a magnificent painting unfinished, as I saw at the first glance, (and in more respects than the nose of Alexander,) of the *Last Judgement.* The grace and expression, united with grandeur of form, in the principal figures; the variety of the subordinate parts; the effective grouping; the rich yet complete harmony of colour; and in some of the faces, the appalling passions that were pourtrayed, constituted altogether as fine a specimen of modern art as I had ever looked upon.

The burst of admiration which escaped from me was so sincere, so fervent, that it fell like an electrical shock upon the shattered nerves and overwrought brain of the unhappy artist. He burst into tears. With passionate sobs, with shrieks of alternate delight and sorrow, he uttered a thousand wild exclamations, half ludicrous, half heart-rending, as he now gloried in his work, now execrated the age in which he lived, insensible as it was to his merits, and now deplored that all his genius had not been able to feed his children!

"Ha! ha! Sir," he cried, (throwing away his poker, rubbing his hands, and springing like a tiger from me to the picture, and from

the picture back again to me, as he spoke,)—"Ha! ha! Sir! Talk of your Titians, your Caraccis, your Raffaelles, even the great Florentine himself, Michael Angelo! Oh, God! Had they given me bread the while, for me and mine, I would have shed a glory upon my country brighter than that which now blazes over Italy! *Io sono pittore!* Look here! observe this sweeping outline—and here, what anatomy! how finely that muscle is displayed! how I laboured to produce that! I have worked while the world slept, and worshipped my art in the stillness of those hours when the fainting soul languished for repose! Ay, Sir—Martha can tell you—I lived but at my easel. Do you see the ghastly expression of that face? how beautifully it contrasts with the serene, seraphic, spiritual joy, that beams from the features of that lovely maiden! This head conceived, this hand executed it all—and yet look at me! I am mad—mad—mad!" pressing his clenched hands violently to his forehead; "for I have been left to dream of visions that are gone, and to feed upon myself, till now I sometimes seem to see my own heart's blood covering that canvass instead of the colours I laid on!"

He became more composed, after this ebullition of his feelings, and gathered himself into an attitude of earnest contemplation of the picture. I was myself gazing at it with increasing admiration, when he suddenly burst into a loud laugh.

"Ha! ha! ha! What would Michael Angelo say, if he saw that? By Jupiter! that old man on the right, whom I mean for a Cardinal, has too much of the sly, demure look of a Quaker. There, there, go, go! I must not be interrupted any longer; we want money; and if they would empty before me the coffers of the Bank of England, they should not have it till I have bestowed my last touches upon the nose of Alexander, and painted up the Cardinal's face to the true piety of a well-paid churchman. There, go, go!"

I obeyed, and leaving the maniac to his moody fancies, returned with his wife to the parlour, where I received from her all the particulars of her husband's calamitous history.

His name was ———, and he had not yet attained his five-and-thirtieth year. He was what is called a self-taught artist; that is, one who embodied the conceptions of genius, (which are from Heaven,) in the same way as those men did who had no masters to study, being themselves the great originals in their art, and the models, by universal consent, for those who came after them. Such men were *self*-taught, for where were they to find teachers? And *such* self-tuition, which is but another word for inspiration, is the only school wherein the rarer works of Nature can study. In this sense Demosthenes was a self-taught orator among the Greeks, and Cicero among the Romans; Homer was a self-taught poet; and Shakspeare, and Cervantes, Milton, and Moliere, were self-taught; if by the phrase we are to understand that which, if it be not self-taught, is incommunicable. But to return from this digression to my crazed, self-taught, artist.

His father was a wealthy merchant; and designing his only son for the church, his education had been completed at Cambridge. But he was born a painter; and renouncing, with the recklessness

and impetuosity of a youthful mind, goaded onwards by the fiery impulses of one predominant, one devouring passion, he renounced every thing for it. This was an offence not at first to be forgiven by a father who had as strong a passion of another kind; who would rather have seen his son's name enrolled among the Tillotsons, Sherlocks, Taylors, and Barrows, of the English hierarchy, than heard him hailed by the general voice as the Raffaelle or Titian of his country. But there was doubtless a pardon that might have been slowly won from the parental heart, had not every hold upon it been dissevered by a second offence, that of marrying a beautiful, virtuous, and amiable girl, who was as poor as poverty herself in all things else. Pride discarded him from his home, and pride kept him voluntarily a stranger to it ever after.

He had now to struggle with adversity under all its most trying afflictions. He could not stoop to make the noble art to which he had devoted himself a trading commodity among the shopkeepers of the Metropolis. He disdained to colour canvass for wages that would barely suffice to maintain him. He chose rather, (when the small fund was exhausted which his father placed at his disposal in renouncing him, and which had been husbanded most thriftily,) to depend for precarious subsistence upon slender loans solicited from former friends, or acquaintance, while finishing his first serious effort in historical composition. The subject was a fine one—Oliver Cromwell surveying the dead body of Charles I. the night after his execution.* It was exhibited. The best judges were struck with its grandeur and poetical conception as a whole, and with the felicitous power displayed in many of its details. It soon found a purchaser at the modest price demanded by the artist, who was thus enabled to discharge his obligations to his friends, and provide for immediate wants.

In this way he continued to wrestle with his fate for several years, alternately a borrower and a payer, as his various pieces were bought. He buried himself meanwhile in solitude; for no where can a man live so solitary as in a crowded city, especially if he be poor. It is there only he may be one of thousands, without one of the thousands amid whom he moves knowing enough of him to call him by his name. His ambition was of the true quality; incapable of repose or satisfaction; discontented with all that it achieved; eager for all that its restless aspirings aimed at, and confident that all was within its reach. He denied himself rest, almost food; frequently sat at his easel eighteen or twenty hours together; and during that time contented himself with a few biscuits, or a little fruit, to rally his sinking energies. Then, fevered and exhausted, he would throw himself on his bed; not to sleep, but to dream and talk of the visions of his waking thoughts.

---

* "While the assassinates that crept up and down afraid of every man they met, pointed at as monsters in nature, finished not their treason when they had ended his martyrdom, one (O. C.) to feed his eyes with cruelty, and satisfy his solicitous ambition, curiously surveyed the murthered carcass, when it was brought in a coffin to Whitehall, and to assure himself the King was quite dead, with his fingers searched the wound whether the head were fully severed from the body or no."—*Lloyd's Memoirs.*

This ceaseless labour, this intense musing upon bright images of renown that were incessantly streaming into his mind, uniting with the distraction caused by pecuniary embarrassments, first shattered his health, and finally unsettled his reason! His wife imagined she perceived occasional symptoms of a disturbed intellect long before she was summoned to witness an alarming evidence of it.

One day she heard him shouting and dancing furiously in his room. She hastened to him. What was her dismay, when she saw him with a large carving knife in his hand, and the floor strewed with the shreds of three pictures for which he was to be paid a considerable sum when finished; but which, with the habitual improvidence of his character, he had suffered to remain unfinished for months, (he and his family all but starving meanwhile,) because he had begun, and was concentrating his whole soul upon the execution of, the *Last Judgement!* He had slashed them into ribbons, and was exulting over his achievement with the boisterous rejoicing of a man who had vanquished some tormenting evil that had been pursuing him at every turn. When he perceived his wife, he pointed to the bits of painted canvass, exclaiming with a strange mixture of ludicrous solemnity, and the fierce flashing of satiated vengeance, "Now, my dear Martha, I am free! I have triumphed over these fiends, these insulting fiends, who stood grinning at me with looks of gaunt defiance, as if they were the personifications of famine, and daring me to worship my idol there while they were neglected. But I have cut them down at last,—and now for a glorious strife with Michael Angelo!"

His infirmity did not assume the character of confirmed aberration of mind in the beginning; for he would talk rationally and temperately upon many subjects; and in moments of serene discourse with his wife, condemn (but ever more in mirth than in sorrow) the rash execution he had done upon the three unfortunate and unoffending pictures. Still he became more and more incapable of connecting in his thoughts the labours of his hand with the sustenance of his family. "Henceforth I will paint for immortality," he would say; "I will live no longer for the present, but for all time: and my delighted spirit shall glow with conscious rapture as it beholds the imperishable garland which posterity will weave for my name." The necessary consequence of this deplorable delusion was, that his domestic affairs became irretrievably embarrassed, and his family were reduced to privations whose bitterness and severity were felt by himself only in the momentary sense of their existence. His wife bore her share of these trying calamities with an enduring fortitude and patience, which her devoted love for her husband could alone have inspired, and which the hope, that never forsook her, of his restoration to reason, could alone have sustained. Whatever could be converted into money, was unhesitatingly devoted to that use; and when scarcely any thing remained but the more bulky furniture of the house, she exercised her ingenuity in various fanciful articles of needle-work, which she parted with for any price they would obtain. It need hardly be told how many hours of sedentary toil at an occupation like this it required to produce a few shillings; nor

how many heart-sickening disappointments, how many galling humiliations, were to be encountered before a purchaser could be found. Her close application, her mental anxiety, both on account of her husband and her children, added to poor and insufficient diet, reduced her to a state of such pitiable weakness, that she was at length unable to continue her labour.

Then was her situation dreadful indeed! Famine at the door, and the hand that should drive it hence, powerless, alas! from a malady which showed no signs of abatement! She would have sought her husband's father in her extremity, and implored his aid—not for herself, if her participation in it would have turned it aside—but for a son; and for that son's children, innocent of the crimes which had banished *their* father from the affections of his *own*. But she reverenced too deeply her husband's honour. She had heard him too often express what were *his* feelings at the conduct of his father; had heard him too often repeat his stern determination, rather to perish with hunger than owe the meal which saved him to one who had trampled upon his young heart's first ambition and its most cherished affections—these recollections were too vividly present to her mind, and she herself shared in all the feelings with which they were associated too entirely, to do that *for* her husband, in his benighted state, at which he himself would have spurned, and which would be unblessed by his sanction, when it should be Heaven's will to restore to him the light of reason.

At length came the heaviest blow of all. A churlish creditor, one of those sordid reptiles of the earth, whose sole perception of what is right consists in knowing that he who has money owing to him has a right to be paid, no matter though he tears his debt from the convulsive grasp of an agonised father standing half-frenzied by the side of his famishing wife and children—a creature of this stamp, and the world swarms with such—put an execution into the house, and swept away by the ruthless hand of the law, (wrested to appease a demon not raised to distribute justice,) every remaining vestige of property. The savage scene had been acted only the day before it was my chance to pass the miserable wife as she sat for charity from wayfarers. To this last resource of the destitute she had resorted in utter despair. They could not pass another four-and-twenty hours as they had passed the preceding. They could not literally sit down and die for very want in their desolate habitation. A single shilling, (if the charity which walks the streets should bestow so much, and no more,) would at least suffice to satisfy the most importunate of the cravings of nature; and that *must* be done. There would then be time to think of what *could* be done. With the feeling of this necessity strong upon her, she quitted the house with her infant in her arms.

Let me not forget to mention two circumstances. The one is, (as I had reason subsequently to know,) that the step of the door on which she sat, with her touching appeal—"*Have pity on us, we are destitute!*" belonged to the house in which her husband's father lived, and that he, in coming out that morning, had passed her. But they were mutually unacquainted with each other; while she was totally

ignorant of the place where she had seated herself. Surely, were there such things in Nature as we sometimes read of—strange, mysterious, and occult sympathies, by which kindred bloods wonderfully respond to unknown ties—this man could not have been so near his own, under such circumstances, and have looked upon the mother and her child, only as he would have looked upon a common street mendicant!

The other circumstance is this. When the sheriff's officers entered the house to levy the execution, her husband surveyed the process, not only with indifference, but with a sort of wild mirth, to see how the chairs, and tables, and beds were pulled about, and carried from room to room. His wife's dismay, his son's tears, moved him not. They were unheeded. He laughed, even, as they thrust him from the chair on which he was sitting, to remove it into the cart at the door. But, when two of the men were about to lay their hands on the picture by which he stood—on his *Last Judgement*—at which he still worked every day, and which doubtless owed some of the extraordinary effect I have described to the very frenzy of his thoughts, he sprang upon them like a chafed leopard, threw them to the ground, and, in a frightful struggle, while he literally howled with rage, would have strangled them, had they not been powerful enough to escape from his grasp. Terror-struck, they fled—he followed—and, snatching up a poker that lay in his way, when he had driven them into the street, he retreated to his room again, vociferating horrible maledictions against his antagonists, who were too prudent to renew their claims. It was this circumstance dwelling freshly upon his mind, which made him arm himself with his weapon when he came down to me; believing, as I afterwards learned, that I might be one of the officers returned to take away his picture. Nor was it till the admiration I expressed, roused his latent feelings of pride and joy, while it destroyed his suspicions, that he cast it away.

I have little else to add. That picture is now in my possession. I became the purchaser of it at my own price—a price which did more than merely pay its value. It brought back comfort to a house of mourning. It placed the artist under such medical care as ultimately restored him to reason. It authorized me to become an intercessor with his father, and to close the wounds that had so long and so unjustly rankled in his bosom; and I never look upon the picture itself without blessing the good old gentleman who called himself my uncle, for having taught me the lesson I have mentioned, and confessing to my own heart, that "SECOND thoughts ARE best!"

MEPHOSTO.

THE POET'S OLD AGE.

The Author of "Faust" is now eighty-five years old, having survived his friend Schiller thirty years.

Bring me a crown of cypress!—never more
Shall laurels wreathe their mockery round my brow,—
The current of my blood ebbs dim and slow—
The April visions of my youth are o'er;—
Bring me a cypress crown.

Once from the vault of yon high firmament,
Stars numberless and glorious shed their ray,—
Sphere-centering—mighty—yielding light and day
To unknown nations;—or commingling blent
In cluster'd glory shone.

But, one by one, I 've seen them fade and die!
Some shooting wildly from their pride of place,
Some fading with a soft expiring grace,
Like flowers by evening's hand closed silently
Ere yet their bloom is shed.

Such were the radiant souls wherewith mine own
Held bright communion in its earlier dream;
Reflecting like a mirror every beam
Glanced from their scatter'd orbits!—Now, alone
Eclipse my planet shades!

Their minds were with me in my solitude;
Their hands were clasp'd with mine in friendship's hour;
Their hearts, with mine enwove by spells of power,
Seem'd as with kindred impulses endued,
And throbb'd with kindred life.

I lift my voice, and Echo mocks the cry—
I stretch my hand, and meet a stranger's touch;—
Companions!—friends!—whom I have loved so much,
So long deplored—from your cold urns reply,
And summon me to rest!

I dwell on earth, a lonely column, left
Of a long-ruined pile—by pilgrims sought
In the drear desart, as a relic fraught
With legends of departed days,—but reft
Of all coeval love.

Spring is around me—dawning years succeed
To that past age;—their flowers are rich and rare—
Their young leaves quiver in the dancing air—
Their buds spring hope-like in the dewy mead—
Their birds are gay with song;—

But, like a mossy trunk, my spirit rears
Its uncongenial darkness mid them all.
Companions!—friends!—to you, to you, I call
For sympathy and love—oh! by these tears,
Tell me my hour is nigh!

C. F. G.

THE IRISH CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT.

The heavy hand of Reform is fast descending upon this audacious institution. The main defences on which its manifold and unparalleled abuses were wont to rely—the Orange ascendancy in Ireland and the Tory ascendancy in this country, have happily been overturned; the arm of political corruption is no longer extended over it; it stands naked before the empire, its impurities and oppressions bare: the civil rights of the Catholic, and the religious rights of the Protestant—the spiritual exigencies of a class, and the physical exigencies of the country, cry equally loud for its reduction.

The chief abuse of the Irish Church Establishment is its magnitude: it cannot be reformed without being reduced. It is disproportionate to the resources of the nation; it is disproportionate to the numbers of its followers—enormously disproportionate!

The population of Ireland is the poorest, her Church the wealthiest in Europe. Its opulence would be excessive, were the entire population within its pale.

The population is about eight millions; seven millions of that number are Catholics; of the remaining million, not three-fourths profess the religion of the state. The whole population is burthened indifferently for the maintenance of that religion.

And how has that religion been maintained? Whilst the poverty of the country protests against the extravagance of the Establishment, and the Catholics declare against its injustice, the Protestant adds the interests of his faith to the other arguments for Reform, proclaiming its inefficiency for the sole end of its institution.

Thus are arrayed against the existing state of the Irish Church, economy, justice, and religion. If a revision of ecclesiastical affairs be called for in this country, in Ireland it is demanded still more imperiously. The disorganized and afflicted state of that part of the empire will soon engage the attention of a Parliament disposed and determined to redress its grievances. The Establishment—the capital grievance—should be the first subject of discussion.

A view of the Irish Church is necessarily a detail of abuses. We do not profess, in the following pages, to give a complete picture. Our limits are narrow, and the subject vast. We aim only at tracing the outlines of the evil, and we begin with the mitre.

In our remarks upon this, as upon every other branch of the subject before us, we shall diligently avoid two things—exaggerated statements and indiscriminate attacks. Our case against the Irish Ecclesiastics will be strong enough, after we have given them the benefit of the most mitigated account of the wealth they wring from the country, and the manifold abuses which they have suffered to disfigure and disgrace the Church. If episcopacy be a blessing, Ireland is certainly the most favoured spot upon the earth. A provision of two-and-twenty mitres for scarce a million of individuals is more than comfort—it is luxury. The Irish hierarchy consists of four Archbishops and eighteen Bishops. England, where the adherents of the establishment are *supposed* (however at variance with the fact may be the hypothesis) to constitute the great bulk of the population—England has but two Archbishops and twenty-four Bishops; on the whole, only four prelates more than Ireland; yet she holds her episcopal bench to be reasonably well furnished; and never, at least to our knowledge, has ejaculated a prayer for a single additional mitre. The question immediately arises—what has Ireland to do with twenty-two Bishops; or what can twenty-two Bishops have to do in Ireland? Taking the number of benefices in the two islands as a fair exponent of the extent of the episcopal duty to be performed in each, we find in England upwards of seven thousand incumbents to twenty-six prelates; in Ireland not twelve hundred incumbents to twenty-two prelates. In the former, therefore, every prelate has upwards of two hundred and fifty beneficed clergymen to superintend; in the latter little more than one-fifth of that number, so that the proportion of labour between the two hierarchies is about five to one. It follows that one Archbishop and four Bishops would be an

ample provision of lawn-sleeves for the Protestants of the sister country. From the number proceeding to the revenues of the Irish bench, it can easily be shown that from lands alone, exclusive of every other source of emolument, the aggregate revenue of the Irish Bishoprics is upwards of £130,000. The average income, therefore, of each Bishop may be stated at £6000. per annum.* Now let us pause and ask, what spiritual duty, or what duty of any kind, have these Right Reverend personages to perform, which would not be overpaid by one-half, or even one-third of this allowance? Let it be recollected that they are twenty-two in number, and that the Protestant population of Ireland is considerably under a million. Viewed in relation to these circumstances it is not too much to say that the average yearly payment of 6000*l.* to the Irish Bishops is as flagrant an instance of disproportion between emolument and service as any that can be produced even from the records of Irish jobbing. It is Erasmus, we believe, who says "Episcopatus non est artificium transigendæ vitæ;" he did not see episcopacy in Ireland, or he would have reversed the observation. Either the number or the incomes of the Irish Bishops must be reduced considerably. The lands of the Church alone might be made to bear the entire charge of the Establishment. Upon the demise of the several prelates, the Legislature might take possession of them without the slightest injustice to any interest: and the abolition of the ecclesiastical tenure, so fatal to production, would be of singular advantage to a country, eminently agricultural like Ireland, and whose resources, compared with the demands of a great and growing population are so very imperfectly developed. It was stated by Mr. Baron Foster, that the estates of the Church (according to Dr. Beaufort's map *one nineteenth part of the soil of the island*) can be distinguished everywhere by their non-improvement; and the reason is obvious—any improvement effected immediately enhances the renewal fine, which is the principal source of the Bishop's revenue.† Surely it is not Christianity which thus sterilizes the soil, and diminishes instead of multiplying the means of human enjoyment; yet there are persons who speak of the property of the Church as if it were the same thing as our holy religion itself.

In the preceding remarks we have confined ourselves exclusively to the demonstrable landed property of the Irish prelates; but we should form an incomplete idea of the prosperity of these individuals if we left out of view the enormous patronage which they have at their disposal. We have not space for

---

* We had intended to insert here a calculation of the incomes of the Irish Bishops, founded upon the returns to Parliament of the number of acres attached to their several sees; but we prefer presenting the reader with this statement, contained in a document just printed by order of the House of Commons. It consists of a return made on the subject of the "First Fruits;" and amongst other important matter, contains the following valuations of the revenues of fifteen out of the twenty-two Irish dioceses:—

"The yearly incomes of the Archbishops are stated to be—Armagh, 15,080*l.* 15s. 6d.; Tuam, 5,548*l.* 19s. 11d.; Cashel, 3,500*l.* and upwards; while of Dublin no return is made; of the others, Clogher is returned 9,000*l.* late currency; Derry, 10,000*l.* and upwards, late currency; Meath, 5,815*l.* 14s. 5d.; Raphoe, 5,379*l.* 14s. 1d.; Leighlin and Ferns, 5,000*l.* to a fraction; Ossory, 3,000*l.* to a fraction; Dromore, 4,863*l.* 3s. 5d.; Waterford, 5,000*l.* exact money; Cork, 3,000*l.* ditto; Limerick (renewal fines, nearly as much more, not included) 2,915*l.* 19s. 8½d.; Cloyne, 2,000*l.* 'and upwards at the least;' Killala, 4,600*l.*; from the dioceses in Tuam there is no return made, 'as there is no record of the value of the several bishopricks and dignitaries of the province in the Registrar's Office.'"

The average value of these fifteen dioceses, deduced from these manifestly incomplete returns, is very little under 6,000*l.* per annum. The see of Derry, here rated at 10,000*l.* a year, is allowed by the Bishop of Ferns to be worth little less than 15,000*l.* That there are nearly as large errors in the valuations of Cashel and Cloyne is unquestionable. A very moderate allowance for the sums concealed under the words "and upwards" raises the average above 6,500*l.* a year. Of the sees not contained in these returns, Dublin is allowed to be worth 8,000*l.* a year; and the remainder may be valued at about 6,000*l.* each.

† Evidence before the Committee of the House of Lords in 1825.

any details upon this subject; all that we can observe upon it is, that it far exceeds in amount the patronage of the English bishoprics, and is calculated to be equal in value to all the other emoluments of their sees. Indeed it seems to have been the ecclesiastical policy of the sister island to make up to the hierarchy in temporal cares and concerns what they want in spiritual occupation. If their episcopal offices are sinecures, they have secular interests in abundance to exercise their activity and fill their thoughts. If they are not "about their Master's business," they are about their own; and between the management of their vast estates, the disposal of their rich patronage, and the exertions which they are continually impelled to make by the alluring prospects of more opulent mitres, they are certainly (after their own fashion) labourers in the vineyard.*

The character and deportment of the fathers of the Irish Church are, we believe, in general conformable to the merits of the system under which they flourish. All may not be covetous and worldly; but, notwithstanding that the Council of Constance has declared—"si quis dixerit episcopum aliquâ infirmitate laborare, anathema esto!"—we are bold enough to assert that piety and spiritual-mindedness are the shining exceptions, and cupidity and worldliness the melancholy rule. Nor indeed can it well be otherwise, unless there is a virtue in the office of consecration to change the character of human nature; for if we observe the appointments of the Bishops, we see that they are not made upon gospel principles; and if we mark their situations, we find that they are eminently unfavourable to the growth and exercise of gospel virtues. For what apostolic qualities many of the present race were elevated to their mitres, or by what train of Christian graces they adorn their high and holy stations, are questions which remain undecided; and yet how can it be difficult to answer them, when we observe in Dublin "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit;" in Kilmore sanctity and learning; in Ferns the evangelic character of the primitive church; in Kildare nothing sordid or self-seeking, but a holy indifference to the things of the passing world; in Clogher no pride; in Waterford no avarice; a daily beauty in the life of Killala; and in Derry, Cork, and Killaloe, all the graces and excellencies that embellished and dignified the purest times of Christianity!

The establishment is formed on the same scale of wanton magnificence in the

---

* The recently published Report, to which we have already referred, contains an account of the Irish ecclesiastical promotions made since 1812. The influence of Parliamentary interest in procuring mitres is evident in the frequency with which the aristocratic names of Beresford, Jocelyn, Tottenham, Bourke, Ponsonby, French, &c. recur amongst the changes upon the episcopal bench. Except the single appointment of Dr. Brinkley to the see of Cloyne, we do not discover a single instance in which ability alone led to promotion. It is, therefore, with any thing but surprise, that we observe in the appointments to benefices, made by prelates selected upon such principles, the most discreditable abuse of patronage. The aggrandisement of their families appears, from this Report, to be their chief solicitude. In many cases, a glance at the names of the beneficed clergymen in a diocese is sufficient to inform us of the name of the Bishop. In the promotions to livings in the see of Derry, since 1812, the name of Knox occurs ten times. One gentleman, William Knox, appears five times. Altogether, the Knoxes have got, since 1812, £5230. 7s. 8d. per annum, and 3555 acres of land! We take for granted they are of kin to the Bishop. In the same way, we find the diocese of Killala studded with Verschoyles, that of Cork with St. Lawrences, Waterford with Bourkes, and Tuam with Trenches. The abundance of the Magees in Raphoe and Dublin leave no doubt that the brows of a Magee have felt the mitres of those sees. W. Magee, J. Magee, and T. P. Magee occur, like the Knoxes in Derry, ten times since 1819. The last-named person has been promoted five times. His last step was to the union of Wicklow, for the tithe of which he has refused to compound at less than 1600*l.* a-year. We shall have occasion to allude again to this either extremely fortunate, or highly meritorious gentleman. As to the Beresfords, the Church of Ireland teems with members of that family. They have an Archbishoprick and a Bishoprick, and not fewer than fourteen livings, of which only four have their values annexed, amounting to 1857*l.* 11s. 2d. and 64,803 acres of land!

article of Dignitaries. There are thirty-three Deans, and a host of Archdeacons in the Church of Ireland, not to speak of an infinite series of Chancellors, Precentors, Prebendaries, and rural Deans. The income of the Deans and Chapters has never been ascertained. Even Mr. Baron Foster is not in the secret of their wealth, for he informed the Committee of the Lords that he was unable to speak upon that subject. Now we should like to be informed of what earthly use are Deans and Chapters; we do not read of them in Scripture; and we can conceive no other argument in their favour but the propriety of preserving a symmetry between the several parts of an Institution which sets at nought all the principles of economy and reason.

We now come to the beneficed clergy; and it is in this branch of the subject that the Irish Church Establishment exhibits the most revolting spectacle. The Tithe-composition Act of Mr. Goulburn has, in a great degree removed the cloud which previously hung over the wealth of the parochial clergy, and has in this manner indirectly served the cause of ecclesiastical reform. From the returns to Parliament in the session of 1828, it appears that 1151 parishes had compounded for their tithes. The total amount of composition was 278,036*l.*, and the average to each parish 241*l.* Taking this to be the average for the whole island, and assuming the number of parishes to be a mean between Dr. Beaufort's computation and the statement of Mr. Baron Foster, or about 2250, the total annual income from tithe in the hands of the established priesthood is 542,250*l.* There are, moreover, on the authority of a return to Parliament in 1824, glebe lands to the extent of 83,000 acres, yielding, at a pound an acre, the annual sum of 83,000*l.*, which, being added to the revenue from tithe just mentioned, gives 625,250*l.* as the aggregate yearly income of the beneficed clergy in Ireland. Now leaving out of view entirely the circumstances of insult and cruelty under which a large proportion of this tax still continues to be levied; omitting also the grievance of an impost whose pressure increases with every increase of capital and industry; keeping in view only the two facts—first, that the country from whose penury this vast revenue is extorted professes a religion different from that of the State; and secondly, that the professors of the State religion (for whose benefit the Establishment is by priestly fiction said to exist) are considerably under a million of individuals—keeping in view these facts alone, we know not which astonishes us most, the enormity of the spoliation committed upon the Irish people, or the patience with which they have endured it so long. Why should the established clergy be better paid in Ireland than in Scotland? In the latter country the followers of the State religion are a million and a half in number; and yet the whole revenues of the church do not exceed 234,000*l.*, little more than one-third of what is paid in Ireland to the parochial ministry alone. Surely this is hard to be borne. Are the Scottish clergy inferior in point of attainments; have any complaints been made of the manner in which they perform their duties; have they been taxed with indolence, with levity, or with ignorance? on the contrary, has not their exemplary conduct been the theme of constant and well-merited eulogy? why then should the Irish clergy be better paid than they are? There are about 1200 benefices in Ireland; supposing them to be endowed upon the scale of the Scotch Church, the sum that would be required is 330,000*l.*, about one-half of what is lavished upon them at present, for no other purpose but to entice covetous and worldly minds into the Church, and advance the secular interests of the priesthood at the expense of the spiritual interests of the people. The ecclesiastical affairs of Ireland compared with those of Scotland present indeed a remarkable and instructive contrast.

To return; the tithe-system, both in England and Ireland, must be taken early into the consideration of the Legislature, with a view to its complete revision; but the reform should commence in the latter country, for there the system is not only an intolerable pressure upon the resources of the people, but a direct infringement of their rights as citizens. The Catholic is but half emancipated so long as he is taxed for the maintenance of the Protestant establish-

ment. The Irish Protestants are able to support their own priesthood, and we do not entertain so ill an opinion of their religious character as to believe that they are not willing. The members of the Establishment at length begin to see, that it is not the best means of advancing Protestantism to disregard the precepts of Christianity.

With respect to the manner in which the tithe-system has worked in Ireland, it were easy to multiply details of the most revolting nature. Our limits, however, forbid us to do more than generally remark, that its effects upon the priesthood and the people have been equally deplorable. The former have too often been hardened into oppressors, the latter exasperated into insurgents. The state of the South of Ireland has, for the last century, been a terrific illustration of the evils of tithe. The violent enactments of the Legislature to repress insubordination are so many admissions against the system. "The most sanguinary laws upon your statute-books," said Grattan to the Irish Parliament, "are tithe-bills; the White-boy Act is a tithe-bill—the Riot Act, a tithe-bill." The Insurrection Act of the present day is of the same ecclesiastical character; tithe, at least, is prominent amongst the causes of that disorganized state of society which the ordinary course of law is too feeble to contend with. The Tithe-composition Act of Lord Wellesley's administration, has certainly, as far as it has operated, removed much of the vexation and discord attendant upon this mode of providing for the clergy; and it would not be difficult so to amend it, as to diffuse this beneficial effect over the whole island; but we own that we look forward to something more than mitigation; we consider the great abuse to be the system itself; the evils accompanying its administration are of minor consequence. No mode of taxation has been more generally condemned by political philosophers. "Of all institutions adverse to cultivation," says Paley, "none is so noxious as tithe; not only a tax upon industry, but the industry that feeds mankind." But let us not be understood as advocating such an abolition of the system, as would subtract from the clergy, to aggrandise the landed proprietors. We would guard with equal care against lay as against clerical rapacity. In the room of tithe we would substitute an equitable land-tax; and we would vest the produce in the hands of Parliamentary Commissioners, for the support of the poor in the first place, and of the priest in the last. This would be no spoliation of Church property, but its restoration to its original, constitutional, and sacred purpose.* When tithe was first instituted, it was subject to a poor-rate. On no other principle did the Church presume to demand, or was the laity weak enough to concede it. The priest was the trustee of the poor. Let the trust be executed. The condition of the peasantry of Ireland is a melancholy argument for reverting to the ancient principle.

It is obvious that the Irish Church Establishment does not exist for the benefit of the people of the country. It is equally clear that it does not exist for the benefit of the Government. Receiving the protection of the State, it confers no reciprocal advantage; it wants the power to confer any, for it possesses neither moral nor religious influence over the nation. Indeed, so far is it from conforming to the terms of the alliance, that it directly violates them; producing anarchy and disaffection, instead of being a bond between the people and their rulers. For whose benefit, then, does the Establishment exist? Can it be for the benefit of the Protestant population? The solution appears a natural one; and yet it is hard to reconcile it with the train of abuses which we are now about to lay before our readers. Unions, pluralities, non-residence—reward and labour inversely proportioned—dilapidated and deficient churches—the parson flourishing, and Protestantism decaying; these, and other like proofs of secular rapacity and spiritual neglect in the administration of the affairs of the Church, cor-

---

* The tithe of every parish was originally divided into four portions; one for the poor, one for the bishop, one for the repair of the church, and one for the priest. In the dioceses of Kildare and Clonfert, the old episcopal allowance of "quarta pars" is still preserved. The allowance for the poor has everywhere fallen into oblivion.

respond better with the hypothesis, that the wealth, ease, state, and luxury of the ecclesiastical corporation is the grand object, and the interests of the laity only the convenient pretext.

The number of parishes in Ireland is variously stated; Mr. Baron Foster states it to be about 2000; Dr. Beaufort, an excellent authority, considers it 2436; the "Black Book," 2450. Dr. Beaufort is, probably, the nearest to the truth. We find from the Ecclesiastical Register for 1830, that of these parishes 1701 are compressed into 517 benefices. The collection of parishes in each union varies through all the numbers from two to thirteen. There is actually one conglomeration of thirteen parishes! There are 131 of three; seventy-one of four; forty-four of five, and twenty-three of six. The unions of episcopal creation are 230 in number; those made by the Irish Privy Council (an authority never, we believe, exerted in opposition to the Right Rev. Bench) are 126; the rest are either immemorial, or formed by charter or act of parliament. We have it from the lips of Mr. Foster himself, in the evidence so often quoted, that "it is physically impossible, in a great many instances, for the clergyman to execute, with any tolerable propriety, his duty in extensive unions." Taking unions of five parishes and upwards to be "extensive," we find no fewer than *ninety-four* benefices in which it is "physically impossible" for the incumbent to do the duty of a clergyman "with even tolerable propriety." Of this number, *fifty-eight* are episcopal, or formed by the Privy Council. It surely was not for the spiritual welfare of the Protestants of Ireland that the bishops made, or sanctioned the making, of these enormous livings! Mr. Foster admitted that secular interests only were considered. He tells us that a *necessity* for unions arose from the act of the Irish Parliament, which took away the tithe of agistment. What is this but a plain confession that the religious wants of the people were held but as the dust of the balance, compared with the worldly prosperity of the parson? Mr. Foster admitted farther, that "the practice was carried far beyond the necessity;" and he adduced the following instance. It is almost too flagrant to be credited upon any authority but that of a High Churchman:—"I find in one case, a parish producing 570*l.* a-year united to another producing 288*l.*, and these two united to a third producing 171*l.*, and these three united to a fourth producing 720*l.*, and these four united to a fifth, which has not yet been made the subject of the Tithe-composition Act, but which, I am inclined to believe, will turn out to be one of the most productive of the number." The Union question is that of Granard, in the diocese of Ardagh. The revenue of it (allowing the fifth parish, to be worth as much as the fourth) is 2469*l.*—a reasonably handsome income for the incumbent of a benefice, of which it is "physically impossible for him to perform the duty with even tolerable propriety."

The returns of 1825 abound with instances like Granard. In the diocese of Killaloe alone we see five Unions, of three or four parishes each, not one of which produces less than 1000*l.* a-year to their several incumbents. Ardbraccan, in Meath; Killursa, in Tuam, and Boyle, in Elphin, are Unions of six and eight parishes, dovetailed together for no other purpose but to endow their rectors with incomes monstrously above their services. Three parishes in the vicinity of Dublin, producing an aggregate revenue, under the Tithe-composition Act, of 945*l.* are united to two parishes in that city, one of which, St. Peter's, is worth at least 1500*l.* a-year. The incumbent of this immense benefice has likewise a living in the county of Kildare, and holds, moreover, the dignity of Archdeacon of Dublin. The Earl of Mountcashel, in one of his letters to the Bishop of Ferns, mentioned a Union in his own neighbourhood formed of *five* parishes, and valued at between 3000*l.* and 4000*l.* a-year. Surely this is "presuming riches to be the right of the Church, instead of supposing the gospel to be the right of the people, and competency for preaching the gospel, not luxury, to be the right, as it is the profession of the Church."

The pluralities of the Irish Church are as scandalous as the Unions. Are these likewise for the advantage of the Protestant people? We have seen the 2436 parishes packed into 1252 benefices, we have now to contemplate the cri-

minal distribution of these benefices amongst not more than nine hundred incumbents. The Ecclesiastical Register informs us that 135 benefices are held with others, by faculty, dispensation, or permission of the diocesan. This is exclusive of all the rich and populous livings attached to canonries, deaneries, prebends, &c. "often," says Lord Mountcashel, "situated at a distance of fifty or sixty miles, and several much farther." His Lordship instances one, from his own acquaintance, "who is a dignitary in Munster, and who, at the same time, holds a large living in Connaught!" Mr. Foster mentions an atrocious case of a clergyman in the diocese of Cashel, who is *under engagement* to reside *six* months in rotation upon *each of three* livings. There is a son of the Bishop of Kildare, who, in addition to the dignity of archdeacon of that diocese, and the possession of one of the richest rectories in the city of Dublin, holds a benefice in the adjacent country, consisting of five or six parishes united, and producing a revenue large enough to remunerate the services of four resident and really efficient ministers. There is also a son of the Archbishop of Dublin, who has a stall in the cathedral of Christ's Church, an archdeaconry, a living in the metropolis, and another in the county of Wicklow, where, ever since his induction, the pastoral life of this *venerable* personage has been a continual and disgraceful squabble with his parishioners about his tithe.* Looking over the Parliamentary Returns of 1824, we find, in the diocese of Clogher, six incumbents returned as having each two benefices; in Cloyne, four cases of rectors residing upon other preferments; in Derry, six similar instances; in Meath, *ten* incumbents marked "exempt," all on account of holding other lucrative posts; in Ossory, two are returned as "resident on their benefices in Kilmore;" and *thirteen* as "resident on other benefices in this and other dioceses."

It is astonishing that the Irish Protestants have so long tolerated this state of things. It is bad enough that the country should be pitilessly taxed to support the Establishment, but how infinitely more detestable that the religion of the Establishment should be thus trodden under foot, and the "salary for prayer" perverted from its holy use to swell the insolence and pamper the appetites of the priesthood. Lord Mountcashel states clearly the grounds upon which the Protestants should insist upon the total abolition of pluralities and large Unions—"because the souls of men are of some importance, and neither a dignitary of the Church or beneficed clergyman, no more than any other man, can be in two places at the same time."

To obtain an idea of the state of residence in the Church of Ireland, take the following extracts from the Diocesan returns of 1824. Some improvement may have taken place since, but certainly to no considerable amount. In the Dio-

---

* This is the T. P. Magee already mentioned. The Wicklow living is a union of six parishes. The report made by the Archbishop to the Irish Privy Council, justifying his conduct in not dividing this huge benefice, has been publicly contradicted as to all its principal statements, by twelve Protestant gentlemen of rank and fortune, inhabitants of the Union. The Archbishop stated the Union to contain only 17,000 acres, to consist only of three parishes, to be worth only 909*l.* a-year, to possess only eight acres of glebe, and to be, for the most part, a barren and thinly-peopled district. The resident gentlemen declare, in their petition to the Lord Lieutenant, that, by the best possible map, the Union consists of 22,000 acres; and they say farther, that this map was in the hands of the Archbishop when he stated the number to be only 17,000. The number of parishes they assert to be six; and to prove it, they cite documents also in the hands of the Archbishop. In reply to the amount of tithe, they simply state, that T. P. Magee has refused to compound for less than 1600*l.* a-year! The glebe-lands, stated by the prelate to be only eight acres, they allege to amount to more than fifty! As to the rest, they describe the district as *unusually populous*, and containing but a small proportion of the "mountain and barren heath," by which the Report of the Archbishop was pleased to characterize it. The petition which embodies these contradictions was called for by the rapacious behaviour of the new incumbent, the venerable T. P. Magee. The petitioners, all Protestants, of the first respectability, conclude by entreating his Excellency "to inquire into a grievance which affects the best interests of religion, truth, and justice."

cese of Tuam, at the period referred to, there were eighteen non-residencies. Seven unions, of from three to six parishes each, have opposite to the incumbents' names "not resident in any of those parishes." The Diocese of Clogher returned twelve non-residencies in the sense of total absence from duty. The non-residencies in Cork were, thirty-seven out of seventy-eight; in Down, sixteen out of fifty-six; in Kildare, twenty-nine out of forty-seven; in Limerick, thirty-seven out of ninety-five; in Ossory, twenty-two out of fifty-six; in Waterford, twenty-three out of forty-five; but it is unnecessary to proceed further; in the six last-mentioned dioceses, it appears that nearly half the incumbents were non-resident in 1824. The present state of residence for all Ireland, as nearly as it can be calculated, is about seven resident to five non-resident clergymen. The manner in which the diocesan returns have been made, renders it impossible to attain accuracy on this subject. It is usual to return an incumbent as resident, if he spend but two or three months on his benefice. However, the number of total absentees is considerable, as the fashionable circles in London and Bath can testify, not to speak of the voluptuous cities of Italy and France. Lord Mountcashel instances the three following cases, all in the diocese of Cork. The rector of Inchigeelagh is a pluralist, holding also the living of St. Paul's in Cork, a most populous and important parish. He passes the greatest part of the year in Bath, where his family resides. The rector of the Union of Inniscarra, which produces, under the Composition Act, 1,150*l.* is a young man of fashion, who resides principally in England. The rector of the parish of Skull is Archdeacon of Connor, (the most distant part of Ireland) and has not *for many years* visited his southern benefice.

Such are a few, and far from the most flagrant, cases of a scandalous and wide-spread evil. The plea usually set up in defence of non-residence is, the want of churches or glebe-houses. But why are churches and glebe-houses wanting? The answer is another charge against the Establishment. Because the Board of First Fruits, composed chiefly of the great dignitaries of the Church, was guilty of a most profligate departure from the object for which it was instituted. Clerical rapacity is the apology for clerical neglect. Were *the real value* of a benefice for the first year (as originally intended) to be paid in by instalments, instead of the limited sum fixed on in the reign of Henry VIII., the first fruits would form a fund, not only adequate to its legal designation—the building of new churches—the purchasing of glebes and glebe-houses—the augmentation of small livings—and other ecclesiastical purposes, but there would probably be a surplus for the relief of the orphan and the widow: the Board, however, in the true ecclesiastical spirit, retained the ancient valuation; and, (the produce having dwindled into a merely nominal sum) they had the audacity to apply to Parliament for grants of the people's money to enable them to meet the very demands, to which the property of the Church was properly and justly liable. Parliaments, representing the Aristocracy, not the People, were easily prevailed on; and, for a long series of years, the public was plundered, to an incredible amount, in order to save the richest Church in the world from contributing honestly to her own necessities. Latterly, however, the Bishops have been left more to their own resources; and opportunity has been afforded them to decide the question, whether the religious concerns of the laity, or their own worldly interests are nearest to their hearts. The alternatives were before them, to repair the First Fruits' fund upon the principle of its constitution, or turn a deaf ear to the applications of numerous parishes throughout the country for churches and resident clergymen. That the Bishops preferred the latter course, we learn from no meaner authority than one of their own order.*

There is but one feasible excuse for the non-residence of the beneficed clergy

---

* The Bishop of Ferns, who, in one of his letters to Lord Mountcashel, rejects, as "*any thing but reasonable*," the bare idea of returning to the original intention of the fund in question, and, in another, admits that nine-tenths of the applications for churches, &c. could not be complied with "*for want of funds.*"

—the general and often total deficiency of Protestant population ;* but here the enormity of the Establishment is admitted; for, surely, if the incumbents (in so great a host of instances as has been stated) have so little clerical duty to perform, as to warrant the entire, or nearly entire, dereliction of their benefices, the system, which endows their uselessness with splendid incomes, differs from ordinary robbery in nothing, but the large scale upon which it is committed.

Whatever advantage, therefore, the Church of Ireland can derive from pleading the *total want* of congregations for her Clergy, we freely concede her; but suffer us to observe that nothing short of such "*total want*" is any apology for non-residence. If a parson's congregation be small, his obligation to attend to it does not, on that account, cease. What has been the result in Ireland of neglecting a few Protestants? Why; that they have become fewer, and fewer, until they have ultimately disappeared. Read the evidence of Lord Kingston and Sir John Newport, before the Committee of 1825, and the truth of this statement will be apparent. And what has become of these sheep without a shepherd? They have taken refuge in the mud-built chapel, and ill-paid but zealous ministry of the Catholic priest. His doctrines are erroneous, but his life bears some similitude to the idea of a Christian pastor. He is no pluralist; he dwells in the bosom of his flock; his table is not delicate, nor his habitation proud; if he cannot instruct, he can console; and what he wants in knowledge he makes up in charity. Thus, while the haughty clergy of the Establishment have been busied, afar off, with cares and occupations very little evangelic in their character, the indigent priesthood of the people have been replenishing their folds, and Protestantism—richly-endowed and state-supported Protestantism—has receded in the land. Let this fact be recollected;—when the Church of Ireland remonstrates with the pruning-knife, and struggles against the reduction that awaits her, let this fact be recollected; let all the Protestantism which her pluralists and non-residents have turned back to Popery be required at her hands; and let it be asked her, at what era, proceeding thus with the holy work, she proposes to complete the structure of the Reformation?

In the glitter of mitres, the bustle and parade of dignities, and all the pomp and noise of a wealthy, proud, turbulent, and idle priesthood, we have nearly overlooked that obscure class of Clergymen, who transact, for the stipend of 75*l.* a year, and often a more miserable pittance, the whole, or nearly the whole, religious business of the Establishment. The Irish curate is at once an argument for ecclesiastical economy, and a glaring evidence of the selfishness and avarice which distinguish the great officers of the Church. Observe the tenor of his life—we cannot improve the language of Grattan—"he rises at six to morning-prayers, he leaves company at six for evening-prayer, he baptizes, he marries, he churches, he buries, he follows with pious offices his fellow-creature from the cradle to the grave;—for what immense income?—what riches to reward these inestimable services?—do not depend on the penury of the laity—let his own order value his deserts—50*l.* a year!—50*l.*! for praying, for christening, for churching, for burying, for following with Christian offices his fellow-creature from cradle to grave; so frugal a thing is devotion, so cheap religion, so easy the terms on which man may worship his Maker, and so small the income, in the opinion of ecclesiastics, sufficient for the duties of a clergyman, as far as he is connected at all with the Christian Religion." The salary of a Curate has, since the time of Grattan, been raised, by law, to the sum before stated; but the enactment is so generally evaded by

---

* There are many parishes in Munster and Connaught without a single adherent of the Establishment. Even in Ulster, there are several instances of the same kind. From a paper delivered into the Select-Committee of the Lords, in 1825, it appears that in Munster there were *twelve* Catholics to *one* Protestant, and in Connaught *twenty* to *one*. This return was made by the clergy of the Establishment. His Grace of Cashel, in answer to the question, "Are there not some parishes in your diocese with few or no Protestant inhabitants?" replied in the affirmative. Generally speaking, in the South and West of Ireland, Protestantism is extremely rare—almost as rare as Judaism in England.

the rectors—even by the pluralist, non-resident rectors—that the average income of a curacy is, probably, still not above 50*l.* The letters of Lord Mountcashel abound with cases which fill us alternately with commiseration for the hard-worked and half-starved resident minister, and indignation at the lazy and bloated absentee.

We have not room for citations; nor are they necessary; the general fact is enough—the fact in its mildest form—that the sum of 620,000*l.* is annually paid to the beneficed clergy in Ireland, for the performance of religious duties, and that far the greater part of these duties are discharged by a few hundred individuals at no higher salaries, each, than 75*l.* "Whenever," we are told by Dr. Magee, "there is a beneficed clergyman, with cure of souls, non-resident, in the full sense of the word absentee, there is always a person, at least as competent, to discharge the duty, secured by the Bishop in his room." Of what use then is the absentee? If 75*l.* secures all the advantages of a resident minister, why is 1000*l.* paid to a non-resident? And if one parish can have all its pious wants supplied for 75*l.* why not all the parishes in the country? There is no reason. We do not defend the Curate's beggary. The butler of a pluralist is better paid. We would rescue the inferior clergy from the brutality of the superior; we would proportion reward to service; but where there is no service, we would introduce the principle, that there should be no reward. Economy, which is purity in Government, is religion in the Church. The 75*l.* a year is an abuse; the 1000*l.* a year is an abuse also; we would raise the former and lower the latter, until we reached the measure of duty discharged. The Establishment combines the peculiar evils of riches and poverty—the two extremes, of which a provision for a gospel minister ought to keep clear; for both are avocations from pastoral care—"poverty, which is a struggle how to live, and riches, which are an occupation how to spend."

To arrive at the total income of the Establishment is a matter of difficulty. The salaries of the Bishops, at 6,000*l.* each, amount to 132,000*l.* a-year. The annual value of tithe we have calculated at 625,000*l.* The revenues of thirty-three corporations of Deans and Chapters are very moderately rated at 66,000*l.* The Black Book estimates them at 250,000*l.* Church fees will amount to 187,000*l.*, supposing the number of Protestants to be 750,000, each paying the moderate sum of five shillings annually. The rectors of forty-eight parishes in Dublin and some other cities in Ireland are paid, not by tithe, but by an assessment termed "minister's money." Allowing an average income of 500*l.*, the aggregate income of these rectors is 24,000*l.* The property of the Dublin University, held by ecclesiastical tenure, and for ecclesiastical purposes, affords salaries of 2,000*l.* a-year to eight individuals, in addition to numerous smaller salaries. It is, therefore, moderately valued at 20,000*l.* annually. Collecting these several items into one sum the amount is 1,053,000*l.*—just the expenditure at which France, with a population of 30,000,000, provides for the religious wants, not of one sect only, but of all denominations of Christians in her empire! But the wealth of the Irish Church is not yet told. There remains to be added an immense sum, not yet alluded to, annually wrung from the people by the parochial vestries, to repair churches, to pay clerks and sextons, beadles and bell-ringers, and other like ecclesiastical purposes. The vestries, which vote the money for these objects, are composed exclusively of Protestants; and those, whose money is voted away, are of course with few exceptions Catholics. The very linen which covers the Protestant Communion table in Ireland is washed at Catholic expense; nay, the Catholic is taxed for the bread and wine with which the Protestant commemorates the passion of his Saviour! On these enormities comment were idle; suffice it to remark that they raise the annual charge of the establishment far above a million of money. A million and half is probably near the true amount.

A million and a half of money! Such is the cost at which Ireland maintains the Church—we have seen that she does not maintain the religion—of scarce a tenth of her people. A million and half of money is yearly expended upon the ministers of a creed, not that of the people, by a country, not the richest and

most flourishing of the earth, but the most indigent and distressed—a country drained of her capital by a systematic and remorseless absenteeism—where the wages of labour are often not above fourpence a-day—where famine (the occasional scourge of other nations) is, with its attendant pestilence, a periodical visitation—where hunger and disease return to the hut of the peasant with the regularity of the seasons—where thousands, at this hour, are sinking silently under the ravages of the former; or only rescued from a miserable death, to drag out a more miserable life, upon a subsistence, which may properly be described as a lingering starvation. The Church of Ireland—it cannot be reiterated too often—has been endowed in lofty disdain of every just and humane principle. Neither the attenuated means of the country, nor the extreme paucity of its Protestant inhabitants, have been allowed for a moment to operate as limitations upon its extravagance. Had the cloud of adversity passed away from Ireland; had a new era dawned, and a smiling population sprung up in the room of the squalid beings that now scarcely vegetate in her waste fields; had culture succeeded to barrenness, riches to poverty, food and raiment to hunger and nakedness; and, moreover, had there taken place a revolution of another kind; were all the chimeras that bewildered, some few years since, the fancies of the Rodens and Farnhams, realized, and every Catholic in the country brought into the folds of the state religion, who but a Magee or a Goulburn would have the front to recommend a grant of a single additional shilling to the clergy of the Establishment? Were Ireland as rich as she is destitute, as Protestant as she is Catholic, a million and half of money managed discreetly—distributed on the principles of the New Testament, not those of the Bishop of Ferns—would not only provide her with an ample supply of holy and efficient ministers of religion, but leave a surplus for the relief of the poor—the "peculiar people" of the gospel dispensation—the proper care of a Christian Church.

A provision must be made for the poor of Ireland. The superfluous riches, that make the establishment inefficient, cannot be better appropriated. The poor had originally the same title as the parson to feed on the pastures of the Church. Parliament should revive that title, and by one stroke of reform, relieve the bodily necessities of the Catholics, and redress the spiritual injuries of the Protestants. It is monstrous that famine of soul and body should be inflicted upon the people by a single Institution.

No feeling of acrimony towards the Irish Clergy has dictated any thing that has been said. Our animosity is to the system only. In calling for the amendment of that system we mean no evil to the persons who administer it: on the contrary, we intend their benefit; we intend the correction of their lives; we intend the elevation of their characters; we would remove them from the bad eminence of undeserved wealth to the true dignity of fairly requited services. We would take from them the superfluity of what they have, to give them what they have never yet had—the homage of the country and the affections of their flocks. This is assuredly no malignant purpose. It is no proof of malevolence to churchmen to desire their exaltation into Christian pastors; to desire to adorn them with the Christian character—a lustre in which the mitre fades—a riches above all ecclesiastical endowments.

THE MONTHS.

April.

They are come! they are come! they are all on the wing,
The harbingers, heralds, and ushers of Spring!
The birds, like the courier hours of Aurora,
That light up the sky with the news of the morn,
Fly forward to blazon the coming of Flora,
And spread the glad tidings that April is born.

Vegetation outgushes from hedges and bushes,
And Earth, in her vernal apparel of bright
And beautiful green, wears a smile of delight.
Pranck'd as for a holiday,
Fields and gardens now are gay
With hearts'-ease, columbines, jonquils,
Hepaticas, and daffodils;
And lady-smocks, "all silver white,"
And blazing pæonies, whose light
Sheds around a crimson glory
On alysson and fumitory,
Makes in its widely-spreading flush
The lilies of the valley blush,
And throws a gleaming, *rouge*-like streak
On the vestal snowdrop's cheek.

Gnats and insects in the ray
  Ply their endless, giddy mazes,
Warbling beaks on ev'ry spray
  Blithely carol April's praises,
While the laureat lark upsoaring,
  Far beyond the range of sight,
His thrilling heart of song is pouring,
  As if 'twere bursting with delight.
And hark! to the cuckoo. O, sound of entrancement!
  O, wandering, viewless, mysterious bird!
Thy music derives a more touching enhancement
  From the dreams it awakes than the sounds that are heard.
It is sweet to be told that the Spring has uprisen,
  That Winter is pass'd with his sorrow and strife,
But sweeter by far when our thoughts break their prison,
  And fly back again to the spring-time of life.
And who that has heard, as he walk'd by the wild wood,
  The notes of the cuckoo, but thrilling with joy,
Has seen, conjured up, fairy visions of childhood,
  And felt in his bosom the heart of a boy?

These are April's lessons—Nature
Cries aloud to every creature,
"Throw aside your carking cares,
  Cease to traffic, drudge, and labour,
Miser! think not of your heirs;
  Warrior! sheath awhile your sabre;
Sons of Mammon! leave your lairs;
  Bigots! learn to love your neighbour;
Come and seek my vernal airs,
  Listen to the pipe and tabor;—
Come and taste with me what treasures
  Flow from renovated youth;
Come, and learn that harmless pleasures
  Are religion—virtue—truth!
Marking, too, with grateful eye,
  The liberal bounty of the earth,
  Men of wealth! be men of worth—
And ministers of charity,
Ready and willing to bestow
Upon the poor your overflow—
Since every thing that breathes and lives
Should share the feast that Nature gives!"

II.



THE AUTHOR OF "HIGHWAYS & BYEWAYS."

Engraved by Thomson, from an Original Drawing by F. W. Sxy.

T. Grattan

Published at the New Monthly Mag.e by Colburn & Bentley July 1 1831.

LIVING LITERARY CHARACTERS, NO. VII.

Thomas Colley Grattan.

(With an engraved Likeness.)

Lord Byron has pronounced himself the Napoleon of literature; and Mr. Kean was for some time regarded as the Byron of the stage. Sir Walter Scott is universally recognized as the Shakspeare of Scotland; Mr. Cooper is, in like manner, the American Scott; and, if we did not feel this list of "distinctions without differences" to be already sufficiently long, we would add another name to it, by designating Mr. Grattan the Flemish Sir Walter.

The literary kings of the present day are not Alexanders; they are far wiser heroes. They do not sit down in despair to wail over their exhausted worlds; they leave tears to their readers; and, instead of wearing out their eyes in weeping for new conquests, find more honourable occupation for them in a ceaseless and untiring search after materials for future triumphs. It is easy to say that they are fighting their battles over and over again, and winning victories already achieved; that they are either discovering what had been found years ago, or digging up, as rare and valuable, what former adventurers had rejected as worthless; that, instead of penetrating at once into the fruitful world of nature, they wander about without aim or meaning, and lose themselves in the barren mazes of romance; that they do not create fiction, but mutilate facts; and that they seize upon the treasures of the historian, only to stamp them with the impress of a false die, and to pass them upon our credulity and ignorance as their own. This is the language of those who look upon the march of novel-writing as the march of nonsense; and who think, because the quantity is so vast, the quality must necessarily be weak. In their eyes, every tale that comes forth is an echo of that which went before it—the shadow of a shade. Three volumes are to them the three weird sisters, uttering sounds that have only the mockery of a meaning, and vanishing into the air, whereof they are made. All this may be truth, but it is only part of the truth; if they are weak, they are only relatively so. To compare the common run of productions of this class with the finest works of our few great novelists, is, of course, to sink them at once into insignificance; but, compared with the average productions of any period of our literature, so far from being deficient, we think they will be found to contain a principle of superior strength and vitality, eminently characteristic of the genius and intelligence of the age. So much, indeed, of this power exists among the romance-writers of the day, that we cannot but lament that they should, like the rest of the existing children of literature, condescend—or, perhaps, we ought to say, be compelled—to write for gold instead of glory, and to forsake the higher ground of moral cultivation, for a field, in which the first, and too often the only aim, is to create amusement, or to charm away an idle hour.

Among those who have endeavoured to reach this higher ground, and who have thrown over their fictions a less puerile allurement, and a less perishable power than the rest, Mr. Grattan may unquestion-

ably claim a distinguished station. Like one or two of his great rivals, he has enjoyed the advantage of travelling in a comparatively uncultivated track, and of thus discovering a little world of his own, over which he reigns absolute: such as his dominion is, he has it to himself. Some writers carry their researches into the remotest recesses of history, and seek for novelty and interest in exact proportion as the scene is distant from that of modern life: Mr. Grattan has not wandered so far, and yet he has fared as well. He has found sources of interest nearer home, among places and persons that were much less known to us than many that were more remote and unimportant. Not contented with a cursory glance at the ground he was thus to occupy, or a superficial investigation of its different aspects and peculiarities, he at once hit upon the best mode of securing the perpetual possession of his conquest, by taking up his abode on it. Tourists we had had, in numbers, that must have almost excited the idea of a new invasion in the wondering provinces of the Continent; an army of journalists, "the mob of gentlemen who write with ease," whose very quartos, when they returned to us, would have furnished materials enough to have built a bridge between the two countries. But, unluckily, they all told us the same thing, in different ways; and that thing generally happened to be either the precise one we did not care about, or that with which we were previously acquainted. They were too hurried and too happy to look beneath the surface. They saw only columns and cathedrals, bridges and triumphal arches, inns and high-roads, bad dinners and diligences, waiters and drivers that spoke French, and a variety of similar things, that glittered in description, and "looked green" in congenial prose. Architecture is under the deepest obligations to them, and the innkeepers owe them the value of an immortality that lived for at least three months. The National Debt of France is equal in magnitude to our own, if her people entertain a proper sense of gratitude to all these pen-and-ink visitors that have so indefatigably be-journalized her. The only defect in the system was, that, although we may be a nation of shopkeepers, the French are not a nation of innkeepers; and that, consequently, a few unimportant particulars, such as the general character of the people, their morals and manners, their humours and habits, their passions and prejudices, still remained to be described. The Author of "Highways and Byways" was among the first to supply this description; and he supplied it with a graphic power of representation that at once stamped the truth and identity of his pictures. While Lawrence was painting the continental kings, Grattan was perpetuating the far more interesting lineaments of the people. A residence of several years in the French capital, and in the departments, afforded him facilities seldom enjoyed, and still more seldom taken advantage of. He had the art of making himself at home among a foreign people; partaking of their sports and pastimes; conforming to their customs; observing not only the more prominent, but the finer springs of action, the nicer shades of feeling and opinion, that form the character of a community; and growing, at length, into a state of moral naturalization among them. These advantages of personal collision and intercommunion with the subjects of his story, would have

been lost on one who wanted that sure judgment and acute apprehension which Mr. Grattan possesses, or the firm, bold, and vigorous tone of pencilling that gives such novelty to his scenes, and such truth and freedom to his delineations of character.

This minute acquaintance, however, with every turn and winding of the subject he describes, while it attaches importance to all he says upon it, often leads him to say more than is necessary, and to descant upon particulars which the reader, at the moment, would have thanked him for omitting. He hurries on his heroine to the edge of a precipice, and there leaves her for a quarter of an hour, while he writes a chapter on the texture of the "white satin" in which she is to go mad. This is a favourite trick with the novelists of the day, and it is one which we can endure patiently enough in those writers who do not excite our imagination and sympathies as Mr. Grattan does. It is a principle of his nature to make the reader as learned as himself, and to tell all he knows, or has ever heard or read, of the scenery or society he is describing. He is conscious of his own knowledge; and, to convince you that he is not afraid of descending to particulars, proves all that you had previously taken for granted. If Vesuvius were in view, he would not rest till he had described the inside of the crater as well as the out. Bruges is brought before us as if every stone of it were a special matter of history. He paints the siege of Welbasch at such length, that the place might have been taken in less time than we can peruse it in, and makes us feel that one of the miseries that result from war is the indefatigable minuteness of its chroniclers. But then there is this distinguishing difference, as we have already intimated, between the descriptions, whether national, historical, or individual, of Mr. Grattan and those of his contemporaries—save only the very highest—that they are not inventions, but "true things;" not gleaned from doubtful sources and random records, or like the fac-similes of autographs that we see in albums, "imitated from recollection;" but drawn from an original spring of information, which few have had access to, and none have sought with such fervour and inspiration.

The earlier productions of Mr. Grattan were little histories of the heart, embodying some "bright particular" passion, or working out some natural or romantic incident. For their length, the language can boast very few things superior to them. Some of them are models of the class of writing to which they belong, and outweigh in importance much more ambitious and elaborate compositions. The highest praise a reader can give, has frequently been bestowed upon them—in a wish that they were longer. Such stories as the "Vilaîne Fête" and the "Father's Curse" are not easily to be forgotten: they cling to the memory, not like a dream, but like a reality of our past years. The "Priest and the Guard du Corps" is of a later date, and of a still finer cast. It seems coloured in the red light of the Revolution. Marie Antoinette alone ought to save the tale from the "effacing fingers" of time—without the aid of the hero of it, who is admirably delineated—and the splendour of the descriptive parts, particularly that which describes the bivouac of the mob at Versailles, and the frightful storming of the palace. The "Bear-Hunter" is

equal to this in another way, with its wild but pure feeling, and picturesque situations. There is hardly one of these numerous sketches that does not bring to light some original vein of character, or illustrate some passion which, though as old as human nature, had never before been traced to the same source, or treated in the same way. The pictures of costume and landscape make them valuable; but the knowledge of human motive, which gives life to them, render them far more so. The characters are not crude conceptions, like dim outlines seen in a vision, but portraits of living beings, prompted and inspired by the common impulses of our nature, and tinctured with the glowing light of an imaginative spirit. The defects observable in them are those of carelessness and bad taste, or of a union of the two. There is an occasional unnecessary straining after effect, at the very moment when simplicity was producing it in its own way; the natural often rises into the improbable, and the improbable, once or twice, perhaps, breaks out into the impossible. The Author presumes, that the limits of romance are not very clearly defined, and forgets that those of reason are. He seems to love parting with his reader in affliction, and, consequently, betrays somewhat too frequently, an admiration of a heart-breaking or horrible catastrophe; which we have not. His "Traits of Travel" contain some curious contrasts of style and subject. Many of the sketches are fanciful; others almost fiendish; others facetious, and touched in the true key of grotesque humour.

In "The Heiress of Bruges" Mr. Grattan is again in the Netherlands. Here, as in his new work, "Jacqueline of Holland," he has launched into a larger sphere, and entered more elaborately into the difficulties and diversities of character. His canvass is more crowded, but not more confused. In the management of the plot, and the grouping of the figures, he has not lost sight of the skill and distinctness observable in his smaller productions; and has shewn, that the same power which could carry him with such energy through a hundred pages, can sustain him with equal ease through a thousand.

Mr. Grattan has lightened the labour of historical research and prose composition, by turning once or twice to the soothing graces of poetry. But the world will not, if it can help it, allow any man to do two things well; and, as it had already affixed the seal of excellence to our Author's prose performances, it followed, as a matter of course, that his productions of a different kind should be received either with doubt or indifference. An Author, in this respect, stands in his own light; his very merits are turned against him. It is by his stories and sketches only that Mr. Grattan is known; and these have a principle of life in them that will outlive many seasons, and excite in another generation the same tears and laughter, the same emotions of pleasure and pathos, they have inspired in our own.

NO ARTICLE THIS MONTH.

"A PERSON wishes to speak with you, Sir."

"Who is it?"

"The Devil, Sir."

"Show him up, by all means."—My servant Timothy is an irreclaimable punster—(how, when, where, or of whom he took the disease of punning I am at a loss to conjecture)—and as he left the room, he muttered, "Show him up! I'm sure there's no call for that; within the last twelve months he has been *shown up* till one is sick of him: 'The Devil's Walk,' 'The Devil's Drive,' 'The Devil Out,' 'The Devil at Home!'—Walk up, Devil!"

"Well, Sir, what is it you want?"

"The publisher's compliments, Sir; you promised an article for this month; to-day is the twenty-first, and——"

"My compliments in return;"—(for it is always well to be civil, even to publishers)—"my compliments, and up to midnight of the twentieth I had forgotten all about it, and it is too late to think of the matter now."

"Why, good heavens! Sir, we can't do without it!"

"Silence! how dare you say 'good heavens?' Do you not know that to say 'good heavens!' is profane swearing?"

"Lord, now, Sir, where is the harm of it?"

"Again! Impious little miscreant! Are you aware of the abomination of uttering such a phrase as 'Lord, now, Sir?'"

"Not in the least, Sir; for I declare an angel might speak it."

"Quit the house! unless you desire to bring the four walls rattling about our ears. 'Angels!' I shudder at listening to such rank blasphemy. Three such expressions as, 'Good heavens!' 'Lord, now, Sir!' and 'Angel!' all in a breath, are provocation sufficient to draw destruction down upon our modern Babylon, and convert it into one vast ruin. Avaunt! begone! and quit my sight!"

"Once again, Sir, I really cannot perceive the wickedness of it."

"A pretty fellow are you for a Devil, being so little sensitive to wickedness. In what world have you lived? what company have you kept? Shame on you! that you are not sufficiently familiar with wickedness to scent its approach at fifty leagues distance. However, Sir, this is not a point for argument: such gross impieties *are not to be licensed:* read this letter. Now, what think you?"

"Why, Sir, I think it very odd; and as for the writer——But I am afraid to say it; for, according to this letter, it may be profane, or blasphemous, or seditious, or immoral, or indecent."

"Well; if, in your own opinion, what you would say be neither of these, speak out."

"Why, then, Sir, if the writer were to send such a letter to me, my answer to him would be—'What a shocking bad *hat* you've got!'* I hope there's no offence in that, Sir?"

---

* This phrase, so aptly applied by the Devil, has acquired a popularity far exceeding that of B. C. Y. of dead-wall notoriety. It is in every man's mouth, but in no man's understanding: it is, indeed, as little understood as the French play or the Italian opera, by one-half of the persons who frequent them; and, surely, no stronger illustration can be adduced to justify the introduction, in this place, of its true history

"Except as a matter of *taste*—which is a point for the consideration of the *critic*, not the MORALIST—apparently not, Mr. Devil; though in these super-sensitive times, when we are all of us as good as we would seem to be, I would not undertake to answer for it."

"But the article, Sir, the article?"—"I have none for you, nor any are you likely to have from me: I lack a subject."

"He! he! he! I shouldn't ha' thought that, Sir: according to the newspapers, there 's plenty of *subjects* to be had; but they run uncommon short of kings just now."

"To take up your excellent joke, Mr. Wag, that may be because, like scores of subjects in the portfolio on yonder table, they are so difficult to manage, one is unwilling to encounter them."

"But can't you *make* something for us? Why, bless my soul! where is your——?"—"You *will* indulge your habit of profane swearing!"

"Why, then, lack-a-daisy-me!—and that I *will* say, though it should be high-treason—where is your imagination, Sir?"

"I will tell you where it is *not*: it is not where, at this moment, it is most in request. But, like many a smart retort and pertinent reply, which would have annihilated your colloquial antagonist—*had you but thought of it in time!*—it will come, lumbering in—like a huge engine, from a distant part of the town, after the fire is extinguished,—proffering its aid when there is no longer need of it."

"But, surely, Sir, you might find a tale for us."

"Do you think I am like Monk Lewis? of whom it used to be said that his *head* was full of *tales*."

"Ah! that isn't as good a thing as I said about Mr. ———, who usually 'comes out' with three tales at once."

"I suppose you called him a literary *bashaw?*"

"Better than that, Sir: I said he would attain a higher literary standing than any other man living, for that he builds up his reputation *three stories at a time!*"

"There, that will do for one sitting; so now you may go."

"But the article, Sir?—indeed, I mustn't go without something. As to subjects being difficult to manage——why, I could name to you three score and ten—"

"You must not say three score and ten: it is a scriptural phrase."

"Dear me!—Well, Sir, I could name to you seventy people (may I say that?) who would, without scruple, undertake to write upon the most difficult subject and make nothing of it.—A thought occurs to me. Will you allow me to look into your portfolio, and take any thing I find there which may serve our purpose?"

---

and origin. In its precise application it appears to have superseded the very expressive "I shou'dn't wonder!"—as for instance: the other morning Lord John R—— meeting the Duke of N—— accosted him with "When the Reform Bill gets into the Upper House, I trust, *after all*, your Grace will vote in favour of it;" to which the Duke replied, "What a shocking bad hat you've got!"—Again: "My dear Duchess," said Lady Mary, "will you change places with me? for I can't see a bit of Taglioni." "My dear Lady Mary," simperingly replied the Duchess, "What a shocking bad hat you've got!"—But to our philological task. When Mr. H——, the worthy hatmaker, was canvassing the poorer constituents of the Borough of Southwark for their "sweet voices," he invariably addressed them in this form: "I wait upon you, Sir, to request the favour of your vote and interest at the ensuing election. To bribery and corruption *I—will—not—have—recourse;* but, Sir, if——Why, bless me, Sir! What a *shocking* bad hat you've got! really you must allow me to send you a new one.—But, Sir, as I was about to say, if you can, conscientiously," &c. &c.

"That is more than I will promise. But read aloud the papers as you take them out, and I will, then, tell you."

"*Personal Narrative of a descent three hundred and sixty-five feet into the crater of Mount Vesuvius.*"

"Oh, crikey!—(I hope *that* is not wickedness!)—and have you ever performed so wonderful a feat, Sir?"

"No, nor do I believe it has ever been attempted by any other human being; 'tis, therefore, a safe subject: the wonders I relate no one can gainsay; the dangers I pretend to have encountered no one can dispute; and should any matter-of-fact reader presume to doubt the veracity of my narrative, I wish him no more agreeable a recreation than a dive of only one-third of the depth I have *not* penetrated, the better to enable him to expose the imposture. But *that* paper is unfinished; it requires a little *touching-up;* and I am as yet undecided whether it will be more effective to be borne up again on the shoulders of a slight eruption, or to float through a cranny, at the base of the mountain, on a rippling stream of red-hot lava. A dozen years ago, the latter mode of *exit* would have been preferable, inasmuch as it implies the discovery, or proves the existence of, a *passage;* but, at the present day, the public appetite for such stimulating fare, is somewhat palled by the frequency of the excitement.—Go on to the next."

"*Personal Narrative of an Ascent to the summit of Shooter's Hill, and thence to the highermost point of Severndroog Castle; performed on the 26th June*, 1815.

Motto: "Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The hill ———" BEATTIE'S MINSTREL.

"That won't do, Devil: throw it aside."

"Pardon me, Sir; I assure you the Narrative of an Ascent is always *telling.*"

"Observe the date. It was a pretty ascent in its day; but since that period the Andes and the Cordilleras have become mere mole-hills to your enterprising clamberers; and as for poor Mont Blanc, not a grocer from Long-Acre but has stuck his shop-card in a curl of the snowy wig of the 'Monarch of mountains.' No, it will not do; ascents are going down; so try the next."

"*Specimens of the Poetry of the Jokey-pokeys, literally translated into English.*"

"The Jokey-pokeys! I never heard of such a people, Sir. Pray where do they inhabit?"

"Why, they — the Jokey-pokeys? Why, where should they? Jokey-pokey-land, to be sure."

"Ha!—And pray, Sir, where is Jokey-pokey-land? for I have no recollection of ever having heard of such a place."

"Why—it is a small island in the southern—that is to say, in the northern———But, no matter; I have a map wherein its position is accurately laid down; and, if you please, you may see it—some other time."—"Are these people savages?"

"Oh, no; look at their poetry; they are highly civilized. I taught them the use of knives and forks; and, although they are cannibals, as it were, thanks to me they no longer eat human flesh with their fingers."—"Are they happy?"

"Yes, after their own fashion; but I intend they should be happy after mine, or I'll not leave a man among them alive."

"Has the island been often visited by strangers?"

"Oh, no; I am the only man in the world that ever set foot in it."

"Is their language known to other nations?"

"Oh, no; I am the only man in the world that understands it."

"Is their poetry recorded in any way?"

"Oh, no; it is traditional. I am the only man in the world that ever put it into writing. Else where would be the curiosity, or the value of it?"

"Is their——?"—"You are an inquisitive Devil; I desire you will ask no more questions, but go, at once, to the *specimens.*

"*Specimen the first: A Nursery Song.*"

"Let me call your attention, Devil, to a fact as extraordinary, as, to the philosophic mind, it is pleasing: I allude to the similarity of the inspirations of a common and an all-embracing Nature to people the most remote from each other, and the most unlike in their habits and manners. You will, doubtless, be struck by the resemblance of this effusion to a song which has delighted the hours of our own childhood. But, read.—

'Jokey-pokey sat on a wall,
Jokey-pokey had a great fall!
All the Chief's camels, and all the Chief's men,
Will never raise Jokey up again!"

"*Specimen the second: Address of a Jokey-pokey-land lover to his mistress.*

"Gooseberries are green—they are greener than the grass of the fields;
Ebony is black—it is blacker than the cloud which is the chariot of the Chief of the storm;
Ivory is white—it is whiter than the polished skull of the foe-man, which my forefathers bequeathed to me for a drinking-cup:
But no two gooseberries in a bushel are green as are the eyes of my love;
No ebony is so black as is the polished skin of my Quishee-Quashee-Boo;
No ivory is so white as is the dazzling whiteness of the tips of her thumb-nails."

"Bravo, Devil! Well delivered! There is in those verses a nature, a pathos, a—to say nothing of this character—thorough nationality. I entertain a profound admiration of whatever is national."

"Including the national debt, Sir?"—"No jesting, I beseech you. But read the next and with the savage energy the subject requires."

"*Specimen the third: A song of triumph.*

"The foe-man he is dead!
We have thump'd him,
Bump'd him,
Lick'd him,
Kick'd him,
Beat him!
Let's chop off his head
And eat him!

How shall we cook him?
Spitchcock or toast him?
Boil or roast him?
Or stew him in cocoa-nut jam?
Take him and hook him
To yonder pole;
We'll have him hot
And eat the whole:
If we can not—
He'll be nice to-morrow with salad of yam."

"I am afraid *these* won't do, Sir; they are very fine as specimens of a literature which nobody knows anything about but yourself, but there has already been such a prodigious quantity, that—"

"Then away with you; and tell the publishers I can give them—

NO ARTICLE THIS MONTH."

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

The Coronation Robes.—It is time that charitable folks should endow a College for deposed Kings. Even now there are four of them thrown on the world. Charles, William, the Dey of Algiers, and, lastly, Pedro. Were the personages brought together, here would be a snug whist party, all of whom have had the bad luck of losing at crown points. The Brazilians seem to have made short work with Pedro. Among the articles of impeachment preferred against him is "the excessive luxury and immorality of the Court and Courtiers." The same number of "The Times" which contains this news, has the following article:—

"We have to notice the sale of his late Majesty's Coronation robes on Thursday. The account will painfully affect many. We hope this may be the last exhibition of the unfeeling extravagance of the reign of George IV. At the time when he went through the operose ceremony of sustaining the mass of finery, the hand of death was upon him; the seeds of a mortal disorder were inherent in his then tottering frame:—

'Hæsit lateri lethalis arundo.'

It is inconceivable for how little the 'things' sold. Mr. Philips, the auctioneer, should have clothed himself in them, and sold the whole in one lot. The celebrated costly Highland costume, which his Majesty wore at the breakfast of the Duke of Buccleugh, in 1822, was knocked down for 40*l*. Was this the entertainment at which the late Sir William Curtis gave such offence to his Majesty, by contesting with him the prize of grace and beauty in a costume similar?"

This is not very good wit or very good taste, but the reference to the late vain extravagancies of one monarch which passed unreproached, when luxury is instanced as a reason for expelling another from his empire, presents a striking contrast in dispensations. Were we to turn back to the period of the coronation, we should see lauded as magnificence all the circumstances of idle waste that are now turned to scorn. But the man is dead now—the power is gone that gave respect to the pageant, and therefore it is that the folly is derided which had its season of undisturbed, grave imposition. What would in 1822 have been prated of as the clothing of "the dignity of the Crown," is in 1831 scoffed at as the foolery of the Crown. The gauds seem neither to have had a price as finery, nor as articles of curiosity. The barn in which Maria Cordor was murdered sold for more money in tooth-picks than the Coronation robes of the finest gentleman of the age. A poor man's goods sold under a distraint for the King's taxes in the year of the coronation, could hardly have produced sums proportionably more below the prime cost. We shall really be disposed to think that people are acquiring a healthy taste, seeing that they neglect the Royal relics of a vicious luxury.

Alarming Progress of Intelligence.—There was something very amusing in the great delight of the public at its escape from being gulled by Signor Paganini. It seemed as if good sense had never been exercised before, and the satisfaction of the town at bringing the artist to fair terms by resisting exorbitant exactions, was similar to that of a certain Duke when he made the remarkable discovery that by shutting his mouth he prevented rain from pattering into it. Paganini is not a lucky man, for he is the very first foreigner of reputation who ever failed of gulling the English, and we sincerely believe that the attempt was made without any consciousness on his part of its character. He doubtless thought that in doubling prices at our Opera, he was only doing the same thing as doubling prices at a continental Theatre. He knew not that our prices are always as double prices. His blunder is, however, not half so remarkable as the correct conduct of the public upon it. When, before, did John Bull hesitate at an exorbitant price for an entertainment? Such signs of sense as this and the bad sale of the late King's finery, are quite alarming. They would make us fear that the nation was becoming too brilliant to live long. It is like that unnatural intelligence in children of such sad presage to tender parents. It is as the portentous wit of a child of only ten years of age who looks twice at a wall before he

runs his head against it, or by a wondrous precocity of wisdom turns his steps from a well. Here we are only in our 1832rd century—'twas but yesterday we painted blue—we are yet in our red jackets, and Paganini cannot impose upon us! A crotchet has failed to take with us! This is prodigious! portentous! A nation that won't give a guinea for fiddling, or twelve and sixpence for a departed king's "fine white kid trousers of ample dimensions and lined with white satin," must be near its end. We are too precocious to last. John Bull's wit is outgrowing his strength. The sword is too sharp for its scabbard. A sign of folly would be a comforting symptom. The Anti-Reformers are our only hope. They are right in denouncing wisdom as deadly poison. Our young people of 1831 are too sage for this world. They are angels by brevet. If Reform is carried, the world may inquire after Britain the next day and learn that it is dead. The prodigy of a people who know how to take care of themselves, is not for this earth. It is known to all parents that children die because they are too clever to live. We tremble to mark out the parallel. A physician was called in by an anxious father to consider the case of his child. "What is the matter with him?" asked the doctor.—"Oh, Sir," said the distressed parent, "I have the cruellest fears about him—he is intelligent so far beyond his years—in short, he is too clever to be long for this world." The doctor endeavoured to tranquillize the afflicted gentleman, beseeching him to look forward to better things, and to place his hopes in Heaven and the customary course of education—finally he asked to see the boy. In came little master with a hat and feather on his head, looking plump, pert, and vital. By way of a beginning the doctor said—"Who gave you that fine hat and feathers, my little man?"—"My Godfathers and my Godmothers in my baptism," &c. was the apt reply. "He'll live," was the comforting comment of the physician.—"You need have no fears for him, he'll do, I'll warrant ye."

Now this is the sign we want to see in the nation to correct our apprehensions founded on its unearthly progress in good sense. The Clergy is the only body in the kingdom that gives a comfortable catechismal answer. All other classes are making frightful advances in intelligence. They call it enlightenment—lightening before death;

> "As stars shooting down a dark sky
> Shine brightest when fading for ever."

What a change! It was but yesterday that we rushed, and clustered, and climbed, and trod each other down to see men fly from steeples, or jump into quart bottles—that we quaked at the name of the Pope, sat up to listen to Cock-lane ghost, and believed there was something in the story of the Lord Littleton and the pigeon—then we were healthy and bid fair to live till doomsday should close our long chapter of errors. Then any one with an outlandish name and an impossible project could take us in. And now, oh portent, oh! presage of coming down—we neither buy a King's clothes for their weight in gold or silver, nor allow a Paganini to make ducks and drakes of our guineas. This comes of Reform. Dupery is dead—who will survive it! The salt of every sort of success is gone. What will become of the law, and what will become of physic, and what will become of the Church, and what will become of letters? if the people have the unearthly wit to see with their eyes, and judge with their understandings, so that no gullibility be in them!

Quackery illustrated.—Mr. St. John Long, who was lately convicted of manslaughter, has brought an action against the author of a romance, purporting to be his history, and recovered damages (100*l.*) This verdict is, in our opinion, right enough. Whatever Mr. St. John Long's conduct may have been, it does not privilege a scribbler to make money by inventing stories of him to entrap vulgar credulity, and aggravate odium. It would be very unfortunate were the exposure of one quack to license the practices of another. The cormorants of calumny must learn that when a character is down, they are not free to make their filthy prey of it. Because Mr. St. John Long falls, a score of

libellers are not to fatten on him. Disliking prosecutions for libel as we do, we are yet never sorry to see the invention of falsehood punished, no matter against what object it is directed; for, we may say, in proportion to the discredit of a character is the baseness of adding a lie to deepen its blackness. In such conduct there is together with the vice of mendacity and malignity a cowardice that is particularly hateful, for the supposed helplessness of the disgraced person encourages to the false attack upon him. With this view we think the verdict awarding damages to Mr. St. John Long right, but the law does not go upon the principle of refusing to make the misdeed of one man a justification for the misdeed of another. For instance, in cases of piracy of works offensive to the State, or we will admit to morals, the Court has refused protection to the owner of the copyright, and permitted one man to pilfer a profit out of the alleged immorality of another. This was the Eldon doctrine in the case of Dugdale, who invaded the copyright in Byron's works. Dugdale defended himself by saying that the writings he was making a profit by publishing, were so immoral and licentious, that the Court could not recognise in any one a property in them, and on the score of their infamy he insisted on his right to sell them. Lord Eldon declared that this was agreeable to law, and the poems which, from regard to public morality, he could not protect, obtained in the pirated form a thousand times the circulation they would have had if the copyright had been allowed, and amongst the classes of people most likely to be affected by any thing immoral in their tendency. Such is the policy of the law. It is illustrated by Æsop's fable of the youth who broke the glass because the reflection offended him, and then saw the same image multiplied a hundred-fold in the fragments. "The book is immoral," says the Chancellor, "any one is, therefore, free to publish cheap editions of it."

This is Equity: but when we pass into a Common Law Court we find that the character of a convicted person is not booty for the writers of romances. The illegal action here does not justify others in turning the defamation of the actor to profit. Mr. St. John Long's character—more fortunate than Byron's writings, given up to piracy—is within the protection of the law!

The speech of Mr. Serjeant Wilde, the counsel for Mr. Long, is an amusing specimen of legal ingenuity. While people have all the circumstances fresh in their minds, it is pleasant to see how they can be presented so as to entirely lose their just impression.

"Mr. Serjeant Wilde stated, that this was an action which the plaintiff had been compelled to bring, for a libel of the most scandalous nature, published concerning him by the defendant. The plaintiff was a gentleman of extensive medical practice, who had acquired a considerable reputation for medical skill *among those who possessed the means of always commanding the best that the town could afford.* These persons, *who had every means of judging of the skill of the person they had employed*, and who were *not compelled to put themselves into the hands of quacks*, had much patronized the plaintiff, from a sincere conviction of his skill; and he had had the good fortune to attend many of them with the most complete success. It happened, however, once, that a lady, who had been under his care for some time, died; *but not*, it should be observed, *till after she had been taken from him, and put under the superintendence of another person.* That opportunity, however, was seized upon by his enemies for the purpose of destroying him. A charge was brought forward against him, and he was indicted for having occasioned the death of this young lady. A great number of witnesses came forward to give testimony as to his skill, care, and humanity; but, notwithstanding all the evidence that was then adduced in his favour, the jury pronounced a verdict of Guilty of Manslaughter. The account of this trial was published in the newspapers, and a lady of the name of Lloyd, whose mind was not affected by the verdict which had been given, but who was much struck by the evidence offered in Mr. Long's favour, put herself under his care. Some time afterwards *she died; but not until long after she had been taken from his care, and put under other hands.* Mr. Long, was, however, again indicted on a similar charge to that on which he had before been tried."

Who does not know that there are no people so disposed to be the dupes of quackery as the higher classes, whose recourse to Mr. Long is so ingeniously made an argument for his extraordinary qualifications? The Aristocracy are

severe enemies of novelties for the benefit of the people, but they are vastly taken with any sort of novelty for the benefit of themselves. From want of occupation, they are morbidly anxious about themselves when ailing; or what is, in effect, the same thing, when they suppose themselves to be ailing: and if, having the command of the best medical advice, it fails to give them relief, they are always ready to try any experiment, and the bolder and the more unreasonable the promises of the quack, the greater is their disposition to confidence. With hypochondriacs, which many of these people are, the faith often makes them whole. Dr. Paris, in his admirable Life of Davy, gives us a pleasant example of the force of imagination, even to the triumph over real disease:—

"The following anecdote, which was lately communicated to me by Mr. Coleridge, will not only illustrate a trait of character, but furnish a salutary lesson to the credulous patron of empirics. As soon as the powers of nitrous oxide were discovered, Dr. Beddoes at once concluded that it must necessarily be a specific for paralysis. A patient was selected for the trial, and the management of it was entrusted to Davy. Previous to the administration of the gas, he inserted a small pocket thermometer under the tongue of the patient, as he was accustomed to do upon such occasions, to ascertain the degree of animal temperature, with a view to future comparison. The paralytic man, wholly ignorant of the nature of the process to which he was to submit, but deeply impressed, from the representations of Dr. Beddoes, with the certainty of its success, no sooner felt the thermometer between his teeth, than he concluded that the *talisman* was in full operation, and, in a burst of enthusiasm, declared that he already experienced the effects of its benign influence throughout his whole body. The opportunity was too good to be lost: Davy cast an intelligent glance at Mr. Coleridge, and desired the patient to renew his visit on the following day, when the same ceremony was again performed, and repeated every succeeding day for a fortnight, the patient gradually improving during that period, when he was dismissed as cured, no other application having been used than that of the thermometer. Dr. Beddoes, from whom the circumstances of the case had been intentionally concealed, saw, in the restoration of the patient, the confirmation of his opinion, and the fulfilment of his most ardent hope—nitrous oxide was a specific remedy for paralysis! 'It were criminal to retard the general promulgation of so important a discovery; it were cruel to delay the communication of the fact until the publication of another volume of his 'Contributions;' the periodical magazines were too slow in their rate of travelling—a flying pamphlet would be more expeditious—paragraphs in the newspapers—circulars to the hospitals:' such were the reflexions and plans which successively agitated the physician's mind, when his eyes were opened to the unwelcome truth, by Davy's confessing the delusion that had been practised."

The evidence of Sir Francis Burdett on Mr. Long's first trial, showed that nothing more than bold promises and new treatment are necessary to the success of the medical pretender. The Baronet declared that he had no knowledge of medicine, and no means of judging of the rationality of Mr. Long's plan: but he tried it nevertheless, as much was promised by slight means, and tried it, not for himself, but for the information of a friend, not holding the old maxim, that experiments should be made upon subjects of no worth. As a principle, we should lay it down, that the plausibility of a quackery depends upon the width of the chasm between means and end, cause and effect. Where reason halts, faith would seem to begin. The thermometer in the mouth would have been a most lucrative treatment of paralysis, had not the uses of a thermometer been familiar to every one. Credulity appears always to be supplied according to the demand for it; and in this respect there is no difference between the great vulgar and the little vulgar. Some few years ago, people would throng together by tens of thousands to see men jump into quart bottles: had they promised to jump into gallons, no one's credulity would have been moved; but faith was quickened exactly in proportion as the thing exceeded possibility. Joanna Southcote had, and has followers, whose faith has kept pace with the absurdity of the imposture. The lower orders of people are, in respect of religion, what the higher are in respect of medicine; for the poor often think as anxiously of their souls as the rich do of their bodies, and are as apt to be caught by novelties and audacious pretensions. The man on the tub, who makes sore their hearts with the pictures of damnation, is to them what the man in Harley-

street, who makes sore people's backs, is to the rich. They never ask what his qualifications to teach are, how he knows more than they, and is better informed than the parson in the path to heaven; but, as he pretends to all, and opens a strange gate, they believe it to be the right way. The poor would prefer a physician to a charlatan, and a Ranter to a Bishop: the rich would prefer the charlatan to the physician, and the Bishop to the Ranter. The reason of this is, that the poor do not think much about the health of their bodies, and they have fears for their souls. The converse, in the other instance, we refrain from stating. In either case, the remark is only general, and to be received with large exceptions.

Mr. Wilde's argument is the argument which has been in the minds of thousands who have stuffed Mr. Long's pocket with their fees, and only illustrates the trite maxim that "one fool makes many." The empiric's patients are a mutual Assurance Company. One goes to Harley-street because he thinks another would not go unless there was something in the treatment, and that other has gone upon the same derived reliance. All, perhaps, may be traced to a personage who would have been cured by Davy's barometer in his mouth as completely as by Long's sore on his back. A dialogue, which we ourselves heard, will exemplify the causes of confidence in another class, which always come in at the heels of the aristocracy. An asthmatic patient was rubbed by Mr. Long: his breath, however, became shorter and shorter, though his sore spread wider and wider, and in breast or back he had no ease. He met a friend, with whom this conversation passed:—

Friend.—"Well, how do you feel, sir? any better for Mr. Long?"

Patient, (gasping.)—"I can't say my breath is any better, and my back is dreadfully sore."

Friend.—"For Heaven's sake, then, quit this Mr. Long, and put yourself in the hands of some one in whom your friends can have confidence. You say you don't get better, and suffer additional uneasiness to no purpose by his treatment; then why persevere? Pray be advised, and change. Try a regular physician, Dr. ———."

Patient.—"No, I would rather not do that; my breath is bad indeed, and the sore annoys me sadly; but somehow or other, I think Mr. Long does me good, with the carriages and all at the door."

"The carriages and all at the door" were the sole reasons of this man's confidence; "the carriages and all at the door" were his conveyances of Mr. Serjeant Wilde's argument. This was the train of logic that brought him to Harley-street. In such good company there must be safety. Where people with such equipages go, there must be relief. At all events, there was the comfort of fashion, and of being ministered to by him who ministers to Sir Tunbelly Clumsy, Sir Francis Goose, Lord Lackwit, Lady Lovepug, and the Duchess of Vapours. To be sure, patients die now and then rather hastily, but what of that? As Mr. Wilde says, they do not die in the doctor's hands—"thou canst not say *he* did it." They die because they left him with fine sores, that it made him glad to see. Such a want of perseverance is not, however, strange; but the deduction from it is admirably audacious, considering the recent notoriety of the circumstances.

State Maxim: *Always begin retrenchment where it may cut away some miserable comfort, and so excite the disgust of society.*—Thus, let the name of economy be identified with cruelty. As beggars pinch their children to move compassion by their cries, so pinch some poor slenderly-provisioned people, and make the public deplore the extremities to which you are carrying the saving principle. "See," they will say, "what stern economists these Ministers are! they have even gone so far as to withdraw the pittances from those needy people." It is to be hoped they will imagine you have *gone so far* when in fact you have only begun in that weak place, and that you have proceeded to rigorous extremities when, in truth, you have commenced and stopped with them, not having ascended one-inch upwards.

Lord Castlereagh, when he retrenched in 1821, proceeded upon this plan:

he began with the petty clerks and subalterns in public offices, and ended with them too. The poor creatures made a prodigious outcry, and he said "That's my economy—see to what an extremity I have carried the principle, in compliance with the public demands. It's very cruel, but it's saving to the rigour."

The present Government seems to have designed to outshine Lord Castlereagh in this management. Having got into ill odour by defending the profligacies of the Pension List, they intended to redeem themselves by sacrificing ten poor authors who have had 100*l.* per annum each as associates of the Royal Literary Society, founded by George IV.* The services which the press has rendered to this Ministry are notorious, and consequently the more striking effect was to be expected from a sacrifice at the altar of economy of the slender pittance allowed to the servants of letters. The whole amount did not equal Mrs. Arbuthnot's pension, but to have withdrawn Mrs. Arbuthnot's pension would have produced no sensation of surprise or compassion, and people would have contented themselves with the remark—"Well, what of that? it's quite right, and that's all that can be said." No one would have remarked—here is economy with a vengeance! No one would have wondered, and pitied, and blessed himself that he was not of the class of the deprived pensioners. No; to give society a thorough surprise, there is nothing like stamping on its little toe. This is going to extremities. The roar that follows signalizes the action.

The intention to deprive the Royal Associates of their pensions, not only illustrated the rigour of Whig economy, but also showed a magnanimous readiness in the Government to disregard the power that had aided them; herein imitating the conduct of that truly great man Jonathan Wild, who, as his historian Fielding observes, so nobly neglected all obligations to him, that after his life had been saved by a French ship at sea, no sooner was he set on shore at Deal, than, with all his powers of persuasion, he urged a pursuit of his benefactor. It is true, indeed, that the persons whom it was designed to deprive were not generally friendly to Government, but they belonged to the class who wield the power of the press, which has been so greatly serviceable, and in the endowment of which they had the benefit, the whole body had an interest. But Ministers showed a virtue superior to any such party considerations. They desired to make an example of economy, and picked out subjects that rendered it the more surprising and pitiable. At barn-doors we see nailed up *in terrorem* to the fowls of the air, the bodies of hawks, and crows, and magpies, and jays, and the sight is so common-place as scarcely to excite a thought upon it; but if we saw the gates studded with tom-tits, we should say this farmer carries his warfare against the winged tribe of pilferers to so minute a degree as indicates a great stomach for justice. Any butcher may flay an ox, but when we see one who skins a flea for the sake of the hide, we confess the greatness of the artist evinced by the littleness of his operation. To follow up the design in which they have been balked upon the Royal Society of Literature, we recommend Ministers to commence operations of economy in Greenwich Hospital. They have raised 6000 new troops to the scandal of the economists—let them set themselves right by taking away the wooden legs of the old pensioners. A great effect will be produced by this measure of saving. The remark will be, how economical to a fault these men are, and the 6000 new troops will be forgotten in the indignation at the four or five hundred saved stumps.

The Church would do well to imitate this plan of proceeding. Its exactions are grudgingly borne; let it follow the example of Government, and give up the poor-boxes to the public, so shall it keep its millions, and surrender the twopence-halfpenny destined for the lazar and the destitute.

Out of this affair of the Royal Society of Literature, a controversy has arisen, whether literary men have or have not any claims to the support of the State.

---

* We are aware, that Ministers are not constitutionally responsible for the applications of the Privy Purse, but we make them morally so in this case, because members of Government declared *their* intention of abolishing the Society, and thence we treat it as their act, and not the King's.

The Brighton Guardian, in an article of considerable ingenuity, has asserted the negative. The Globe and the Examiner have maintained the affirmative—to this extent, that men who are able and anxious to contribute to the enlightenment of the world, should have the bare subsistence, without which they may be tempted or compelled to sink to the prostitution of their talents to the bad cause which may bid for them. The Brighton Guardian made the most of its argument, and a Sunday Paper follows on the same side, but without the same plausibility, and with a coarse tone, low sentiment, and a sniggering flippancy which it mistakes for airy freedom of manner. It is Major Sturgeon's lightsomeness in the dance without his boots.

Thus, after Ducrow has performed a feat of horsemanship, we see the clown put himself through a course of clumsy imitation of the action, bawling out how successfully he is doing it, and giving out his coarse jokes of derision, and honouring them with his own loud and empty laugh.

With something too much of this effect, following the country paper mentioned, the weekly print observes:—

"The *Globe* declares that it sympathizes with those æras when men of genius in imaginative literature received public protection and encouragement, and abuses that mole-eyed utility which would deny that such protection is due. At the hazard of being esteemed mole-eyed, we cannot help avowing our opinion that the ordinary doctrines of demand and supply are as applicable to literary productions as to any other, and that their price in the market is their just, and ought to be their sole reward. If they are produced when the nation does not call for them, what claim have they to national gratitude? If when the nation does call for them, what necessity does there exist for its exercise?"

This is the very print whose doctrine we lately observed upon, that the Press had no power except as organic of public opinion—that it could do no more than reflect back the common sentiment—that newspapers were but instruments to express the opinions of their readers, and that those which attempted more, which endeavoured to lead or correct, must fail.

This resolves itself into the French maxim, *tout pour la tripe.* Opinions are to be manufactured, or inquiries pursued, according to the demand in the market, or there is to be no reward or honour for them. This doctrine would indeed render the Press so low a trading speculation as to justify the neglect of its labourers. "If literary productions are produced," says "The Spectator," "when the nation does not call for them, what claim have they to national gratitude?" Milton's Paradise Lost was produced when the nation did not call for it, and against the law of supply and demand, and has it no claim on the national gratitude, and had its author none on the national care? How many instances are there of works neglected by an ignorant public in one age, which have instructed and delighted others! but though the State should perceive the value of the performance, it is not to have the opportunity of giving subsistence to the author, who has, perhaps, exhausted the industry of a life in the labour. Further, it is remarked:—

"The grand objection to national rewards, unless for services in the benefit of which all alike participate, is, that it is paying out of the purse of the whole for the pleasure enjoyed by a part. What advantage does the ploughman or artisan derive from the 'Lay of the Ancient Mariner,' or the etymological history of Scotch patois? Such works may extend the enjoyments of the *litterateur*, but what do they give the peasant?"

This is an argument from dull ignorance to dull ignorance. Who can assign limits to the use of any sort of instruction, or of any thing which humanises by a benevolent exercise of the imagination? Whatever tempers the minds of men is an instrument of general benefit, and the peasant, who lived under one master touched with the humanities of letters, and under another whose pleasures were merely sensual, whose fancy had never been filled with ideal images of joy or woe, and whose sympathies had wanted that awakening in books which prepares them for exercise in the world—the man, we repeat, who had been subject in

turns to both these persons, would, out of his experience, answer the question of the dull interrogator. The habit of thought is always benignant, and when it is not communicated, it has its kindly effects. All instructed men are not benevolent—true, but how much more severe and savage they would be without the cultivation of their understandings. Poetry may be said to be a toy, but if it has kept the cross children of the world in good humour, it has not been without its use to the whole scheme of society. The old ballad of "The Children in the Wood" has, we have no doubt, been a great civilizer—though *there was no market for it* when uttered—no demand for the supply.

"The *Globe* (continues the *Spectator*) speaks of invention in literature as analogous to invention in the useful arts. He forgets that the effects of the latter are universal. There is another reason against granting pecuniary recompenses for works unconnected with the useful arts. Who can assign their value? What analogy is there between a pound of silver and a poem? We might as well seek to weigh thoughts as to value lines."

Oh, Vandalism out-Vandalized! What analogy is there between a pound of silver and a grand discovery in chemistry or astronomy? But doubtless the writer can discern an analogy between a victory and Blenheim, and a battle and Strathfieldsay, as clearly as between a "Spectator" and a shilling. We continue our extracts from this specimen of liberal intelligence.

"There are, indeed, inventions that in their origin bear but remotely on the enjoyments of life, and from which the inventors reap, in consequence, but small advantage. Newton's discoveries have given certainty to navigation, and diminished the cost of commerce. Should not Newton and such inventors as Newton be rewarded? certainly, because they benefit the whole community. But let it first be seen that they do so."

And let it be seen what knowledge is not cognate, what knowledge has no relation, and gives no help to other branches of science. Let the uses of anything that delights or instructs be limited, and the class set aside who directly and indirectly have received no pleasure or benefit from it; let that be done, and we will make ropes of sand, and reconcile "The Spectator's" argument with reason. We are brought to another version of the fable of Menenius Agrippa. The hand says, "Why should I help the painter? the eye has had the pleasure of the picture." The tongue says, "Why should I give honour to the musician? the ear alone has enjoyed his sounds." The belly says, "Why should I spare meat to the author? his claim is on the brain." And all cry "Let us not allow anything to him whose service has not been immediately felt by each and every member. It is nothing that the food nourishes through the stomach—it goes not directly and visibly to the foot."

For labourers in letters of inferior merit aid is not claimed—it is asked for the higher powers, to enable them to pursue their objects uninterrupted by absolute distress, and to maintain a modest independence. There are many works of great value which have not the market that "The Spectator" makes the test of utility, and which serve for the instruction of the public through the instruction of their teachers. Their matter is as the ore in mines, precious, but not for common use until fused in the furnace, and shaped into instruments of daily application. Of this sort, for example, are Bentham's writings. Had Bentham happened to be a poor man, society would have lost the advantage it has obtained from his labours in unconsciousness of the source. The weekly Journal says, if writings "are produced when the nation does not call for them, what claim have they to national gratitude?"—and Bentham's writings were not nationally accepted, and therefore, we suppose, not nationally called for; and, according to these sordid rules, not entitled to gratitude—the market, which is "The Spectator's" test of service, having been wanting; but a few intelligent and diligent minds have been at work upon Bentham's works, and by popular applications and demonstrations have rendered his views and principles contributory to the enlightenment of society in a province the most important to its well-being. Bentham's publications have cost him a small fortune, instead of rendering him any price for his labours; and will it be said that, had he been

a poorer man than he luckily was, he would have had no claim to the assistance of the state, and that because there was no demand for his works—because they were drugs in the *market*, they ought never to have been produced? These are precisely the labours to the prosecution of which public aid may be necessary. Their very completeness, which requires the toil of a life, is a bar to their popularity, and they benefit the public not by direct instruction, but, as we have before observed, by informing its teachers, who make use of the occasion of examples for the exposition of principles and doctrines that would be dry and of distasteful novelty without application to the business of life. The public have no mind for abstractions. A novel truth must be fitted to a special case, and shown to square with fitness, or they will not listen to it. This is not compatible with the labours of an expounder of science, and it is done by his disciples; but is he to starve or renounce his study because the market will not take off his works in their original completeness of form? and is it not the policy of a well-constituted State to give such aid to such a labourer as may enable him to pursue toils whose fruits may be laid up in store of knowledge for all ages, though they were produced "when the nation did not call for them," or know how to distinguish their worth? To every creature above the mole in perception and in grovelling habits, the policy of endowments for the prosecution or propagation of knowledge should be obvious, but jealous care should be had that those two conditions are secured, and any thing beyond a bare provision would be fatal to the end proposed.

Beauties of British Justice.—A striking example of the beauty of the English Law has been presented. A poor Turk is in prison* for having been robbed, and having no wish to add to his loss by losing his time in a prosecution. As this case is admirably illustrative of the genius of our Jurisprudence, and also exhibits a temper in the administrator of the law, worthy of the law itself, we shall give the case nearly at length. It deserves to be put on record—

"Queen Square:—On Saturday the 11th instant.

"Sophia Chapman, a fair, and well-looking young woman, about twenty years of age, was placed at the bar, and a tall, dark, but well-dressed young man, apparently about twenty-five years of age, entered the witnesses' box. The latter was asked by Mr. Phillips, the clerk, his name, and what his charge was against the prisoner. He replied, in broken English, 'My name, Sare, is Ben Hyam, and I was rob of half sovereign.'

"Mr. Marriott: What are you, Sir, and how did she rob you?

"Ben Hyam: I am a Turk, Sare; and I do travel with goods in de country to sell; and I met de woman de last night; I go home with her; I did show her de half sovereign, which I had in the paper, and I put it in my littel pocket where I put de watch. In de morning when I got up I go to littel pocket, and no paper and no half sovereign; but I find de paper in de breeches pocket, and de money gone. After de Policeman came, de prisoner and landlady of de house say they will give me eight shillings if I go away, as the girl ought to have 5s.; but de Policeman say 'No; give him noting; it must go to Justice.'

"The prisoner, being asked what she had to say, said she never saw the half sovereign.

"Ben Hyam: Oh yes you did, and you ask me to take 8s. and go.

"Mr. Marriot: You must prosecute this woman for the robbery.

"Ben Hyam: Me no want to prosecute, Sare; me shall lose my business in de country; it was not de half sovereign I did care for so much; no, Sare, me no wish to prosecute, though she did rob me very bad.

"Mr. Marriot: Oh, you don't wish to prosecute; then I shall compel you; for if you do not find sureties to prosecute I will send you to gaol with her.

"Ben Hyam: No, Sare, you send de thief, and not man who was robbed, to de prison. Pray, Sare, let me go; I do not care for de half sovereign.

"Mr. Marriot: You know *your immoral conduct has been such* that you will not be allowed your expenses on the trial, so you do not wish to prosecute.

"Ben Hyam: I do not know what you say, Sare, about de immoral; but I wish to go to my business, if you please, Sare, in de country.

---

* Released by the Secretary of State since this was in print.

"Mr. Marriot: Have you got bail to be answerable for your appearance.

"Ben Hyam: Me have no friends except in de country.

"The Policeman confirmed the Turk's statement, and the latter having signed his deposition, was locked up, and afterwards was handcuffed and taken by the gaoler, with the female, to Kingston, the latter committed for the felony, and the former for want of sureties to appear to give evidence against her at the next Sessions."

If we did not know what Magistrates are made of, this would be incredible. What could the Turk know of allowance of expenses to witnesses? The man merely declined prosecuting, as every poor man would decline prosecuting, because while he is dangling in a Court, he is losing his footing in his business, if not losing the value of his time, which is his estate. As for the *immorality* of the Turk, which so moved Mr. Marriot's virtuous indignation, is he sure that it was immorality in a Turk? and, farther, if the poor Turk had been a person of respectability, *i. e.* an affluent man, would a word of censure have been uttered on the subject?—No, not even though he had been in Priest's orders. Greater pains have been taken to lay this poor Turk by the heels, than were taken some few years ago to secure a nasty Bishop. There was no rigorous anxiety, in that case, to make certain a prosecution. And this is the country in which it is, with impudent falsehood, said, that there is not one law for the rich and another for the poor! The effect of drawing upon a rich man's time for attendance to prosecute, is, at worst, an inconvenience which he may avoid by sacrificing the sum (seldom of magnitude) in which he is bound in recognizances—to the poor, the effect of drawing upon his time is drawing the bread from his hands. The remedy is obvious, but as it concerns not the rich, but the poor, it is not supplied—a public prosecutor.

A Sunday Paper having observed on the hardship of Ben Hyam's case, tells the following story, illustrative of the injuries which the law, in the pretended process of redress, heaps upon the plundered poor:—

"A labouring man, who was the occupier of a cottage in Middlesex, detected a fellow in the act of carrying away one of his geese from the common. The thief was seized, carried before a magistrate (who will be known to many by the fees demanded), and committed for trial. The unpaid magistrate—or the magistrate's clerk, rather, in his name—exacted from the labourer six shillings for fees. The value of the goose attempted to be stolen was only about four shillings—so that, at the outset, the administrator of the law deprived the poor man of two shillings more than the thief would have taken from him. But the sufferer was also bound over to prosecute; and, what with attendance before the clerk of the peace to get the bill of indictment framed,—before the Grand Jury to get the bill found, and waiting until the thief was tried, and to obtain costs, sixteen days of his time were expended. This was before the establishment of a second court. Each day to him was worth 6s.: but he was only allowed 3s. 6d., which barely paid his expenses in coming to town. His lowest loss was 3s. 6d. a day; so that the total loss, including the 6s. fees, which were not allowed back (and which, in truth, were illegally exacted), amounted to 3*l.* 2s.—or the value of fifteen geese. The thief only attempted to take one goose—the law swept away more than his whole flock. Injuries of this kind are daily perpetrated; and the expense of justice is impunity to the depredators. It is only the rich, who have nothing to do, who can prosecute without inconvenience. A thief is usually a martyr for the sake of the others of his fraternity, to protect them in the commission of crime. A prosecutor is a victim to deter other honest people who are plundered, from prosecuting. The instances are not unfrequent where persons who have once prosecuted, abscond from redress when they have been robbed a second time."

It applauds the better system of justice pursued in the country of Ben Hyam, which, proverbial for barbarity as it is, is not more barbarous in judicial procedure than boasted England. In Turkey, according to Montesquieu, the Cadi hears both the plaintiff and defendant; orders both a drubbing on the spot: and there is an end of the matter. Ben Hyam would have found this, his country's custom, much more merciful than the committal to gaol, poor fellow! We read in the same print, that a labouring man has been fined six guineas for stealing six pheasant's eggs, the lowest penalty being a guinea an egg, and the Magistrates not having the power of abating it, though the prisoner should not be worth a guinea in the world, and the Bill of Rights emphatically declares, that

no one shall be amerced beyond his means! Six guineas to a labourer, is nearly a quarter's earnings. Apply this proportion of punishment, for any offence (for we will not confine the comparison to a delinquency parallel to the stealing of an egg), suppose for the stealing of another man's wife or his daughter, to a person of the property of a Baring or a Rothschild, and how monstrous it would seem! yet it would be less severe in these cases, for superfluity can bear retrenchment, as Bentham observes, and a mere subsistence allows of none. The man of £50,000 per annum can obviously better spare £25,000, than the man of thirty pounds a year can spare six. The one deduction goes to luxuries, the other to bread. These people, whose minimum of fine is a guinea for an offence to which there is extraordinary temptation, live on potatoes, hard dumplings, *i. e.* flour and water, boiled with cabbage if they can get it, and for beverage, drink, what they elevate with the description of bread tea, commonly called toast and water, and do not taste meat once a week. Shame, shame, on the makers of such laws! All fines are unjust which are not proportioned to means, and fixing a minimum of fine is therefore a palpable injustice. But such laws are made without thought—we trust that the makers will not one day be punished without thought. They are exciting a bitterness of feeling in the working classes, which may have vent in a terrible retribution.

A Curiosity in Malignity.—The zeal of some persons in mischief is something wonderful. An apostle of prejudice—a preacher of illiberality, and exciter of ill-blood among nations, has been at the expense of procuring repeated insertion of the following advertisement in the different newspapers. On reading the first few lines, we prepared ourselves for a hair-dresser's puff, but it is not so—it seems to proceed from a disinterested zeal for prejudice and nationa animosities:—

"It is not an uncommon circumstance to hear the nobility and gentry lamenting the revolutionary spirit of the times, and the want of that union and good feeling which has so long existed between the higher and middling classes; but this would be no ways surprising if they were to recollect the partiality numbers of the aristocracy are in the habit of showing to foreigners in preference to their own countrymen, thereby creating a feeling of dissatisfaction where formerly none such existed; nor does the evil end here, as those very foreigners are in the habit of disseminating the most revolutionary doctrines, and taunting the English with the three (so called) glorious days in July and the Revolution in Belgium, telling them they have not sufficient enthusiasm to do the same. But it is far from being the wish of that class of the English people to enter into any such measures, being quite certain that any thing recommended by revolutionary Frenchmen must be intended for the injury and destruction of this country. There is another subject well worthy of notice in conjunction with the above. Why should there exist a necessity for the emigration of a large portion of the useful members of the community to the Colonies at an enormous expense, whilst foreigners are encouraged to come here to prey on the vitals of the country? It is to be regretted that that useful engine, the press, which has done so much good, should not have taken this subject, and placed it in its proper light before the public."

The stupidity of this meddling person happily counteracts the malignity of his purpose.

Of Devils.—A theatrical critic observes, that "the spirits who obey the incantation of Medea, are the same identical devils who carry off Don Giovanni. This (he adds) is confounding mythology with a witness. The manager will perhaps say that the 'Estate' of Chambers and Co. does not leave him the means of keeping two sets of devils. These devils, moreover, are sadly in want of new suits of apparel; and withal manage their business most vilely." The writer concludes, that such bungling devils, with their resin, should be relegated to Sadler's Wells.

If the estate of Chambers and Co. has not left to the manager the means of keeping two sets of devils, it should have shown him the best of all examples of one set of devils, which it has kept in excellent practice, and with capital effect, instead of the awkward devils with their worn-out tails and broken claws; the harpies of the law, in appropriate costume, might be introduced for the tormenting handling of Giovanni. Imagine half a dozen gentlemen in wigs and gowns

flinging themselves on the libertine, and an attorney in sad suit, lashing him with a bill of costs longer than the list of his amours, and cramming him into his bag, and flinging him to the Chancery below. This would be a scene that would touch the feelings of the audience, for it would represent torments of which many have had experience; all, some opportunities of observing. Apropos—a motion has been made to the Court of Chancery to appoint a manager of the Sun—the Sun newspaper we mean—luckily, the other sun is a yard or two out of the reach of Chancery jurisdiction, or it would long since have been swallowed up in the Master's office;—should such an application succeed, the press may become subject to a curious administration, in the event of disputes among partners. Of course, a Chancellor's notions of a proper manager must depend upon his political opinions. A Lord Eldon would be apt to think Theodore Hook the most proper manager of the Times, and would give the Chronicle to Mr. Twiss. Lord Brougham, on the other hand, might see the fitness of giving the conduct of John Bull to Mr. Place, and the Standard to Colonel Jones.

What is there that the Court of Chancery will not affect to direct? from the combing and washing, and nail-paring of Long Wellesley's children, upwards, there is nothing of which it will not take the conduct—provided, of course, there be property. Nothing comes amiss to it that comes with funds for the costs of suit.

Laws for Rich and Poor.—Mr. Hunt has much moved the mirth of the House of Commons by the proposal to punish peers who interfere in elections, by a fine of 10,000*l.* and imprisonment for one year. It is not very likely that the Lords would assent to this law; and the idea of it seems derived from the ingenious plan for catching birds, by putting salt on their tails. Much of the derision, however, with which the suggestion was received, was at the magnitude of the fine of 10,000*l.*; for people who think nothing of imposing penalties of one guinea, or five guineas, on the very poor, are struck by the enormity of levying one of 10,000l. on the rich, though in proportion to the rate of amercement of the poor, and means being considered, it is really a moderate sum.

"Pickpockets at the Opening of Parliament.

"No less than seventeen pickpockets were brought up by the new police, before the magistrates of the Queen-square office, charged with picking pockets during the procession of his Majesty to the House of Lords. In some of the cases the aggrieved parties did not attend, and six were discharged; the remainder were committed for trial. A number of the police, it appeared, were on duty in coloured clothes, which system called forth some severe remarks from Mr. White, the magistrate."—Daily Paper.

No doubt of it. Magistrates habituated to the practice of the law, and possessed of its perverted maxims, are horrified at the idea of the apprehension of thieves by any short and informal process. They cannot see that the public interest requires the apprehension of offenders by the means most convenient to the end. It matters not to the public whether the pickpocket is laid hold of by a man in a blue, or a man in a brown coat, so that he is laid hold of. As it matters not to a farmer whether a fox is killed by a man in a red coat, or a man in a smock frock, except, indeed, inasmuch as the man in the red coat kills the fox after he has done as much mischief in the hour's chase as the fox would do in his whole life, and the man in the smock frock knocks the pest on the head instanter. But the magistrate and the squire are for fair play to the crafty thief, and cannot bear the thoughts of putting an end to him without a run. The magistrate has imbibed the lawyer's notions, which are as antagonist to the public interest, as the hunter's preservation of foxes for his sport is adverse to the farmer's economy. The lawyers have made the rules of law, and shaped the practice of law, and invented its maxims, and they all tend to the advantage of the thief. All the tenderness and care of the law is for criminals. The offender is not allowed to commit himself by the betrayal of truth in court; and when pursuing his occupation of plunder in the streets, he is not, without scandal to the magistrate, to be apprehended by officers whose costume does not put him on his guard, and warn him to escape.

IF THE LORDS REJECT THE REFORM BILL, WHAT WILL FOLLOW?

Les privilèges passeront, mais le peuple est éternel.

"WILL the Lords reject the Bill?" This is the most common question upon the all-absorbing topic of Reform. Were the actions of men governed more by their reason and less by their passions, there would be little hesitation in concluding the negative. But this is not so; and the House of Lords itself exhibited a spectacle of insensate passion at the close of the last Parliament,—hence the uncertainty. Instead of answering the question, or calculating the probabilities—which would be matter of curiosity rather than of usefulness—we will propound another question, which may tend to make the scale of reason preponderate.

"If the Lords reject the Bill, what will follow?"

There are some in that House, who in the desperate intoxication of their misjudged interests, self-conceit, and love of power, are inaccessible to facts, truths, and justice. But a dispassionate pause over the probable consequences of rejection—not to Reform or the people, but to that House itself—may have a salutary effect upon the sober prudence of the Lords spiritual and temporal in the mass. It is to be hoped their prudence may not be too late.

One striking circumstance cannot have escaped their observation, however removed from the sphere in which popular opinion expresses itself. It is this—amid all the variety and uncertainty of speculation which prevail respecting the future vote of that House, no one doubts the success of Reform — no one supposes that the negative of the Lords could do more than embarrass or retard its progress; no one fears for the people or their rights; but many look with friendly regret, some with a secret joy, to the probable effect upon the constitutional authority, and estimation of the House of Peers.

It will be well for the Lords if they reflect in time upon the great power, moral and physical, against which they would array themselves, and the force which they are able to wield in opposition to it. They possess, it is true, a great constitutional power as one branch of the legislature; but their negative is a weapon which, if indiscreetly used, instead of doing execution upon the adverse party, may recoil fatally upon themselves. Let them not shut their eyes to the change in the circumstances of time,—above all, in public opinion and popular intelligence. "That great noun of multitude, the Borough-broker,"* noble and ignoble, spiritual and temporal, has so long exercised, and has stolen so insidiously into the usurpation of, the essentail powers of government, legislative and executive, that a vicious prescription is at last supposed to consecrate wrong into right, and an audacious cry of spoliation is set up when the commonalty of the realm simply demand that their first and most sacred right, the House of Commons, should be restored to them. But a great "change has come over the spirit" of the times.

There is no country in which established usage so long survives its

* Grattan—Letter to the Citizens of Dublin.

real value, and holds the shield of its protection over abuses, as England. "The wisdom of our ancestors" has been employed as a talisman by the interested to delude the ignorant, and resist reason, ever since, and most probably before, the days of Sir Thomas More. The words of that enlightened and amiable philosopher in his Utopia would seem to be of yesterday. In England, his Utopian traveller says, he found every proposal for improvement met with the remark, "such things pleased our ancestors, and it were well for us if we could but match them,—as if (he continues) it should be a mischief that any were wiser than his forefathers." This talisman has at last been stripped of its charm. The phrase is become so hackneyed and detested from being palpably misused, that it has passed into a by-word.

Public opinion never before presented itself so formidably in the undivided unity of its force; there was always, hitherto, some pretence of public danger, or appeal to prejudice, which gave the means of creating a diversion against innovation and in favour of abuse. Vague and absurd alarms for the safety of the House of Hanover, from the opposite extremes of Jacobitism and democracy, were urged against Parliamentary Reform in the time of Chatham and Wilkes, and even of Pitt and Flood. The French revolution supplied the new and more fearful phantom of Jacobinism, with infidelity on the one side and republicanism on the other, threatening to level the constitution in church and state. Those distempered ebullitions among the lower classes, which are inevitable when distress prevails and the nation is free, have more recently been made use of to perpetuate the alarm of popular licence, to throw suspicion and odium upon the cause of Reform, and even to enact some of the vilest laws that have stained the statute-book. The religious prejudices of the people against the Dissenters on the one hand and the Catholics on the other, have been artfully fomented as means of dividing and distracting the public mind.

All these auxiliaries of corrupt jobbing and borough-oligarchy have passed away. He who now proclaimed the approach of Jacobinism would be heard with about as much attention as if he cried fire in a deluge. By a happy revolution of opinion,—not on the part of the Government—not on the part of the Commons House of Parliament,—but on the part of the people,—it is now a resolved principle, and fixed as fate, that the safe way to guard against popular licence is to bestow popular liberty, and that Reform is the best preventive of revolution; in short, necessary to supersede that last resource. As to the religious fears and prejudices of the people, they are entombed with the Test and Corporation Acts and the Penal Laws. The people of England demand Reform as one man, with the unity and energy of a faction, and the strength and right of a nation. They demand not any encroachment upon the prerogatives of the Crown, or the coordinate and coequal attributes of the hereditary branch of the legislature, but simply the parliamentary constitution of the realm, according to its acknowledged principles and the laws of the land; that, as the one House is constituted by hereditary succession, or the prerogative of the Crown, so the other should be constituted by the free choice of the people.

There is another great change upon which the Lords, spiritual and temporal, will do well to ponder. This change, indeed, has been announced by a distinguished person, in the form of one of those pointed and portable phrases which circulate with the stamp of authority upon intrinsic value. If it were not cavilling or over-refining upon the phrase, it might be said that the people are indebted, not to "the schoolmaster," but to themselves. They are not merely educated, but self-educated. Facilities have been afforded and impulses given by individuals of great public and private worth, but the work of self-education had already begun, and was the cause, and not the consequence, of the aids which individuals, either associated or singly, have given to the diffusion of knowledge. The desire of education, therefore, is not a popular mania or fashion of the day, which may subside or vanish, but an enduring principle which will still farther develope itself. The consequence of this great change is, that the relation—using that term in its scientific sense—between the lower and the upper, or, we will say, between the manual-labouring and idle classes, is reversed. The popular intelligence, in its race of self-cultivation, has not only overtaken but passed the classes of society which had heretofore been allowed a sort of monopoly of knowledge. Whilst the latter have been stationary, the former have been making giant-strides in advance. Those may have the advantage in the graces of literature and the elegance of the fine arts; but these have at least an equivalent advantage, in their acquaintance, practical and theoretical, with the useful arts and their ancillary sciences, and with those occupations and interests which are the sources of private wealth, public revenue, and national power,—the constant objects of legislation and government.

It is absurd to suppose that a people thus enlightened as to its rights and interests, and conscious of its strength, will submit to be defeated in its claim of right by the interested adjudication of an oligarchical fraction of the community, which has been stationary in its understanding and progressive in its pretensions. The Borough party labour under one great error, or confusion of ideas. They mistake for the progress of popular or democratic principles the growth of the popular intelligence. To check the latter is impossible. Their only safe way of dealing with it is, to raise their own understanding to a level with that of the people. The same remark applies to their complaints of the public press. The energy and talent with which the press in general has supported Reform, is but another manifestation of the progress of the popular mind.

Let them reflect, for a moment, how this great and resistless force, the popular intelligence, manifested itself in the late elections. In the principal counties, where the labouring population is less enlightened and more dependent, habitual influences were shaken off, direct ties were broken, personal interests were sacrificed, and menaces and persecutions encountered for the public cause. In the metropolis and populous towns,—the great *foci* of talent, knowledge, industry, and wealth,—Reform triumphed so signally and easily as to astonish its friends; and, throughout the kingdom, the popular cause was unstained in an unusual degree by corruption or excess. There was zeal without animosity, and excitement without violence; superior strength

was characterized by superior moderation. The most sanguine did not calculate upon so easy and complete a success. Perhaps the most decisive proof of the gigantic moral force of Reform is, that it should have exerted itself not only through the present vicious and corrupt system of election, upon the existing House of Commons, but upon the virtual representatives of the late House. It would be a great mistake to suppose that all who vote for Reform are Reformers in their secret hearts. We could, if it were not invidious, name some dozen gentlemen who support the Bill, whilst they loathe it as cordially as the knight of Boroughbridge. But no matter—their votes are good—and obedience is a homage to strength as hypocrisy is to virtue.

What have the Borough party to oppose against this overwhelming power, intellectual and numerical? Only the vote of its majority in the House of Lords. The people will not, for a moment, question the legal validity of that vote—if unhappily it should be given—but they will analyze, without fear or scruple, the motives, the spirit, and the system from which it sprung. The constitutional privileges and powers of the Crown are a trust to be exercised for the benefit of the people. It will surely not be said that those of the House of Peers are more personal, absolute, uncontrolled, or sacred. The legislative powers of that House then, like those of the Crown, are a trust for the people, and, as such, the vote against Reform will be weighed and judged. What is it the people ask? self-taxation—their inalienable and undisputed right. Can it be supposed that the legislative power of the Lords, opposed as a barrier to this demand, will be regarded and acquiesced in as a trust duly and discreetly exercised?

We will suppose, for a moment, that the vote has been given—Reform is put off for one session only—to return in the following session with increased demands, multiplied strength, and inflamed passions. In the House of Commons the field is won; the people will fix their eyes upon the House of Peers; they will examine into the constitution of that House, and with an adverse prejudice. They will, perhaps, begin with the Lords spiritual, unless, indeed, those pious and learned persons should remain neutral where their opposition would be so invidious. If we ventured to give an opinion, it would be in anticipation of this course; neutrality, on this occasion, would be decorous and prudent, and may, therefore, be expected on the right reverend bench. But, supposing the worst—supposing that they should throw their votes in the scale of the Borough-broker, the people will ask not only whether this be decorous, but whether it be constitutional.

Admitting the right of voting in the Spiritual and Temporal Peers to be co-extensive, still the bishops, by voting against Reform, would place themselves in a light the most equivocal as affecting the Christian religion and national church, and the most discordant to their own estimable characters and virtues. It would be a degrading, corrupting alliance. What is there in common between the sale of boroughs, the prostitution of the franchise, with their attendant train of riot, intemperance, and perjury, and the safety of the Constitution in Church and State? The Union is not strengthening but contaminating. It will not be said that the tithes would be carried away in the

wake of the rotten boroughs. This would be placing them upon a wretched foundation indeed. It would be difficult to choose for the Church a worse anchorage than the rotten bottom of Gatton and Sarum.

We believe the Established Church of England to be the best, and, therefore, the most solid and permanent form of Christianity in existence, and that it derives additional strength from every advance of knowledge, freedom, and political improvement. Why is it that the riches and dignities of the Clergy are regarded without disapprobation or envy by the virtuous and religious mass of the people? Why is it that they are never regarded or alluded to as obnoxious, unless when coupled with some clerical abuse? Is it because they are by law established? By no means. It may be prudent for the Bishops to call to memory a constitutional aphorism addressed by one of his Parliaments to Charles I. "That may be put down by law which was set up by a law." The matter in question was tithes and the sale of Bishops' lands.

The riches and dignities of the Clergy rest, in our judgment, upon a surer basis than the mutable one of Acts of Parliament; viz. the conviction, reason, and attachment of the people—the excellence of the institution, its mild, tolerant, and enlightened spirit, and the personal character, talent, and learning of its clergy. The right of every community to examine and innovate upon its system of legislation and government is the vital principle of true Protestantism, and the Established Church derives no small portion of its strength from the fact of its being associated with the political liberties of the people. When it places itself in opposition to those principles, and disenchants the public mind of its favourable prepossessions, then indeed its danger begins.

But a second question arises and will be asked.—Have the Bishops the *constitutional right* to vote upon the question of reforming the representation of the people in the Commons House of Parliament? The extent of their right of voting has been a mooted question for centuries. Assuredly the chief object of their having seats in the legislature is to afford the benefit of their knowledge and authority in spiritual matters. To spiritual matters alone their jurisdiction is limited in the opinion of many, not only by decorum, but by the principles of the Constitution. What is there of the spiritual in those "transactions in honour," by which the people are kindly represented without their consent or knowledge? The Bishops by voting against the Reform Bill will not only stain the purity of their lawn by contact with the most sordid of all temporal interests, Parliamentary jobbing, but they will bring into question again the extent of their right to vote. No one thinks of the extremities to which the democratic spirit proceeded, and was really provoked, in the unhappy times of arbitrary pretension, political and spiritual, which preceded the abolition of prelacy and execution of Charles the First. The people are now neither sectarians in religion nor republicans in politics, they are cordially united with a King distinguished by his frank and manly character and sense, and a more implicit adoption of the principles which placed his family on the throne than any of his predecessors—but still history is a monitor which should not be neglected, and the pre-

cedent of the Civil War a lesson which episcopacy should never lose sight of. Confident in their support by a despotic Prince on the throne, the Bishops placed themselves in uncompromising hostility to the Parliament, and the Parliament, with a facility which proves the utter weakness of spiritual pretension when opposed to the opinion and intelligence of the great mass of the nation, abolished prelacy by a few strokes of the pen, in a resolution which pithily described it as "grown up to a scandalous height of outward pomp and greatness, and found by experience to be a grievance to the subject, a hindrance to piety, an encroachment on the power of the civil magistrate, and a burden to the persons, purses, and consciences of men." The proximate cause is worthy of attention. The Commons, backed by the nation, demanded that the right of Bishops to vote in the House of Lords should be restricted. This was refused, and episcopacy was abolished. These are extremes which appear by no means likely to return; but it may be useful to mark the traces of a former flood though the storm may not again be so violent or the inundation so desolating.

The jurisdiction of the Temporal Peers is unlimited and undisputed. But *assuming this vote in the negative*, what is the moral situation in which they exhibit themselves to the people? They stand between the people and that which is their first and exclusive concern—the mode of their representation in their own House. With that House, the plain sense of the people will inform them, the Lords have nothing to do. It is a high misdemeanour for a Peer to meddle with the elections which return the House of Commons. Is it not a monstrous anomaly that Peers should indemnify themselves for the privation of the right to harangue on the hustings or canvass burgesses or freeholders, by directly nominating free and independent representatives to the Commons House of Parliament? This revolting anomaly is about to be quietly and constitutionally removed. The defence of it by the Lords would be a gross and dangerous aggravation of wrong. We see no more danger to the Lords than to the Bishops, of a return of the events of the Civil War. The precedent of that period, however, in their case also, may as well be briefly cited.

The Lords and Commons were pulling different ways. One or two important bills—but much less important than the Reform Bill—passed by the Commons were rejected by the Lords. A conference took place in the Painted Chamber.—The Lords persisted in their refusal to pass the Bill in question. After much discussion Sir John Evelyn, one of the managers on the part of the Commons, terminated the conferences by declaring with great *sang froid*, "that the Commons would be very unwilling to be necessitated to act without them, yet if the Lords should not think fit to agree, they could not on that account recede from what they had undertaken." The Lords remonstrated against this remarkable speech of the manager, and laid a formal complaint against him before the House of Commons,—the latter justified their manager,—the Lords vented their anger still more violently, only proved thereby more decisively their inherent weakness, dwindled into insignificance under the title of "the other House," and were at last disposed of by a resolution which declared

"that the House of Lords was useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished."

We repeat it—there appears not the most distant probability that a violent collision, still less one so violent as that just cited—would immediately follow the rejection of the Reform Bill by the House of Lords—but we also repeat that this historical lesson in our island, and the genuine growth of English character, should not be forgotten.—The civil war of that period is usually branded with the name of "the great rebellion." But if the Patriots, the Parliament, and the free spirit of the people of that day, had not resisted the tyranny of Charles, it is doubtful whether we should now have liberty or a Parliamentary Constitution. Horace Walpole, who was an English Whig, but no Republican or leveller in politics or religion, has given it as his opinion that without the successful resistance to Charles and his minions, Temporal and Spiritual, we should have neither the Revolution, nor the House of Brunswick, nor a Parliamentary Constitution, nor liberty; and goes the length of bestowing the title of the second and superior Magna Charta of English liberty upon the trial and condemnation of the unhappy Charles.

It is not likely, we say, that any collision between the Commons and Lords would follow the rejection of the Reform Bill by the latter. But the perils and difficulties of the predicament to the Lords, will only be the greater. They will then have to deal, not with the lower House, but directly with the people themselves. The whole mind and mass of the nation will instantly be in a state not of commotion but of organized activity,—petitions and remonstrances will pour in upon their Lordships from all quarters and classes,—public opinion will express itself in a voice of thunder. The pursuits of industry and peace will be abandoned—a serious suspension of industry and business is produced at this moment by the pending fate and slow progress of the measure. The Ministry would doubtless resign—are there safe elements for another Ministry to supply their place? It could be recruited only from the extreme reformers on the one side, or the mock reformers on the other. The House of Commons and the country would repudiate both, and especially the latter. The Borough Oligarchs are grievously mistaken if they suppose they could pass a mockery of Reform—a mere eidolon—upon the nation. We have already stated that the fears, prejudices, and political circumstances which enabled artful politicians and factions to distract and delude the people, are all vanished.—They have no cause of alarm abroad or at home. There is but one ally which could operate a diversion in favour of the Borough-broker—the Cholera—and we doubt whether even that would weaken the hold which the Reform Bill has upon the public mind.

Again—Is it likely that the constitutional machinery of taxation can be duly worked in an unreformed Parliament, even through a single session more? We suppose no violation or resistance of the law—but the public service and public credit would be placed in the utmost peril of being wrecked or stranded, were the people to regard themselves as unconstitutionally, because not self taxed; and to meet the collector, not with a willing compliance, but with reluctance, evasion, ingenuity and union.

Such are some of the consequences to the nation and the government, which the negative of the Lords would most likely produce.

Passing to the direct and immediate recoil upon the Lords themselves — their table would groan before many days with the petitions of the people. Will the petitioners be satisfied to repeat their prayer for Reform, and wait the issue of a second experiment? We think not. If the Lords assume the right to interfere respecting the constituent organization of the House of Commons, the commonalty in their turn may well assert the right to examine the Constitution of the House of Lords. Suppose the House of Lords should erect its vote into a barrier against Reform, will not the people conclude the want—and demand the concession—of a Reform also in the Constitution of that House. A negative upon the Reform Bill will deprive the Lords of the confidence which the people repose in their general wisdom, moderation, and prudence : it will prove the House of Lords no longer in harmony with the rights and wishes of the nation, the spirit of the House of Commons, and the intentions of the Sovereign.—A demand of the necessary change, to adjust that portion of the general machine of legislation into accordance with the rest, will be inevitable.

It may be presumed, then, that the rejection of the Reform Bill by the House of Peers will lead to a demand of Reform in the Constitution—or, rather, perhaps, in the constitutional attributes of that estate of the Realm. Prudent conformity may render unnecessary any demand of immediate change. But if the progress of the Bill should be stopped, the current of opinion upon which it is borne will only be arrested for a moment to collect its strength, increase its mass, and make an opening, not by careful measurement, but disruption and demolition.

The generality of Reformers in this country do not know, but reflecting and inquiring individuals do well know, that the opinion both of abstract and practical politicians throughout Europe is divided upon what is called bi-camerism or the existence of two deliberative assemblies. They also know that bi-camerism is the refuge of hermaphrodite constitutionalists abroad. There is even in our own country a sect of anti-bicamerists, small in number, but not deficient in either zeal or ingenuity, and acknowledging for its master a veteran philosopher, whose fantastic singularities of style have not been able to neutralize the boldness and sagacity of his views, the disinterested ingenuous freshness of his ideas and feelings, and his love of humanity, liberty, and truth.

The Lords may prevent all this by prudently conceding to the spirit of the people, the Monarch, and the age. What one great class or section of the community, or great interest, have they to support them against reform? The landed interest, the manufacturing interest, the monied interest, are all arrayed on the other side—or it would perhaps be sufficient, and even more exact, to say that the opinion and intelligence of the great body of the people is opposed to them. We very willingly admit again that many squires, manufacturers, capitalists, and political adventurers, are advocates of Reform from prudence and ambition, rather than from conviction —but this only proves that a resistless power is abroad.

What would the rejecting majority of the Lords have to oppose against this power? The only collective bodies of any authority which they could boast on their side, are the two Universities. Alas! if the two Universities were, by any prodigious and unimaginable turn of events, called to manage the business of the State in legislation and government, they would make sad work of it. There would be the inexperienced presumption of youth showing itself in either generous theories or overweening pretensions of superiority; and the inexperienced, cloistered, hardened habitudes of thought, formed within a microcosm which has the least possible resemblance to the great stage of the world on which men and nations play their parts.

The majority of the Clergy are, perhaps, adverse to reform. This is natural. The Clergy have much, expect no more, and wish things to remain as they are. But it is not so with the people. They demand a charter of representation which shall henceforth be not a fiction, but a reality.

It has been made a boast, that the literature of the country is opposed to reform. We doubt the fact—but will go the length of assuming that it is so, for a moment. In the designation of the literature of the country, the Universities, of course, form an important integral part: the majority in the Universities is certainly against reform, and has so proved itself; but even there, we believe, it is a numerical majority—a majority of mere units,—and not a preponderating weight of talent, science, and acquaintance with the interests and business of the world.

There is scarcely any criterion, by which the opinions of authors by profession, or men of letters, on the subject, could be ascertained. Undoubtedly a certain class, and even classes, of literary men, are opposed to reform. The Tories and Borough Oligarchs have long had the distribution of place and patronage. The renegade zealots of Jacobinism, who expiated and are expiating their sins by cringing to the powers which they defamed and menaced, and reviling the parties and principles which they deserted; these, or the survivors of them, are anti-reformers. Others who have written ponderous and useful, rather than popular or profitable volumes, and depend less upon the fruits of their labour than upon patronage and coteries, are also, doubtless, adverse to innovation, of which they can take little advantage in the way of fortune or fame. There is also a certain fry generated by the minor literature of the day, which plays round the great leviathan of Borough-toryism, from a vulgar affectation of aristocracy, and the hope of gain. But we believe all, or at least the greater part, of whatever independent talent and generous ambition is embarked in literature, will be found, on inquiry, to be on the side of the people.

Supposing it were otherwise, and that the majority of men of letters were opposed to the measure, still the balance of cultivated talent would be in its favour. He who in England would measure the stature of the national intelligence—the extent of capacity and knowledge—of cultivated and uncultivated genius—should look not to the literary publications of the day, but to the great *foci* of the useful arts, manufactures, industry, and wealth, in which the processes of science practically applied, exhibit the laborious, persevering, and inventive genius of the people. This is the genius, the mind, the knowledge, which constitute power.

Some leading members of the Opposition talk contemptuously of the newspaper press—let them but compare for an instant the calibre of mind upon any subject treated in the newspapers, with their own speeches. It cannot be called literature, forsooth! says Sir Robert Peel. Those who give an unprejudiced attention to passing and past events, must be well aware that the expenditure of information and talent in the fugitive and ephemeral pages of a modern newspaper would, if concentrated and continued upon a single object, obtain a permanent and honourable niche in the great gallery of the literature of the time. But it is much more usefully employed. Essays of ingenious or profound investigation, one of which would have made the literary reputation of a promising aspirant of the aristocracy in a former generation, are now read daily, and without surprise, not only in the metropolitan, but provincial press.

We will not presume to counsel the House of Lords, or the majority of it, to pause before it provokes consequences so perilous. What is any one branch of the legislature against the King, the Commons, and the People, combined—especially when combating, the one for, the other against a rotten cause?—The very name of Gatton produced a roar of laughter in the House of Commons, when called up for trial. This merriment in dealing with this and other nests of corruption and usurpation, in the House of Commons, is a proof that they are utterly and for ever destroyed. The veil must have been completely torn, when virtual representation thus appeared in its naked absurdity. Some alarm has been excited by the waste of time, and fluctuations of the divisions; but we look upon the execution done already upon the rotten boroughs in the committee as decisive of their fate. They are beyond the power of reanimation.

It is said the ministry propose to secure a majority in the House of Lords by a creation of Peers on the occasion of the King's coronation. If the actual majority be so large as to require an unusually extensive exercise of the royal prerogative of making Lords, the remedy would be as bad as the evil, and unworthy of a constitutional Minister. To march a whole troop of new peers into the House of Lords for the purpose of carrying through even the admirable measure of reform, would be unconstitutional, and taint both the measure and the administration. Either the constitutional line should be strictly followed, or the liberty of the people should be established by a direct and original exercise of the national will. The latter is the natural remedy in such a case, when any adverse power renders necessary an appeal to it. They who render it necessary are alone accountable.

If Lord Grey should incur the odium of a numerous creation for a purpose, he does so chiefly for the benefit of the Lords—and he will, at the same time, give them a plausible occasion for raising an outcry against him and against reform. If he finds a strong majority against him, he should leave it to its fate. Reform would be retarded for another Session; but the House of Lords would be made sensible, from experience, of its true position and force, and become more in harmony with a reformed House of Commons.

THE PRAYER IN THE WILDERNESS.*

Soul of our souls! and safeguard of the world!
Sustain—*Thou* only canst—the sick at heart;
Restore their languid spirits, and recall
Their lost affections unto Thee and Thine!—Wordsworth.

In the deep wilderness, unseen, she pray'd,
The daughter of Jerusalem:—alone,
With all the still, small whispers of the night,
And with the searching glances of the stars,
And with her God, alone! She lifted up
Her sad, sweet voice, while trembling o'er her head
The dark leaves thrill'd with prayer—the tearful prayer,
Of woman's quenchless, yet repentant love.

"Father of spirits, hear!
Look on the inmost soul, to Thee reveal'd;
Look on the fountain of the burning tear,
Before Thy sight, in solitude unseal'd!

"Hear, Father! hear and aid!
If I have loved too well, if I have shed,
In my vain fondness, o'er a mortal head
Gifts, on Thy shrine, my God, more fitly laid:

"If I have sought to live
But in one light, and made a mortal eye
The lonely star of my idolatry,
—Thou, that art Love! oh, pity and forgive!

"Chasten'd and school'd at last,
No more, no more my struggling spirit burns,
But fix'd on Thee, from that vain worship turns!
—What have I said?—the deep dream is not past!

"Yet hear!—if *still* I love,
Oh! still too fondly—if, for ever seen,
An earthly image comes, my soul between
And Thy calm glory, Father! throned above:

"If still a voice is near,
(Even while I strive these wanderings to control,)
An earthly voice, disquieting my soul,
With its deep music, too intensely dear:

"O Father, draw to Thee
My lost affections back!—the dreaming eyes
Clear from their mist—sustain the heart that dies;
Give the worn soul once more its pinions free!

"I must love on, O God!
This bosom *must* love on!—but let Thy breath
Touch and make pure the flame that knows not death,
Bearing it up to Heaven, Love's own abode!"

Ages and ages past, the Wilderness,
With its dark cedars; and the thrilling Night,
With her pale stars; and the mysterious winds,
Fraught with all sound, were conscious of those prayers.

—How many such hath woman's bursting heart
Since then in silence and in darkness breath'd,
Like a dim night-flower's odour, up to God! F. H.

* Suggested by the picture of a kneeling Magdalen.

MR. STANLEY IN IRELAND.

Ireland is regarded as a province, and a province must be always much less under the control of the legislature, than at the disposal of a man. The Chief Secretary is the government of Ireland. Since the Union there have been seventeen: Lord Castlereagh, Right Hon. C. Abbot, William Wickham, Sir Evan Nepean, Nicholas Vansittart, Charles Long, William Elliott, Sir Arthur Wellesley, Robert Dundas, W. W. Pole, Robert Peel, Charles Grant, Henry Goulburn, William Lamb, Lord F. L. Gower, Sir H. Hardinge, and lastly, (but it is difficult to say how long he is so to continue,) the Right Hon. E. G. S. Stanley. It is scarcely necessary to say, that this rapid succession of functionaries, must have been attended with the most pernicious results to Ireland. Each had his individual opinions, views, and projects, and each was allowed to try "his 'prentice hand" upon the passions, the discords, the turbulence, and factions of a vehement and long agitated people. But even in this system of mutations, time enough was not allowed to almost any one of the tentative and probationary Statesman to put his first essay through any process of fair experiment: scarcely was a plan proposed by one, when its execution was committed to another, and in the midst of the performance, a third was suddenly introduced to devise a new scheme, which was quickly confided to a fourth, who passed away to make room for a newly-initiated adventurer in the arts of legislation. Not to go too far back, Sir Henry Hardinge, (I say nothing of Lord F. L. Gower, for he was engaged in translating Sonnets from Schiller, and getting up private theatricals at the Park:) Sir Henry Hardinge, who was, perhaps, the best Secretary that ever administered the affairs of Ireland, was permitted to frame eighteen bills for the amelioration of the country, and almost immediately after the commencement of his projects, Mr. Stanley steps into his office, and assumes the government of eight millions of the people.

The great and responsible station which is filled by this gentleman, would in itself be sufficient to direct to it a large portion of the public notice; but the figure which he has already made in the House of Commons, in addition to the importance which is attached to his office, makes him an object of singular interest. His disposition, his tendencies, and his qualifications have not as yet been fully developed and completely disclosed; but enough is already seen to enable an impartial observer to form a tolerably correct estimate of his capacity, and, what is far more important in a Statesman, his political character and habits. He is the grandson and heir to the estates and title of the Earl of Derby. Thus fortune has been prodigal to him of the most splendid opportunities for the achievement of still greater honour than that to which he has been born.

The *debut* of Mr. Stanley was made in the House of Commons on the 30th of March 1824. It is commonly supposed that his maiden speech was in favour of the established church. That, however, is a mistake. It was upon the Manchester Gas Light Bill that he first addressed the House, and upon that occasion Sir James Mackintosh

said, that he had heard with the greatest pleasure the speech which had been just delivered, and which afforded the strongest promise that the talents which the Honourable Member had displayed in supporting the local interests of his constituents, would be exerted with equal ardour and effect in maintaining the rights and interests of his country.

"No man could have witnessed with greater satisfaction than himself, an accession to the talents of that House, which was calculated to give lustre to its character, and strengthen its influence; and it was more particularly a subject of satisfaction to him, when he reflected that those talents were likely to be employed in supporting principles, which he conscientiously believed to be most beneficial to the country." On the 6th of May succeeding 1824, Mr. Stanley delivered his second speech, which attracted great attention at the time, and to which it is likely that his antagonists will not unfrequently have occasion to revert.

Mr. Hume had moved the following resolution, "That it is expedient to inquire whether the present Church establishment of Ireland be not more than commensurate to the services to be performed, both as regards the number of persons employed, and the income they receive."

It was with astonishment that the House saw the representative of a great Whig family rise to reply to the speech of Mr. Hume, and it was with still greater wonder that the following sentiments were heard to fall from his lips. Mr. Stanley said, (the speech is so important, as containing an early profession of his political faith, that I shall extract liberally from it:)—

"It was but too well known that within the last few years attempts had been made by the press, and through the more dangerous channels of private dissemination to cast odium on the Irish established Church. Her revenues had been commented on with unjustifiable severity, and the private vices and errors of individual members had been dragged forward with malignant avidity, and had been most unfairly employed to cast odium on the establishment to which they belonged. He would venture to say that, if one half of the industry which had been exerted to malign the established Church, had been employed to draw forth to public notice the virtues which many of its members displayed in the unostentatious discharge of their sacred functions, the Church might have defied the boldest efforts of calumny and detraction. He would not assert that there might not be circumstances which would justify an interference with the property of the Church, but he would maintain that no such circumstances could exist which would not equally justify an interference with landed, funded, and commercial property. Such circumstances did not exist now, nor was there any probability of their existence at any future period. It was said that the Protestant Church had been forced upon Ireland. It was true that a bigoted illiterate people, possessing all the virtues and vices of savages, must have looked with jealousy to the first introduction of a new religion, which had the appearance of being forced on them by their conquerors. The Protestant Church was now, however, firmly established in Ireland. Whether the present proposition were considered as one of conciliation or financial advantage, there was no imminent danger which could warrant them in violating the rights and property of the established Church. If the feelings of the Catholics of Ireland towards the established Church were intemperate, it was time to show that the Church was not deserted by the Legislature—it was time to show that her natural protectors were neither too weak nor too indifferent to uphold her, and

that her wealth excited no alarm among her friends, whatever jealousies it might excite among her enemies. Happily the time was not yet come when her enemies might rush in and lay claim to her spoils, under the specious pretence of affording relief to Ireland, and when, under the guise of toleration, they might give a sanction to oppression. Warmly as he advocated toleration in its fullest extent, he would still grant encouragement to one religion alone; above all, he would avoid all such measures as had a tendency to excite in one party the bitter feelings produced by a desertion of their interests, and in the other the encroaching influence of rising power. A publication entitled 'Remarks on the Consumption of the Public Wealth by the Clergy,' had gone to a fourth edition in 1822, and in 1824 a publication, equally hostile to the Church, admitted that the incomes of the Irish clergy were in the first-mentioned work greatly overstated. It was in the more recent publication stated, that there were 1309 benefices in Ireland, according to the Parliamentary returns, at 800*l.* a year average income. Now it would be supposed from this that the incomes were ascertained by Parliamentary returns to be 800*l.* a-year on the average. On the contrary, all that was ascertained was, that the number of benefices was 1309, while the average amount of the incomes was founded on a conjecture only. The manner in which this conjecture was framed was as follows—in the diocese of Cloyne there were fifty-six benefices, the amount of the incomes of which was 40,000*l.* a-year; now it was notorious that the diocese of Cloyne was the richest in Ireland, and because these benefices, not taken indifferently, but selected from the richest of that richest diocese, had an average of 714*l.* it was computed that the average of all Ireland was eighty-six pounds a-year per benefice more. In fact, the person forming the computation had taken the maximum incomes of the richest livings in the richest diocese of Ireland, at the highest time, and had taken an average of one-eighth more for the average of all Ireland. The Honourable Member (Mr. Hume) had stated the average of the Irish livings at 500*l.* a-year. He (Mr. Stanley) had made inquiries as to the rate of livings in the North and in the South, and, as far as his inquiries went, he was persuaded that the average would not be taken too low at 250*l.* instead of 500*l.* and he was permitted by the Right Reverend Prelate, to whom he had before alluded, (Doctor Jebb,) to state that, from his personal knowledge, this average was correct for his benefices of Limerick and Ardfert, and that, to the best of his knowledge and belief, it was correct for the rest of Ireland. When this average was taken it would be found that, instead of 1,047,000*l.* (the income which had been assigned the Church of Ireland in these extravagant estimates,) the real income would be found to be about 327,000*l.* a-year. The incomes of the Bishops, like those of the Clergy, had been grossly exaggerated. Out of eighteen Bishops, from his inquiries, he could confidently state that eleven were at or under 5000*l.* a-year—four were at or under 6000*l.*—one under 7000*l.* and two others were not well known. The Honourable Member had stated the incomes of the Catholic Bishops to be from 3 to 400*l.* a-year. This he believed to be very much understated, for he had reason to believe that even the Catholic Parish Priests had incomes from 300*l.* and 400*l.* to 500*l.* and even 800*l.* a-year." *

---

* See an article on the Irish Church Establishment in the New Monthly Magazine for July, in which extracts are given from Parliamentary returns, which will exhibit the fallacy of Mr. Stanley's reasoning in favour of the Irish Church Establishment. It will not be inappropriate to condense the very valuable information contained in that article. In Ireland there are not more than seven hundred thousand professors of the established religion, and the Irish hierarchy consists of four archbishops and eighteen bishops, while in England there are but two archbishops and twenty-four bishops. In a recent return made on the subject of "First Fruits," the following are the valuations of fifteen out of twenty-two Irish dioceses.—Armagh, 15,080*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*—Tuam, 5,548*l.* 19*s.* 11*d.*—Cashel, 3,500*l.* (*this is a gross diminution*) and upwards; of Dublin there is no return. Clogher, 9000*l.*—Derry, 10,000*l.* (the Bishop of Ferns allows it to be

Such was the speech made by Mr. Stanley at the outset of his political career, when he was only about twenty-six years of age, and when it might have been expected that his mind, not yet brought into reconciliation by familiarity with abuses, would have been in arms against the system of which he thus stood forward as the "Preux chevalier." Mr. Plunket (now Lord Plunket) who was the great advocate of the Irish hierarchy and clergy at the time, (I suspect that his opinions have since undergone a very salutary modification with respect to the merit of his former clients,) pronounced upon Mr. Stanley a high eulogium. He particularly adverted to the promptitude which he had displayed in meeting these arguments of Mr. Hume, which he could not have anticipated, and the manifestation of that peculiar faculty for debate for which he has since become so conspicuous. The praise given by Mr. Plunket is as much a proof of his own discrimination as it was a tribute to the individual on whom it was conferred. The speech, however, which was thus hailed by the Church faction, created displeasure in that party to which Mr. Stanley was attached by an hereditary lien. Sir Francis Burdett replied with some severity, and there was a powerful minority of seventy-nine, which afforded a strong proof that there was a disposition in the House of Commons to lay its hand upon the ark. Mr. Stanley did not speak again in Parliament until April 1826. He went to America, accompanied by Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Denison. On his return to England, although he became a member of the House again, he took no very active part, and although he occasionally spoke, did not attract much notice. He held a situation in the Colonial Office, where he was remarkable for diligence, ability, and the spirit of self-reliance, which has since so much characterised him in his conduct as Minister for Ireland. In Ireland, where his family have an estate, (I believe in the county of Limerick,) he occasionally spent some time, and built a house there. His motive in this undertaking was the creditable one of giving employment to the poor, for whom it is observable that he has taken every occasion to express a strong sympathy. When in Ireland, he led a secluded and somewhat extraordinary life. He held no kind of in-

---

15,000*l.*)—Meath, 5815*l.* 14*s.* 5*d.*—Raphoe, 5379*l.* 14*s.* 1*d.*—Leighlin and Ferns, 5000*l.*—Ossory, 3000*l.*—Dromore, 4863*l.* 3*s.* 5*d.*—Waterford, 5000*l.*—Cork, 3000*l.*—Limerick, 2915*l.* 19*s.* 8½*d.*—Cloyne, 2000*l.*—Killala, 4600*l.* From the diocese of Tuam there is no return. As to the beneficed clergy, it appears by the returns to Parliament in 1828, that one thousand one hundred and fifty-one parishes had compounded for their tithes. The total amount of the composition was 278,036*l.* Taking the number of parishes to be a mean between Dr. Beaufort's computation, and the statement of Baron Foster, or about 2250*l.* the total amount of tithes will be 542,250*l.* a year. By a return to Parliament in 1824 it appears there are eighty-three thousand acres of glebe, and estimating each acre at one pound, the tithes and glebe lands produce 625,250*l.* a year. (In Scotland the whole expense of the church is 234,000*l.*) The revenues of thirty-three corporations of deans and chapters are moderately rated at 66,000*l.* Church fees amount to 187,000*l.* The rectors of forty-eight parishes in Dublin, and some other cities, are paid, not by tithe, but ministers' money. The aggregate income is 24,000*l.* Dublin University is moderately valued as worth in lands above 20,000*l.* These several sums amount to 1,053,000*l.* just the expenditure at which France, with thirty millions of souls, provides, not for the religious wants of one sect only, but of all denominations of Christians in her empire.

tercourse with the gentry in his neighbourhood. He acquired amongst them a reputation for strangeness; he lived alone, was a great walker,—would pace rapidly for some fourteen or fifteen miles along the high-road, with a staff in his hand and with a slouched hat on his head, and was designated as "the odd gentleman from England." On the change of government, he was selected to co-operate with Lord Anglesea in the government of Ireland. Having vacated his seat, he stood again for his borough of Preston. He was defeated by Hunt, and sustained no ordinary mortification. It is said that his failure arose from some orders given by him with regard to the public-houses, whence the usual good cheer that attends an election was withdrawn. The people too were angry with him for having declined to subscribe to the races, which, he observed, did not constitute any part of his parliamentary duties. He proceeded to Ireland. Sir H. Hardinge had just left the country, and notwithstanding the quarrel with the Roman Catholic party occasioned by the proclamations, he had by his spirit of fair and candid dealing, and by the kindness and cordiality of his manner, secured a very general liking. Thus Mr. Stanley had, from an inevitable comparison, some disadvantage to contend with. It was with some surprise that the people of Dublin saw in their new Chief Secretary an exceedingly juvenile and boyish-looking functionary, with a demeanour which his shrewdness rescued from puerility, but in which a more than ordinary carelessness, and a sort of harsh levity, not quite consistent with good breeding, and alien from the nature of his duties, were observed. In Ireland, an Englishman in office is sure on his arrival to be surrounded by a body of conversazione orators, and after-dinner statesmen, each of whom has his peculiar remedy and certain specific for the evils of Ireland. Such men seize with earnestness every occasion which is afforded them of setting forth to any member of a new Government their projects for the tranquillization of the country. Mr. Stanley, like every other Secretary, was of course condemned to go through this ordeal, but instead of listening with the "sad civility" which would become the reception of such oracular intimations, he would intimate with some abrupt jeer, which bordered on sardonic mockery, his utter disregard of the advice, and his very slender estimate of the adviser. His rule of conduct seemed to be founded on principles diametrically opposite to the injunction which was bequeathed to Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophant, "to make every man well-pleased with himself," insomuch that it was difficult, I have understood, to approach him without feeling some self-depreciation; and men who stood several cubits high in their own admeasurement of their intellectual stature, sank before Mr. Stanley into an instantaneous and almost dwarfish diminution. That the manner by which this sudden reduction from their ordinary height was effected in his interlocutors was unpurposed, is quite evident; but it was a fault, especially in Ireland, which nothing, excepting distinguished talents in the House of Commons, before which every defect nearly disappears, could redeem. The impression made by Mr. Stanley, in his intercourse with Irish society, was certainly not favourable. As a public man he came into collision with Mr. O'Connel, who denounced him for having followed up the spirit

of the Northumberland administration, and proceeded upon what is called in Ireland the Algerine Act. He dispersed the political "déjeunés à la pique," which were held at Mr. Home's. Of course Mr. O'Connel retaliated, and opened the batteries upon the Secretary, whose guns he had so long and effectively worked. He designated Mr. Stanley as "a shave beggar;" alluding to the practice of Irish barbers to commit mendicants to their apprentices. There was also a good deal said by him in derision of so multifarious a name as Edward Geoffrey Smith Stanley. It was said, not unhappily in reference to the eternal reiterations of this formidable name,

> "The war that for a time did fail,
> Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,
> And Stanley was the cry."

All this was borne by the object of so much vituperation not only with patience but with some scorn. He knew that the hour of ample retribution was at hand, and was heard, I have been told, to intimate that the Hon. Member for Waterford would change his tone in the House of Commons. The prediction was verified. Mr. Stanley displayed, in his very first rencounter with Mr. O'Connel, so much acuteness, dexterity, fearlessness, and so much of that subdued and polite virulence which constitutes the highest merit in the sarcastic oratory of the House of Commons, that his antagonist was taught to beware of him, and since that time nothing more has been heard of "shave beggar," and of the other somewhat contumelious designations which were attached in the miscellany of tribunitian invective to the Secretary for Ireland. Mr. Stanley gave still higher indications of ability in his reply to Sir Robert Peel, and in a little while established his character as by far the ablest debater on the Treasury Bench. His progress in improvement was singularly rapid: it was not that his faculties were much more fully developed, but that every night he acquired a still stronger confidence in his own powers, and that consciousness of high talents which gives them so ample and so strong a wing. He who rises to speak with a beating heart, and retains the palpitation, cannot, no matter how eminently he may be endowed, achieve any thing in a public assembly. Perfect coolness and self-possession are among the most useful attributes of Mr. Stanley. Some sketch of him in a debate may not be destitute of interest. While his adversary is speaking he shows little self-command; he listens with a spirit of mockery which is not intended to be offensive, but which causes displeasure; he turns round to his neighbouring minister and whispers and laughs; he tosses up his head, and exhibits a restlessness and impatience of what he considers to be either sophistry, ignorance, or absurdity. He cannot sit for a moment in tranquillity, but alternately throws himself back, or opens his knees, and putting the palms of his hands together bends down his head, and after remaining in this attitude suddenly recovers himself and seems ready to spring forward to reply. This sort of parliamentary pantomime is not relished by the Opposition. When, however, he has got fairly on his legs, he shows an utter absence of the nervousness and susceptibility which one might have anticipated from an orator whose silence is so much on wires. With a clear, distinct

voice, whose fault consists in its approach to occasional shrillness, and with a surprising facility of neat and simple phrase, which is admirably adapted to the purposes of exposition, he takes up every argument and every fact which have been pressed upon the other side, and leaves no topic and no assertion untouched. If he cannot contradict, he qualifies—if he cannot refute, he embarrasses—and where he can contradict, and can refute, he performs one office with asperity and the other with derision. His gesture is easy, graceful, unaffected, and impressive. His attitude is manly, and free from any of the artifices of deportment which Sir Robert Peel is supposed at times to employ. He has great strenuousness, and even ardour, and after having laid his antagonist prostrate exults in his overthrow. Is he then a great orator? That is a question which as yet it would be difficult to answer. What he possesses has been told; the qualities which he wants—or I should perhaps say, which he has not yet exhibited—are of importance as ingredients of the highest excellence in one to whom the distinctions of such an appellation as that of a true orator should be assigned. He addresses himself exclusively to the reason, and seldom or ever, and certainly with little success if ever he does so, to the heart; he does not exhibit, and therefore does not create much emotion, and satisfies the understanding without bearing the passions, over which he has little control, away. His manner is fervid, but is never raised to that high pitch of excitation which in Plunket, Brougham, and Canning, and lately in Macaulay, wrought so much effect in men who sympathise through the eye and ear as well as through the mind. He does not, like the last distinguished speaker, indulge in any general reflections, and although a metaphysical character is by no means commendable in a parliamentary orator, still we would desire to hear occasionally some general remark indicative of his having meditated upon the interests and progression of society. Mr. Stanley never indulges in large views, or in lofty sentiments—no generous exclamation ever breaks from his lips, his eyes are never on fire with a moral inspiration, he is never "lifted beyond the ground" by any ascendency of emotion. His language, although it is faultless and flows from "the well of English undefiled,"* is not rich, coloured, or diversified; his expression does not sparkle; it has neither the glitter of fancy nor the splendour of imagination. He does not afford, like Mr. Macaulay (I refer frequently to him because he strikes me to be the man of most genius in the House of Commons) a proof of the possibility of uniting with success the vigorous logic of parliamentary debate with the most striking embellishments of composition,—for Mr. Macaulay leaves its vigor to a syllogism while he clothes it with the richest attire which the finest wardrobe of diction can supply, and does not shut out or envelope his arguments because he curtains them with the gorgeous awnings of a richly coloured phraseology. Still, for ordinary and practical purposes, Mr. Stanley would be far

---

* There was one exception—he used the word "talented." Sir Robert Peel referred it to his American associations, and prayed him never to employ it again with all the strenuousness of Oxonian adjuration.

more efficient in debate, and however a mere critic might be disposed to assign the palm to the one, it is to the Secretary for Ireland that a minister would always, I suspect, even independently of the weight of great rank and extensive connections, be inclined to give the preference.

Such is Mr. Stanley as a speaker, as far as I can judge of him from having seen him not unfrequently from the gallery of the House of Commons. But what is he, or will he be hereafter, as a Stateman, and when he shall have been advanced to that leadership, which his abilities and his great location amongst the aristocracy entitle him to hold? As yet he has proposed no more than a single measure; but that single measure has not, it must be confessed by his warmest admirers, redounded to his fame. In the year 1807 the Irish Arms Bill was first proposed in the Imperial Parliament. It was vehemently denounced by the Whig party. It was represented to be an infringement of the Constitution, and a proceeding of such harshness and severity, that nothing but an insurrectionary state of society could furnish its justification. The Bill, by which every Irishman was obliged to register his arms, by which a Magistrate was empowered to break open the door, and search the house, of every inhabitant within his jurisdiction, was passed. Thus the article in the Bill of Rights, which secured to every British subject the right of carrying arms, was declared to be inapplicable to Ireland. The penalty imposed for any violation of the law in this regard was ten pounds fine, or two months imprisonment, for the first offence, and a graduated scale of penalty was introduced for every succeeding delinquency. This statute was to last for three years. It was afterwards renewed by the 50th of George III. for a limited period, and has since that time been at different periods kept in existence for stated times. The Bill was about to expire, and Mr. Stanley came forward to announce his determination to renew it. It was a source of great pain to the Irish members, of liberal opinions, to learn that such a measure was deemed necessary by a government composed of that party which had originally made so strong a protestation against it. They were, however, prepared not to support it, indeed; but to yield to it, on the presumption that it was dictated by a sore necessity, a reluctant, and extorted assent;—but what was their astonishment, and what was the wonder of the English members who are in the habit of voting with government, when they heard Mr. Stanley announce with his ordinary fluency, that it was proposed in place of fining a delinquent Irishman ten pounds, or imprisoning him for two months, for having an old pistol in his possession, to transport him to Australia for seven years! This declaration was not made with any prefatory intimation of the necessity of strong measures—no description was given of the calamitous state of Ireland. It was not said that murder and incendiarism took nightly walks through the island. It was not suggested that Ireland should be treated like a maniac, and that she should be denied the use of those privileges, which would have become a sounder and saner state of popular opinion;—but, without preface, without any preliminary extenuation, without any attempt to make the House of Commons susceptible of the proposition, at once, and almost as a matter of

course, and (if the word be allowable) with a sort of glib facility, the Secretary for Ireland expressed his resolution to introduce a clause for the transportation for seven years of any offenders in a proclaimed district, against the act. At first there was a deep silence—it was succeeded by a simultaneous exclamation of "Oh! Oh!" from the Irish members on the ministerial bench. Mr. Stanley turned round, and looked half-angry and half-astonished. Mr. O'Connel started up on the opposite side, and cried out against this tyrannical measure. Mr. Stanley, in his vindication, declared that there never was a time at which "a *strong* government" was more necessary in Ireland. There was a feeble cheer from the Irish Orange Members; the House was adjourned, and down Mr. Stanley came in a few hours after, and recanting all that he had said, receding from the lofty ground which he had occupied, in a tone, and with a look of deference and of depression, he humbly intimated that his mind had undergone a change, and that he should not press the adoption of a clause which had, to his surprise, created so much displeasure.

This speaks volumes. The incidents to this proposition rendered it still more important and illustrative. It afterwards came out, that not a single minister, not a man in office, even knew that this new scheme for the government of Ireland was in the Secretary's contemplation. Not a member of the Cabinet had been consulted—not one had even cognizance of what was intended; but without consultation, and, it should be added, without reflection, this measure, which has exasperated Ireland, and produced an universal reprobation in this country, was brought forward by the Whig Statesman, who, in the opening of Parliament, had expressed his conviction that it was only by conciliatory means that Ireland could be pacified, and reconciled to her junction with Great Britain.

Thus stand the facts, and they are of the greater importance because they are connected with a man who is likely hereafter to become the Prime Minister by whom the destinies of this mighty empire are to be controlled. What are we to augur from all this?

The next step taken with regard to Ireland is scarcely of less consequence. A few days after this proposition had been made, and had been thus abandoned with a precipitation corresponding with the haste with which it had been thrown forward, Mr. O'Connel got up to move for liberty to bring in a bill to amend and to consolidate the laws respecting Juries in Ireland. This is of all others the most momentous measure, as it immediately affects the administration of justice. What does Mr. Stanley do? He who had directed the prosecutions against Mr. O'Connel, who had pledged himself that Mr. O'Connel should be prosecuted, who had brought before the House a Bill of a character far more despotic than any which had been contemplated by the Tory government, openly and before a full House advanced to the table of the House from the Treasury bench, and expressed his gratification that Mr. O'Connel had undertaken a task so important,—begged of him to accept of the co-operation of the Solicitor General for Ireland, and hoped that the government would have the benefit of the Hon. Gentleman's assistance on every other occasion, where subjects with which he was so immediately conversant

were concerned. It must be confessed to be a system of anomalies: the Yeomanry are armed—the people are slaughtered—the magistrates who direct the proceedings still retain the commission of the peace,—a return of the evidence taken before the barrister deputed by the Government, for the purpose, is refused. An Arms Bill, containing the most irritating provision that could be devised, is introduced—it is at once abandoned, and Mr. O'Connel is selected to draw up Acts of Parliament for the administration of justice in Ireland.

The conclusion, at first deducible from these illustrations of character, would be unfavourable to Mr. Stanley—and there can be no doubt that his reputation has sustained, in the House of Commons, no inconsiderable damage, but it would be unfair to form, on such grounds, an absolute and unqualified judgment of his qualifications for Government, and of his genius as a Legislator. It is probable that the obnoxious clause was suggested to him from Ireland by some of those underlings of office in whom too great a confidence is apt to be reposed. In the midst of the hurry of his official occupations, with his mind engrossed by imperial cares, preparing, as he must have been, to meet the Anti-Reformers upon matters of far more apparent (though not real) moment than provincial concerns of Ireland—engaged as the chief support of the Treasury Bench, and busy in the storing of his mind with arguments and with sarcasms to be levelled against Mr. Peel, it is not quite unnatural, and it is to a certain extent, perhaps, excusable, that he should have at one or two in the morning, after a long debate, have produced this his new scheme for the government of Ireland. It is therefore reasonable not only to hope, but to expect, that such errors will not be of early or frequent recurrence, and that he will correct the first mistake which he committed with regard to the Church, and the second with respect to the Country, which it requires so much skill and caution to govern with success. For my own part, so far from despairing to see Mr. Stanley the reformer of ecclesiastical abuse and the supporter of factious ascendency in Ireland, I entertain a confidence that he will show a prudence and sagacity commensurate with his talents as a debater, and that, instead of being a mere disputant in the House of Commons, he will approve himself worthy of the highest trust which his Sovereign and his Country can repose in him, and not only rise to the first dignity, but keep a firm and lofty occupation of what Cowley calls,—

> "The slippery tops of fate,
> The glittering pinnacles of state."

C. D.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

THE REFORM BILL.

JULY 8.—We are not, gentle reader, persons so unconscionable as to ask you to accompany us, for the hundred-and-fifty-first time during the last six months, over the beaten path of Reform. We would as soon ask you to repeat your alphabet, or to demonstrate that the sun at noon-day has some antecedent relation to the heat and light usually perceived at that period. Except at the two great Universities, 2 and 2 are now pretty generally admitted to be equal to 4; and, saving and excepting the blind bigots of faction—the mushrooms of corruption—the proposition, that the greatest amount of happiness of the greatest number is the only end of good government, and that a *bona fide* system of representation is the only certain means to that end—and that it is an insolent mockery to consider the nominees of an oligarchy, consisting of 60 peers and 90 commoners, as faithfully representing the wants and interests of the people, is now felt by every man, not a candidate for a mitre or a lunatic asylum, as a self-evident axiom. In the earliest writ of summons to Parliament now in existence, it is distinctly stated, that what affects the interests of all should be approved by all—"Quod omnes tangit ab omnibus approbetur;" and the people of England—that is, the middle classes—the wealth and intelligence, and main-stay of the British name—hail the Reform Bill of Ministers with acclamation, because, for the first time in the history of the *practice* of the Constitution, they are about to be legally invested with the right of selecting those knights, citizens, and burgesses, who constitutionally have the disposal of their properties, rights, and liberties. In fact, in the words of Mr. Burke, "the virtue, spirit, and essence of the House of Commons, consists in its being the express image of the feelings of the nation;" and the intelligence and wealth of the country are now earnestly engaged in the task of making it that image, and of thereby enlisting both on the side of social order.

It need not, at this twelfth hour, be argued that knowledge is power, and that wealth is power, and that the people have made rapid strides in both. And we need not repeat that that wealth, and that knowledge, were not represented in the —so called—House of Commons, as constituted up to the month of May 1831; nor need we repeat, what common sense and the experience of history teach us, that if the institutions of a country be opposed to its property and intelligence, that property and that intelligence will be arrayed against those institutions, and ultimately overwhelm them in a common ruin. Therefore—and upon this the whole question turns—since *The* Bill does neither more nor less than contract a perpetual treaty of alliance between the intelligence and wealth of the state and its legislative and executive institutions, none but the inveterate enemies of the spirit of liberty which animates these institutions, and those who have fattened on the corruptions which have been permitted through ignorance and selfishness to creep into them, can hail it but as a measure of national conciliation—of national regeneration—of national prosperity. It matters not that the majority of its framers are bunglers, and contemptible in their self-sufficient imbecility—that but for it the Sir James Grahams, and the Lord John Russells, and the Lord Aucklands, and the Paulett Thompsons, *et hoc genus omne*, of lisping, presumptuous, feeble, superficial legislators, would have been, on a week's trial, scouted from office with indignant ridicule; for but for that feebleness, and that arrogance, we should now, most probably, be deceived with some one of the "bit by bit" schemes of Whig Reform, the absurd crudities of which enabled Mr. Canning to attach obloquy to the very name of the cause itself, and for so many years prevented the good and the wise of all shades of Reform from uniting in the pursuit of one common object. It is a blessing to the country, we repeat, that so many members of the present Administration are distinguished by the absence of every high mental attribute, save self-confidence; for were they all Lord Broughams, with his energy and commanding talents as a debater—or Sir Henry Parnells, with his business-habits and profound knowledge of trade and finance—or Lord

Althorps, with his John Bull good sense and high-minded integrity of purpose —or even Mr. Stanleys, with his flippant readiness and occasional point, they would not—such is the dearth of talent just now in both Houses—be thrown so entirely upon the support of the popular voice for the means of retaining office. And thus Providence ever

"Out of our evil seeks to bring forth good."

What, we repeat, if the Lord John Russells and the Sir James Grahams were as remarkable for the possession, as they are glaringly for the want of, the qualifications of an orator and a statesman, and that the former Noble Lord's talents and information were at all on a par with his self-complacent feebleness—or that the Right Hon. First Lord of the Admiralty's elaborate addresses were as remarkable for their manly eloquence, solid information, and acquaintance with general principles, as they are for their lisping, superficial, *petit-maitrish*, piecemeal-rhetorical namby-pambyisms! should we have had a Reform measure so adjusted to the wants and interests of the people? Certainly not: and so again let us be thankful to the necessities of feeble self-conceit, anxious to retain office.

It is not our intention, as we have just stated, to fatigue the reader with a re-repetition of the arguments in favour of good government. They would be doubly impertinent at this particular moment, inasmuch as the question has been set at rest, last night, by a majority of 136 out of a House consisting of 598 members, of whom upwards of 200 were the nominees of boroughmongers. Neither is it our intention to make particular mention of each speech delivered in the course of the debate on the second reading, but only of such as challenge notice either on account of the rank or character of the speaker, or the extravagance of the absurdity put forth by way of argument. As to eloquence, there was hardly a sentence (with one or two not very splendid exceptions, which we shall presently notice) deserving the name, uttered on the occasion. Indeed we have long since despaired of British oratory, so long as the House is at present constituted—that is, so long as every new member knows that even Demosthenes himself could not influence a single vote which "Billy" Holmes and Lord Duncannon could not specify beforehand. Those sapient wights who read the transactions at Brookes's and White's with

"A learned spirit of human dealings,"

know well what a different thing it is to make a neat, set, and appropriate speech, and to persuade a single listener to vote contrary to the wishes of his patron; and accordingly make up their majority and minority lists long before a single argument has been broached one way or the other. And this is the system which, whatever be its theoretical anomalies, "works well in practice!"

Sir John R. Benn Walsh opened the ball, by moving, as "an amendment," that the Bill be read a second time that day six months—that is, never read at all. The Hon. Baronet's speech calls for no particular notice, it being merely a minced-veal hash of the one or two pamphlets on Reform with which he has treated his friends during the last few months, and which were born with the indelible stamp of the cheesemonger and the manufacturer of cheap trunks. It was horrible, according to him, for any gentleman to represent the wishes and interests of a numerous and enlightened constituency, but quite proper that he should be the puppet of the prejudices, selfishness, cupidity, or ignorance of a boroughmonger. And then, besides, Mr. Burke—a Whig, and a leader of Whigs—opposed the motions for Reform which were annually brought forward by Alderman Sawbridge, and others, at the close of the American war. Now this is partly true and partly false with respect to Mr. Burke. It is true that he did oppose these motions, but not on the grounds which Sir John Walsh would insinuate were those just now acted upon by the followers of Sir Robert Peel and Sir Charles Wetherell. All that Mr. Burke ever said on the question of Parliamentary Reform is contained in his Letter to the Chairman of the Buckinghamshire Reform Meeting, in 1780, and it amounts to this—that in the then "state of the country, I am not able to come to an *immediate* resolution in favour of a change in the groundwork of the Constitution;" and this hesitation

in coming to an "immediate" resolution was founded on his estimate of the advantages of a prescriptive government. The advocates of Reform in his time built their motion on what they called the "abstract rights of the people;" and Mr. Burke had no difficulty in showing that there did not, and in the nature of things could not, exist any metaphysical test of laws and institutions, and that the only standard was their being adapted to the existing wants and wishes of the people. The abstract good of to-day might be the practical bad of to-morrow, the question being wholly one of circumstance and time; and therefore, triumphantly argued Mr. Burke, a measure based on abstract rights to a particular form of representation is necessarily based on quicksand. This was his main argument. His indirect objections were derived from the then state of the country. He denied its expediency at that particular moment, the rather as the "popular voice had not been raised in its favour."

But how do these objections apply to the Reform Bill now under discussion? Is it based on abstract rights? So far from it, the preamble simply declares that "it is expedient to correct those errors in our representative system which have crept in through time or accident;" that is, in the words of Blackstone, to remove those "deviations and corruptions which length of time, *and a loose state of national morals*, has too great a tendency to produce." Is the state of the country favourable to an "immediate resolution in favour of a change in the groundwork of the Constitution?" And, above all, would the change be beneficial to the national welfare, and is it called for by the popular will? Even the veriest pigmy, who persuades himself he is making a "palpable hit," by encumbering himself with some rusty weapon out of the rich armoury of Mr. Burke, can answer the question so as to enroll that wonderful man among the prophets of Reform.

Mr. Fynes Clinton's speech in favour of the amendment was, take it as a whole, the best delivered on his side of the question. We will not stop to notice his exposure of some of the anomalies, both theoretical and practical, which will be created by the Bill, or indeed any Bill founded on our present system of counties or boroughs, because we do not adopt the absurd "final" doctrine of Ministers, and because, in a reformed parliament, defects and abuses of much greater moment, and of much longer standing, will soon find an efficient remedy. We shall merely call the attention of the reader to the celebrated Committee in the time of James I., to whose decision with respect to Agmondesham and Wendover Mr. Clinton appealed, as an argument against borough disfranchisement, not only on account of its intrinsic importance in our constitutional history, but as a curious illustration of the influence of party spirit in not only blinding gentlemen of fair understanding to the obvious meaning of words, but twisting them to its own opposite purposes.

It is justly observed by Mr. Tancred, in his excellent "Legal Review" of our representative system, that the committee on elections, which sat in 1623, was composed of a body of men more distinguished for general ability, and for their knowledge of the laws and constitution of their country, than was ever before, or has ever since, been called together to examine into subjects connected with the right of election. From a host of illustrious names, it is sufficient to single out Sir Edward Coke, the commentator upon Littleton, Selden, Pym, Chief-Justice Heath, Serjeant Glanville, the chairman, Noy, Chief-Justice Trevor, Sir Heneage Finch, Sir Nath. Rich, Sir Miles Fleetwood, Sir Henry Wallop, and Sir Roger North. After an inquiry, conducted with a minuteness and patient diligence of research of which we have no modern example, these great legal antiquarians decided that the franchise was a *common-law right*—that is, when there was no specific prescription to the contrary, all men *inhabitants, householders, resiants within a borough, should have a voice in the election of its representation.* And yet that wise and most constitutional decision is appealed to in 1831 as an argument against extending the franchise, not to all the inhabitants or *resiants*, but to those rated at a certain qualification!

The Corporation Robbery assertion—for it would be a mockery of terms to call it argument—received its death-blow from Sir James Mackintosh, who followed

in the debate, and whose speech presented all those merits and defects which we have, on a former occasion, pointed out as characteristic of the Right Hon. Gentleman's mental habits. As, however, the argument founded on the *trust* nature of the franchise, and every other exercise of political power, admits of being much more concisely and popularly put than it is in Sir James's rather lengthy oration, we shall, with all becoming humility, prefer repeating our own version of it. We deny, in the first place, that the franchise was, in the original spirit of our representative system, ever a corporate privilege, in the ordinary sense of the term corporation; and, in the next place, we contend that the principle of all corporate privileges is dissimilar in kind and degree from the principle which renders inviolable the rights of private property, and, consequently, that neither in morals nor in law can the assertion of Sir Charles Wetherell concerning the sacredness of the tenure of Gatton or Old Sarum hold good for a single moment. It might be sufficient for the present purpose to state, what indeed is familiar to those who have directed their attention to the antiquities of the Constitution, that all our early liberties—among which we may class corporate immunities—had an exclusively fiscal origin, and that our representative system was complete in its principle, if not in its spirit, (to use the language of an able writer in the Edinburgh Review,) without the intervention of the commercial guild, whose principle was monopoly; or that of the municipal corporation, whose most important object was revenue or police. And it might suffice to state, that as all corporation privileges were bestowed by acts of the legislature, so they might be abolished by acts of the legislature—the power of Parliament being in both cases equally valid. But, to prevent cavil, we shall, at the risk of being considered rather dull and "booky," quote one or two facts connected with the early history of the elective franchise, which, it strikes us, will supersede the necessity of formal argument, so far at least as the "corporation-robbery" objection to the Bill is concerned.

The House of Commons was, as we on a former occasion stated, called into existence by Simon de Montfort, the celebrated Earl of Leicester, in the year 1265. This bold rebel was at the moment waging open war against the King and Aristocracy, and, with a sagacity beyond his age, sought for aid in his unequal contest in that class of society which was then slowly emerging into wealth and consequence—the inhabitants of towns and cities. The House of Commons was thus originally an usurpation upon "existing institutions in Church and State," as Sir Robert Peel designates the Reform Bill. Neither the writs, nor the returns, to Leicester's Parliament, which met at London on the 22nd of January 1265, are extant; but from those issued in the next reign (Edward I.) we learn the important fact, that the sheriff was desired to return two knights from every county, two citizens from every city, and two burgesses from every borough, within his jurisdiction; and that the *burgesses* in whom the borough-franchise was vested meant literally every free inhabitant householder of a borough. The language of the writ is so explicit on this point that even the practised mendacity of a faction, who have usurped the rights and liberties of the people, is put to its shifts to misrepresent its meaning. In the writ directed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, King Edward says, "Sicut lex justissima provida circumspectione sacrorum principum stabilita hortatur et statuit, *ut quod omnes tangit ab omnibus approbetur*, sic et innuit evidenter ut *communibus periculis* per remedia provisa *communiter obvietur*." And to the sheriffs he prescribed, for the purpose of providing against the common danger, that from each county under their jurisdiction *(prædicto comitatu)* "*duos milites*, et de qualibet civitate ejusdem comitatûs *duos cives*, et de quolibet burgo *duos burgenses*," shall be duly returned. "Ita quod dicti milites plenam et sufficientem potestatem pro se et *communitate* comitatûs prædicti, et dicti *cives et burgenses* pro se et *communitate* civitatum et burgorum prædictorum divisim ab ipsis tunc ibidem habeant, ad faciendum (*i. e.* ad tractandum, consulendum, et *consentiendum*) quod tunc de communi consilio ordinabitur in præmissis." This "communitas" of the burghs is, forsooth, to be interpreted the close, self-elected corporations of modern times; and that, too, in the face of the fact, that

though two hundred citizens and burgesses sat in the first Parliament summoned by Edward I. there were not at the time altogether thirty corporations in all England, and that the immunities enjoyed by these corporations were exclusively fiscal, and that it was not till the reign of Edward IV. that the crown interfered so far with the usual practice of charters as to make the power of returning Members to Parliament an additional corporate privilege.*

All corporate rights were, we repeat, in their origin exclusively fiscal, and had no political features whatever; and boroughs as such, were merely the denomination of such places as were exempted from the sheriff's jurisdiction. "Of burghs," says Sir Edward Coke (upon Littleton, quoted by Mr. Tancred), "some be incorporated, and some not. It was in former times taken for the companies of ten families, which were one another's pledge; and therefore a pledge is, in the Saxon tongue, *borhoe*, whereof some take it that a burgh came; whereof, also, cometh headborough or borowhead—*capitalis plegius*—a chief pledge, viz. the chief man of the borhoe, whom Brereton calleth Frithburgus; and hereof, also, cometh burghbote, which, as Fleta saith, signifieth 'quietantiam reparationis murorum civitatis aut burgi.'" The fact is, the engrafting of political upon corporate rights was a usurpation on the part of the crown—in the strict sense of the term, unconstitutional—and was little heeded at the time by our ancestors, who were, for more than two centuries, often ignorant of the advantages, national and individual, of a representative form of government. The usurpation once established, was improved upon as the strength of the Commons began more and more to be felt in the struggles of the crown and the nobility for the upper-hand in the spoliation of the people. And thus, to speak in the happy language of Mr. Hallam, "time changes anomaly into system, and injury into right; examples beget custom, and custom ripens into law; and the doubtful precedent of one generation becomes a fundamental maxim of another."

But if even the franchise were originally a corporate privilege, there is no reason derivable from law or morals against the Legislator placing it on a new and more popular basis. All corporate rights are trusts held only for the public good, and the moment they cease to promote that public good they become illegal; and that moment it becomes the imperative duty of the Legislature, the only possible grantees, to resume the trust—that is, change the trustees. To talk of the "vested rights" of corporations being held by the same inviolable tenure as that of private property, is to wilfully confound the law of nature and the temporary expedients of circumstances—fact and principle with fiction. Whatever belongs to a corporation can only belong to it on public grounds—that is, to promote the public good; and whenever it fails to attain that end, it violates the condition of its trust—that is, forfeits its corporate tenure. The inviolability of private property is in like manner founded on the great and indispensable security it affords for promoting human happiness and civilization—that is, promoting the general well-being. The one is evidently in its nature a *privilege*, *contingent* upon circumstances, ever varying; the other is an *inherent right*, which, from its universality and applicability to all times and persons, is felt to be part and parcel of the law of nature. In fact, one has a political—the other a moral origin; one is a trust—the other a property.

July 13.—Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Praed.—It is strange how seldom the golden promise of youth is fully realized in manhood; how frequently the comparatively dull and idle schoolboy outstrips, in the race of life, those whose youthful achievements he has despairingly envied. The most distinguished men of the day were far from being *crack-men* at school and college; and many a fine genius, the pride and admiration of its youthful, but more fortunate contemporaries, is now wasting its sweetness on the desert air of some obscure parsonage, or smothered under the anxieties of a laborious profession. Dugald Stewart—no mean judge in the eyes of even the discerning—declared, over and over, that his pupil, the present Marquess of Lansdowne, would eclipse, as a statesman and an

* On this point, see Mr. Luder's Notes upon the case of Mitchel,—Madox's "Firma Burgi," Hallam's "Constitutional History," and Mr. Tancred's excellent Pamphlet.

orator, Horner, and Jeffrey, and Brougham, and the rest of that galaxy of talent, which burst like a thunder-cloud over the reading world in the early pages of the Edinburgh Review—and how has the metaphysical professor's prediction been fulfilled? In like manner, John Williams, the barrister, won more college honours than any man now at the Bar; and yet is only known as a leaden, pedantic, prosy sermonizer on the abuses of the Court of Chancery. Mr. Canning, it is true, is one of the very few who realized in adult life the expectations of youth. But out of ten thousand admirers of Mr. Canning, is there one who has ever heard of the still more classic and versatile genius of Mr. "Whistlecraft" Frere? And so we might pursue the parallel query to the end of the chapter, ending with these two men of undoubted talent—and crack Trinity-men to boot—Mackworth Praed and "Tom" Macaulay.

Mr. Macaulay's two speeches in favour of the Bill have won him brilliant laurels. Mr. Praed's anti-reform orations have proved a comparative failure; a result wholly uninfluenced by considerations of party, and very different from the expectations of their mutual friends and contemporaries, among whom the latter honourable member was, before starting, the favourite at odds. No two young men ever entered the House of Commons under more favourable and, on the whole, more equal auspices. Both had earned a rich harvest of college honours; had acquired an oratorical reputation, not only in Cambridge, but at the Freemasons'-tavern Union-debates, and were both known as the most brilliant of the contributors to that most brilliant of periodicals, while it lasted, Knight's Quarterly Magazine; and still more recently, Mr. Macaulay's articles in the Edinburgh Review, proved him to be almost a master in the art of composition. If the Hon. Member for Calne was a closer and more rapid debater, and had a more perfect command of the machinery of language, Mr. Praed had more weight of manner, was much readier, and had more variety in illustration. Neither was a profound or accurate student in philosophy and history, but both had skimmed the cream of a wide surface of classical literature. Both were known to be wanting in native vigour of understanding, and in force of imagination, but to make amends were laborious students, and eminently excelled in putting forth the thoughts of others in a new and attractive form, and in making a glare of words pass current for a glitter of ideas. If Mr. Praed's attempts at wit were more poignant, Mr. Macaulay's arrogance of temper made his less-pointed sarcasms more wounding; and if the former was rather a lengthy debater, his elocution was more pleasing than that of his rival. In fact, as I have said, no two men ever entered Parliament under more equally favourable auspices. Which then, the reader may ask, is likely to be the swiftest in the race, and to wield the most potent arm in the field of senatorial renown? Judging by present appearances, no one would hesitate to say Mr. Macaulay; for not only is he on the winning side, but he has much more painstaking habits than the Hon. Member for St. Germain, whom he, besides, at least equals in information and business talent. We are inclined, moreover, to believe that Mr. Macaulay's accomplishments are less superficial, and that his mind is much more of a *vires acquirit eundo* cast than the other's; and, therefore, should say that he bids fair to outstrip him, with a long interval, in the race of legislatorial distinction. It will take at least three sessions to do away with the unfavourable impression of Mr. Praed's petulant and most injudicious resistance to the motion for going into committee last night, or rather this morning; injudicious, not only in its spirit, but in the manner and time in which it was delivered—affording a sad example—the thousand and first—of the evils of Peer nomineeship. Still, however, when we recollect Mr. Praed's brilliant schoolboy-laurels, and his *Etonian* achievements, never excelled by a mere stripling, and his admirable "Knight's Quarterly" articles, and his Union-speeches—when we recollect the *éclat* with which he obtained his Trinity-fellowship,* after having won—and that too

* Mr. Macaulay is likewise a Fellow of Trinity, and also obtained two undergraduate Chancellor's English prizes. But his highest Cambridge honour was his University scholarship, for which he was declared equal with George Long, the able Greek pro-

against good men—four Browne's medals and two Chancellor's English prizes—and his junior optime and classical Tripos degree honours, we cannot readily believe that his failure is a permanent one, and that he will not, when less shackled by ties of patronage, prove worthy of the bright dawn of his talents, and when breathing a purer political atmosphere than he has unfortunately of late been accustomed to, vindicate the promise of his youth, and settle down into a useful and eloquent Member of Parliament. If he do not, he has only himself to blame, for he has the power, if not the will, to roam.

Mr. Macaulay's speech of last Session was much superior to that of last night, and, as a whole, a most elaborate performance, the result evidently of no ordinary labour. It savoured, indeed, like every thing he says or writes, too much of the closet pamphleteer; a rapid stream of brilliant declamation being the staple substitute for close logical reasonings, and shows too clearly for his fame that he cannot speak on any subject without the most elaborate preparation. We did not expect lofty views, or arguments based on great general principles, knowing that the range of his intellect is far from being extensive, and as such energetic and full in proportion as he narrows the channels of its flowings, but still were not prepared for such "practical versus theoretical" absurdity as the following twaddle paraphrase of Pope's well-known—

> "For forms of Government let fools contest,
> Whate'er is best administer'd is right."

"I consider this, Sir," said the Hon. Member, "as a practical question. I rest my opinion on no general theory of government. I distrust all general theories." (Did Mr. Macaulay ever hear of a *particular* theory? or does he know the meaning of the words he thus rings the changes on?) "I will not positively say that there is any form of policy which may not, under some conceivable circumstances, be the best possible. I believe that there are societies in which every man may be admitted to vote. Gentlemen may sneer, but such is my opinion," &c.

Now, without touching on the illogical puerility of all this common-place assertion, which would require no very great effort of skill on the part of an adversary to the Bill to quote as a triumphant argument against every species of reform whatever;—let us ask this nonpareil of the light weights of the Blue and Yellow, what meaning he attaches to the term "theory," and how he would contra-distinguish it from practice? Mr. Macaulay is too good a Grecian not to know its etymology, as signifying a reflective survey of facts with a view to tracing and laying down the relation of these facts to each other, and to the one whole or system of which they are the elements. Without a knowledge of these relations, or connecting principles, facts are to us of no value—though those who thus ignorantly grope their way in the dark, without the light or clue of general principles, assume to themselves the title of *practical* men, *par excellence*, branding those who bring among them the torch of reflective survey (θεωρία) and who with its aid assign to each element, or fact, its *habitat* and relations—as "mere theorists," as if the phrase was an opprobrious synonym of the very opposite term hypothesis. To theorise is to reason—that is, to educe sound conclusions, general principles, from authentic data—and he who presumes to legislate without theory, is neither more nor less than a political St. John Long. Mr. Macaulay approaches the discussion of the Great Measure either as a man of science or a quack; the former being he who tests it by the general principles or laws which a reflective survey (theory) of the phenomena of human society has educed; the latter, who presumes "to distrust all general theories," applies some cabbage-leaf remedy, the efficacy of which he has seen tried in some one or two instances in his own narrow practical principle. Which of these, then, is Mr. Macaulay? Let him take his irrevocable choice before he again repeats the "matter-of-fact" nonsense of the Attwoods and the Barings.

---

fessor at the London University. For the Edinburgh Review, he has written nothing equal in brilliancy to his first article on Milton.

I gladly turn from such obsolete absurdities to the following well-expressed "floorer" to the great argument for the utility of close boroughs, namely, that they serve as nurseries of legislative "buds of genius."

"My honourable friend, and almost all the gentlemen who have taken the same side with him in this debate, have dwelt much on the utility of close and rotten boroughs. It is by means of such boroughs, they tell us, that the ablest men have been introduced into parliament. It is true that many distinguished persons have represented places of this description. But, Sir, we must judge of a form of government by its general tendency, not by happy accidents. Every form of government has its happy accidents. Despotism has its happy accidents. Yet we are not disposed to abolish all constitutional checks, to place an absolute master over us, and to take our chance whether he may be a Caligula or a Marcus Aurelius. In whatever way the House of Commons may be chosen, some able men will be chosen in that way who would not be chosen in any other way. If there were a law that the hundred tallest men in England should be members in parliament, there would probably be some able men among those who would come into the House by virtue of this law. If the hundred persons whose names stand first in the alphabetical list of the Court Guide were made members of parliament, there would probably be able men among them. We read in ancient history, that a very able king was elected by the neighing of his horse. But we shall scarcely, I think, adopt this mode of election. In one of the most celebrated republics of antiquity—Athens—the senators and magistrates were chosen by lot; and sometimes the lot fell fortunately. Once, for example, Socrates was in office. A cruel and unjust measure was brought forward. Socrates resisted it at the hazard of his own life. There is no event in Grecian history more interesting than that memorable resistance. Yet who would have offices assigned by lot, because the accident of the lot may have given to a great and good man a power which he would probably never have attained in any other way? We must judge, as I said, by the general tendency of a system. No person can doubt that a House of Commons chosen freely by the middle classes will contain many very able men. I do not say that precisely the same able men who would find their way into the present House of Commons will find their way into a reformed House; but that is not the question. No particular man is necessary to the state. We may depend on it, that if we provide the country with free institutions, those institutions will provide it with great men."

This, though, as we have remarked, very happily expressed, is but a part, and that not the most important one, of the argument. Mr. Macaulay might have triumphantly rested his statement, like a consistent anti-theorist, on his own practical experience. He was the nominee of Lord Lansdown in that House, and not the representative of the inhabitants of Calne, to the majority of whom his very name is unknown; and he might have told them, that if he had taken the side of his friend Mr. Praed, his Whig patron would next morning turn him out of his M.P.-ship, as Mr. Praed's Tory patron, Lord Aberdeen, would have ejected him, had he chanced to advocate principles more in unison with his own eminent talents and the liberal spirit of the age. Nor would the case be a whit altered, supposing that Mr. Macaulay had purchased his seat; he would then be the representative of the interests of his own purse—like the monied noodles and doodles of the back benches — and not a representative of the people of England.

We are inclined to quote the concluding paragraph of Mr. Macaulay's peroration, as a very favourable specimen of that brilliant pamphlet declamation which is the characteristic of his style, and which imposes on the million much more than even Lord Plunkett's massive argumentation, but our limits forbid us.

We shall await a more favourable opportunity of giving specimens of Mr. Praed's talents.

Sir Robert Peel and Sir Francis Burdett.—Reader, we presume you to be as familiar with the personal appearance as you are with the name and character of these two honourable and Right Honourable Baronets, than whom it would not be easy to select two men who in their opinions, mental habits, and deportment, present more striking contrasts. The one has all the solemn plausibility, the elaborate candour, and the Jesuitical cunning of a political *Joseph Surface*, while the other, with much of the arrogant enthusiasm of youth, revives one's early dreams of the chivalrous patriotism and heart-born freedom of speech

of our Algernon Sydneys. Owing to the vicious system of rhetorical drilling which has so long prevailed at our public schools, (and of which indeed Harrow, with all filial respect be it said, has produced the most melancholy examples,) and to a too great anxiety to shine in a department for which Nature has withheld the qualification — oratory, Sir Robert cannot address the House on the most trivial topic save in a tone of pompous verbosity which would be ludicrous but for its leaden monotony; while "words that breathe and thoughts that burn" flow from the lips of the Hon. Member for Westminster, with an artless facility which seems the effect of unconscious inspiration. Then the Right Hon. Member for Tamworth never directly and explicitly denies or asserts any proposition, but with consummate address insinuates the defects and *quasi* evils of his adversary's doctrines, leaving the hearer to infer for himself that the opposite opinions only can be the right ones—while Sir Francis, without any evident anxiety to put himself forward, utters plain truths in plain language with the energetic tone of one who could not if he would suppress the expression of his own heartfelt convictions. There is also an intermittent energy in the Hon. Baronet's eloquence which contrasts with the equable flow of Sir Robert Peel's rounded periods. If the former often offends you by leaving his six-a-breadth sentences but half-finished, and by his abrupt transitions and absence of oneness of purpose; the other never even by accident transports you by a lofty sentiment or glowing vehemence of expression. Notwithstanding, however, this *nil magnificum—nil generosum sapit* defect of the Right Hon. Ex-secretary's eloquence, it is but justice to add that he is just now by far the ablest *debater* in the House of Commons, and that for every-day-work he is more than a match for not only the hero of Purley,—but for the whole of the present occupants of the Treasury bench into the bargain.

* * * * "It was true," said Sir Robert, "that he had uniformly opposed Reform; and he had done so because, to use the words of an hon. and learned member, he was unwilling to open a door which he did not see the prospect of his being able to shut again, and because he was of opinion, that a Government which should unsettle the minds of the people on this subject, would be responsible for the consequences that might result. For this reason he had refused to give representatives to Manchester, and to other large towns; and he had been right in that course, if the appetite of the people for Reform were such as it was described to be by the gentlemen opposite: for if their description of the people's appetite were correct, it was quite clear that the people would not have been satisfied with such a Reform. It was said by the gentlemen opposite, that the people were determined on Reform, and that they were so dissatisfied with the constitution of that House, that no Government could possibly be carried on without a large alteration in that constitution. If this were the disposition of the people, he very much regretted it; but, with very great respect, he must say, that he could not help retaining his own opinion upon the subject of Reform. At the same time, he was bound in fairness to say, that if such were the disposition of the people, he knew not what could prevail against it. Still, however, he thought this was a delusion—that the people were asking what was against their interests. If he were wrong, he still had the consolation of knowing that the motives by which he was actuated would be respected by the people; at least, he flattered himself with that consolation."

The Committee.—*Quem Deus vult perdere—prius dementat.* Is the opposition mad? Let the following dry chronological extract from the "Votes" answer the question.

"*Mercurii*, 13° *die Julii*, 1831.

"Motion made and question put—'That the debate be now adjourned till this day:'—The House divided; ayes 102, noes 328: Question again proposed, 'That Mr. Speaker do now leave the chair:'—Whereupon motion made and question put, 'That the House do now adjourn:'—The House divided; ayes 90, noes 286:—Question again proposed, 'That Mr. Speaker do now leave the chair:'—Debate arising thereupon, motion made, and question put, 'That the debate be adjourned till Thursday:'—The House divided; ayes 63, noes 235:—Question again proposed, 'That Mr. Speaker do now leave the chair:'—Whereupon motion made and question put, 'That the House do now adjourn:'—Motion by leave withdrawn:—Question again proposed, 'That Mr. Speaker do now leave the chair:'—Debate arising thereupon, motion made, and question put, 'That the debate be adjourned till this day:'—The House divided: ayes 44, noes 214:

—Question again proposed, 'That Mr. Speaker do now leave the chair:'—Whereupon motion made and question put, 'That the House do now adjourn:'—The House divided; ayes 37, noes 203:—Question again proposed, 'That Mr. Speaker do now leave the chair:'—Debate arising thereupon, motion made, and question put, 'That the debate be adjourned till Friday:'—The House divided; ayes 25, noes 187:—Question again proposed, 'That Mr. Speaker do now leave the chair:'—Whereupon motion made and question put, 'That the House do now adjourn:'—The House divided; ayes 24, noes 187:—Question, 'That Mr. Speaker do now leave the chair,' put and agreed to:—Bill considered in Committee; Committee report progress; to sit again this day."—Adjourned at eight o'clock in the morning.

Is it possible that even faction can blind the most ordinary capacity to the mischievous folly of such a course of proceeding? Do they suppose that the people of England are dolts and idiots? or that, as the Irishman says in the farce, "they can keep out the tide with a pitchfork?" Is it possible that a grave and venerable county member could have submitted such a proposition as Sir John Brydges is reported to have made after the fifth division—"*I propose, Sir, that we toss up or draw lots whether you leave the chair now or to-morrow!*" Again we repeat—"Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat."

As to Sir Charles Wetherell's conduct and demeanour, we know nothing like it in ancient or modern history save that pursued by the Persian despot towards the rude sea. "When Xerxes," says the father of history, "heard that his bridges (rotten boroughs) were carried away, *he was much vexed*, and ordered three hundred lashes to be given to the Hellespont, (the unanimous acclaim of the people of England for Reform,) and a pair of fetters to be cast into it. And I have heard that he sent even at the same time to brand the Hellespont. Moreover he commanded those that inflicted the stripes to *use unholy and barbarous language*, (the corporation robbery and "do what I like with my own" assertions,) saying, "thou bitter water, thy master inflicts this punishment upon thee, because thou hast wronged him, having received no injury at his hands. And King Xerxes will cross thee whether thou wilt or no: and, as is fit, no one sacrifices to thee, because thou art a salt and crafty river. So he ordered them *to punish the sea thus*."

20th. Captain Gordon.—The House of Commons affords curious specimens of national and moral peculiarities, particularly in the department of Bronze;—in which it abounds in living illustrations of all shades and varieties. There is Mr. O'Connel with his Irish Catholic Association impudence; Mr. Hunt with his English mob impudence; Mr. Croker with his Albemarle-street impudence; Mr. Spencer Perceval with his fanatical impudence; Mr. Goulburn with his farthing per cent. mare's-nest-discovery impudence; Lord Castlereagh with his dandy impudence; Sir James Scarlett with his Whig apostacy "*we* were sent here by the people!" impudence; Mr. A. Baring with his purse-proud impudence; and Mr. Calcraft with his foppish weathercock impudence; but not the sum of all these impudences together produces a tythe of the disgust which the trading bigot Scotch impudence of Captain Gordon excites in the mind of every person condemned to, for a moment, witness its exhibition. It is not merely the "Cibberian forehead and the Cibberian brain," of which Nature has been so lavish, nor the mixture of the Conventicle whine with the vulgarest species of Scotch brogue, nor the presumption of a man who never opens his mouth without betraying what a short portion of his life has been spent under the schoolmaster, and who yet "thanks his God that he has assisted in the education of a people with whom it was all darkness and profanation;" nor even the circumstance that he has turned his itinerant trade in bigotry into a most profitable account on the side of profane cash—that disgusts us when listening to his narrow-minded, low-bred intolerance; but the recollection of the fact, which we have from unquestionable authority, that he and his associates have contributed more to the religio-political dissensions of the people of Ireland than it is possible years spent in the *practice* no less than the precept of Christian charity can heal. But for this positive evil effect of his trade in intolerance, he might, for aught we should care, spend his days among the unhappy victims of credulity who receive the ravings of the Macdonalds at Port Glasgow as proofs of the *gift of tongues;* or he

might prophesy to his heart's content that the millennium, or doomsday, or antichrist was near; or was typified by the scarlet gentlewoman with the naughty name, whilom of Babylon—eke of the seven hills. As, however, he has been the author of incalculable mischief unredeemed by a single benefit, it delighted us to witness the contempt and disgust with which his whining bigotry was scouted by the House of Commons. We will not waste our pages with a notice of the nauseous trash which called forth the following lofty-toned rebuke from Lord Milton.

"The petition," said the high-minded nobleman, "stated that the Catholic religion was marked out for destruction by the Divine will, along with the kingdoms which supported it. How could such frail and ignorant beings—he would not say as the petitioners were, but as men in general were—how could the honourable member himself know anything of the future designs of infinite and omnipotent Wisdom? Supposing, however, that this statement of the petition were true, what necessity was there for the House to interfere with the designs of Providence, as the petitioners requested? With regard to religion, he was himself, if he might be permitted to use such a phrase, an Ultra Protestant; but knowing the infirmity of human judgment, he bore with patience what he believed to be the erroneous but conscientious opinions of those who differed from him on points of religion. He was sorry to say that men had often *just enough of religion to hate one another*; he sincerely wished that *they had enough to teach them to love one another*. He was sure that it would not conduce to the peace of society to encourage in petitions the condemnation of religious opinions, to which in all probability those who condemned them had not given any consideration."

23rd. Well, thirty-eight boroughs out of fifty-seven contained in schedule A have been consigned to the tomb of the Capulets amid the joyful shouts of the people of England—and that too not only in spite of the Tory faction, (who to do them justice "died game,") but of the *feeble meanwells* to whom the Great Measure of national regeneration is entrusted. In the name of common sense what could have induced Lord John Russell to have invited a ministerial defeat in the case of the borough of Downton? "Ministers do not consider that Downton falls within their line of disfranchisement, and therefore are indifferent whether it be included in or excluded from schedule A." If so, why insert at all in that schedule, or afford the enemies of the Bill even a temporary triumph on a point of detail. After such a declaration, is it surprising that the ayes should be but thirty more than the noes 244? The wonder is that the majority was not reversed—as indeed it would have been but for the vigilant control which that great organ of the public will—the daily press—holds over the acts of Hon. Members "pledged" to the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill. Notwithstanding, however, this wholesome check, the "feeble meanwells" of the ministerial bench have contrived to lessen their own majorities in each division. Their first majority was 136; second, 118; third, 97; fourth, 97; fifth, 111; sixth, 75; seventh, 74; and the Downton one, out of a house containing 518 members, gave them a majority of only 30. Oh! that the Bill was passed, that we might put five-sixths of the present administration in a new schedule A.

Our limits do not admit of our doing justice to the ability displayed by Mr. Croker and Sir E. Sugden against the Bill, and by—nobody on the ministerial bench in support of it—save Mr. Stanley, who, however, is—he may take our word for it—as yet a Triton *only* among minnows. In the Lords the Ministers are almost too powerful.

We intended to notice the debate on Mr. Mackinnon's motion for taking the census of 1831 instead of 1821, as the basis of the Bill. The question involved is of much more importance than Hon. Members seem aware:—

> "Protinus ad *Censum;* de moribus ultima fiat
> Quæstio."

Stockport, with its 60,000 inhabitants, is to have but one member—while Calne, Malton, and Tavistock, not altogether 10,000, are to retain six! This will never do.

26th. The Feeble Meanwells still at their mischievous antics, compelling their best friends to vote against them.

SKETCHES OF THE ENGLISH BAR, NO. V.

Sir Charles Wetherell.

"Sir Charles Wetherell is the oddest and honestest man at the English Bar." This is not mine, most kind and indulgent reader, but the chances are a hundred to one that you have never seen it before, and, as I could think of nothing half so good by way of introduction to the subject of our sketch, I hope you will be content. Should, however, your passion for *originality* be so great that you cannot be satisfied with any thing else, and should you be a person of agreeable conversation,—which I do not in the least doubt, but put it hypothetically through a habit of caution, merely—come down with me any fine morning to the Court of Chancery, and I shall have much pleasure in showing you the greatest "*original*" you ever saw in your life in the person of the learned knight, of whom at present it is our hint to speak.

I knew a sour cynical fellow, who used to say to me that Sir Charles Wetherell ought to study the mathematics, and when I asked him why, he would reply, "because Lord Bacon tells us, if a man's wits be wandering let him study the mathematics." But he who spake thus could not taste the humour of the man, which is merely eccentric, and errs no farther from the strictness of the matter in hand, than the peculiarity of his style occasions, still keeping steadily in view the object which he has to accomplish. The current of his discourse—his "*torrens dicendi copia*—" resembles the course of some river, which now roars along in foaming violence, and now disports itself in eccentric windings; here reflects in its clear bosom the turrets of some antique castle, and there the sober shadows of classic groves; in one place rolls over the remains of Roman architecture, and in another carries an old woman's petticoat aloft upon its crested wave, but still finds its destined home at last in the sea, and is pleasanter the while to travel with, than any artificial aqueduct in the world, however direct and regular its course.

According to the ancient rule, I should here set forth the true parentage of the subject of our sketch, with the maiden name of his mother, and the date and place of his birth, but not happening to be learned in these particulars, and moreover being aware that the present fashion does not run high in favour of *historical* painting or sketching, I shall only tell you that his father was a learned man, principal of one of the Oxford Colleges, the friend of Johnson, as touching his fortunes prosperous, and who dying bequeathed a good name and a large fortune to his son Charles. I shall pass over the records of the youth's school days, for the same reason that they are often passed over in biographical notices; nor shall I dwell upon his college career, but the reader may depend upon it that he was called to the bar sometime between the year 1780 and 1810, and further that I first saw him in the year 1826, when he was already Sir Charles, and his Majesty's Solicitor General. One morning in the spring I sallied forth from my chambers in high good humour with myself, having read law for three consecutive hours without yawning much, and brimfull of Blackstone and anticipation of the glories of the wig and gown, I

hied me through the rural precincts of Chancery Lane to Lincoln's Inn, where the Chancery Court was sitting, in order to gather inspiration from the learned yet good-humoured aspect of that profound sage of the law, Lord Eldon, who then occupied the Chancellor's chair. I found the Court unusually crowded; Lord Eldon sat so silent, and his eyes so shaded by his overhanging eyebrows, that one might have thought he slumbered, but for his favourite exercise of rubbing his thumbs against his fore-fingers, as his hands hung down on either side, while before him there raged a man who seemed as full of obstreperous activity, as if he had heard a voice crying, "Sleep no more." It was one of the cases about Mr. Long Wellesley and his children. Sir Charles was the counsel against him, and he it was who was speaking with so much violence. His left-arm was concealed somewhere in the folds of his gown, while the right was raised almost in a menacing attitude. Perspiration stood upon his brow, and it seemed almost as if passion impeded his utterance. At length he burst forth, bringing down his hand with violence upon the bench before him,—"This Mr.—this—this Mr. Wilney Tong Lellesly;" whereupon he spun round, and turning his back to the Chancellor, addressed the bar behind him, with the same earnest gesticulation as before, "This—this Mr. Lilney Wong Tellesley has had the—the—I think I may say the hardihood, to swear such an affidavit as this, and to put it upon the file of this court;" and thus he went on, forcing out, as it were, his passionate sentences from an overcharged breast, while Hart lifted his lazy lustrous eyes, and thrust out yet further his immeasurable length of legs. Horne drew down his frowning brows and slightly curled his lip, and Sugden, occasionally laying down his pen upon one of his enormous pile of briefs, smiled for a moment, and then plunged again into the intricate mazes of "devisor and devisee," "reversions and remainders," and "terms to attend the inheritance."

Sir Charles is a tall man with a considerable stoop, and a swing in his gait—his face is intelligent and rather remarkable; the forehead expansive, the eyes not large but expressive of humour; the nose straight and rather short, or appearing so from the unusual length of the upper lip and chin; his voice is good but not musical, and his manner is sometimes calm and impressive, but, for the most part, his efforts, even upon the most important occasions, are attended by a whimsicality which is the most distinguishing feature of his manner as an advocate. In former days he used to be accused of idleness, but, whenever he took up a case with interest, there could be no more useful advocate; for, however odd his manner, his views were shrewd and to the point, and there is no beating him down; he will insist on having the last word; and yet there is nothing offensive or overbearing in his pertinacity, but it seems so much the result of honest zeal, and is so mixed up with his strange peculiarities, so garnished with odd quotations and ludicrous illustrations, that his opponent is forced to yield to his humour, and to join in the laugh, though he does not win.

His oratory is a most curious combination of really serious and sound argument with out-of-the-way irrelevancy, or what seems irrelevant, until he, by some odd application, which no one under heaven but himself would have thought of, contrives to connect it

with his argument. His violent excitement about matters of dry equity, is of itself sufficient to give a character of extreme singularity to his pleading in the Court of Chancery; but when we add to this his unusual gesticulation—his frequent use of uncommon and antiquated words—his bits of Latin so oddly and familiarly introduced, and his circumlocution, where the use of an ordinary phrase would express his meaning, we find they all combine to make up his character for eccentricity as a Chancery Barrister. When he goes forth into the street, he is more strange than even in Court. He wears clothes that seem to have been suddenly grabbed from some shop-window in Monmouth-street, without any consideration as to the fit. He scorns the appendages of suspenders, and only sometimes wears a waistcoat long enough to meet the other garment, which, for lack of the appendages aforesaid, are wont to sink below the ordinary level—his inside coat is old, his outside one, for he often indulges in two coats, is of great antiquity, and commonly flies behind him in the breeze, while he strides along, muttering to himself, with his hands lodged deep in the recesses of his breeches-pockets—his cravat seems as if it had been not folded, but rolled up, and tied on in the dark, by hands not of the cleanest—he wears huge shoes, tied with great black tapes, or what should be black, except that, like his hat, the vicissitude of time hath turned them to a hue of brown. In this costume he moves along, cheery and pleasant, nodding to many, talking to some, and recognized by many, who say, "There goes honest old Charley Wetherell." I am persuaded there is not a particle of affectation in his singularities—they arose, perhaps, out of the darling notion of his mind "independence," and have become confirmed by long habit. Many stories are told of the strange way in which he lived in Chambers, when it was not his custom to come to Court: they say he had a bit of looking-glass fixed into the wall, which answered all the purposes of his toilet, and sometimes, when some one would come in after he had commenced the process of shaving, he would quite forget to complete it, and has been found in the evening with a crust of "lather" upon his face, which had remained from the morning, without his being conscious of it. Sometimes he will be seen walking quickly along, his mind evidently full of something, which he indistinctly mutters as he goes, when some article in a pawnbroker's shop-window will attract his attention, and he will travel from pane to pane for half an hour, in diligent examination of the miscellaneous collection which such windows present. But it is time to leave these eccentricities, and look at Sir Charles Wetherell in a higher point of view.

His knowledge as a lawyer is considerable, and his general reading more extensive than lawyers in such practice as he has been, commonly find time for. He possesses great force of common sense in looking into a question, and great courage and energy in conducting it, though, as I have said, those higher qualities are dashed with a degree of oddity, that takes from their dignity. Previously to his obtaining a silk gown, his practice was extensive, and very lucrative, in the Courts of Chancery and Exchequer, and before the Parliamentary Committees. This practice had so little connection with Crown or Criminal Law, that it excited great astonishment when he

voluntarily came forth and undertook the defence of Watson, when he was tried for high treason. To this hour it is difficult to say what could have been his reason for undertaking such a task, and were the truth known, it would, perhaps, be found to have arisen chiefly from the proneness of his nature to do strange and unexpected things. It must have cost him great labour to prepare himself with the knowledge which he required for a kind of practice so unusual to him, and he acquitted himself with great ability. His defence, however, had the usual characteristic of extreme oddity, combined with a straightforward, bold, and convincing argument, which showed both that he was quite in earnest, and knew how to apply his earnestness with skill towards the desired end. His speech, which lasted for eight hours, is in many instances eminently happy for the force of its ridicule and the pungency of its satire. The Spa-fields' riot had been described with all the gravity and minuteness of a serious rebellion, and it became Wetherell's task to turn this statement into ridicule, and give the whole affair the complexion of an ordinary riot. Probably no other man would have been so successful in this important task, because none but he could, upon such an occasion, where the life or death of his client hung upon his exertions, divest himself of that pervading solemnity of feeling, which would have deprived him of the power of casting an air of ridicule and absurdity upon that which the Crown lawyers had described as a levying of treasonable war against the King. Yet a due solemnity was not altogether forgotten, and if the speech of Sir Charles was occasionally ludicrous, it was also occasionally not only deeply impressive but affecting; and with all its singularity wanted nothing of the qualities most likely to influence the jury in favour of the prisoner whose life was at stake. His efforts were successful, and in spite of the adverse opinion of the judge, he wrought upon the jury so as to obtain an acquittal. This, however, was but a brief excursion into the domain of criminal law; the Court of Chancery, the House of Lords, and the room at Gray's Inn Coffee House, where the Commissioners of Lunacy are wont to sit, continued to be the usual field of his exertion, and his business was very extensive. With Lord Eldon, possibly from a similarity in political sentiment, as well as from the known integrity of his character, he seemed to be always a favourite, notwithstanding the marked opposition between the mild and measured gravity of his Lordship, and the passionate irregularity of Sir Charles.

Amongst his professional brethren at the bar, notwithstanding the slight squabbles which the heat and haste of his temper might sometimes excite, Sir Charles has always been much respected; he has ever firmly and manfully stood up for their privileges, not merely in cases where he was individually interested, but where his juniors required the aid of his superior standing at the bar, and his undoubted courage to say what other men would shrink from saying. The fear of causing displeasure to a judge had never the effect of deterring him from demanding what he believed to be fair and reasonable, and frequently by the manly yet respectful tone of his remonstrance, he has been able to serve others, while, far from injuring, he elevated himself in the opinion of the very judge whose rules of practice he arraigned.

But it is in the House of Commons that the subject of our sketch

is to be seen "in all his glory." He there throws off all restraint, and unincumbered by rules of equity or evidence, or the necessity of informing and conciliating a jury, gives way to the full bent of his genius, and knocks right and left, with a richness of whimsicality, that none but those who have witnessed it can well imagine. In the House of Commons the key to success may be said to be the power of amusing the House without forfeiting their respect. In this Sir Charles is particularly fortunate—he is armed so strong in honesty, is so well known to be sincere in his enthusiasm, and to possess an almost romantic scorn of all shuffling and subserviency, that there is a feeling of respect even for the least fortunate joke of the independent ex-Attorney-General, and a disposition to enjoy his humour whenever he is in the vein. I have no business here with his political opinions, but merely to say that the vigorous pertinacity with which he clings to them, abandoning every advantage of wealth and professional promotion for their sake, gives him even in the eyes of those who hold his political notions to be antiquated and absurd, a degree of respectability, which they do not award to others who possess more facility of change. It is well-known that he was Attorney-General when the Tory Government determined to concede the measure of Catholic Emancipation, and his conduct upon that occasion was marked by a fierce opposition to the Government, combined with such a whimsical excitement of temper, as will be long remembered by those who had an opportunity of seeing him at that time. He would not *resign* his office, but waited to be turned out for his principles, and he strode about the lobbies of the House banging the doors after him, as if he absolutely felt to the points of his fingers, the power and dignity of being "independent member for Plympton," while he bearded the Government, whose officer he was, and poured upon them his indignant sarcasm, not caring a jot for the official power and emolument which he knew it must cost him.

Those who heard Sir Charles's famous speech upon that occasion will require no further proof that a man may combine most extraordinary powers of vigorous and effective eloquence, with a humourous oddness of manner, that almost provokes laughter, at the very moment that our admiration of his power is at the highest.

From that time Sir Charles has figured more as a political than a legal character, and it was very remarkable to find a man giving up the office of Attorney-General, and instead of applying himself, as generally happens, more diligently to private practice, becoming all at once less frequently employed than any other eminent counsel at the bar. It is hard to say whether this arose from a voluntary resignation of business on his part, or from a notion on the part of the public that he had got so wild upon political subjects, that there was little hope of engaging his attention upon matters less important. Probably both causes combined to diminish his practice, and for some time it was but a chance to find him in the Court of Chancery; latterly his practice seems to be reviving, and it may be that he finds some satisfaction in bringing his quaint learning to bear upon Lord Brougham, who has no longer the same freedom of reply as when "independent member" for Winchelsea or Yorkshire.

SCENES NEAR THE FIVE WATERS (THE PUNJAUB).

MANY years ago, "when time was young," and in the third of my career in India, I had been for several months stationed at the cantonment of Karnaul, vegetating under the monotony of drill, parade, and guard mounting, diversified with an occasional burra-kanna, big feast, on ham, turkey, and pine-cheese, (the chief delicacies of Anglo-Indian banqueting,) at the mansion of that gallant and able soldier, though in his native land too little known to fame, Ochterlony. Alas! for his friends and the honour of the Bengal army, he is no more; but, as long as the deeds of Englishmen in India are commemorated, Ochterlony will not altogether die. He it was who, with about 1600 Sepoys, successfully defended Delhi against the repeated assaults of the Mahratta Jeswunt Rao Holkar, though the city was ten miles in circumference, and merely surrounded by a feeble ruinous wall, unmounted by cannon, and which until then had invariably surrendered at the first appearance of an enemy. He, too, it was who first led the way to victory in the war against the almost inaccessible country of the Nepaulese, in the Himalaya mountains. Repeated checks had been given to strong armies with large proportions of Europeans; but Ochterlony, with only a native force, excepting a few artillerymen, speedily wrested a large tract of his territories from the Raja, and eventually reduced him to his present subservient condition. Peace be with him! disappointment and a galled spirit brought him to the grave. Had he been a member of the royal army, those dignities which are the recompense of military achievement, would have been awarded to him less sparingly.

Abdoorruhmaun the Great, the Caliph of the West, after a peaceful reign of fifty years, devoted to the cultivation of the arts and sciences, which rendered his court the most renowned of the age, declared that fourteen days formed the period he had passed in happiness. With this reflection I endeavoured to console myself, and to rest satisfied with the vapid life to which I had been destined, without making vain efforts to obtain that content which some one has said is only to be found when we discover it to be incompatible with humanity.

This insipid existence was somewhat enlivened by tidings that a Thakoor, or Chief, in the province had withdrawn his neck from the collar of obedience, refusing to pay the tribute annexed to his half-subjected condition; it consequently became necessary to reduce him to a proper sense of dependence, by despatching a detachment against his fort. All the regiments in the cantonment were on the alert, anxious to learn on which should devolve the welcome task. Mine was the corps to which the gratifying duty fell. Twenty-four hours were allowed for preparation; all was bustle and turmoil, bargaining and quarrelling with bullock and camel-men, paying debts and paying adieus, &c. &c. At length all was in readiness. In the morning, we marched at an early hour, our minds full of glee at the change, and at the prospect of initiation of many among us to a little "service." The first march was short, and therefore pleasant. The Sepoys were in high spirits: it was the spring, which to them is the season of mirth, as it introduces the curious festival called the Hoolee. This is the celebration of the adventures and amours of Krishu, the eighth Avatar, or incarnation of the Deity, with the seventeen thousand Gopees, or shepherdesses, at Bindrabund, on the banks of the Jumna. I suppose it is his feats with the Gopees that have secured to him the worship and admiration of the Hindoo females of all ranks. Their devotion to him is most extravagant. At this period universal licence of language is permitted to all classes, and ample use is made of the temporary privilege, as if to make amends for previous restraint and ceremony. The Sepoys were carolling most gaily: their songs were entirely on the subject of love, but in language indescribably coarse. In each company a single songster seemed to have been selected, who shouted forth his abominable lay most lustily, the others joining in the chorus with soul, tongue, and limb. Some were absolutely frantic with excitement. I was particularly struck with the demeanour of a Jemadar, or native ensign. He was a tall gaunt man,

seventy years of age, with a profusion of white hair flowing beneath his turban. He rode a small horse, nearly as debilitated as himself, which reeled under him and an enormous saddle, leaving nothing visible but his head, tail, and hoofs. The Jemadar appeared perfectly insane: he roared, yelled, sung, and expressed his fervor in bellowings of vociferation, flinging his arms and legs about with fury. It was surprising to see such strenuousness accompany so much physical weakness. What rendered his excitation more remarkable was, that he had been notorious in the regiment for habits quite in opposition to enthusiasm; he was taciturn, austere, and singularly avaricious. I was strongly tempted to speak to him of his metamorphosis, but desisted, from an unwillingness to interrupt his devotions. Every female that passed the regiment, whatever might be her condition in life, was assailed in a kind of recitativo, in strangely indecent language, which formed a strong contrast with the usual circumspect and decorous behaviour of the natives of India to women. I observed that the latter were by no means offended at being addressed in this mode; neither did their male companions seem so. The European officers shared in the indelicate allusions which were so lavishly poured forth, particularly those who happened to be favourites with the regiment. It appears to be a novel mode of showing affection, but those whom they disliked they took no notice of. To the disciplinarian of Europe this must seem strange conduct in soldiers; but, being an ancient custom, any interference was deemed unnecessary, as it was not found productive of injury either to the discipline or subordination of the Sepoy. It is not to be supposed that the officers bore any share in the saturnalia: they affected not to hear, or, at all events, not to understand, the encomiums which were passed on them. The grossness pervading the mind of the native of Hindoostan strikes with surprise the taza Walayet, the fresh and unprepared European. He hears two men quarrelling, and finds, on inquiry, that their discourse is confined to abuse of each other, not in the few "damns" and imprecations to which our English manual of swearing is confined, but in the grossest and most inconceivably foul allusions to their respective female relatives. But it is among the women themselves that this art, if I may so term it, is carried to its utmost refinement: their furious maddened looks and gestures, their screams, their wildly gross language, are far beyond description, almost beyond conception. I have been informed on tolerably good authority, both European and native, that females of the highest caste and rank emulate their humbler countrywomen in these abominations.

In this manner did the Sepoys beguile their daily task. To me, who was a novice in this mode of travelling, the march afforded much enjoyment. Instead of being shut up in a palanquin, and performing the journey post, we now travelled at the leisurely pace of a man's walk, which gave us an opportunity of viewing the picturesque country, studded with villages and walled towns, wide extended plains of cheerful-looking corn, variegated with rich fields of white and red poppies, magnificent groves of the noble mango-tree, and the distant Himalaya peering above the horizon. On our arrival each day near the halting-ground, the regiment was welcomed with an oration, in a loud sustained sing-song tone, by a grotesque-looking personage. His turban was of extraordinary dimensions; attached to his neck was an immense rosary of large amber beads, and on his arm was suspended another. This minstrel accompanied his strains with a sort of guitar; though I cannot say it discoursed very eloquent music, as his instrument was of such primitive formation as to be possessed of but one string. He stood by the road-side, vociferating the most unqualified encomiums on the entire regiment—"Jye Hunnoomaun kee, Ram Lutchmun kee;" "renown to the Colonel, Major, Captains, renown to the ——regiment, which, at the battles of Delhi, Alighur, and Laswaree, performed such deeds of glory, as drew the applause of that noble warrior General Lord Lik (Lake,) Sahib Bahadoor, and shed such torrents of blood, that the mighty Gunga was dyed crimson, and all Hindoostan stood aghast!" This laudatory person I found to be the Bhat or Bard of the regiment. He was retained by the Sepoys to sing stories and tell tales of "ladye love and war," both sacred and profane, and praise their own

deeds of arms on fitting occasions. This last part of his service he appeared to perform with singular fidelity.

Two marches in a northerly direction brought us into the country of the Sikhs, which reaches from hence to the Attock, or Indus. The tract between Karnaul and the Sutledge, or Hysudrus, was in a half dependent state on the British Government, the inhabitants paying tribute, and being compelled to live and die in a peaceable manner, to both which stipulations they bore a mortal aversion. The word Sikh signifies Disciple. This is a sort of schismatic Hindoo sect, which, about the year 1530, was founded by a Hindoo, named Nanuc Shah. In his youth his talents attracted the notice of a Dervish, from whom he received considerable instruction in the speculative divinity of the Moslems. In his system he incorporated a portion of Hindoo and Mussulman belief. Rejecting the three hundred and fifty millions of Hindoo deities, he declared that there was one, and only one, God; he abolished all distinction of caste; he admitted proselytes, and he altered the laws regarding food; a subject alike important in the religion of the worshippers of Vishnoo, and in that of the votaries of the "Friend of God." The sect suffered severe persecution from the Emperors, but they at length rose to power early in the eighteenth century, under their warlike Gooroo (Guide,) named Gooroo Govind, whom, as the author of their political importance, they venerate far beyond their philosophic founder, Nanuc Shah. They are a race established in the Punjaub (Five Waters,) an extensive tract in the extreme north-west of India, which derives its name from being watered by the great feeders of the Indus, the Hydaspes, Acesines, Hydraotes, Hyphasis, and Hysudrus. At the present moment they are the most powerful independent tribe in India: they have carried their conquests beyond the limits of India by the subjugation of part of Afghanistan, and are almost the only people in India who have been unsubdued or unattacked by the English. Their turn will probably arrive, and most likely through their own imprudence, foresight and calculation being as little the characteristics of the Sikhs as of the rest of their countrymen, whose blindness to their relative inferiority has so often exposed them to the evil consequences of collision with the British Government. The dress of the military class of the Sikhs consists of a blue calico jacket, enormously wide blue trowsers, reaching to the knees, and a high peaked turban, of the same colour. They wear beards, of extraordinary size, contrary to the usual custom of the Hindoos. Their figures are of great height and bulk, and in canvassing the cause of so rare a circumstance among the natives of Hindoostan, it was unanimously decreed at the mess-table, that it could only arise from their liberal consumption of swine, a privilege to which they were admitted by their founder, Nanuc Shah. These Sings are certainly fine handsome men. Some Greek sailors whom I saw at Alexandria, strongly resembled them in costume and physiognomy. They are conspicuous for their free, unceremonious, and even boisterous manners, so different from the pliant, smooth address of other Hindoos, and for an unpleasingly loud tone of voice. Of their turbulent dispositions we had a convincing proof in the town at which we halted. About a hundred yards apart from each other were placed two isolated brick towers, forty feet in height, plain, without any ditch, or other external defence. Fifteen feet from the ground there was a small opening in each, which served as an entrance by means of a rope ladder. These towers, we learned, belonged in the good old turbulent times, when each person performed the deliberative and executive part of law for himself, by attacking the persons of those to whom he bore any aversion, or their property for which he entertained any benevolence, to two hostile parties of the Sikhs in the same town, from which they kept up a constant warfare of matchlocks and other missiles.

On the fourth or fifth march, having remained in rear of the regiment to procure a substitute for a lame camel, I was overtaken by a Sing, with two attendants. He was a tall robust man, with large bold features, and all the other characteristics of his countrymen. This cavalier was mounted on a powerful horse, which shuffled along at the usual ambling gait of the Indian steed: his saddle, instead of the usual assemblage of blankets, was formed of a slight tree,

covered with a small cushion. It had a peculiarity in its formation of rising to a point at the pommel six inches above the usual elevation: on this protuberance the rider had suspended a prodigious blunderbuss, together with some other arms. But it must have been a dangerous appendage to the saddle of an inexperienced horseman, as the least curveting of the animal would infallibly have sent the projection into his chest. The Sikh had a firm easy seat, and I observed that, instead of riding with his knees nearly on a line with his shoulders, like the other natives of India, who nevertheless make superb horsemen, his foot was extended to its utmost length, which added considerably to the appearance, at all events, of his equitation. At his back was hung a shield of buffalo-hide studded with silver knobs, in a pocket in each of his boots he carried a small pistol, and at his side was fastened a large tegha, or scimitar. On joining me he immediately shouted his cordial greeting, "Salam Sahib Bahadoor, Salam Sahib Jee, Salam Sir Soldier." He told me he was a Foujdar, or police magistrate, to the Rajah of Patiala. After inquiring my name, he alluded to the march of the detachment, and inveighed against the object for which it was dispatched.

"And so poor Raja Bullum Sing is to lose his fort and estates, merely because the Feringhees choose to demand more money than he is able to pay? What justice is this?"

"Why, Sing, you are a most ungrateful fellow. We keep the country in peace, and prevent you from cutting each other's throats, while you grudge us our reward."

"Peace! who wants peace? It is only fit for old women and Banians. We are soldiers, we are Sings; we love fighting, and to settle our quarrels by fighting; it is the dustoor (custom), and no one likes to abandon the dustoor of his forefathers."

"You call yourself a Foujdar: are you not ashamed to speak in this manner?"

"Ai Sahib! never mind that; my necessities made me a Foujdar—my inclinations are those of a soldier. Qussum Bhugwaunkee! I swear by Bhugwaun, it is most surprising, that you, Sahib loge, who call yourselves soldiers, should be so fond of referring all quarrels to Moollas and Pundits, instead of to the tulwar (sabre)."

He now changed the conversation, by remarking—

"That is a pretty little horse the Sahib is mounted on; yet it is only fit for a kala coortee wala, black-coated gentleman (civilian), and not for a soldier."

"Why, Sing, my Arab, though not quite so big, is a much superior animal to that buffalo you are mounted on."

"Superior to mine! Superior to Hawa roke (Catch the Wind)! A genuine horse should be tall and stout, with a fine flowing mane and tail; just as a genuine man is who has a robust, manly figure, with a fine flowing beard." He then surveyed his ample form, and stroked the large hairy decoration of his face with much complacency.

I was resolved to nettle him on what men feel a tender subject—I mean their horsemanship. "Pray, Sing," said I, "is that peak in front of your saddle intended to be held by the hand, to prevent you from falling?" He instantly made his horse plunge and rear in a furious manner, but retaining his seat firmly and gracefully; and when he had concluded his exhibition, answered with great disdain, "It would be much more necessary to the Sahib loge, who, to declare the truth, know far less of horsemanship than a Sikhnee (female Sikh)."

A short distance from the road, I observed a tolerably-high prickly pear-hedge, with a ditch, to preserve a poppy-field, and knowing the inexperience of both the Sikhs and their horses in the art of leaping, I resolved that my nice little Arab should regain his credit. Telling the party to follow, we all cantered towards it; but when we approached the fence they drew up their steeds, and called out to me to stop; Doore Zemaun (the pearl of the age), however, cleared it most gallantly, and wheeling round, rejoined them with another bound, amidst the loud acclamations of the whole party. Horse and rider were now in

high favour; the worthy Foujdar became most communicative and confidential; talked of hawking, hunting, physic, women, wine and brandy, of which last he expressed himself a most devoted admirer, and concluded by insisting that I should accompany him to the neighbouring village to breakfast. I complied most willingly, as this was the sole instance I had experienced, or ever after experienced, during my long residence in India, of any attempt at social hospitality on the part of a Hindoo. We dismounted under a mango-tree, and in a few minutes various kinds of milk, unleavened cakes, walnuts and raisins from the hills, with abundance of pastry, were placed before me. The Sing did not, of course, join me in the meal, but he pressed me incessantly to eat, "that his name might be great through the land;" lamented that want of time prevented him from preparing dishes with the five tastes—acrid, sweet, sour, bitter, salt. At parting, I presented him with a handsome mother-of-pearl knife, which I fortunately had with me, containing also a pricker and screw. He was much pleased, especially when I told him that the screw was to be employed on a few bottles of brandy which I should send him from camp. He was very earnest that I should accept of a handsome khunjur, or dagger, which he wore, but which I declined. We then went through the form of the Hindoostanee mode of pledging friendship, by a temporary exchange of my cap for his turban, and at length bade each other adieu, he wishing that Nayaran (God) might keep his guest in his sight—that his fortune might increase, his fate be prosperous, and that he might speedily be a major, colonel, and general. I hope the omission of the Hindoostanee expression of approbation at the feast (the explosion of sundry eructations in the face of the host) lost me no favour in his eyes.

The appearance of the country in the next two or three marches underwent considerable alteration; the tracts of corn and poppies were changed into patches of cultivation, while extensive plains of tall grass, or low brushwood, occupied the place of the former. A densely-peopled country was succeeded by some scattered villages, "few and far between," whose pale, melancholy inhabitants verified the opinion that we now occupied a most insalubrious soil. The change of scene was, however, most welcome to the Nimrods of our party, who might find ample indulgence for their taste in the multifarious game of India, which seemed all assembled in this spot. To allure the prudent sportsman, the calls of grey, and of the beautiful black-speckled partridge, resounded on every side; while a slight degree of toil brought him within reach of abundance of hares, peacocks, bustards, florekins, teals, antelopes, hogdeer, neelgae, bluecow, whose beautiful liquid eye is the envy of the dames of Hindoostan. The more daring votary of the chase found no lack of occasion for the indulgence of his dangerous pastime in the pursuit of the ferocious inhabitants of the forest—tigers, leopards, panthers, bears, lynxes, boars, and occasionally a wild elephant, wandering near a village in search of his favourite food, the sugar-cane. But least of all was the absence of the common-place scenery of cultivation and population regretted, when the clearing of the atmosphere revealed to us the glories of those monarch mountains, the mighty Himalaya. If the "unknown God" have an abode upon this earth, well did the Hindoos select for his dwelling-place these regions of immensity. Before us, 16,000 feet above the sea, stood a range whose snows knew no thaw, and which the mind's eye carried from Toorkistan to the borders of China. Various peaks, thousands of feet higher, crowned this vast summit; but conspicuous above all, isolated, and "alone in their glory," rose the stately Bundur Poonch (monkey's tail), Jumnoutree and Gungoutree—the two latter forming the sources of the Jumna and the Ganges—a fitting birth-place for the venerated father of Indian streams.

With what solemn awe does the sight of such mountains strike the beholder! Imagination immediately carries him to their crest, to the deep and everlasting solitude which there prevails, undisturbed by any living creature, and amid a silence uninterrupted, except by the awful thunder. How deeply do they convey to the mind the feeling of that most difficult of ideas—eternity! far beyond the powers of number, far beyond even the ocean! In the ocean, the limited horizon of a few miles, "the narrow circle bounding earth and skies," contracts,

comparatively, the imagination. It wants, too, the calm grandeur of the mountain; its noise and motion irresistibly excite the idea of agency; or if the uproar of conflicting elements produce feelings of sublimity, a thunder tempest in the Himalaya will bear competition with one off the stormy Cape. I have seen them both.

By the poets of Pérsia, a branch of these mountains in Tartary is made the boundary of our earth, under the name of Koh e Qaf, beyond which is Iinnestaun, or Fairy Land. That the ignorant Persian traveller should imagine he is on the verge of another world is not impossible, when, as he ascends, he finds the function of life departing, he can scarcely breathe, his senses are disappearing, his voice is almost inaudible, and the report of a pistol is scarcely heard. The view of these mountains spread a sort of melancholy, blended with intense admiration, over our party—at least over the younger and more sentimental portion. By some association of ideas, arising probably from the sight of the snow, which brought the days of boyhood to recollection, home was in the heart and on the lips of each—"I sat down by the waters of Babylon, and wept when I remembered thee, O Jerusalem!" With the keen longings which have been said to be characteristic of the natives of Britain, did we desire to traverse these realms, and overcome these stately ramparts. Loudly and bitterly did we complain of the inhumanity and impolicy of our rulers, which neglected to seize on these states for the benefit of Europeans, where their wasted health might be restored—forgetful or careless of the injustice that would deprive the inhabitants of their territories. Some years afterwards our wishes were fulfilled; nor were our prognostics of their utility erroneous. No small portion of the Himalaya mountains has been converted into a sanatarium, where the desponding invalid seeks, and often finds, the health which has been blasted in the arid plains at their base.

The name of Bundur Poonch (monkey's tail), which was bestowed on one of the highest mountains, owed its origin, I was told, to some resemblance of the peak to that appendage of the animal, though I confess that, to my perception, the similarity was exceedingly fanciful. On the authority of a Brahmin at one of the villages we halted at, the appellation was founded on some connexion with the following legend of the Ramayoona, a sacred Sanscrit poem, which details the events of the Avatar. At that time, two or three millions of years ago, the world was desolated by a fierce giant demon, named Rawan, who dwelt in Lunca, Ceylon. To rescue mankind from this scourge, Vishnoo, the preservative form of the Deity, assumes the appearance of a human being, under the name of Rama, and proceeding to Lunca, wages a bloody war with Rawun. Rama calls to his aid Maha Deo, the third person of the Hindoo Trinity, whose attribute is Destruction. He becomes incarnate, under the form of the monkey Hunnoomaun, and from his abode in Himalaya, the land of snow, springs at one leap to Lunca. With the assistance of the monkey soldier, Vishnoo at length subdues Rawun; but by some contrivance of the latter, fire is set to Hunnoomaun's tail. To extinguish this conflagration, which threatens destruction to the world, he puts his tail to his mouth for the purpose of blowing it out. In doing this, his face becomes completely blackened—a great disgrace in Hindoostan. Full of shame, at one bound he reaches the above-mentioned peak, where the fire is allayed in the snow; but his face remains perfectly black. Hunnoomaun now presents a petition to Vishnoo, that having lost his beauty in his service, he begs his honour may be preserved by rendering the visages of all his companions of the same hue as his own. This request is instantly complied with. One part of the above veracious narrative it is satisfactory to me to be able to corroborate—to this day, the countenances of the handsome, but vicious tribe of Hunnoomaun monkeys, continue as black as if they had all shared in the bloody strife at Lunca.

A few more marches brought us to the spot, which we resolved should become the scene of exploits rivalling those of the Lion of the Lord and the Sword of God!

FIRST AND SECOND. NO. III.

The First and Second Husband.

Christine Boissard was the daughter of a schoolmaster at Thoulouse. At the early age of fifteen she was married to Bertrand de Rols, himself only one year older than his bride. They had been companions from their infancy, and the innocent attachment of childhood had ripened with their years into feelings which, at the important ages of fifteen and sixteen, were easily mistaken for love.

Christine was very beautiful; it was that kind of beauty which Bacon says is the best—"that which a picture cannot express." It dwelt upon her countenance; it enshrined her person; and seemed to be a perpetual emanation from herself, rather than any union of exquisite proportions either in form or features. The beholder saw she was beautiful, but could not discover in what it consisted. There were those who had a fairer brow than Christine; whose tresses were more luxuriant; in whose eye dwelt the soul's meaning more eloquently; round whose mouth played a more gracious expression of softness, and in whose air there was more of elegance; but in all Thoulouse there could not be found one to vie with her in that loveliness which, touching the heart at the first glance, makes silent worshippers.

The mind of Christine was worthy of such a temple. It had received no soil from the world, and seemed incapable of receiving any. Its stainless purity, like that of the diamond, was inherent. She could not be said to shun evil so much as to be shunned by it. The exceeding simplicity of her character, the frankness and sincerity of her nature, were such, that as she had no thoughts which needed disguise, so were there none that did not lie as open to all the world as to herself.

Similitude may be the basis of friendship, it is not that of love. Christine loved Bertrand de Rols when they went to the altar, and after; and Bertrand loved her—but they did not resemble each other. Bertrand was quick, fiery, impetuous—easily excited, and requiring excitement to break the irksome monotony of domestic life. He was of a moody temper, too; fond of lonely musings, in which it was his delight to summon up fancied scenes of wild enterprise, where there was free scope for a stirring spirit to signalize itself. During the first years of his marriage, these outbreakings of a restless nature were few and feeble. The novelty of his situation, the fulness of his happiness as the husband of Christine, and the consciousness of youth and inexperience, were all so many checks upon them; but as he trod the verge of manhood, as the freshness of his felicity wore off and he required something more than even Christine to fill up the measure of his desires, they came thick upon him, flinging distaste upon the serene joys of home, and arraying in gorgeous splendour the visions of his heated imagination.

Christine saw the change, saw he was unhappy, but only wondered he could be, when she herself was so happy. She would have striven to restore him to his former state, could she have discovered any thing now wanting which he had heretofore possessed—any thing

depending upon herself that could open a new source of delight to him; but how was this possible? She had bestowed her whole store of love from the first; she had made him absolute master of her heart, her affections, her every thought, her every wish. Wholly and entirely had she cast her treasures at his feet, and vainly, therefore, did she seek for one that could be added. She was a very beggar in all, save prayers to Heaven, and those she breathed in many an hour of unseen sorrow.

"What an inglorious animal is man," said Bertrand to Christine, as they were one evening walking in their little garden, "when his round of life is told in three words—eating, drinking, sleeping! When yesterday was but a type of to-day, and to-day but the mould of to-morrow! I would have each hour the parent of some change; each day a history; each week a thing to wonder at, till the succeeding one cast it into shade by greater miracles. It were nobler, methinks, to fling but a stone the farthest of any twenty that tried, than not to have so much ambition as would bring one within the circle of competitors!"

"Why do these fancies possess you, my dear Bertrand?" replied Christine. "Can you be happier than you have been?"

"Oh, no! not happier than I *have* been, my beloved; but—"

"Happier than you *are*," added Christine, filling up the pause, and sighing as she spoke.

"There is a future, Christine, whose voice is troubling my spirit with dreams that would respond ay to that. Nay, do not weep!"

"Should I not weep," interrupted the gentle Christine, "to know you are unhappy,—when in that knowledge lies a sad truth which kills my own happiness? I am not what I was to thee, Bertrand, else wouldst thou be what thou wert—what I am still—without a wish unsatisfied."

"Look at yon marble vase, Christine. It takes but little to fill it to overflowing. Will that same little fill the city's reservoir? The stream of Time rolls through one man's life like a gentle river confined within its banks; but through another's, like a heady torrent, widening its channel, and demanding larger space for its increasing waters. Now, if you dam up that torrent's course, or if it encounter some natural impediment that stays its progress, how it chafes and swells, till at last, overbearing all obstacles, it rushes fiercely on amid the havoc of its own wrath."

"Ah me!" exclaimed Christine, who read and trembled at the meaning of this simile.

"Come, come, love," continued Bertrand, kissing her tenderly, "be not sorrowful. I own I long to fling behind me this tame existence, this homely, sluggish idleness, and hunger for the busy world that lies beyond our slothful fire-side; but think not I can find a joy there unless I share it with thee, Christine. It is thou must give its value to my happiness, gather it where I may. The monarch of this little empire—my home! I would, as wisest monarchs do, pour into the lap of my own kingdom the treasures of all others."

It was not long after this conversation that Christine was doomed to know its full import. A slight quarrel arose between Bertrand and his father, who galled him with ill-judged taunts upon languishing away his days, instead of bestirring himself to augment his slen-

der fortune. Bertrand heard these taunts in silence, but they gave his mind (already on the spring, as it were) the single impulse it required to make the leap. The feeling which had long tormented him was, in reality, nothing more than the impatient desire for adventures—the wish to roam from place to place, without any fixed plan or deliberate choice. Had he at that moment been standing upon the sea shore, where vessels were preparing to sail for India, America, the South Sea, and the Frozen Ocean, he would have been content to determine which of them should bear him away by the falling of a stick, east or west, north or south, according as it lay.

Quitting his father's house, he lingered upon the brow of a small eminence that overlooked the valley in which was his own peaceful dwelling. He was irresolute,—not whether he would go he knew not whither and cared not,—but whether he should unman himself by a farewell of Christine and his daughter Henriette. Their images rose before him; the wild grief of the one—the sympathetic sorrow of the other, and what he felt in imagination was his monitor to shun the reality. He stretched his arms towards the valley—his eyes swam in tears. "Christine!" he exclaimed, "my beloved Christine! Does no unwonted tremor steal o'er thy shuddering frame to warn thee of thy fate? Art thou joyfully expecting thy Bertrand's return? Is my little Henriette asking for her father? With streaming eyes, and an almost bursting heart, he is bidding an adieu which thou dost neither hear nor dread, to follow the destiny that has so long striven to tear him from thee!" He turned away; gained the city; hurried along the streets of Thoulouse, and passing through its western gate, followed the first path that struck out of the main road.

The shock was indeed terrible to Christine; the more so because she remained in utter doubt of the extent of her calamity. At first, she believed a few hours might put an end to it. When that hope vanished, she trusted to each day for comfort; and when days were past and no comfort came, then each week, perhaps, might be the last of her sufferings. But as days, and weeks, and months rolled on, and still there came no tidings of her husband—none from himself—none from any living soul by whom he had been seen, since her own eyes looked upon him (save the unsatisfying report of his father, whom in her heart she upbraided for his departure), she sunk into hopeless dejection. She could not doubt he was dead, and her fancy haunted her with all imaginable pictures of dismal and appalling deaths, till she would start from these gloomy reveries with a fearful shriek, as if she suddenly saw him gashed with wounds dealt by some assassin's hand.

Thus did Christine pass seven long years, in all which time she continued as profoundly ignorant of the fate of Bertrand as at the moment of his going. She rejected with scorn the consolation sometimes offered, that he might still be alive and would one day return. Whatever were the motives which impelled him to leave her, she could not endure to think it possible he could abandon her to such a miserable uncertainty, when a single word by letter, or by some trusty friend, would have been sufficient to relieve her from it.

"No," she would exclaim, in reply to this barren comfort—"no, no, he has perished! And if any thing of this world can give sorrow to those who are no longer of it, my poor Bertrand beholds with

anguish my affliction. This conviction is so strong, that I seem to expect his spirit will appear and bid me cease to mourn for him with that torturing hope, which, in spite of myself, mingles with my tears. It is far less terrible to know we must be wretched, than to know we are, with a mystery shrouding our cause of grief, through which, ever and anon, stream faint rays of deluding hope."

Seven years, as we have said, had thus passed away, when one summer's morning, Christine, who was sitting early at her little garden gate with Henriette, believed such a visitation was about to take place. A man, dressed in a soldier's garb, approached unseen, and stood before her. She looked; her colour fled; her heart palpitated; her limbs trembled.

"Christine!" he exclaimed, "do you not know me? or can you not forgive me?"

Her eyes closed, and a faint scream died away upon her lips. She would have fallen to the ground, had not the stranger sprung forward and caught her in his arms.

The scene was incomprehensible to the young Henriette, whose tears flowed fast as she bent over her mother, calling upon her to speak.

Christine recovered. Fixing her eyes earnestly upon the stranger, she gazed in silence for several minutes.

"Have I then," she at length exclaimed, "so long wept a living husband's death? or is this a cheat, put upon me by my distempered fancy?"

"My Christine!" murmured the stranger, "my beloved Christine! I am, in sooth, thy own Bertrand!"

She uttered one convulsive cry of joy, cast herself in his arms, and buried her face in his bosom, weeping and sobbing. Henriette also hung upon him with all the fervour of filial love. She was so young when her father left them, that it was no wonder she was unable to recognize him now.

The first rush of excited feeling a little subsided, and Christine again fixed her ardent gaze upon Bertrand, as if she would still satisfy herself she was not yielding to a delusion.

"You are somewhat changed," said she, "during this cruel absence:" then bursting into a flood of uncontrollable tears, at the recollection of her sufferings, "Oh God!" she continued, "what have I not endured for thee, Bertrand? But I can forget it all—all—all! now that you are restored to me. You shall not hear me once complain of the many solitary hours I have wasted in anguish since you left me. I will but say, I thought and mourned you dead; and that belief, grievous as it was, shielded you from reproaches which I do fear I could not else have stifled, as often as I grew half frantic with impatient longings to hear from you. Oh Bertrand! one single blessed word, to say you lived, would have spared me misery I cannot describe! But I blot out the past! I am too happy a creature now, to wish to remember what a very wretched one I have been. Yes,—thou art much changed!" looking earnestly at him.

"I shall have a long tale to tell thee, Christine, of the hardships which have wrought this change! But there will be hours for such discourse more fitting than the present, and then my Christine will

sadly own I have played the truant in a thorny path. Ay, love! it may be too hard a task to forgive your Bertrand, but you will not say you alone have been unhappy."

Bertrand's father was dead. Three of his sisters, however, were still living at Thoulouse, who shared with Christine her delight at his return. The father of Christine alone refused to see him, so deeply did he resent the wrong done his daughter. His former friends gathered round him; and, though he did not repulse their advances, there was often a strange reserve in his manner, as if they were imperfectly remembered, or that he scarcely wished to renew their acquaintance. Christine would sometimes gently chide him for this; but he soothed her by declaring he was desirous of no other company than hers and Henriette's, and that he wished for no companions that might estrange him from his home.

Three years thus glided on, and Christine, faithful to her word, never once clouded their serenity by the slightest unkind allusion to the past. Yet, and she knew not why, there was a something that prevented her from feeling as she once did towards Bertrand. In vain she struggled with this repugnance; in vain she condemned it; in vain she reasoned with herself, and strove to command back the unbounded love and devotion of the first years of their marriage. She was conscious they had abated; but it was her consolation to know, (as she believed she did,) that Bertrand was *not* conscious of it.

One day, when he was out, her father came. It was the first time he had crossed the threshold of her door since his return. She welcomed him joyfully, though, from his manner, she saw his visit was for no pleasing object. But what was her consternation, her horror, when she learned wherefore he had come? when she learned it was to wither her incredulous mind with this frightful annunciation—that Bertrand was an impostor, and not her husband!

At first, she would fain have treated it as a bitter jest; but, alas! she had hideous forebodings of a fatal truth that lurked behind. There *had been moments* since the return of Bertrand, when strangely horrible misgivings had possessed her own soul; misgivings which she dared not, for her life, heed, the after-thoughts were so terrible. She sought refuge rather in the belief that she herself was altered; or that seven years of wandering and severe trials had wrought inexplicable changes in her husband; or that so long an interval had obliterated in both, feelings, affections, and habits which could not now be revived. In short, what could she not believe sooner than the monstrous fable of her father?

The old man, however, was clear and positive in his statement, much as it grieved him to afflict his child. He had his evidence, too, which, at the earnest entreaty, nay, the almost frantic command of Christine, he produced. This was the Sieur d'Anglade, a man who had known Bertrand in Spain, when he was serving there with the French army, and where he went by his proper name, that of Arnaud du Tilh. The Sieur d'Anglade was well acquainted also with the father of Arnaud du Tilh, and his whole family, who lived at Caen, in Normandy. This, if true, was the circumstance that most staggered the miserable Christine; for till it was mentioned, she hoped it might turn out, though Bertrand had never told her so, that he had assumed

the name of Arnaud du Tilh during his absence, the better to prevent all discovery of himself.

It was proposed by M. Boissard, and assented to by Christine, that the Sieur d'Anglade should remain till Bertrand returned, and they would then be able to judge, from their meeting, of the truth of his statement.

"Not at all, Madame," said the Sieur d'Anglade. "Arnaud du Tilh is master of himself, and has studied too well the part he has to play. I have been in Thoulouse above a month; I have met du Tilh several times in the streets; I have spoken to him; but his dissimulation was admirable. Were he indeed Bertrand de Rols, he could not have received my salutations with a more perfect absence of all recognition. He is an excellent actor, Madame!"

While they were discoursing, Bertrand entered. He evinced some surprise at seeing Christine's father; none at the presence of the Sieur d'Anglade. The latter advanced towards him, his hand extended, which he took with the unembarrassed air of a person who is receiving a stranger under his own roof.

"Well met, Arnaud du Tilh!" exclaimed the Sieur d'Anglade.

"I give you welcome, Sir," replied Bertrand calmly, "but there is some mistake. I do not know *your* name—it is evident *you* do not know *mine*."

"And yet we knew each other well at Barcelona: and long before that, I was an intimate friend of your family at Caen, where I have spent many a pleasant hour with your father, Urban du Tilh."

Bertrand smiled as he turned towards his wife, and said, "Christine, *you* knew my father here in Thoulouse."

"You are an impostor!" exclaimed M. de Boissard, "and you shall answer for this before the Criminal Judge."

"I know, Sir," rejoined Bertrand, "you have never pardoned my long desertion of your daughter; but let not your wrath dishonour itself by making injustice the instrument of its satisfaction."

"Look at me!" said the Sieur d'Anglade sternly.

"I do," replied Bertrand, fixing his eyes upon him with a calm expression of countenance.

"*Can* you do so," continued the Sieur d'Anglade, "and persist that you do not know me?"

"As truly, and therefore as fearlessly," replied Bertrand, "as I would say no to the man who accused me of parricide."

"Were you at Barcelona during the autumn and winter of 1654, now five years since?"

"I was not," answered Bertrand firmly; and as he spoke, his eyes met those of Christine. "He is wrong, love," he continued; "I read your thoughts. I have told you I served at Barcelona, but it was in the summer of 1652."

"Were you not born at Caen, in Normandy? and is not your father's name Urban du Tilh?" demanded the Sieur d'Anglade.

"I was born in this city of Thoulouse, and my father's name was Auguste de Rols," answered Bertrand: "I am known here of my friends, and here my three sisters still live, who welcomed, with tears of joy, the brother they had sorrowed for as lost. My wife too—"

"Bertrand!" exclaimed Christine wildly, "heed well what you

say! Before this hour,—I cannot tell wherefore,—I have been tormented with dark suspicions. They came unbidden—I dashed them from me—I loathed myself for them, because they branded me with innocent guilt! But *now*, Bertrand—*now*, it seems as if a thick veil were dropping off, and before my uncovered sight there stood a dismal yawning gulf. Oh God! grant *this* may prove delirious phantasy, and not the other!"

"Sir!" said Bertrand, in an agitated voice, and turning round to the Sieur d'Anglade, "a choleric man, with half this provocation, would strike you dead upon the spot! By what right come you here to disturb my quiet home with the sick dreams of your bewildered mind? I have borne to be catechised by you, as I would have borne to be asked of any crime of which I knew myself guiltless; but since my answers satisfy you not, since you have succeeded in poisoning the mind of that gentle creature, and since this honourable person, her father, has been cajoled by you so far as to talk largely of my answering for myself before the Criminal Judge, it is time I should meet you with another spirit.—Begone!"

The Sieur d'Anglade, not a jot daunted by this indignant reprimand, prepared to depart with M. Boissard, when Christine, rising from the seat where she had been leaning on the bosom of Henriette, in a state of indescribable distress, addressed Bertrand:—

"I go with my father!" said she; "and with *me*, my daughter. Bertrand! there *is* a mystery I cannot fathom—and beneath its baleful influence the current of every affection of my heart seems to turn from you. God forgive me, if what I do is wrong! And if *thou* art wronged, may he so order it that it shall appear manifest to my eyes, vouchsafing also that with my knowledge of the truth may come again those feelings which now are chilled into fears that drive me almost mad!"

She buried her face in the grey hairs of her father, as he bent over her, and pressed her to his bosom.

"This does, indeed, amaze me," exclaimed Bertrand; "but," added he, sarcastically, as he glanced at M. Boissard, "I begin to understand matters. A sentence of the Criminal Court, if bold-faced fraud should prosper, would be a quick conveyance of the estate at Artigues. I shall baffle you, however, by the aid of Heaven and a righteous cause."

"It concerns not me, Arnaud du Tilh," said the Sieur d'Anglade, offering his arm to Henriette, who was in tears; "neither have I sought this; but wherein I can be useful to my good friend M. Boissard, and to his abused daughter, therein will I, according to my power."

They then left the house, and Bertrand remained in it alone, for the servant refused to stay.

The rumour of this discovery spread in a few hours through the whole city of Thoulouse; and it no sooner became rife, than many who knew Bertrand, and had never doubted his identity, began to grow suddenly dubious, remembering sundry remarkable circumstances which they now said had excited their suspicions from the first; though, as it was no business of theirs, they held their tongues. Others wondered how Christine could have been deceived; while

some made merry with the tale, concluding that Bertrand must have bewitched her with love-charms, or else, that she cunningly practised a seeming imposition on herself, to solace her widowhood, fearing to marry again till she were assured of her husband's death.

The next day, Bertrand was apprehended upon a warrant of the Criminal Court, and carried to prison. The ground of his arrest was a *Bill of Complaint* preferred before the Criminal Judge, by M. Boissard in his daughter's name, setting forth that he had "falsely, rashly, and traitorously imposed upon Christine de Rols in assuming the name, and passing himself upon her, as Bertrand de Rols;" and praying, in conclusion, that "he might be condemned to make satisfaction to the King for the breach of his laws, to demand pardon of God, the King, and Christine, with his head bare, his feet naked, and in his shirt, with a lighted torch in his hand; and that he should be further adjudged to pay the said Christine de Rols two thousand livres for the injuries he had done her."

To the astonishment of all parties, Bertrand, in his *Answer* to this "Bill of Complaint," made no confession of the offences alleged against him, but boldly asserted he *was* the person he had represented himself to be. He declared the whole affair was a wicked conspiracy contrived by the father of Christine, with the aid of the Sieur d'Anglade, for the purpose of obtaining speedier possession of certain property which would fall to him at his (Bertrand's) death, and that they had prevailed upon his wife, Christine de Rols, who was a person of weak understanding, to join with them. He entered into an account of the reasons which had induced him to leave his home; set forth the various adventures he had gone through; stated how, at the end of seven years, he was seized with an ardent desire to return to his wife and child, and doing so, with what joy he had been received by Christine and his relations, notwithstanding the alterations which time, great fatigue, and the cutting off his hair, had caused. At the close he prayed that "his wife might be confronted with him, because he could not possibly believe she would persist in denying the truth; that his calumniators, according to the laws of equity, might be condemned to suffer the punishments they called for upon him; that Christine should be taken out of the hands of his enemies, and be restrained from dissipating his effects; and finally, that he should be declared innocent of all the crimes laid to his charge."

The Criminal Judge cited Bertrand to appear before him, and subjected him to a rigorous private examination. He questioned him as to various matters which had happened in Thoulouse, when he must have been a boy; the place of his birth, his father, mother, sisters, and other relations; his marriage with Christine; the persons who were present; their different dresses, the name of the priest who performed the ceremony, &c. To all these interrogatories Bertrand answered clearly and distinctly; and, as if not satisfied to have done thus much, he voluntarily spoke of his daughter Henriette, of the day she was born, of his own departure, of the persons he met on the road, of the towns he passed through on his way to Spain, and of numerous persons whom he knew in that country.

The next step was to obtain from Christine, her father, and others

whom Bertrand had named, their answers to the same points. There was, substantially, a perfect correspondence between them; the discrepancies being of so insignificant a character that they could not be said to invalidate the truth of what Bertrand had asserted.

Thirteen witnesses were next examined, who declared upon oath, that the accused *was* Bertrand de Rols; that they had known him from his infancy, and that they were well acquainted with his person, manners, and tone of voice. On the other hand, an equal, if not greater number, declared he was *not* Bertrand de Rols; while the Sieur d'Anglade positively swore his name was Arnaud du Tilh, that he was born at Caen in Normandy, and that his family still resided there. A third class of witnesses were ready to swear, that if he were not Bertrand de Rols, there was such a wonderful resemblance between him and the true Bertrand, that it would be impossible to say which was which, were they standing side by side; thus seeming to confirm an observation of Lope de Vega, that Nature, sometimes weary of designing new faces, copies, now and then, with admirable exactness, from those she has already produced.

The last attempt to solve this curious mystery, after the Court had occupied several weeks with receiving evidence and hearing eloquent and ingenious counsel on both sides, was an order by the Criminal Judge to have two reports laid before him; the one, as to the resemblance or non-resemblance of Henriette to the accused; the other as to her likeness, or otherwise, to the sisters of Bertrand de Rols. These reports were accordingly made, and by the first, it appeared that Henriette did not resemble the accused at all; by the second, that she was very like her father's sisters.

At length the Court named a day for pronouncing its sentence. It was in the following words:—

"That *Arnaud du Tilh* is guilty, and convicted of being an impostor; for which crime he is condemned to lose his head; and further, that his body be afterwards divided into four quarters."

Every one cried out upon this sentence—every one asked, "What grounds has the judge for pronouncing it,—unless, indeed, he has had the benefit of some divine inspiration to reveal the truth in a matter beset with doubts to all except himself?"

Bertrand complained vehemently of its injustice; and, without loss of time, appealed from the Criminal Court to the Parliament of Thoulouse. This extraordinary cause having now excited intense interest, the appeal and the probable judgment of the Parliament were the only subjects talked of throughout the city.

That august assembly, as soon as the necessary documents were properly before them, determined to make their inquisition not only with all due solemnity, but in a manner which should present the case in a new form, and with the best chances for unravelling its mystery.

In the first place, they ordered Christine, her father, and the Sieur d'Anglade to be confronted with the accused in open court; but singly, one after the other. In these confrontations, Bertrand maintained the same unperturbed countenance, the same air of confidence, and answered every question with the same calm promptitude that he had evinced throughout his former examinations. But M. de Boissard, and especially the timid, shrinking Christine, whether from

being abashed by the awful dignity of the tribunal, or from terror lest the dreadful sentence of the inferior court should be confirmed, betrayed so much confusion and hesitation in their replies, that a strong feeling was created, at the very outset, in favour of the prisoner.

It was not sufficient, however, to have before them the accusers and the accused merely. They directed that evidence should be heard as to the principal facts in dispute, but with this limitation, that none but *new* witnesses should be examined.

Several weeks were consumed in these inquiries, carried on, as they were, with the most minute attention to every circumstance that could by possibility tend to establish the necessary facts on either side. But instead of doing so, they seemed to involve it in tenfold confusion.

When the judicial investigation terminated, the President went through an elaborate recapitulation of the depositions of the witnesses. The evidence stood thus:—

Five and forty witnesses affirmed positively that the accused was *not* Bertrand de Rols; and among them was a shoemaker of Thoulouse, who deposed, that he had made shoes for the true Bertrand de Rols, whose foot reached to the twelfth mark upon his rule, whereas the prisoner's foot reached no farther than the ninth mark. In addition to the testimony of the Sieur d'Anglade, as to his name being Arnaud du Tilh, an uncle of the accused was brought forward, who recognized and owned him for his nephew. One witness swore that the real Bertrand de Rols was an expert wrestler, while the accused knew nothing of wrestling. Two persons swore that a soldier of the regiment of Rochefort, passing through Thoulouse, was surprised at hearing the prisoner call himself Bertrand de Rols, he not only knowing his true name to be Arnaud du Tilh, but, what was more extraordinary, declaring that the real Bertrand de Rols was actually living in Flanders, with a wooden leg, having lost one of his legs during the wars in that country. Great exertions were made to find out this soldier, whose direct testimony would have been so important, but in vain.

On the other hand, there was nearly an equal number of witnesses who swore that the accused *was* the true Bertrand de Rols, and among these were his three sisters, and the husbands of two of them! Persons also, who had been present at the marriage of Bertrand and Christine, deposed in favour of the accused; and the greater part of the witnesses were unanimous in affirming, that the true Bertrand de Rols had two flesh marks under his left eyebrow, that his right eye was blood-shot, the nail of his first finger on the left hand crooked, and that he had three warts on his right hand. Every one of these was found to be on the person of the accused! It was considered a strong circumstance, likewise, in his favour, that though his wife now joined with her father in demanding justice upon him as an impostor, not only had she at first welcomed him as her husband, but had continued to live with him as such for three years, while many of the chief inhabitants of the city had eagerly given honourable testimony as to her moral character, and other amiable qualities. This remarkable circumstance in favour of the accused, could not, therefore, be

got rid of by any insinuations of licentious motives operating a feigned deception, if deception there were, upon Christine.

Such being the singular aspect of this extraordinary case, after the Parliament of Thoulouse had spent nearly two months in investigating it, the general opinion was that the judgment of the inferior court would be reversed. The Parliament, however, (determined to give the subject the full benefit of mature and dispassionate deliberation,) deferred for fourteen days pronouncing its sentence.

Before the time expired, there was a rumour that the real Bertrand de Rols had arrived in Thoulouse. This report reached the ears of Christine. She devoutly prayed it might be true. She wished to see her husband once more, to receive his pardon, and then, if it were Heaven's will she should continue to live, to pass the remainder of her days in a convent, expiating by hourly orisons and frequent penance her involuntary crime.

The fact was, emissaries had been secretly despatched by the President of the Parliament into Flanders, with instructions to use every possible means for discovering whether, as the soldier had declared, Bertrand de Rols was serving with the army there. They were successful in finding a person of that name, and with a wooden leg; and he declared himself to be the individual they wanted. He affirmed, moreover, that he was well acquainted with Arnaud de Tilh, and had heard of the process carrying on before the Parliament of Thoulouse; but believing his wife had played him false, in pretending she was the dupe of an impostor, he had resolved to let the matter end as it might, with a determination never to return to his native place. It was with great reluctance, consequently, he consented to accompany the officers back, (or rather yielded to the coercion they were prepared to use, if he resisted,) a circumstance which tended to create the suspicion that perhaps he would turn out to be the impostor, and not the reputed Arnaud du Tilh.

When he arrived at Thoulouse he underwent many private examinations upon all the matters to which the latter had spoken. His answers were exactly the same; but he mentioned two or three rather particular circumstances, with respect to which no questions had been put to the accused, who was therefore immediately examined upon those new points, when it appeared he was perfectly acquainted with them. As to personal resemblance, it was so wonderful, that the President himself could not refrain from exclaiming—"Methinks I must forgive my own wife's bedding with another, if she could show me such a likeness of myself for her apology!"

Hitherto they had not been confronted; but when the reputed Arnaud du Tilh was informed of the arrival of Bertrand, he not only boldly denounced *him* as the impostor, but declared he would consent to be hanged if he did not prove him such.

It was now ordered by the Parliament that the two men should be attired exactly alike; and, on a day appointed, be placed side by side in open court, when all the witnesses who had been examined should be brought in, one after the other, and point out which was the true Bertrand.

The day came. The court was crowded. Never had any occurrence in Thoulouse excited such an absorbing interest. Elevated on

a platform, hung round with black, sat the true Bertrand and the counterfeit; but which was the true, and which the counterfeit, it seemed hardly possible to determine. All eyes were fixed upon them; while a confused murmur of voices, and the words—"That is he!"—"No, *that* is Bertrand."—"I tell you that is Arnaud du Tilh—the *other* is Bertrand de Rols," were heard in half-whispers from a hundred different tongues.

Silence was proclaimed. The witnesses, one by one, were introduced, a long white staff being placed in their hands, with which they were ordered to touch the person whom they recognised as Bertrand de Rols, but without speaking. The clerk took down the number of each; and when the whole had gone through the ceremony, it appeared that forty-four witnesses declared Arnaud du Tilh to be Bertrand de Rols, while fifty-one pronounced upon the identity of the other. The three sisters of Bertrand were next introduced. The eldest of them, the moment she cast her eyes upon the two men, rushed towards the platform and threw her arms round the neck of him she had not seen for ten years.

"Behold!" said she, turning round to the President, "THIS is my brother! I acknowledge the error into which that wretch (pointing to Arnaud du Tilh) has betrayed me by a multitude of artifices."

Bertrand returned her embraces, mingling his tears with hers. The other two sisters recognised their brother in the same manner, and bestowed upon him the same marks of affection. A buzz of astonishment, mingled with exclamations of delight and rage, pervaded the court; but silence was commanded, for there was yet another evidence to be produced. It was Christine herself!

She is led trembling to the platform by her venerable father and the tender devoted Henriette. Her head and face are shrouded in the thick folds of a black veil. At first, every look is directed towards him whom every heart has already pronounced to be her husband. He is much moved; but on his countenance there dwells a stern and wrathful expression. Then the general gaze is turned upon Christine, whose long-drawn sighs and heavy sobs are audible. She has reached the platform—she ascends it. Henriette whispers something in her ear. She lifts her veil—she raises slowly her eyes, and fixes them for a moment upon him she thought her husband, who shrinks from their scrutiny. There is a pause. He who is her husband has caught a glimpse of her pallid features, and his agitation is extreme. Her eyes meet his—a convulsive shudder runs through her veins—as if smote by death, she sinks lifeless at his feet, exclaiming, in a tone of piercing anguish, "God! God! I AM guilty!"

"Bertrand de Rols! Bertrand de Rols!" burst forth on all sides, with cries of "justice! justice!" The emotions of the spectators were wound up to the highest pitch, and many vented loud execrations upon the impostor, whose countenance was as a mask to the terrible pangs which now fastened on his soul.

When silence was restored, the President ordered Arnaud du Tilh to be removed into the little iron cell in which criminals were placed to receive sentence. With a firm step, and an undaunted air, he descended from the platform, still asserting his innocence. Christine, meanwhile, was carried out of court, followed by her husband and

several friends, who crowded round him to offer congratulations, which he received very coldly.

The President, after a solemn admonition, and dwelling with eloquent emphasis upon the irrefragable testimony of nature, afforded by the joyous feelings of the sisters, and the remorse of the innocent, though self-accused, Christine, pronounced the following sentence upon the prisoner:—

"That he, Arnaud du Tilh, should make *amende honorable* in the market-place of Thoulouse in his shirt, with his head and feet bare, a halter about his neck, and holding in his hands a lighted torch; that he should there demand pardon of God, the King, and the Justice of the Nation; also, of Bertrand de Rols, and Christine his wife; which being done, the said Arnaud du Tilh should be delivered into the hands of the public executioner, who, after making him pass through the streets and other public places of the city of Thoulouse, with a rope about his neck, should conduct him before the house of the said Bertrand de Rols, where, on a gallows set up for the purpose, he should be hanged and strangled, and afterwards his body to be burned."

This sentence was executed to the letter on the following day. But before the wretched criminal was led out to undergo it, he made a full confession of his guilt, declaring that his thoughts were first directed to the crime for which he was about to suffer, from having been mistaken for Bertrand de Rols by some of Bertrand's most intimate friends, while he was in camp in Picardy. From them he learned many circumstances concerning the father, wife, sisters, and other relations of Bertrand, together with various things which had happened to him before he left Thoulouse. Having also a sort of brotherly acquaintance with Bertrand himself, the moment he conceived the design of representing him, he had used that acquaintance to obtain from him at various times a multitude of particulars which enabled him, with the aid of a quick invention and profound artifices, to practise so successfully the fraud he had.

Christine did not long survive. Innocent though she knew herself to be of all that could really constitute the guilt of her unhappy condition, she could not purify her thoughts; she could not cleanse her memory; while she shrunk with loathing from the idea that there might be some who, in the grossness of their own conceptions, would refuse to believe she had not wantonly favoured the deception. Bertrand himself, indeed, was one of these; for when her father, without the knowledge of Christine,—(she only wished to be forgiven by her husband, who had been wronged in a point where reparation, she knew, was impossible,)—touched once upon the extenuating circumstances of the case, the bitter mockery with which he repelled the old man's kindly-meant endeavours, convinced him there was a persuasion rankling in his mind which nothing could assuage. "Spare your words," said he. "Intimate friends, nearest relations, father and mother even, *may* be deceived; *my* sisters, *my* friends, have been; but a wife—tush! a wife can be deceived only as a man may swear he does not see the blazing sun at noon, when he shuts his eyes because he will not see it!"

Entreaties were equally vain to prevail upon Bertrand to continue

at Thoulouse. Either he was still enamoured of the roaming and adventurous life which first tempted him to leave it, or his mind was incurably diseased by what had occurred; for after making a legal settlement of his little property upon Henriette, he disappeared one morning without taking leave of her, his wife, or his sisters; and in less than six months from that time, Christine, the victim of a self-accusing spirit, went to her grave unblamed of any tongue save her husband's! MEPHOSTO.

[A writer who taxed his invention to *imagine* such a case as the above, would run no small hazard of having Horace flung in his teeth:—

"Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi."

But we are as innocent as our friend Dogberry in having used any art, except in the characters, situations, sentiments, and catastrophe. The *main incidents*, of a man being so personated, the trial of the impostor, the conflicting testimony of the witnesses, the sentence of the Criminal Court, the appeal to the Parliament of Thoulouse, and the execution of the criminal, actually occurred in the sixteenth century. They are to be found among *Les Causes Célébres.*]

WISHES. BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

SAY, what should be thy *first* wish, if a Fairy said to Thee
"Now ask a boon—I 'll grant it—whatever it may be;"—
The first wish of thy heart, I think, may easily be told;
Confide in me, deny it not, thy wish would be for gold.

Oh, no! thou art mistaken; *that* should not be the boon,
My thirst for this world's lucre is ever sated soon;
The only gold *I* prize, is such, as Industry hath bought,
And gold like that, from Fairy hands, would fruitlessly be sought.

Then say, what would thy *first* wish be? Ambition's laurell'd name?
The pride of Popularity? the Pinnacle of Fame?
The pamper'd board of luxury, where crowds of menials wait?
Thy *second* wish will still be Gold, to furnish forth thy state.

Ah, no!—the days are long gone by, when *such* had been my choice,
I ask not FAME—far more I prize the self-approving voice:
My *first* wish should not be for *Fame*, my *second* not for gold,
But, listen to me patiently, my wishes shall be told.

Oh! give me but a happy home, to share with her I love,
Oh! let me from *her* path of life each anxious care remove!
And like the sweet days of the past, "may we have days in store,"
Oh, give me this, and only this, I 'll never ask for more.

SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF LORD GREY.

Great political transactions, to be duly estimated, require the illustrative comment of time, experience, and posterity. It may, however, be safely anticipated that the era of Reform will be referred to as one of the lights—perhaps as the chief light and landmark in the history of the British Constitution.

The Reformers manifest a silly squeamishness in shrinking from the avowal of the fact that it will be a Revolution—a great one—a greater than that of 1688, which it will eclipse.

The question in 1688 was essentially religious, and the guarantees then obtained were based upon disfranchisement and exclusion. At present the question is wholly political, and the guarantees are based upon enfranchisement and the destruction of monopoly. The elements of revolution in 1831 are of a nature more permanent than those of 1688. Religious animosities, oppressions, and disputes, are transient, like most other calamitous visitations of extreme malignity; but the elements of strife between liberty and oligarchy are universal and enduring as political society itself. They worked in the Republics of Athens and Lacedæmon, Carthage and Rome, as in the British monarchy. It may be affirmed, then, that 1831 will be the more important epoch.

A politico-moral sketch, drawn with fairness and freedom, though only *in iscorcio*, of the Minister who has identified himself with this momentous transaction, may not be without interest at the present moment.

Lord Grey has been more consistent in his character than in his opinions. Personal in his ambition, but still more proud, he has diverged, but never stooped. He advocated Reform—then renounced it,—and is now a relapsed Reformer. But in changing his opinions he did not compromise his principles. He forfeited the favour of the people without incurring the lightest suspicion of having sacrificed it to that of the Court; and he has been under the ban of the Court during the Regency and reign of the late King, without indemnifying his ambition as a party-chief by what courtiers call faction. With the most popular opinions Lord Grey could not be a democrat; with high breeding, and a jealous respect for the conventional superiorities of birth, rank, and title, he could not be an aristocrat; and with public spirit, application to business, and the genius of statesmanship, he has disqualifications as the minister of a free people. To understand his character it is necessary to cast a retrospective glance over his public career.

Mr. Grey, the son of Sir Charles afterwards Earl Grey, entered Parliament on coming of age, under the especial auspices of Mr. Fox. His brilliant debut and the prediction of Mr. Pitt, marked him out as the rising hope of the Whigs. The fashionable *éclat* of his youth, rank, and personal accomplishments, made him one of the private as well as political friends of the Prince of Wales. But there was that even in his youth which rendered him unfit to be the courtier even of a popular heir-apparent, the avowed patron of a Whig opposition. His relations with the Prince of Wales, after dwindling to politics and party, ended at last in ill-disguised alienation at Carlton-house.

Some have ascribed the first coolness to a mortifying preference over the Prince in the good graces of a lady celebrated for wit and beauty. Others have referred it to the following incident, which first discovered the peculiar and uniform character of Lord Grey.

In 1787 the Prince of Wales found it necessary to apply to Parliament for the payment of his debts. One serious and somewhat curious obstacle stood in the way of his application—the belief of his having passed through a ceremonial marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert. The country gentlemen apprehended ruin to the Church and State from this heterodox attachment of the heir-apparent to a lady who appears to have had little taste for politics or theology, but who had faith in purgatory and the invocation of Saints. There appeared two ways of removing their fears, quieting their consciences, and loosening their purse-strings, viz. either denying the heterodoxy of the lady's faith, or denying the nuptial ceremony. The Prince chose the latter, and instructed Mr. Fox to declare in the House of Commons from authority, that no such ceremony had

ever taken place. But he thought all this time only of the country gentlemen and the grant, and not at all of the lady. Mrs. Fitzherbert, on reading in the newspaper next morning what had passed in the House of Commons, indignantly declared that her connexion with the Royal offender was terminated for ever. She was appeased only by the Prince's assurance that Mr. Fox had transgressed his authority, and that the denial should be as formally retracted as it was made. It was not easy even for a Prince to extricate himself from so rash a pledge. Mr. Fox not only would not retract what he had been authorized to say, but made no secret of his resentment on finding that his good faith had been trifled with. The Prince resorted to Mr. Grey, whose youth and companionship in fashionable gaieties rendered his compliance probable. His request was that Mr. Grey would, without directly contradicting Mr. Fox, use such ingeniously ambiguous phrases as should throw doubt upon Mr. Fox's authority, and restore the veil of mystery and vagueness which had hitherto hung over the Prince's intimacy with Mrs. Fitzherbert. Mr. Grey not only declined, but disdained becoming the vehicle of a pitiful equivocation, and was henceforth regarded by the late King as too intractable and stately for either his partisan as a Prince, or his minister as a Sovereign.

It is true that Mr. Grey shared the councils of Carlton-House during the Regency question in 1788-9, and would have been a minister had the Regency taken place; but the matter of deliberation was a great constitutional and party question; the Prince's alienation had not yet fully pronounced itself; and he was at the time more dependent upon the Whigs than the Whigs upon him.

It was not till 1795 that George IV. appears to have put upon Lord Grey the same mark of political or ministerial reprobation which George III. had put upon Mr. Fox. The Prince's pecuniary embarrassments were again the occasion. He had formally abandoned the Whigs in 1792, and they, in requital, gave but a cold and qualified assent to the application for the payment of his debts on his ill-starred marriage in 1795. Mr. Grey went farther than his party: he proposed a reduction of the grant in terms which appear never to have been forgotten or forgiven by the late King, and which are too remarkable and obvious in their application at present not to be repeated. It was part of the tactics of the Court party and the Minister of that day, as of the present day, to represent as enemies of the dignity and prerogatives of the Crown, all who defended the rights or pleaded the sufferings of the people. "I profess myself," said Mr. Grey, "as ready to support the real splendor of the Royal family as any slippery sycophant of a Court; but I conceive that there is more true dignity in manifesting a heart alive to the distresses of millions, than in all those trappings which encumber royalty without adorning it. Is it proper, I ask, that the legislature should give the example of encouraging extravagance, at a moment when the prevailing fashion of prodigality among people of fortune is rapidly destroying their independence, and making them the tools of the Court and the contempt of the people? I am well aware that the refusal to pay his debts will be a privation to the Prince of Wales; but it will be a just penalty for the past, a useful lesson for the future, and a proper deference to the severe privations endured, and the painful sacrifices made by the nation."

It is a remarkable testimony to Lord Grey's public principles, and to his strong permanent conviction, that after a lapse of thirty-six years, and doubtless without any thought of the observation which had then fallen from him, he has stripped the ceremony of the King's coronation of those trappings, which not only "encumbered royalty without adorning it," but presented, in the gorgeous absurdities of feudal barbarism, a spectacle of childish prodigality at once revolting and ridiculous in an age of freedom, economy, and good sense. Only imagine William IV. confirming his authority by the coronation services of basins, napkins, drinking-cups, and a grotesque personage roaring the grave mummery of a defiance, mounted in armour upon a white horse! Sir Walter Scott has, with some heedlessness as a courtier, exposed these mummeries with humorous satire, where he introduces the poor Baron of Bradwardine performing the liege-service of pulling off the Pretender's boots. As for the man in armour and the white horse, they may be safely surrendered to the annual installations and sole use of my Lord Mayor.

This period, from 1792 to 1800, has been the most brilliant in the political life of Lord Grey. He stood by the side of Mr. Fox, the most active and eminent member of the Whig party, and the recognised chief and organ of the Reformers. It was in 1792 that, in concert with Lord Lauderdale, Erskine, Whitbread, Sheridan, and several other men distinguished for public spirit and political talents, both in and out of Parliament, he formed the society called "The Friends of the People." The existence of that society, though brief, is, next to the present, the most important era in the history of Reform. Without making any impression upon the divisions of the House of Commons, it gave an incurable blow to Borough oligarchy, by the individual character and authority of the leading members, and by the palpable manner in which it placed the vices of the representation before the public eye. Its formation had the double object of protecting Reform on the one side from a set of (for the most part) ignorant, conceited, and insignificant visionaries and Charlatans, who formed themselves into clubs on the French model, and imitated the French Clubbists in the extravagance of their principles and fustian of their style; on the other, from Mr. Pitt, who now hated Reform with the rancour, and attacked it with the insidiousness, of an apostate politician.

Mr. Fox supported in Parliament the principles of the Society, but did not enroll himself a member. He thought by this compromise to avert the convulsion which then threatened the Whigs. Mr. Grey was its constituted and avowed organ. The Society made a brief public declaration of its principles in 1792, but restricted itself in Parliament to a notice by Mr. Grey of a motion for Parliamentary Reform to be made in the following year. Mr. Pitt attacked "The Friends of the People" by a side wind, in a proclamation and in Parliament. He was answered by Mr. Grey, with an exposure of his bad faith and apostacy so severe and overwhelming, that the Minister, with all his arrogance and ability, quailed under it.

In April 1793 Mr. Grey drew up and presented the memorable petition of "The Friends of the People," and moved that the state of the representation in the Commons House of Parliament should be taken into consideration by a Committee of the whole House. The motion was rejected by a sweeping majority—only forty-one members supported it. There are few instances in which fact and reason have been so recklessly trampled down by the brute force of numbers. But the petition put the case so ably, clearly, and conclusively in a brief compass, that it became a classic document in the archives of Reform.

The petitioners complained "that the number of members assigned to the different counties was grossly disproportioned to their comparative extent, population, and trade; that the elective franchise was so partially and unequally distributed, and in so many instances committed to bodies of men of such very limited numbers, that the majority of the Honourable House was elected by less than 15,000 electors, which, even if the male adults of the kingdom be estimated at so low a number as three millions, was not more than the two-hundredth part of the people to be represented. * * * They begged leave to call the attention of the Honourable House to the greatest evil produced by these defects in the representation, namely *the extent of private parliamentary patronage;* an abuse which obviously tended to exclude the great mass of the people from any substantial influence in the election of the House of Commons, *and which in its progress threatened to usurp the sovereignty of the country,*" &c.

The petitioners offered to substantiate every allegation at the bar, and the undeniable fact which they set forth that three hundred and nine members, constituting a great majority of the house, were returned for England and Wales, (independently of the forty-five Scotch members) by seventy-one Peers and ninety-one Commoners, not only startled the public, but continued to be the text of all future Reformers. This deadly shaft, prepared and directed by Lord Grey, has ever since stuck and festered in the side of Borough oligarchy, and is at last on the eve of proving fatal to it.

Mr. Grey next brought the question of Reform before the House of Commons in 1797, and proposed a specific plan, in conformity with the above principles. According to his proposition, the number of county members would be increased,

the franchise extended to copy and leaseholders, and the rotten and nomination boroughs disfranchised. This plan, it will be perceived, is in its substance identical with the present bill. It was rejected by a majority of 258 to 93. His last effort for Reform was in 1800, when he moved an instruction to the Committee on the Royal message recommending the Union, "to strike off certain decayed boroughs, in order to preserve the independence of Parliament."

But at this period Lord Grey's ardour had begun to cool. From the want of energy and sympathy in the great mass of the people, his zeal for Reform first gave way to languor, and then to disgust. A feeling of despondency and discontent manifested itself early in an address of "The Friends of the People" to the people of Great Britain. This document also is ascribed to him :—

"If," said the address, "it should appear, after a fair and sufficient trial of the disposition of the country, that the measure has utterly lost its popularity, and that the nation, whether adverse or indifferent, will not take an active part in support of it, then, indeed, it will become us to abandon all thoughts of an useless and vexatious perseverance in so deserted a cause; and having appealed to the highest tribunal by which a national question can be determined—that of the people themselves—we must submit with patience to their ultimate decision."

Mr. Grey, upon the elevation of his father to an earldom in 1806, became Lord Howick, and was a cabinet minister, first at the head of the Admiralty, then at the head of the Foreign Department, as successor of Mr. Fox, during the short Whig Administration of 1806–7. In the latter year, on the death of his father, he became Earl Grey, and a member of the Upper House.

A proud man soon becomes disgusted with a cause in which he is supported only by a small, and not very reputable, minority. The Reformers had, it should be observed, not only decreased in numbers, but in respectability. Another leader, with the advantages of youth, novelty, and more sweeping principles, had at the same time become lord of the ascendant—and Lord Grey, before he yet left the House of Commons, abandoned the field of Reform, rather than divide or dispute empire with Sir F. Burdett. His junction with the Grenvilles, and his translation to the House of Lords, completed, and sealed for a time, his dissociation from the Reformers. Had his ambition been less personal and his character less proud, instead of abandoning the cause, because it was abandoned by the people, he would, with his talents, eloquence, and high character, have rallied opinion in its support, and instead of disdaining a rival, he would have adopted a comrade.

Lord Grey, from the period of his junction with Lord Grenville, no longer identified himself with any great popular cause. Their enlightened support of the question of religious liberty, it is true, does honour to both; but on this subject they were in advance of public opinion, and alienated, at the same time, both the people and the crown. It broke up the Administration of 1807 without exciting public regret.

The long reign and Tory principles of George III., the political apostacy and personal alienation of the Prince of Wales, should have convinced Lord Grey that the only hope of a Whig ministry was in the support of the nation; yet did he look to the aristocracy and the crown as the dispensers of office. But though Lord Grey was attached to "his order," he could not crouch to the borough oligarchs, like Lord Liverpool, Mr. Perceval, the Duke of Portland, and even Pitt himself, and therefore was not the man to be promoted to the state-helm by what is called in England "the aristocracy." The elements of repulsion between him and the Court, during the latter part of the reign of George III. and the whole regency and reign of George IV., were still more active and envenomed. He not only disdained to capitulate with them, but gave fresh provocation. He not merely refused to give George III. in 1807, the secret pledge against the Catholics, demanded by that bigoted, despotic-tempered, and plausible Sovereign, but recorded his opposition by a minute of council, and brought death to the Administration of which he was a member.

In 1809, when the deplorable expedition to Walcheren, the duel and resignations of Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, and the death of the Duke of Port-

land, left the country without a Government, Mr. Perceval, with the express authority of the King, addressed a duplicate letter to Lords Grey and Grenville, desiring their immediate presence in London, for the purpose of forming, as the letter expressed it, "an extended and combined Administration." Lords Grey and Grenville were at the time, the former in Northumberland, the latter in Cornwall. Lord Grenville came to town, conferred with Mr. Perceval and Lord Liverpool, and after an interchange of compliments, rejected their overtures. Lord Grey declined at once, not only the proposed coalition, but the invitation to a personal conference in town. Both Lords doubtless saw the hollowness of the overture, but Lord Grey's pride took the alarm lest his sagacity should be for a moment suspected, and he marked his sense of a mere court manœuvre by his stately, if not contemptuous, rejection. This contrast of Lord Grey's intractable pride with the more accommodating and courtly character of Lord Grenville, was taken advantage of by Mr. Perceval, and not lost upon the Prince of Wales, when he soon after became Regent of the kingdom.

The public did not conclude, from the Regent's continuing his father's Ministers, that he had renounced the Whigs. It was supposed that he regarded himself, under the restrictions of the first year, as only the ceremonial head of the Government, and would consult his inclinations upon becoming unrestricted sovereign. The restrictions no sooner expired than the scales, it may be said, dropped from the eyes of the Whigs and the public. The Regent, in his well-known letter to the Duke of York, after declaring that "he had no predilections to indulge," expressed the wish that Lords Grey and Grenville would accede to the Ministry of Mr. Perceval! This overture was a mere mockery, and of course declined. The ascendant of Mr. Perceval and the Tories appeared secure, when that Minister died by the hand of an assassin.

The Ministry was now disorganized, and the game of Court cabal and party negotiation more strenuously renewed. The frank conduct of Lord Wellesley; the equivocal part performed by Lord Moira; the failure of both; the intrigues of Sheridan; the affair of the Household,—are too well known to be more than adverted to. It proved that the Government of the Regent, like that of his father, was actuated by an inner-working secret influence. The dominion of the Marchioness of Hertford was not merely notorious, but avowed. "If," said the demi-official gazette of Carlton-House, "we are to consider the conduct of affairs as the result of the Marchioness of Hertford's advice, we shall most sincerely pray for her as Britain's guardian angel. If it be that lady who has persuaded the Regent to continue in power the servants of his father's choice, and to conduct himself so dutifully as a son, so patriotically as a prince, we hope to hear of his Royal Highness's visits to Manchester-square every day in the week!"

The Regent's household was wholly composed of members and dependents of her family. Lords Grey and Grenville required that the great offices of the household should be placed at their disposal. They were censured not only by neutrals, but by Whigs, for insisting on this stipulation, and the chief responsibility charged upon Lord Grey. All the leading Whigs concurred in demanding the removal of a hostile secret cabal, exercising the influence and opportunities of unobserved communication and social companionship which those offices afforded. But Lord Grey went far beyond his friends and destined colleagues in the debates to which the Ministerial negotiations gave rise; he denounced the secret influence which hemmed in the Regent, "nothing loth," and absolutely ruled his councils. "But," said he, in concluding a remarkable speech, "the objections to the Ministerial system hitherto stated, sink into insignificance compared with one to which I allude with reluctance—I mean the dependence of the Ministry for its very existence upon an unseen influence which lurks behind the throne—a power alien to the Constitution, but now become, unhappily, too familiar to the country; a disastrous and disgusting influence, which has consolidated abuses into a system, and which prevents either public complaint or honest counsel from reaching the royal ear; an influence which it is the duty of Parliament to brand with signal reprobation, and for the destruction of which it is my rooted, unalterable principle, and that of my friends who act with me, to have an understanding with Parliament before we take office under the crown."

It is obvious, after this declaration, independently even of the Regent's previous antipathy, that Lord Grey could come into office only like Lord Chatham, upon the shoulders of the people; yet did he continue to stand aloof, both from the people and the court, upon his high ground, with the Whigs dangling idly in his train. In 1815, he partly broke the bond which bound him to Lord Grenville. He maintained the right of France to choose or change her own Government, and reprobated, with the generous eloquence of his earlier years, the odious tyranny and hypocritical effrontery with which, at that period, independent states were bartered and bandied to a foreign yoke, and free communities despoiled of their laws and liberties. He opposed the despotic measures which soon after sprang, not so much from the extent of danger to the public peace, as from the timid violence and arbitrary imbecility of the Administration. His speech upon Lord Sidmouth's famed circular (directing magistrates to issue their warrant in cases of libel charged upon oath) may take its place as a constitutional law-argument with the two *chefs-d'œuvre* of Lords Mansfield and Somers. The late Lord Ellenborough, an able lawyer, and still more able orator, had the manliness to eulogise whilst he failed to refute it.

The retirement of Lord Grenville from public life further loosened Lord Grey's ties with that party, which, after a few years of partial and discordant co-operation with the Whigs, went over, or rather back, to the Tories. Lord Grey, instead of profiting by his independent votes and speeches, the popularity which they could not fail to command, and his release from the Grenvilles, by frankly embarking himself and the Whigs in the popular cause, neutralized his advantages by volunteering a formal recantation of Reform as a rash heresy of his youth, and by declaring himself the champion of aristocracy and privilege.

The enlightened and active portion of the Tory Administration had been for some time disengaging itself from the more inveterate and incompetent of the party. The schism became complete on the illness and incapacity of Lord Liverpool, and the succession of Mr. Canning as Prime Minister. It would be confidently expected from Lord Grey's principles and independence that he should support that Minister, who rested upon popular opinion, if ever Minister did, and who had the merit of being opposed, with all the animosity of personal hatred, by borough oligarchy and Toryism. But no: in his haughty intolerance of the ascendant of a junior politician, Lord Grey first withheld his confidence, and then openly lent his character and his eloquence to the virulent passions of an opposition in common with which he had no one public principle or feeling. The Whigs, however, instead of continuing as an idle pageant in his train, now left him to the enjoyment of his stately solitude, and to the hollow, unenviable homage of Lords Eldon, Bathurst, and Westmoreland.

It was not to be expected that Lord Grey should take office under Mr. Canning; but a disinterested, unofficial support of that Minister, when his genius had at last emancipated itself from thraldom, instead of detracting from the superior station of Lord Grey, would have been regarded as a proof of political magnanimity.

Had Lord Grey's ambition been less personal and his pride less jealous; had he been more just to himself; had he reflected that the man who was a first-rate figure by the side, not only of Lord Grenville, but of Fox, and opposed to Pitt, could not suffer by being seen in juxtaposition with Burdett or Canning; had he assumed the chieftaincy in the war of Reform, which has been long and honourably waged by Lords John Russell and Durham (Mr. Lambton); had he gone with his party, and the most enlightened and liberal portion of the public, both Whigs and Reformers, in supporting Mr. Canning, he would, in the former case, have hastened the triumph of Reform; in the latter, the downfall of Toryism; and in both consulted his own ambition and renown.

Events have done for Lord Grey that which he seems to have almost perversely laboured to prevent. The death of the late King removed two obstacles between him and public office—that King's strong personal alienation, and a system of secret influence, against which Lord Grey had expressly pledged himself. It is difficult to speak in commendation of a living and reigning Prince without the appearance of flattery. It may be said, however, that the new King

entered upon the royal functions without idle phantasies or personal antipathies, ungoverned by any secret or sinister influence, with a spirit of frankness, directness, and, it may be said, royal probity, to which the Court and Government of this country had been strangers, not merely for generations, but for centuries. All this would not have been sufficient for opening the path of office to Lord Grey, without the infatuated spirit of contemptuous despotism with which the military Premier affected to govern. He dragooned his colleagues, the Bench of Bishops, and the Parliament into the concession of the Catholic claims,—a just, generous, and truly historic measure, which wants only to have been carried by the more suitable means of truth and eloquence;—and, in the intoxication of his success, he proclaimed his intention of dragooning public opinion into the worship of borough-corruption. The public reason of the country, insulted by this arrogant pretension, and by the flagrant East Retford job, was too strong, even acting indirectly, through the enfeebling and unfaithful medium of the House of Commons; and the Duke of Wellington descended from the Premiership to be regarded as an incapable shrivelled politician instead of a successful soldier.

By a most singular concurrence of circumstances, advocacy of Reform and hostility to borough oligarchy became recommendations for the Ministry. This alone would not have tempted Lord Grey to relapse into a Reformer. But the nation now rallied round the cause, and Lord Grey condescended once more to patronize it.

Will Lord Grey continue minister? The frank and manly character of the Sovereign who seeks an honest and able counsellor, not an accommodating courtier, is in favour of his continuance in office. He has redeemed his pledge of Reform honourably by an efficient measure, and consistently by reviving the plan which he had formed and advocated in his earlier years. Lord Grey has the advantage of political study and experience, generous principles and grand views of policy, enlightened knowledge of the laws and Constitution, a sincere love of liberty, an exalted integrity of character, upon which calumny has never even attempted to breathe; eloquence of the highest order and rarest stamp, instinct with deliberative wisdom and classic fire, set off by a personal delivery at once popular and noble. Yet, with all these qualifications, his tenure of office is precarious. The early sympathy between him and the people has been long suspended, and he has not yet wholly revived it. Lord Grey should not forget that he is the Minister of the people. If he wishes to continue so, he must condescend to exercise the necessary and not unbecoming arts which secure popular support. Instead of economising his eloquence and standing aloof, he must throw himself implicitly upon the tide of popular feeling, and rally opinion round him in great masses. The mention of Mr. Canning, as an example in point, may probably revolt his pride rather than win his assent.

Lord Grey is said to be wholly free from reserve, and extremely engaging in social intercourse. Perhaps he is not aware that the stateliness of his official manner alienates and offends many of those who support his Government in the House of Commons. Lord Grey seems to think that the Reform Bill is all-sufficient; that the framing of it is a merit which supersedes those conciliatory deferences without which no Minister can or ought to rule a free people and their representatives. The Reform Bill is certainly his sheet-anchor, and without it his Administration would have been wrecked by this time. But it is not enough for him to say, "I am the Reform Minister, therefore your voices;" he should, if the word be admissible, popularise both himself and his Administration.

The composition and character of Lord Grey's Ministry are no earnest of its endurance. The chief members of it, without the excuses which may be made for the Premier, are charged with the same haughty negligence and reserve. This is a characteristic vice of the Whigs. It would appear as if, in making their party professions of identity with the people, they were afraid of being taken by the people at their word. They may with advantage take a lesson in this respect from the Tories, who, to do them justice, are more agreeable and unpretending in their intercourse and manners.

The Ministry has public virtue and the best intentions, but it is notorious

that few of the working men of the cabinet possess commanding talents, or that superior sagacity which anticipates and supplies the place of the experience which they want. If the Ministers wish to avoid the humiliating repetition of such errors as those which the country has so indulgently overlooked, they must consult men of practical experience, both in the business of office and in the details of those great and delicate interests of the community upon which they will have to propose legislative enactments for the purposes of revenue and the promotion of the national wealth. There are measures, especially of finance, which should be sacredly concealed until the proper time, but there surely must be experienced individuals whom a minister may safely consult and confide in.

The state of Ireland will occupy more than its proper share of the attention of the Government. It would appear that the Irish Secretary has hitherto administered measures for that country from his single head. If, like the Emperor Joseph, he consults only "*sa tête seule,*" he may provoke the same disagreeable consequences. The Secretary is doubtless marked out by others and himself for the highest offices of the State. He has passed through the interior routine of the bureau, it is said, with diligence and labour; he is one of the most distinguished and able debaters in Parliament; he is, in short, qualified, by a rare union of political acquirement, capacity, and principle; but still he should take counsel of persons better acquainted with the state of Ireland, the character, dispositions, passions of parties and the people; the vices of the political and social order; the remedial measures which would be at once congenial and salutary.

The Irish Secretary is right in keeping at their proper distance extreme factions and vulgar partisans: but there are men of political and Parliamentary experience, possessing the confidence of the great mass of the Irish people, and well acquainted with their interests and wishes, who have a positive right to be consulted upon measures which they are expected to support. Had one or two of these men been of counsel with the Secretary in framing his "Arms Importation Bill," he would have avoided the startling outcry which interrupted him whilst introducing it to the acquaintance of the Irish members of the House of Commons, as well as the mortification of being obliged to abandon one of its chief provisions. It is said that the provisions of that bill were wholly unknown, not only to the Irish members, but to one of the principal functionaries of the Irish Government then in London, until they exploded by surprise in the House of Commons. It is incumbent upon the Irish Secretary, as a Minister, to profit by the knowledge and experience of those who know Ireland better than he does, or can; and it may be prudent in him, as a politician, to pay more deference to the opinion of the Irish members.

The gentlemen of Ireland have a great deal of what they call pride—others self-conceit, or *amour propre*—and a great deal of that pretension which is called provincialism. The English politician, who would have their support, must respect and manage not only their opinions but their weaknesses.

Another element of dissolution in the Ministry of Lord Grey is the too great proportion of aristocracy. There are too many Lords and Honourables: an infusion of plebeian intellect and sentiment is wanted. The contrast, in this respect, between it and the late Government, has not, and could not have escaped observation. Yet, if the Whig Ministry should break down; if the Ministerial succession should not continue in the same party-dynasty long after the Reform has taken place, it will be owing to the party itself. The people will feel the same suspicious dread of committing the Reform Government to Tories, which, after 1688, excluded Tories from the Revolution Government—and with good reason. It will be as long before they are sincerely reconciled to the one Revolution as to the other.

THE RHYME OF THE FUGITIVE.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

MANY a league and many a day
Have vanish'd since our last adieu,
And evil tongues have said their say,
That time and space may wend their way
For ever 'twixt us two;
But evil tongues, and time, and space,
Change but the feeble and the base,
And still adorn with lovelier grace
The noble and the true!

I know that it were less to do
To pluck the stars from Heaven's concave,
Than steal the gentle thoughts that strew
The memory thou didst vow them to,
Like garlands o'er the grave;
I knew it, and from every blast
Of sorrows that pursued me fast,
Clung to thy image as they pass'd,
To shelter me and save.

It saves, if not to sunny days,
To darkness, that is starlit still—
If not to hope, to that which plays
Sweet music to my heart, and says
Hope was not at thy will—
If not to burn, as once I might,
At rosy looks and revel night,
To muse where thou hadst loved to light,
By forest, rock, and rill.

How oft within that little grot,
By weeping foliage fair conceal'd,
We watch'd the swallow as he shot
O'er dimpling stream and daisied plot,
And envied him his field—
O'er merry France, with all her vines—
O'er Switzer, with her scathed pines—
Alps, Pyreneans, Apennines,
And regions unreveal'd!

I could not link my fate with thine—
I link'd it with thy chosen bird's—
But wheresoe'er my flights incline,
I feel thy fancied hand in mine,
And hear thy very words—
And borrow from thine eaglet eyes
The charm to see a thousand dyes,
Which mountain-mirror ne'er supplies,
Though lash'd by all its herds.

Where then in exile did we haste—
Thy shade and I?—I scarce can tell;
My mind was all a ruin'd waste,
Where nought but broken flowers were traced,
And blasts I could not quell.
First I recall a crimson dawn,
Mid dewy vines and yellow lawn,
Where hiss'd and writhed his journey on,
The serpent, sweet Moselle.

Not far, in rose and ruby dye,
An ancient chateau dropp'd aslant,
Which melting in the soft, rich sky,
Seem'd but the shade of days gone by,
All shapeless, grim, and gaunt;
And faint and far in summer sheen,
Of pearl and purple, gold and green,
The pine-clad Vosges rose up to screen
Whate'er might less enchant.

This look'd like France, unsullied France,
Ere waken'd by her dreams intense,
When eyes were oped by warm romance,
To close like flowers beneath the glance
Of chilling sober sense;
And life was a poetic toy,
And hearts were Helicons, to buoy
Young Revelry, that died of joy,
More fresh to re-commence.

Oh! then I mused on fair Versailles,
On quaint arcade and carved *jet d'eau*,
Spouting a Lethe, to beguile
Each prospect that might mar a smile,
Or hint at future woe—
On gilded beam and painted roof,
Where gods could scarcely stand aloof
From mixing madly in the proof
Of greater bliss below.

And then I saw the million hues
Of waving plume and silken train,
Where cross and star their rays diffuse
From palpitations true as bruise
The love-knot of the swain;
For there were jousts for ladies' eyes,
(They were thine own sweet summer-skies,)
And there was one who gain'd the prize,
And gain'd it o'er again.

Oh! that Reflection's hand of frost
Should e'er have come to chill the maze,
Where sorrow was so sweetly lost,
And lead me o'er the lands I cross'd
From such entrancing gaze!
For I could give no look, no thought,
Except on that which might be fraught
With some delusion wildly wrought
Of thee and brighter days!

On, on!—There was a downward flight
Of mighty Rhine—men came to see
And breathless stand beneath, and write
Their names, as having seen that sight,
But it was nought to me;
'Twas in the desert I would stray
With her the world had stolen away,
Where o'er their crags the roebucks play,
All fearless and all free.

Men wrote their names, and some I knew,
And sigh'd to find them written there—
That wings were given to such a crew,
To brush the strange mysterious hue
From scene that was so fair,
And make it but the lounging seat
Of townsfolk scorch'd by summer-heat,
Whose march drives Nature to retreat,
And feeling to despair.

Lake Constance! 'Twas a lovely sight
To pass it by the rising moon,
Where not a mountain marr'd the light
Of the least star that lit the flight
Of dew-distilling June!
And the boat moved in silence on,
Like a still ghost, while round it shone
A radiance, as if all had gone
With Heaven's especial boon;

And I beheld thy stars unfold,
Each sister of the Pleiad host,
Intense as moments when I told
How yet another nymph of old
The sage's vigil cross'd;
And how the envious band's decree
Expell'd her to the earth, to be
Fancied of all, as felt by me,
The loveliest and the lost.

And that old town* with thundering gate,
And silent streets that shake and bow—
I loved it! for 'twas desolate
And green with nettles, as the fate
Of hearts has been ere now.
Why was it so?—It had been thrown
On others' power, and not its own—
And if it sank and fear'd to groan,
I marvel not—dost thou?

Not far there was a hallow'd mead,
A stone once black with sulphury scaith,
Which put to test the martyr's creed,
And left a tomb, for kings to read
A record of their faith!
Thrice happy they who slumber'd there!†
They had their flames, but no despair,
And gain'd their hopes, which some shall ne'er,
Unless like them, in death!

On, on! we lose the world at last,
And stand upon the white Tyrol,
And gaze upon the whirlwind blast
That sweeps fair Freedom's eyrie past,
And mingles with her dole;
That dole because her eagle brood,
Borne down from snowy solitude,
And link'd with birds of meaner mood,
Forget their mountain soul.

---

* Constance; which was once a free-town, but now belongs to the Austrians.

† John Huss, and Jerome of Prague, who were burnt there, after having received a guarantee for their safety from the Emperor Sigismund.

There, by a cabin skyward placed,
As it would Heaven's protection woo,
The warrior-shepherd's march we traced,
And mark'd him battling for the waste,
Where nought but glory grew;
And thou didst think that peasant's bride
Might tend her flocks with haughtier pride
Than she had felt in empire wide
With him he served too true.

O, Francis! round thy downy bed
Doth never nightmare come to shake
The plume which mountain eagle shed,
And Freedom placed on Hofer's head,
To bid thee lesson take?
Or dost thou wake, and watch dismay'd
At forfeit faith and blood betray'd,
And strive with subject-slaves to shade
The blush for honour's sake?

Away, away!—'tis dark and wild
By Via Mala's rock-bound track,
And crags and clouds promiscuous piled
Scowl where the glacier's howling child
Seems cradled on the rack,
And scourge it with the rooted larch,
Whilst many a strange fantastic arch
Leaps midway o'er in imp-like march,
To bear me on its back.

Far down I see a smoky mist,
Far up a lonely monk's retreat,
Where oft at midnight they who list
May hear the sound of one who kiss'd
No cross, but lips as sweet—
May hear the wail of infant weak—
A mother's accents, mild and meek,
And then behold with dying shriek
A phantom pass their feet.

I stand within that savage cell
And think of thee, as when I press'd
Thy forehead with my last farewell,
And my heart seem'd to beat its knell
Upon thy guileless breast:
I feel we could have dwelt e'en here
So sweetly, that yon shade of fear
Had deem'd itself in Heaven's own sphere,
And tranquil sunk to rest.

E'en let me dream, as that had done,
Oblivious of the world of woe,
And think that like this Alpine sun
Our lives a course unchequer'd run,
Whilst clouds are far below:
E'en let me love the storm's alarms
That bind thee closer to my arms,
And swear that Earth, with all its swarms,
Such friends can never know!

S.

A STORY OF THE PLAGUE AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

In one part of Europe the Cholera still adds its horrors to those of war, and though England is mercifully preserved from its visitation, the voice of alarm does not cease to be heard among us—"the cry is still, *it* comes," and the talk is everywhere of fevers, and infections, and mortal maladies. My last paper was on Quarantine, whence the transition to the plague must seem easy and natural.

Among the friends I acquired during my residence at Constantinople, there was nobody I valued so much and with whom I passed so much time as Mr. C. Z——, a native of the place, descended from an Armenian family, and informed by travel and the constant society of the better class of Franks that frequent Pera. The following details I gleaned almost entirely from him, and he is himself the fond, devoted father—the hero of his own tale. Madame W——, his daughter, had been some two or three years married to an Englishman attached to our Consular establishment at Constantinople, and was recently the happy mother of a lovely infant. A father might be partial, but his praises of his daughter's beauty, and talent, and goodness of heart, I have often heard confirmed by others, and all who had known Madame W—— seemed to preserve the most affectionate and admiring recollections of her. She must, indeed, have been one of those gentle beings we occasionally hear of, in our passage through life, whose names are never mentioned without eliciting emotion and melancholy regret—who seem to be a portion of the heart of every speaker, and of whom it is constantly said, "Ah! if you had known her!" One evening that Madame W—— was entertaining her sisters and other near relations and some friends at Pera, she felt of a sudden seriously indisposed. The plague was known to be in Constantinople, but it was not raging to any great extent, and had scarcely crossed the Golden Horn to the Christian suburb. So little did the party apprehend that the dread malady was among them, that they nearly all felt her pulse, and came in the closest contact with her. She cut in for a game at whist, and when the family party broke up, she shook hands with all her friends, and embraced her father and her sisters. That night her fever increased, and the next morning as daylight broke into the room, and allowed her to see, Madame W—— discovered a small, dark-red spot about the joint of the hand. She knew the fatal token, but she said not a word to her husband, who was sleeping at her side; she took her little girl that was lying on her bosom, and placed it in a cradle, and then waited until such time as she could send for her father.

When Mr. C. Z—— entered the room she was alone. She mournfully held up her hand, and he saw with horror the plague spot on her wrist. Still, however, there was a hope that it might not be the plague—a feeble hope indeed, but it served to cheer him, as he took the sad road to the dwelling of one of those professors who are called Plague Doctors, and who by constant practice are supposed to be able to detect the malady in its earliest stages. The doctor soon came to her bedside, and filled the hearts of all the household with con-

sternation by declaring that Madame W—— had indeed the plague. No sooner had the word passed his lips than every body turned to flee—the servants, who were Christians of Pera, and far from feeling the indifference to the plague and the conviction of fatalism common to the Turks, would not stay another moment in the house, and her husband, who was almost petrified with fear, was among the first to leave the perilous spot. As the noble-hearted woman, who had borne the doubt and the conviction that she was attacked by the fatal malady, with the courage of a heroine, saw this desertion, and that her infant daughter too was taken away, her strength of heart failed her, and while burning tears came to her eyes, she said to her father who stood close to her, hanging over her with an expression of anguish on his countenance—"*Tout le monde m'abandonne, mon pere! mais vous ne m'abandonnerez pas.*"—"*Jamais! ma fille,*" was the answer of the parent, who had not a thought to give to his own safety, but who, as he spoke, embraced his darling, suffering child, and caught her infectious breath on his lips. By this time the house was cleared by all save the father and daughter, the plague doctor, and an old Turk, who, fortified by the predestinarian doctrines of the Koran, volunteered his services and attendance on the sick, whom no Frank in Pera would have approached for a mine of wealth—whom husband, sisters, brother—all the nearest and dearest connexions abandoned—all, but her good old father!

When the plague-doctor retired, the house was placed in quarantine, nobody entering its doors but people supplying the objects that might be wanted by its inmates from a distance. No condition can well be imagined more calamitous than this—to see oneself avoided by one's fellow creatures—to feel that to approach a human being would be a crime—to watch the rapid progresses of a disease that so rarely fails to kill, in the person of one dearer to us than all the world beside—to count the dull hours as they pass on, and to know almost to a certainty that in so many hours the dear object of all one's solicitude will be rendered insane by the scorching fever, and insensible to one's attentions and caresses—in so many hours more will be a discoloured corpse—in so many more the food of worms, of loathsome worms, though that flesh is of our flesh, and fair, and dear, and most precious to our hearts and eyes!

In declaring Madame W——'s disorder to be the plague, the doctor had remarked that it did not seem the most virulent class of that disorder—that it was rather what he termed "*la peste benigna,*" but unfortunately before the malady was ascertained, she had been copiously bled by a European practitioner. I say *unfortunately*, because it seems to be established that nothing is more prejudicial in plague cases than the use of the lancet, and her poor father was always of opinion that had she not been bled she would have recovered.

When the bubo broke out on her arm, her devoted parent bathed it with his own hands, and even when it had burst, entirely regardless of his own life or death, he dressed the festering, revolting wound: whilst she was burning with the most horrid fever, and writhing with pain, he often supported her in his arms, and her aching head would recline on his bosom, and her breath, hot as the

vapour from an oven, would mingle with his. But yet he caught not the infection.

Frequently did the affectionate young woman express her fears that her dear father would be seized with the fatal disorder—frequently did she entreat him earnestly to leave her to her fate; and as long as she retained her reason she testified her sense of his truly paternal affection and devotedness in words whose recollection seldom failed to make my stout-hearted friend's eyes overflow with tears. But it was most piteous when the heat that raged at her brain destroyed her fine intellect, and she remained either mute as in a lethargy, or uttered words void of meaning, or sentences of the wildest and most confused import. The predominant object in the mind and heart of the young mother was her infant daughter, and at times she would implore in a tone the most piteous, that they would restore her child. At other moments she would clasp her arms over her scorching breast, as though she held the little cherub in her arms, and her parched lips would move as though she blessed it. Sometimes her haggard eye, as it glared across the apartment, seemed to be filled with imaginary objects, and she would smile or frown as these fantasies of her diseased brain were agreeable or otherwise. Meanwhile her afflicted father, whom now she could not even know, much less recognize his fond unwearying cares of her, scarcely left her bed-side for a moment, but sat sometimes with her burning hand in his, sometimes gazing fixedly on the form of his darling daughter that might almost be seen consuming itself away like a statue of wax before a glowing fire. The old Turkish menial went and came, and supplied him with that food which he could hardly be said to taste in the bitterness of his grief, and which he scarcely would have thought of himself. My friend always described the nights he thus passed, as something most awful. Every thing would be still in Pera and the adjoining suburbs of Tophana and Galata—so still, so silent the sick room, that the breathing of his dying child was dreadfully audible; and when this silence was interrupted by the barking of some of those innumerable dogs that stray about Constantinople without any master, and with whatever home the corners of the streets, or the ruins of houses may afford them; or when the Beckdji, or Turkish watchman, going his round, struck at intervals the stone pavement of the streets with his club, which is always heavily loaded with an iron ferule, and the hollow noise echoed through the long, narrow, dark street of Pera, the sounds only served to render deeper still, and more grave-like, the solemn silence that succeeded them. The tall white minarets of the mosque of Tophana were immediately below the house, and visible from Madame W——'s chamber. They rose stark in the deep blue sky of night, like sheeted ghosts, and in addition to the sounds I have mentioned as interrupting at intervals the solemn silence, there proceeded from them, at the Moslemin's hours of prayers, the low, impressive chaunt of the Muezzin, which, and more particularly at the midnight Ezann,* at the stilly hour of darkness and sleep, broke on

* The call to prayer.

the ear like a voice from another world. At these summonses to prayer, the poor old Turk, who was always near at hand, and who had contracted a reverence and affection for the Christian that so loved his daughter, would retire to a corner of the room and mumble his devotions. It might be that the Christian father and daughter were included in those prayers; the petitions of the Musulman might be as efficacious at the throne of Heavenly grace and mercy, as purer and sounder homilies; but it was not the will of Providence that Madame W—— should be restored to health and to her fond father, whose life seemed to depend upon hers.

I believe it was on the fourth day of her dreadful malady that death released her from her sufferings. For some hours before the awful moment her reason was restored, and though weak and faint and with but the "shadow of a sound" for her voice, she spoke composedly and most affectionately to her dear parent, who had grown pale, and thin, and haggard, in watching over his darling child. She recommended—and what is there on earth so sacred as the recommendation of a dying mother in behalf of her offspring?—she recommended her infant to the protection of her sisters; she spoke of the difficult and dangerous career of a girl deprived of a mother's care, and she hoped that her dear Marie would supply a mother's place. At intervals, when she saw her poor father bowed down with grief, she would make an attempt at composure and even gaiety; and her fine countenance would sparkle for a moment with its former vivacity, and her bright intellect still exercise that influence which when in health and happiness irradiated every society she frequented. It was after one of these efforts, that my friend, whose eyes were constantly riveted on her, saw a sudden change in her countenance—there was an awful something flashed over it—a flitting shadow of mystery and solemnity—the reflection of coming immortality—a something like the shade of a bird high up in the heavens cast on a deep and solitary lake. The fond father passionately grasped her hand as though by physical force he would prevent that spirit's eternal retreat. She fixed her large black eyes on his anxious face, and muttered "Je meurs." His arm was then round her attenuated waist, he clasped her closer to his bosom, he grasped her hand still firmer; a gentle pressure—so gentle that it would scarcely have discomposed the down on a feather, returned the paternal pressure, and she breathed forth her soul in his embrace, and her pale, cold face fell like marble upon the now desolate bosom of her father.

From the first disclosure of her disorder—from the first moment when on entering that room which he had scarcely ever left since for an instant, she had silently raised her hand and showed the small, dark-red spot on her wrist, he had felt that his child must die: for days and sleepless nights he had watched the approaches of death, which he had every hour seen coming nearer and nearer and more rapidly; the voice of hope had long been mute in his affectionate heart; the grave was before his eyes; but now that she was dead, he could not comprehend how it could be—how she, who but now, breathed, and spoke, and looked love and life, should be an inanimate, cold, cold mass—how she, his own flesh and blood, should be senseless to his

caresses and his despair—how she, so exquisitely sensitive in body as in mind, should now feel no more than the couch on which she reclined, or the wooden floor on which he trod. But she was dead! and all was over! As long as the light of life flickered in the socket, though void of hope, he could find occupation; and it was a relief to his fond and aching heart to busy himself about the person of his child, to wash her plague ulcer, to sponge her burning neck and breast, to humect her scorched lips, to administer her medicine or her nutriment, to smoothen her bed, to raise her in his arms, to support her on his bosom, to press her burning, bursting forehead with his hands, and to render, which he did alone, the every office of a nurse to his daughter—but now he had nothing to do, no service to render, no exertion to make; a fearful void had fallen upon his heart, and he could only groan in impotent despair! But there *was* yet one office to perform—there *was* yet another and the last—the last he could render on earth! and when the old Turk brought into the room the coffin which had been procured for the "mortal coil," the all that remained of so much beauty, and intelligence, and moral worth, the devoted father took the disfigured form of his child in his arms—in the affectionate arms in which she had breathed her last, and himself laid her in that coffin, which he closed and secured with his own hands.

In the countries of the East, even when there is no plague raging, interment rapidly follows dissolution. On the evening of the day of her death, Madame W—— was carried to the Frank burying-ground above the extensive cypress-grove, the Turkish cemetery of Pera, than which, with its views of the rapid Bosphorus that laves the foot of that hill, of the sea of Marmora with its group of islands, and occasional glimpses at sun-set of the Bithynian Olympus, there can scarcely be a fairer spot on earth. Some few attached friends who had been apprized of the melancholy event, attended at the place of interment, to render their last testimonials of respect to a most amiable woman, and though they could not come in contact with him, they spoke words of condolence and comfort to the bereaved father, as he arrived slowly following on foot the remains of his daughter. Among these gentlemen was Mr. C——, the British Consul-General, an old and dear friend of Mr. Z——. When the coffin was lowered into the narrow grave—as the first earth was thrown on the coffin which returned that hollow sound, the most awful and desolating the ear of affection can hear, this dear friend renewed his offices of consolation. Up to this moment the fond father had borne himself with astonishing firmness and composure:—by the dying bed—by the lifeless body of his child, he had not let a tear escape him; in danger and death he had done all that man could do, and the feelings of nature—a parent's feelings—had been controlled by the stoicism of a man whose lot it had been to drink his full share from the ever brimming bowl of human calamities; but now that familiar and friendly voice of Mr. C——, added to the effect of the desolating sounds from the disappearing coffin, unnerved him completely; the strength of heart and of head gave way before them, and with a cry of anguish, and a momentary access of insanity, the father rushed

from his daughter's grave, and ran towards the Turkish cemetery, utterly unconscious of what he was doing. His friend, however, had every care taken of him: one of Mr. C——'s Janissaries followed him, and after the first burst of nature, easily induced him to return to Pera, where he was obliged to condemn himself to a lonely and sorrowful quarantine, ere he could seek alleviation to his sorrows in the bosom of his remaining family, or the society of his friends.

* * * * * *

When I was in Turkey, some three or four years had passed since this sad case of plague, and the infant of Madame W—— had survived, and grown to a lovely little girl, who was often my pet companion.† But not only did the child who was sleeping on her mother's bosom, and my friend Z—— who received her mother's dying breath, escape the dreadful contagion, but all those relatives and friends who had been with Madame W—— and in close contact with her, when of a certainty she had the plague upon her, were equally exempt from the contagion.

This was in every way a striking case; it was held by many who had no pretensions to medical science, as a proof of the non-contagion of the plague, and strongly assumed as such by a scientific man, the late Dr. M'Lean, who devoted much of his time, and finally lost his life in endeavours to ascertain the real nature of this destructive and most mysterious disorder. But Dr. M'Lean was guilty of an important omission, for in writing an account of Madame W——'s case, he never mentioned that a Greek servant girl some weeks after caught the plague in the chamber in which she had died, and followed her mistress to the grave. Mr. Madden, who was at Constantinople at the time, and acquainted with the family, and who has mentioned the case in his book of Travels,‡ says "that several weeks after Madame W——'s death, when two servants were sent to open the apartment, which had been closed, and to remove the bedding, one of them, immediately on entering, complained of the closeness of the chamber; next day she had plague, and died in some few days;" but Mr. W——, the husband of the unfortunate lady, added to me, in reference to the Greek girl, that, fatigued by the labours she had undergone in opening and purifying the house, and oppressed by the heat of the day, she had thrown herself down and reposed some time on the mattress on which her mistress had expired. In cases like these every accompanying circumstance, every detail, however minute, should be noted and given; and the additional fact stated by Mr. W—— will not perhaps be considered unimportant.

The result of my inquiries into the history of the Plague at Constantinople and elsewhere, would certainly go generally to confirm the remarks with which Mr. Madden closes the case of Madame W——. "This is one of the many proofs (*he alludes, of course, to*

---

† At Therapia, a village on the Bosphorus, I was shown a little Greek girl who had been taken from *sucking at her mother's breast,* whilst she had the plague in full activity. The mother died of the disorder, *which never attacked the infant!*

‡ See Travels in Turkey, &c. by R. R. Madden, Esq. vol. i. p. 262. The death of the servant, it must be remarked, happened after Mr. M. had left the Turkish capital.

Mr. Z—— her father) I have had of the influence of the mind over this disease. In no other complaint is this influence so marked. The man who is apprehensive of contagion is always the first to take this disease; fear is the predisposing cause of plague; bad living and bodily debility are the proximate causes of the susceptibility of pestilence. I have always observed those who were *most deeply interested* in the patient's fate; his father, mother, or wife, and who were constantly by his bed-side, were seldom attacked, while the servants and strangers, who entered the room now and then, were generally infected." Yet after this assertion of the prevalence of mind and affection, Mr. Madden is obliged to subjoin that he has known many Turkish houses in Constantinople which have been shut up *after the death of every individual within their walls;* this also has been pointed out to me at Smyrna as well as at the capital, and I have noted, that the houses that had been so desolated, were nearly without an exception the houses of Turks, who take no precautions against the plague, and can hardly be said to be possessed of the *predisposing cause* of fear. C. M. F.

PITT'S BON-MOT.

THOUGH William Pitt (nick-named the Tory,
In Morris's facetious story,)
Retains the honours of his name
As a Debates-man,
Who in the House of Commons, "*ore Rotundo,*" cried up England's glory,
Yet as a statesman,
Or as a financier, his fame
May be compared to his own sinking-fund,
Which, if not quite extinct, is *moribund.*
Once on a time, the Pitt-club dinners
Collected scores of Tory sinners,
The powder'd Peachums and the pig-tail Lockets,
Who having, with the honestest intentions,
Thrust their hands deep into the people's pockets,
Denounced all change as revolution,
And call'd themselves
(The modest elves!)
The best upholders of the Constitution—
Meaning thereby their sinecures and pensions.
A Tory's transit is so transitory,
That *now* the Pitt-club's faded glory
Can scarcely muster

---

* It will be seen from the daily papers, and more fully from an interesting communication from Constantinople, in the United-Service Journal for July, that the Sultan has lately established a Quarantine, is preparing a magnificent Lazaretto, and is determined, despite of Mahometan prejudice, to adopt all those precautions against the Plague which are in use in civilized states. He has associated Christians and Franks in this truly salutary task.

A dozen old Corruptionists and Twaddles,
(A beggarly account of empty noddles,)
Who in their cups think fit
To boast and bluster,
And to the listless world proclaim
The bright imperishable fame
Of the three-parts-forgotten William Pitt.

Seeing this heaven-born Minister's renown,
In his political capacity,
Thus tumbling down,
An instance of his smart dicacity
Ought in impartial justice to be stated,
In order that the reader may bestow
Due praise on the defunct for a *bon-mot*,
The only one he ever perpetrated.

When the French threatened in flat-bottom'd boats
To come and cut our throats,
Pitt—then Lord-Warden of the Cinque-Ports—held
A meeting in the town of Dover,
To settle, should the French come over,
How they might best and soonest be repell'd;
Which said assemblage, being fierce and loyal,
Declared that England might discard her fears,
For they themselves would promise to destroy all
The French, if they might form a corps, the Mayor
To be commander, and the whole to bear
The name of Royal Dover Volunteers.

The Premier, when the cheering ceased,
Smiled, for he knew the dictum true,
That greatest boasters do the least,
And whisper'd to himself—"The Dover traders
Are most insufferable Gasconaders;
If any folks deserve an *innuendo*,
By way of a rebuke, I 'm sure these men do."
However, no remark was made,
Until the secretary reading o'er
The rules and regulations of the corps,
Broke off, and to the chairman said,
"Sir, I respectfully submit
That it were well on this occasion,
Among our standing rules and laws,
To insert the customary clause,
Not to serve out of England."—"Yes," said Pitt—
"*Except in case of an Invasion!*" H.

THE ARISTOCRACY IN FRANCE.

"Nations merit their fate," wrote De Staël. In the interest of every suffering land we protest against the severe sentence. No doubt man in the mass, as in the individual, may bring on misery by imprudence or by crime; but in history, as in life, we must acknowledge that ill fortune does not always imply demerit, nor adversity prove guilt. The world, however, is but too apt, like De Staël, to consider these as synonymous. Opinion is inexorable towards political blunders. Ours at least, that of the fortunate land, has ever been unmerciful towards our neighbours in mishap. And England has had no more pity for France when in the throes of the Terror, or for Spain under the searing iron of the Inquisition, than the Roman when a turn of his thumb condemned the valiant and conquered gladiator in the circus.

This unamiability and mistake, for it is a huge one, proceeds in no small degree from a certain affected piety, which seeks to draw a moral, rather than truth, from every circumstance. This is looking at history in the way that the worthy Plutarch and many of our own ancients wrote it, viz. espying the cause of every event in some superstitious or idle accident. Thus the Romans were defeated, because the Consul flung the sacred chickens into the sea; or they were victorious because their leader devoted himself to the infernal Gods. Thus many a worthy Briton is satisfied in concluding that his great rivals were beaten because they were impious, that they were impious because fickle, fickle because French, and French by virtue of Divine displeasure. This is scarcely exaggerating the reasoning of some of our best writers touching the French. The present time, however, is one more philosophical and fair, and more inclined to do justice and mercy, even by a foe.

Let us then venture to assert, that the greater part of the horrors and blunders of the French Revolution were produced by a strong fatality, as regarded the immediate actors; that is, produced by a wrong bias given to the social and political constitution of the country for ages previous. Unfortunately the terrible effects have been presented to our imagination, the fatal causes hidden from our reason, and we have thus not only been frighted from an impartial judgment of the past, but, what is still more serious, we have been rendered incapable of rightly estimating and judging the present. It is not our purpose, however, to enter on the wide field of French history, but merely to explain those differences of feeling, which exist betwixt the two countries, and without an ample knowledge of which, one nation must blindly speculate upon the conduct of the other.

The great peculiarity of England, and at the same time its greatest happiness is, that although inequality and variety of classes exist to the utmost degree, still those several classes blend so imperceptibly, its members rising, falling, and changing, as fortune or merit may decide, that none or scant mutual hate can exist. In France, on the contrary, the system of caste prevailed to a much more exclusive degree. A deep line of separation was drawn betwixt noble and ignoble: no scion of the former, however poor, how oft times the younger son of younger son, lost a jot of his privileges or pride; whilst no wealth, no talent, not even court favour itself, could elevate the base-born family by ever such slow degrees to the rank of his feudal superior. Nor did these distinctions serve to the mere gratification of pride; they brought solid, monied advantages, exemption from tribute, exclusive title to office and to charge, in short, all the privileges of a race of conquerors.

Hence arose in France during the eighteenth century that mortal hatred, borne by the unprivileged to the privileged classes, which rendered the revolution what it was, a civil war fought in the streets and decided on the scaffold. It was not so much political liberty that the French sought, as *equality;* and this at last they gained, more wise and successful than our first revolutionists, the Puritans, who raised the standard of revolt in the cause of religious freedom, won by their valour each field of battle, and terminated by losing all that for which they bled. We taunt the French for not keeping that liberty which they sought at such a price of anarchy and blood: we forget that political liberty was as yet in France but the dream of a few legists, of Barnave perhaps, of Mirabeau,

or Lafayette. The mass of the people knew not what this meant. Equality was their cry, their aim; and equality they not only won, but kept, even under the empire of Napoleon. This fact explains what seems to us Englishmen so extraordinary in French conduct. It reconciles that attachment to the revolution and to Buonaparte, both so universal in the French mind, yet to us seemingly so incompatible.

The first and dominant maxim with the French then is equality. Liberty, as a boon, is placed but in the second rank. This preference an Englishman cannot well comprehend, who, grumble as he may against the aristocracy, never ceases to recollect the debt of freedom and gratitude that he owes to it. No doubt he begins to think that he has been over-generous in the payment of this debt. And he is right. But Reform will prove in this case an amicable rectification of account, without the necessity of recurring to the sponge or spoliation of a revolution. But France, which for centuries has been trodden under the feet of the aristocracy, the yoke alleviated only by the rival despotism of the Crown—France, whose pride and interests were alike bowed down and sacrificed to the principle of birth, nay, which did not even reap the peculiar advantage, supposed to be inherent in aristocratic institutions, viz. military glory—for all know how low had fallen the French army previous to 89—France can bear aught from despotism down to anarchy, all except an aristocracy; and that she will not tolerate.

This is a fact, a feeling begotten of the past, *gravé à l'eau forte*, its impression graven into their minds by corrosion, nay more, graven into their laws and institutions, and now at any rate finally ineradicable. The French may be wrong, they may rue it. A monarchy without an aristocracy may be an impossibility, and may prove a dangerous experiment. But as they will try it, and as, after all, *they* at least possess good and well-grounded reasons for hating an hereditary noblesse, we ought in fairness to look on with suspended judgment, nay, even be grateful for having an experiment before our eyes, which cannot fail to add largely to the previous stock of political experience. In our opinion, what is most wanted in this important branch of knowledge are phenomena. We are in politics pretty much at the same degree of wisdom, as that at which Galileo found the world in physics. We have theorized enough, and what we want is experiment. Let it be performed *in anima vili*, on France, Belgium, Poland—where you will: and let Old England look on to profit by them.

Noblesse in France is a fatal word. Without going farther back than 89, it precipitated the revolution and destroyed the old monarchy. The restored monarchy it destroyed likewise. The Bourbons returned with one dominant thought, to restore the aristocracy, without which, said they, the throne cannot exist. But the Peers being substantially ciphers, without wealth, without influence, without respect, they endeavoured to attract some portion of these by the only means, the affectation of independence. Then the government, although possessed of an immensity of small patronage and place to dispose of, had no vast and lucrative offices such as we have in England to bestow. The French administration, which had ample store of bait and bribe for a Lower House, or for common followers, had none at all for the House of Peers. Hence the Aristocratic Chamber, despite its ministerial birth and puny age, fell ever into opposition, and it was only by fresh drafts from the Commons that a majority could be preserved. Villele, in order to master the Upper House, was obliged to create a *fournée* or batch of seventy or eighty Peers. By doing so, he lost his majority in the Commons. This act proved the crisis of the restored monarchy; from that day it sunk lower, lower, in vain endeavoured to rally, and rise, and floundered about, until in despair it made a mighty effort for existence, in which failing, it sunk for ever. But mark, it was the first effort, that of Villele's to acquire the majority in the Peers, that caused and commenced the peril—that was the imprudent tack which sprung the leak. And thus it was the institution of the Peerage, from which the Bourbons expected their chief support, which in reality proved their weakness, and destroyed them.

Neither Louis Philippe, nor his present Ministry have taken warning by these simple facts. They still hold to the old maxim, No Noblesse, no King. And although in the elections going on whilst we write, had the Ministry come

forward, and declared itself even impartial on this great national question, it is certain that a majority of members would have been returned to the new Chamber, friends of order, peace, and monarchy.* But as this step has not been taken, there are strong fears, not only for the hereditary aristocracy, but for the throne itself. The most imprudent part of this conduct is, that it is pure Quixotism, the question of the hereditary right of the Peerage being decided in the public mind, the very ministerialists and their papers not daring to advocate it. Yet, rather than yield in time and with a good grace, they risk their power and influence on other and as vital questions, that of peace or war with Europe for instance, which the violent party, if triumphant, would soon decide according to their wishes and their vaunts.

After all, the ceding of the principle would be but the cession of a name; for an aristocracy, where such exists, will be hereditary, in reality and fact, if not in right. And the impossibility of placing the power of appointing Peers either in the power of Crown or of people, either of which at once destroys the independence and essential character of an Upper House, will probably force the French, convinced, as they are, of the necessity of a second chamber, to return to the only feasible way of framing and perpetuating it: and the safest and surest mode of founding a political maxim is certainly that of following up its contrary to a *quod absurdum*. This forms the hope of those amongst the French, the *doctrinnaires*, for example, who, admiring and preferring the English Constitution, still feel obliged, for the moment, to yield to the popular current, and vote against the hereditary Peerage.

There are three species of aristocracy, say the political theorists, the aristocracy of birth, the aristocracy of wealth, the aristocracy of talent. In the first Revolution each of these triumphed one over the other, and all were proscribed in their turn: Robespierre sent talent to the scaffold on the very same principle of jealousy that the first leaders of the mob strung up the nobles to the lamp-post. And to the reign of terror succeeded the reign of dulness, until Buonaparte rose, and substituted the empire of the sword. Let us see how the present Revolution has treated these rivals for influence. Against the first, or birth, it has declared unmitigable war; the second, or wealth, it has wafted to complete supremacy, placed the Ministry in its hands, the Government at its disposal, and given it an overwhelming majority in what may be considered the exclusive legislative council; viz. the Chamber of Deputies.

How has *talent* or *its* aristocracy been treated? Mark! the experience is salutary. After the days of July, it was talent that seemed to bear the greatest weight. The newspapers ruled like so many despots; their editors were created demigods; they were offered what places and the rewards they pleased. Academicians were converted into Deputies, professors into statesmen, and the Saint Simonien maxim of ruling by a kind of learned and scientific aristocracy, was almost adopted. But how short-lived was this supremacy! In a month, a little month, there arose throughout France one universal cry of jealousy and indignation against the *doctrinnaires*, against the politically learned, who were stigmatized, and not without some reason, as pedantic, as pusillanimous, as irresolute. Away with your speculators! (cried the public,) none of your writers, your philosophers: we want men of *action*—men to govern, not instruct. *Talent* instantly was ousted from its seat; it lost the Ministry and the public voice. Wealth, represented by the richest of bankers, succeeded it in the one, and the demagogues, who raised the rabid cry of Republican liberty and European war, succeeded it in the other. Now, after the lapse of a year, whilst we write, what is the greatest blemish that can be fixed on the character of a statesman, what the greatest crime that can be cast up to a candidate for the deputation?—talent! "This gentleman has ideas," exclaim the electors, "which we don't comprehend. He is to be feared and avoided:—we will none of him." Thus Guizot is elected with infinite difficulty; thus Villemain is rejected;

---

* In the eleventh hour, that is the very day before the elections, Marshal Gérard, Lobau, Seguier, and other personal friends of the King and the Government, came forward to declare their determination to vote against an hereditary Peerage. Had this step been taken a fortnight sooner, it would have proved much more useful.

Dupin hated, and nought but mediocrity tolerated and supported. How will the new Chamber be composed? Of mayors, and notaries, and village celebrities; men utterly without political knowledge, but, fortunately, moderate in their ignorance and timidity, and likely to steer well, unless the demagogue members can bring mob clamour to work upon the weak nerves of their colleagues.

Thus we see talent vilipended and feared, birth scouted. What remains, then, with head still raised above the great level of *égalité?* Wealth, merely wealth, which, possessed of the great mysteries and influence both of the Government and the Stock Exchange united, seems calculated to make the most stubborn fight: and conquer, perhaps, this party would, but that foreign politics interfere, and render it impossible for a government to be at once sage and bold, prudent and popular.

Of the three aristocracies above enumerated, there can be no doubt that the most pusillanimous and cautious is that of wealth. These, who have their eyes fixed every afternoon upon the barometer of the funds, shrink from a declaration of war, or even from any of those bold postulates which approach it. And here is the true weakness of Perier's Administration, as well as that of all bankers. Certainly, were the paramount influence, now existing, of capitalists to continue, it would be wise to counterbalance it by the independence of noble birth and the spirit of high blood. If Rome prevailed in its contest with Carthage, this, be it remembered, was owing to the circumstance that the latter was ruled by a commercial oligarchy, the former by a landed and military aristocracy. The French are fully aware of this, and should that unmanageable Belgium precipitate the country into war, we may be certain that Perier and his monied supporters will instantly yield their supremacy and place to Barrot and the other men of action, and what is called of *mouvement.*

One consequence of at present abolishing the hereditary right of the French Peerage has not been noticed. This is the detriment which it must work to the throne of Louis Philippe. Could the new Monarch have taken the place of his predecessor, and preserved his institutions, there was every hope of the Royalists rallying to him, and forming in time the most devoted supporters of a Bourbon throne. But now the old noble must ever remain inveterately hostile to a system that robs his coronet of its last jewel, and confounds at once and for ever all distinctions of birth. Nay, it is to be feared that this will affect not merely the Carlist, but every man of eminence. The Bonapartist Peer himself will inevitably feel disgusted with the system that closes his illustration with his life. And the whole class of optionates will thus feel their interests to be separate from those of the *popular throne.*

Whatever be the consequences, the measure itself is inevitable. The result of the elections makes itself known whilst we write, and proves much more favourable to the democratic party, and much less so to Perrier, than had been supposed. The strong minority, reckoning from 120 to 150, will be easily swelled in this futile country to a majority in the event of any of the thousand and one blunders to which power, even in the hands of the wisest of ministers, is ever incident. It is the South of France which has principally run counter to the hopes of government, in returning Deputies of violent and extreme principles. And this is not owing to that region having embraced Republicanism, but is produced by the numbers and boldness of the Carlists, and the consequent animosity of their enemies. One extreme thus produces the other: and aught like moderation is in consequence banished from the South.

This comparative weakness of the middle party now at the helm is much to be regretted in the settlement of the great question of the Aristocracy. The hereditary right of this class must indeed have in any case fallen. But there remains the important question of what should be substituted. How are the Peers or Senators for life, for example, to be appointed? The country is in no wise constituted or calculated to bear the American form. The Senate of the United States is the proudest of a federal system. And France can attempt but an awkward and infelicitous imitation. Yet this, no doubt, will be pressed by Lafayette and his friends. Should they succeed, which they may by delaying the question, instead of closing the revolution, they most probably re-open its career.

Y.

MY AUNT'S BEQUEST.

Waiting for a dead man's shoes is commonly considered to be a precarious dependance: be this as it may, no one will deny that it is a tedious state of existence. Waiting for a dead woman's slippers is worse both ways: old men *do* die; old women *won't*—if they can help it: and then, women are the more capricious. I cannot reproach myself with any lack of duty towards my aunt Susannah, during her blessed life-time, (and a long one it was!) yet——. But the sanctity of the grave must be respected, so I will not even hint a thought to the dishonour of her memory. Her husband, the Reverend Phineas Wheezy, died in the year eighteen-hundred. He was Vicar of St. Calvo's, Essex; Rector of St. Snooks', Lancashire, and of Great Trediddel's, Cornwall; Chaplain to Sir Pryse Pryse-Pryse, Bart. of Prysellollwyth Hall, Monmouthshire; Librarian to the Duke of Dunderleigh, at Dunderleigh Park, Cumberland; morning Lecturer at St. Snorum's, Yorkshire; and afternoon Lecturer at St. Snort's, near Rochester, Kent: so, for the convenience of not performing any of these various duties, he inhabited a house at Putney, in Surrey. It will not be wondered at, that, by the ungodly and the inconsiderate—let us call them the envious, rather—he was occasionally taunted with his pluralities, and reproved for what those cavillers deemed his utter neglect of his sacred duties; but against the attacks of such as these he was prepared with a ready and an unanswerable defence. "Were I," he would say, "to comply with any one of those calls upon my personal attendance—calls, various as they are numerous, and distant as they are various"—(for, on such occasions, my uncle was wont to ensconce himself behind an impenetrable phrase)—"distant, I say, as they are various, how justly should I stand chargeable with undue preference to that one, thereby making my neglect of all the others the more offensive, inasmuch as it would be the more remarkable! Besides, with respect to my lectureships alone, my lectureships alone, I say, is it possible—is it within the bounds of human possibility, that I should be at St. Snorum's, Yorkshire, at ten in the morning, and at St. Snort's, Kent, at three in the afternoon? I ask you, is it within the widest scope of possibility?" Having asked this perplexing question, he would, like Brutus, "pause for a reply;" and as no one was ever found bold enough to deny the impossibility of performing, within the brief space of five hours, such a journey as the one he suggested, he would end the argument, and satisfy his own conscience at the same time, by exclaiming: "Monstrous! Perfectly preposterous to expect of any man that he should do duty in two places, far distant from each other, almost at one and the same moment."

Now, as the income of the Reverend Phineas Wheezy, from his numerous benefices and appointments, was large; and he being unblest with any children to assist him in the agreeable occupation of diminishing it, it has always been a matter of astonishment that he should have died worth no more than forty thousand pounds. So it was, however; and the whole of this he bequeathed, unconditionally, to his widow: leaving to each of us, his nephews, nieces, and cousins, a legacy of—dependance upon the justice or generosity of

aunt Susannah. If I cannot applaud my aunt for acting, upon this occasion, with either generosity or justice, I must, at least, admit that she displayed no inconsiderable share of humanity. Feeling, as she did, that doubt, anxiety, and suspense are painful sensations, she extinguished them in our bosoms by, at once, assuring us, "upon her honour, as a lady," that, were it to save us all from starving, she would not give us a single shilling during her life-time. But she added that, at her death, we should be remembered, each according to our conduct towards her: thus holding us rigidly to our good behaviour.

At her death! At the period of my uncle's departure (1800) my aunt Susannah was already in her sixty-seventh year; and as she had always been of a sickly constitution, we could scarcely *hope* that she should live long. Indeed, we had observed, and not without proportionate alarm, a gradual decline in her health ever since the day of her beloved husband's death. Our solicitude—that is to say, of us, the expectant nephews, and nieces, and cousins—was intense; and sharp, indeed, were the struggles, and frequent the quarrels between us, for precedency in affectionate attendance upon the suffering old lady. Kindness has been said to kill: oh! could it have availed to cure! Aunt Wheezy exhibited symptoms of pulmonary consumption: my cousin Robert was anxious that, for the benefit of her health, she should pass a few weeks with him at Blowbluster Cottage, on the top of North Hill. Towards the end of the first year of her widowhood she had a slight attack of ague: for the benefit of her health, she was invited by my sister Briggs to spend the winter months at her house on the borders of the Essex marshes. Dr. Drench, apprehensive that the depression of spirits under which my aunt had laboured ever since the loss of my poor uncle, might lead to some fatal derangement of the system, recommended a change of scene: my cousin Peter, laudably zealous to carry the doctor's advice into effect, hired a nice apartment for aunt Susannah at the undertaker's, directly opposite to the church-yard at Kensington. She was subject to cholic and spasms in the stomach, and frequently was her precious life endangered by their attacks. *My* affection for the old lady was manifested by slight and delicate attentions, rather than by acts of important service, which, indeed, I had neither means nor opportunity to perform: I made her frequent presents of choice or early fruit—chiefly plums and cherries; then I would send her a mould of ice-cream; or, if she complained of thirst, I was instantly at her side, with a goblet of lemonade. It was by such and similar *petits soins* (as the French term these amiable minor services,) that *I* endeavoured to please.

At the time of my uncle's decease I had just entered my twenty-first year. (It is not from any doubt of the reader's knowledge of arithmetic, or with a view to an ostentatious display of my own proficiency in that exact science, I also inform him that I am now in my fifty-second.) My father had bequeathed me a property producing an income of about a hundred-and-fifty pounds *per annum*. This was not sufficient for splendour, scarcely for independence; in order, therefore, to increase it, it was necessary I should assume a profession. I chose the bar, and took chambers in Gray's Inn. I

read hard; and my vanity leads me to believe that, had I continued my studies, my labours would have been rewarded with no common share of success. Had aunt Susannah been a much younger woman than she actually was, I should have done so; for the prospect of the legacy I was justified in expecting, by being more remote would have formed a less important item in the catalogue of my worldly considerations, and, consequently, have less interrupted, if it would at all have interrupted, my present occupations. As it was, the hope—I would say the *probability* of speedily succeeding to a good share of her property, which, by dint of assiduity, I might induce her to make better, was a temptation too obvious and too strong for resistance. There were three other unfortunate circumstances against me. First, of all the expectants of the Wheezy property, (and we were nine, male and female,) I was the only one unmarried; secondly, I was the only one without any evident employment, (for being a mere student, and my studies not appearing to be productive, in a pecuniary sense, my time was estimated at no great value;) and, thirdly, I was the only one, at that time, living in London: so that, if any thing was to be done, whether as a matter of necessity, or to gratify a caprice, it was always—"Tom is a bachelor, Tom doesn't live so very far off, Tom has nothing better to do, so Tom must do it." From what I have here stated it will naturally be inferred that profitable application to my profession was impracticable.

The distance between the aunt and the nephew was soon to be diminished. After three years of widowhood, conceiving that the establishment at Putney was too large for "a poor lone woman," she sold the villa, dismissed her servants, and rented the parlour-floor of a dark, dingy, black house, (one of those dens with twenty-four small panes of glass, set in thick, clumsy frames, to each of the windows, and one solitary poplar growing up in front of them,) in a narrow street at Kensington, where she was waited upon by the one maid-servant. It is impossible to conceive any thing more melancholy than was this change; not but that, in *one* way, it was gratifying to *us:* for it required no Johnsonian grasp of intellect to understand that the less my aunt spent of her income the more of it must remain for its inheritors. The furniture, the library, the plate, the wines—and such wines!—(I have said my uncle was a parson)—the carriage, the horses, all, all were sold!

> "So, for a good old-gentlemanly vice,
> I think I must take up with avarice."

Well; although we saw those possessions depart from us, there still remained their value in money; and it was a consolatory reflection that money bears interest, which would have been lost upon the commodities themselves, for the year, or, perhaps, the two years, our dear aunt might yet live; for she was now seventy, and her health, *unhappily*, in a more unsettled state than ever.

The anxiety attendant upon the sale of her property, and the investment, to the greatest advantage, of its proceeds, together with the fatigue of moving, could not but operate detrimentally to the health of a person so aged and so infirm as my aunt Susannah. It was less to our astonishment, therefore, than our grief, that, on the third day after her removal to the dingy parlour-floor at Kensington,

we (the expectants) received intelligence from Dr. Drench, that Mrs. Wheezy was dangerously ill of a bilious fever! Our distress at this announcement was greatly aggravated by the doctor's pressing desire for our immediate attendance, as he could give us no *hopes* of her surviving the next four-and-twenty hours. Never, surely, was a departing creature blest with so affectionate a set of relatives! Scarcely had we received the afflicting summons ere we were all at her bed-side, each accompanied by a physician and two apothecaries.

"My dears," said my aunt—(She spoke faintly, and uttered only a word or two at a time.)—"my dears, this proof of your affectionate solicitude concerning me affects me deeply. I expected no less from you, and of this you will receive a proof."

Here we wept bitterly; begging her, at the same time, not to allude to *that*.

"Ah! my dears! to lose your poor aunt at her time of life—seventy, only seventy!—would be a severe blow to you!"

Here we wept more bitterly still.

"But, my children, for as my children I consider you, pray for her—pray for her—"

Here we absolutely roared with grief, and were about to kneel in order to fulfil the solemn task she enjoined us.

"Pray for her—speedy recovery and long life."

At this precise instant, Doctor Drench, perceiving that his patient was somewhat exhausted by the fatigue of talking, requested us to quit the room. We readily assented.

Cousins, nephews, nieces, doctors, and apothecaries, all adjourned to the adjoining apartment.

"Is there no hope, gentlemen?" inquired cousin Robert.

The gentlemen, to whom this melancholy question was addressed, shook, with becoming gravity, their professional heads.

"The lady cannot live through this night," said one of them; "the case is utterly hopeless; therefore, for us to repeat our visit, would be an act of dishonesty." He and the rest accepted their fees.

The apothecaries looked astonished and dissatisfied.

"*But*," continued the speaker, "we will prescribe something which, at the worst, can do no harm."

"Are you certain—quite certain she will die?" inquired my sister Briggs; "is there really no *hope?* Let us know the *worst*."

"While there is life there is always hope," replied Doctor Drench, to whom the question was more particularly addressed; "she *may*—she *may* rally a little in the morning."

"May she!" exclaimed cousin Peter, in a tone more indicative (as I thought) of consternation than of joy; "may she! For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, do all of you come again to-morrow—for fear of accident."

On the second day the physicians came again; and, on the third, we found, notwithstanding this, that aunt was a "*leetle* better." Peter now admitted that we might as well throw money into the Thames as spend it on a hopeless case: the extra physicians were dismissed, and Mrs. Wheezy was left entirely to the care of Doctor Drench.

On the fourth day, aunt was "not so well;" on the fifth day she was "worse;" on the sixth, "she could not possibly live through the

night;" on the seventh, "she had rallied a little;" on the eighth, it was "all *but* over;" on the ninth, ————! Doctor Drench met us in the parlour, to communicate to us that, in the course of the night, so wonderful a change had taken place, that he might now venture to give us *hopes*.

"Hopes, doctor!" exclaimed Peter, "hopes of what?"

"Of Mrs. Wheezy's recovery; and, should she recover this bout, such a change will have been operated in her system, that—of course I cannot promise it—*but*" (and here he took us all kindly by the hand,)—*but*, I say, *should* she recover, she may creep on for these ten years to come."

This Doctor Drench was a tolerably clever man in his profession; yet, I own, he had never been a favourite of mine. His pleasing anticipations were confirmed;—aunt Wheezy *did* recover. What was our joy at this event may be more easily conceived than described! Our joy, however, did not prevent certain little bickerings amongst us, the affectionate relatives of aunt Wheezy. Our assiduous and disinterested attentions to her, in the manifestation of which each of us strove to out-do the other, were productive of mutual reproaches and recriminations: cousin Robert told my sister Briggs, that the object of *her* extraordinary kindness to the old lady was "not to be misunderstood;" sister Briggs declared to Robert that she positively blushed at *his* barefaced proceedings; I called Peter a time-server, while Peter bestowed upon me the title of legacy-hunter. I will take this opportunity to mention, that our disputes upon this, and some future occasions of a similar nature, caused a total disunion of one of the most loving families the world had ever beheld.

A few days after my aunt's blessed recovery, I received from her the following note:—

"My dear Tom,

"Pray come and dine with your poor lone aunt on Sunday next, at four o'clock precisely. Be with me at two precisely, as I have something of great importance to you to communicate. Bring 'The Observer' newspaper with you.

"I remain your affectionate aunt,

"P. S. Buy me a cribbage-board. SUSANNAH WHEEZY."

As I had previously engaged to join an agreeable party (a certain Miss Anna Maria Brackenbury being one) in an excursion to Richmond, this invitation was somewhat *mal apropos*: but the "something of great importance" was a hint sufficiently significant; so I resolved to sacrifice my pleasure to that which I could not consider in any other light than as my interest.

As the clock struck two, I entered aunt Susannah's dingy parlour. The cribbage-board was deposited in the side-board drawer, and "The Observer" (which I was to read aloud after dinner,) on the mantelpiece. After a few preparatory "a-hems!" thus did my aunt unfold the "something of great importance."

"Thomas, I am a poor lone woman. Though I am but seventy-one, I feel that, suffering and ailing as I do, I shall not make old bones; I am not long for this world; but, while I am permitted to live, do you, my dear Thomas, consider my forlorn condition, and be kind to me. You are a young man, and attendance upon a poor creature like me cannot but be irksome to you; yet—ah! had I chil-

dren! but, alas! I have neither chick nor child; my property is all in the funds, every shilling of it is at my own disposal—I say every shilling of it is at my own disposal—(Do you attend to what I say, my dear Thomas?)—and when I die ———! Ah! there are many who look forward with impatience to that event: not you, Thomas; but, during my late illness, I remarked that the others—ay, every one of them, seemed anxious for the fatal ———."

"Why, to speak candidly, my dear aunt," said I, "I must confess—though it grieves me to say it of them—their behaviour was any thing but what it ought to have been. Heavens! the bare idea of allowing the hope of inheriting a little vile dross so far to overpower the sentiments of nature, the feelings of the heart, the natural affections of the—of the—in short, to entertain sentiments so interested as to lead one to form a wish for ———! and so good, so kind an aunt, too! O, inhuman!" Here my pathos drew tears from aunt Wheezy's eyes, and my own too.

"Ah! my dear Tom, were they all like you ———! But no matter; it will be the worse for them, and the better for somebody else, one of these days;" and as she said this, she patted my hand, which was resting on her arm. At that moment I felt like a sole legatee. "But, to what I wished to say to you:" and, continued she, in rather a solemn tone, "Thomas—Tom, my dear, Saturday is the day for washing poor little Flora," [this was her Dutch pug-dog,] "and although the dear creature has not been washed since the day I fell ill, yet (would you believe it?) the servant of the house has refused to take the trouble of cleaning the little darling!"

I could not suppress my indignation at such barbarity; yet I was at a loss to understand how this could be considered as "something of great importance" to me.

"Now, Tom, as you have nothing else to do, you must come to-morrow at two o'clock, carry the poor thing to the Park, and give her a nice washing in the Serpentine."

This was an employment for which I felt no relish; so I told aunt Susannah that it happened, most unfortunately, that I had already engaged myself with a party to the Exhibition, for the very hour she mentioned.

"Very well, sir; I dare say I shall find some one who will be glad of an opportunity of doing me a favour."

I felt like one disinherited. The sacrifice of a visit to the Exhibition was but a trifle (although Miss Brackenbury had promised to take my arm through the rooms) in comparison with the putting in jeopardy of a fine legacy; so, since it was not only my duty, but my desire to obey my dear aunt, I consented to perform the ceremonies of Miss Flora's toilette.

I have said, that the change from the villa at Putney to the parlour at Kensington was, to me, at least, a melancholy one. The Sunday dinners of my late uncle used to be as delightful as excellent society, an excellent table, and excellent wines could make them. Now ———! At four o'clock I was seated opposite to my aunt Wheezy, at a small square table, in her dark, dingy parlour; our repast consisting of a roast neck of mutton, (a thing I detest,) three potatoes, two suet dumplings, and a pint of Cape Sherry, just pur-

chased at the nearest public-house. Such a dinner was soon ended; and, the cloth being removed, I was desired to read "The Observer." I began with some article of news which I thought might be interesting to the old lady.

"Is that your method of reading a newspaper? If the task be too troublesome to you, I dare say I can find some one who will be glad to take it off your hands. Ah! that I had a child of my own! But I am a poor lone woman; I have neither chick nor child; my money is all at my own disposal, and ———. Well, sir, if you choose to read it, begin at the beginning." I began with the first advertisement, (which was a long list of patent medicines,) and read on till I came to the names of printer and publisher. Ten o'clock being my aunt's hour of retiring to rest, at half past nine I was dismissed; not without a reminder, however, of my duty for the morrow.

The next morning I waited upon Miss Brackenbury; and, telling her that *an important affair* would deprive me of the pleasure of attending her to the exhibition, (I took care not to say that I was engaged to wash a dirty pug-dog in the Serpentine,) requested she would allow me to make myself amends for so severe a loss, by accompanying her in the evening to the theatre. To this request she kindly consented.

Punctually at two o'clock I was at Kensington; at half past two I was engaged in the pleasing occupation of scrubbing little Flora; and at three I was again in the dingy parlour.

"Can you play at cribbage, Tom?" inquired my aunt.

I answered in the negative: I scarcely knew one card from the other.

"Then come and *tea* with me at six this evening, and I will teach you."

"It happens, most unluckily," said I, "that I have promised to take a young lady to the theatre this evening; and, as I cannot civilly release myself from the engagement, I——"

"Very well, sir. Heaven defend us from depending upon one's relations for *any* thing! I dare say I shall find some one who will be glad to pass an hour or two with me. Only remember—my property is all at my own disposal," &c. &c.

I required no plainer a hint. I trotted off from Kensington to Somers Town, made an awkward apology to Anna Maria for this second disappointment, and at six o'clock I found myself enjoying the luxuries of black tea and cribbage with my aunt Wheezy.

"You are an apt scholar, Tom," said my aunt, after having made me play seven-and-thirty games at penny cribbage with her; "come again to-morrow at six, and take your revenge."—(I had lost sevenpence.)

"To-morrow, aunt? Impossible! I am going with my friend Wilkins to the Opera." This objection was met by the usual hint at her property being entirely at her own disposal; so at six on the following evening I was again in the dark dingy parlour.

By dint of the application of this threat respecting her property, aunt Wheezy contrived, within three months, to render me her slave. Every Saturday was I compelled—setting all other affairs aside—to wash Flora in the Serpentine; to eat roast neck of mutton, drink

Cape Sherry, and read "The Observer" through, every Sunday; and to play at cribbage, from six o'clock till half past nine, every evening in the week, Sundays excepted. To assert that I did not dare say my soul was my own would be ridiculous; for, to confess the truth, I doubt, when I reflect on my past subserviency, whether I had a soul.

In the midst of these avocations, which entirely diverted me from my profession, I yet found time to pay a daily visit to Anna Maria. At the end of three years, Mr. Brackenbury (her papa) asked me if I entertained any serious intentions respecting his daughter. My intentions respecting her were serious indeed, for I contemplated marriage. I loved Anna Maria; and my "love" was exactly of that "sweet" quality which "meets return."

"Sweet is the love that meets return!"

"Well," said old Brackenbury, "I have no objection to you for a son-in-law; you have a rich aunt; if she will give you four thousand pounds, I will give you a like sum, and Anna Maria into the bargain."

That same evening, at cribbage, I ventured to break to aunt Susannah the matter of my intended marriage.

"What!" exclaimed she, "marry! and what is to become of *me?* Who will pass the evenings with me? Who will wash Flora in the Serpentine? Who will ———? But do as you please—leave me to die alone. I require only one and a last favour of you. Call upon Mr. Quirk, my attorney, and desire him to be with me to-morrow, early: he must make some important alterations in a *certain paper.*"

This was sufficient for me. I assured my aunt I would rather expire than marry without her consent. "That's well," said she; "wait till I die; that will be time enough. Ah! me, I shan't be a trouble to you long."

At the end of another three years, aunt Wheezy not exhibiting the slightest propensity to dying, Mr. Brackenbury bestowed his daughter's hand on my rival, Dick Dexter, the conveyancer.

I lost my mistress; one by one I lost my friends. Aunt Wheezy was all in all to me. Years rolled on; aunt Wheezy did not die; Sunday brought its neck of mutton, Cape Sherry, and "Observer;" Saturday, its washing the pug-dog in the Serpentine, (not Flora, for she and a long succession of dogs had gone the way which my aunt would *not* go); and every evening in the week its eight-and-thirty games at penny cribbage. On the 2nd of June 1830, my dear aunt was still alive! She was in her ninety-seventh year; I in my fifty-second. My fellow expectants were all dead: I remained the only one possessing a claim to the Wheezy property. On the morning of the 3rd of June, aunt Susannah was found dead in her bed. Her will was opened. She left every shilling of her money to public charities: to me she bequeathed—the cribbage-board! P*.

LIVING LITERARY CHARACTERS, NO. VIII.

Robert Plomer Ward, Esq.

(With an engraved Likeness.)

Some five or six years ago there was a most singular uniformity in the *coiffure* of—to use the long established prologue phraseology—"the British fair:" every face, whether long or short, round or oval, Saxon or Grecian, was surmounted by large French curls: natural ones were pronounced vulgar, braids eccentric, and ringlets affected. An old Greek poet says:—

"The outward signs do speak of things within,"

and the similarity of costume was symbolical of the similarity of literary taste. The circulating library had then but one circulating medium—the Scotch novels; and conversation but one unvarying topic—the Scotch novels: so that when people meant to have a little intellectual discourse, they forthwith set about comparing the rival merits of Flora M'Ivor and Rose Bradwardine, or deciding the important question, whether Ivanhoe ought or ought not to have fallen in love with Rebecca. It was about this period that Mr. Ward published "Tremaine," at once an experiment and a discovery; an experiment whether character could be attractive, although not Scotch, and a hero interesting without being taken either from the Highlands or from history; and the discovery was, that they could. "Tremaine" was completely successful; it lay on the drawing-room table, was to be found in the study, was ordered by the book-clubs, and finally attained the *otium cum dignitate* of being bound for the library. People read the first two volumes during the week, and the third on a Sunday.

"Tremaine" may be best characterised as a philosophical novel—the philosophy, not of theory, but of observation. It was written to develope no system of fanciful excellence, but it brought the stores of a richly cultivated mind, and of an observant experience, to bear upon a story of real life, fictitious only in narrative.

For some years a very considerable change had taken place in the materials set apart for the composition of a hero: the public were satiated with brave, handsome, and generous young gentlemen. Lord Byron had first set the example by a series of moral Rembrandts; but his shoal of imitators had succeeded in making misanthropy common, and even despair uninteresting. Mr. Ward turned over a new leaf in prose; for misanthropy he took indifference; for misery, discontent. The character of "Tremaine" was a new and a fortunate sketch: it embodied much of the temper of the times, which the author caught with the spirit of an eye-witness, and treated with the tone of a philosopher. Tremaine is a being belonging to a highly civilized era; a man of rank, wealth, talent, and cultivation; but what many are, and still more affect to be, *blasé sur tout*—the Persian monarchs of modern life, who crave a new enjoyment: they should rather ask the power of enjoying. There is a pretty fairy tale of a man who obtains from some Spirit a double portion of acuteness to his senses; but his avarice of enjoyment becomes his punishment.



THE AUTHOR OF "TREMAINE."

Engraved by Thurston, from an Original Drawing by [illegible] Esq.

R P Ward

All the minute disagreeables of the visible world are constantly present to his eye; his ear, alive to the lightest sound, drives him almost to insanity for want of rest; while the extreme sharpness of his palate detects faults and flavours, till his daily food becomes loathsome. This allegory exactly illustrates the state of Tremaine's mind—the excess of refinement is disgust. Every man has some ideal of happiness, to which if he could but attain, he were content. It is fortunate for most persons that they have no opportunity of carrying their theories into practice. Retirement into the country and literary leisure are Tremaine's "vision of felicity:" but retirement is only another word for dulness, and literary leisure is very far from having the enjoyment of literary employment. To convert the sceptic from vague and dissatisfied deism; to bring round the languid *ennuyé* to a conviction of the necessity of action; to make a practical of a would-be philosopher, is the difficult process carrying on through these volumes. The auxiliaries for this conversion are Dr. Evelyn, a benevolent and intelligent clergyman, the very incarnation of good sense, and his daughter Georgina, who is best described by Tremaine's own quotation respecting her:—"C'étoient la candeur, l'innocence, la douce sensibilité, la chaste et timide pudeur, un honnêteté, dont la voile ornoit la grace, et la beauté; c'étoit la vertu couronnée des fleurs de la jeunesse."

Mr. Ward writes with equal grace and enthusiasm about the country: he flings over it a thousand lights of poetry, by the application of the most beautiful quotations, in the use of which he is especially happy. The spring is associated with that exquisite description:—

> "Oh primavera, gioventu dell' anno
> Bella madre di fiori
> L'erbe novelle, et di novelli amori," &c. &c.

Or with the equally exquisite English:—

> "——————— when descending showers
> Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flowers,
> When opening buds salute the welcome day,
> And earth, relenting, feels the genial ray."

The woods are described as being

> "Of branching elm, star-proof."

And morn is associated with Milton's lines:—

> "Her rosy steps i' the eastern clime advancing,
> Strewing the earth with orient pearl."

According to Mr. Ward's own rule, we best appreciate those pleasures in which we only occasionally participate; and we must confess, notwithstanding his Claude Lorraine pictures of rural enjoyment, we think that our Author has rather visited than resided in the country. The most original feature in "Tremaine" was, however, the third volume: a novel was a new vehicle for converting a Deist, and we all know the attraction of novelty. Dr. Evelyn's excellent arguments were, perhaps, not the less relished for the perfectly new channel in which they appeared:—to read "Tremaine" soon became a religious duty.

At a time when bricklayers and authors are equally rapid in their productions, and the title-page, which, at the beginning of the year, has but its own name, "ere the close of the revolving twelve" months

has, at least, some half-dozen companions to keep it in countenance; and the new work comes out by the popular Author of "so and so," &c. &c. &c.—at such a time, it is rather a noticeable fact, that we have only one other work to mention of Mr. Ward's. "Tremaine" was, after a lapse of some time, followed by "De Vere." "Tremaine" was philosophy investigating private life; "De Vere" was the same spirit analysing a political and public career. Much interest was excited at the time by the identity of Mr. Wentworth with Mr. Canning. All portrait-painting was denied by Mr. Ward in his Preface; but we all know that an author's denials are allowed as much latitude as a lady's negatives. "The Literary Gazette" collected the scattered passages which referred to the "patriot Minister;" and a friend calling the Sunday following on Canning, found him reading it. Of course some complimentary reference was made to the columns before him. "I never dreamed," said Mr. Canning, "of my destiny as the hero of a novel; but romance is the beginning of history, and I shall take it as a good omen."

The discussions of which Lord Bolingbroke was the subject, made also a most interesting feature. It is curious to remark the different views taken of this gifted individual by the Author of "De Vere" and by the Author of "Devereux." Opinion will be as divided on this subject as it is on every other; for opinion is like the United States of America, made up of divisions. We must confess our own preference is given to the more exalted and kindly view taken in "Devereux." We agree with Wordsworth that,

> "It is a joy to think the best
> We may of human kind."

To look up is better for our moral sight than to look down; and we are too apt to make the failings of a great man the excuse for our own. The exaggeration of excellence accompanies its desire; and to desire good is the first step towards achieving it. Most of the characters in "De Vere" were impersonations of certain qualities: patriotism, ambition, party spirit, luxurious and vicious indulgence, imagination, interest, and cunning; each of these found its individual illustration in some one of the *dramatis personæ* introduced. The novel of reflection seems especially to belong to our present era. Society, like childhood, soon passes the age of mere narrative, and requires to be interested by something more than only a detail of incident. The motives which lead to action become gradually more attractive than the actions themselves: we are no longer contented with seeing the spectacle on the stage; we desire to go behind the scenes, to know the actors, and examine the machinery. The store of strange adventure, so richly spread before our early writers, can never be exhausted; for, even in similar circumstances, no two people will ever act in a similar manner: still, in a period when there is quite as much thought as action, and in a civilised state, when people are supposed to reflect, whether they do it or not, the pages whose fiction leads to moral analysis, will bear away the palm from those which only unravel an intricate plot. To develope the various mental influences as they agitate and govern the career of humanity, is the object of Mr. Ward; and "De Vere" is given to that Proteus of the passions, Ambition, that which assumes so many shapes, and aims at such

different ends. In Clayton it takes the form of low cunning, desiring to get on in the world by any means, and whose "glorious dream" is a place under Government. In Cleveland, ambition is born of pride, but weakened by luxurious habits and all the selfishness of long indulgence. In De Vere it is a thoughtful and meditative feeling; a desire of excellence rather than of power, fitting for one

"Whose melancholy spirit fed
Upon the glories of the dead."

We may here remark on the difference between Tremaine and De Vere. The first has every "appliance and means" of earthly felicity; but his "lurking demon" is in himself. De Vere, on the contrary, has that circumscribed fortune which is so painful to those who, both from "pride of place," and inherent generosity, deem others have such claims upon them: but

"To bear is to conquer our fate;"

and De Vere, even in his disappointment, indulges in none of the discontent which Tremaine allows to "overmaster his prosperity." The sensitive temper of De Vere takes refuge in reserve; that of Tremaine in disgust. Something of similarity may be traced between Georgiana and Constance, but modified into difference by circumstance—such difference

"As is between a flower and a gem."

In painting his last fair dream of feminine perfection, Mr. Ward says; "Do I paint from fancy? Alas! no! I have seen it, loved it! lost it!" To the heaviness of domestic affliction, public sympathy is as that poured out towards "the deaf adder, which heareth not the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely." The recent loss of a lovely and beloved child will bear no farther allusion than a passing remark of the melancholy interest that death has now too often flung over Mr. Ward's delineation of woman.

But to return to the pages before us. The character of Mr. Wentworth is the masterpiece of the book: but of him let the Author speak; for we cannot refrain from a brief extract of the sketch, which may now be held as an historical picture:—

"It is not easy to describe this able and accomplished person. His mind was an assemblage of all that could excite, and all that could soothe; his heart, the seat of an ambition, belonging, as it were, to himself, equally above stooping to court or people, and which no fear of either could affright. With all this, his feelings were attuned to friendship, and his intellect to the pleasures of elegant cultivation. Thus he shone alike in the tumult of party, and the witchery of letters. In these last he had been beautifully distinguished, and had had many amiable associates before he attained his political eminence. In the senate, his eloquence was like a mountain river, taking its rise from reason, but swelling its impetus by a thousand auxiliary streams of wit and imagination. It is, indeed, difficult to say whether his wit or his reasoning predominated; for such was the effect of both united, that never was reason so set off by wit, or wit so sustained by reason. The one was a running fire, flashing from right to left over the old field of argument, so as to embarrass and paralize his antagonists; while the other, when seriousness was resumed, struck down every thing that opposed with the force of thunder.

"But he had a more powerful recommendation still to the favour of his auditors, whether in the senate or elsewhere. His politics, as his heart, were truly, I might say, insularly British; and, though he contemplated and understood the

Continent as well as any, and better than most who went before him, of the Continent it was his principle to steer clear, except in so far as it was connected with Britain. This did not fail to buy him 'golden opinions from all sorts of persons;' and he wound up all by a staunch adherence to his personal friends, not one of whom he had ever been known to fail or abandon. This made him the most loved for his own sake, of all the leaders of his time out of the House; while in it he reigned without struggle or compeer—*nihil simile aut secundum!*"

Such is the first outline of a sketch afterwards so elaborately filled up; and the many circumstances which identify it with Mr. Canning now give the portrait a serious, as, at the time, they gave it a vivid interest.

In both Mr. Ward's works there is much space given to dialogue, certainly not their least attractive part; for the conversations are written with equal ease and spirit, and are full of the information, collected and refined by an elegant and cultivated mind.

There is one of his predecessors in English literature to whom we cannot but feel inclined to liken the Author of "Tremaine" and "De Vere." They resemble each other in the same tone of Christian philosophy, the same polished style, the same taste for the beauties of poetry and of nature; they have a similar vein of humour, and of satire exercised upon existing follies;—we allude to him whose pen gives so much of its spirit, and all of its grace to "The Spectator."

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

The Ministry.—The Ministry is a riddle. What Ministry has ever done a wiser thing? What Ministry has ever done more foolish things? What Ministry so bold? What Ministry more abject and pusillanimous in its policy towards enemies? What Ministry so honest in the main? What Ministry has laboured under suspicion of unfairness in so many petty instances? What Ministry has enjoyed so much of public confidence? and what Ministry has so frequently been mistrusted? What Ministry of such reputation, and what Ministry has been so little served by reputation whenever a question has arisen respecting the motives of its conduct and affecting its integrity? What Ministry so high in general character and so low in authority on any particular point? What Ministry composed of such clever men, and teeming with so many blunders? It is like the punch in the description of the Frenchman, "the liquor of contradiction, made up of the sour, the sweet, the weak, and the strong."

Its treatment accords with its conduct: one day all the country is with it, and the next it is without a partisan, or an advocate. This hour it is a Cato, and the succeeding a Sejanus. Now it brings Political Redemption, and anon it is asked in indignant amazement whose interests are safe with such men. Their blunders are of a grossness that allows of no defence. They are no sooner seen than hooted and withdrawn. The discredit is as ephemeral as the cause. "They mean well," is the reflection—"are honest creatures and only awkward and uncultivated," as people are wont to say of their clumsy servants. Power, in the farce of "The Omnibus," giving his master's guests horse medicine for liqueur, is the representative of Government. But every body forgives them, and when one false step is prevented, straight they set about another. The righteous men stumble seven times a day. Their whole course may be described in the nursery chaunt—

"Here they go up, up, up,
There they go down, down, down,
Here they go backwards and forwards,
And there they go round, round, round."

Their simplicity is wonderful. Their blunders, set in innocence, want only rarity to be curious and classed in matters of virtu. What an explanation was that of Lord John Russell on the error in the ten-pound franchise clause! Let us consider it entire.

"Lord J. Russell said that his impression was, that when the alteration was agreed on in the Government, Mr. Gregson stated that there would be difficulties and objections, for that there were persons paying sufficient rent, who, however, paid it quarterly; but that it went to any extent, or any thing like the extent to which they now found it would go, Mr. Gregson had not given them the idea. He would add, that in the course of the preparing a Bill comprehending provisions of such an important nature, and every clause of which required to be considered and to be re-considered, there often did pass between the Government and persons in the situation of Mr. Gregson a great variety of discussions; in the course of which objections might be stated, and many of them, of course, would leave little or no impression on the mind. He believed that Mr. Gregson had not fully called their attention to the objections to this clause, from the circumstance that what passed upon the subject had not left much impression on his mind, not more than any of the others. He must be permitted to say further, that although he was sorry any persons should thus have thrown blame upon Mr. Gregson under circumstances in which he was not to be blamed at all, yet he must say that the publication of any communication of so confidential a nature must be extremely prejudicial to the public service; and it would be impossible for him, after this explanation, to enter further into communication on the subject, without supposing that all that passed must be strictly confidential and secret. Mr. Gregson must have had that feeling when he saw the paragraphs now referred to, and must have felt that if they were contradicted, they should be contradicted in that House, and ought not to meet the public eye in any other way, through statements totally groundless or discreditable, and in a manner displaying a total contempt for truth."

To enter into the full beauty of this representation, the character of Mr. Gregson must be borne in mind. He is not a Reformer, but an elect of Peel; and consequently how much more startling should have been the effect of a suggestion of his as to the danger of contracting the suffrage. Why the natural reflection was, "If this man with adverse prejudices takes the alarm at the clause, there must be much indeed in its operation that we have not seen or intended." What would Lord John Russell think, if at the Clarendon the master, on putting the claret on the table, were gently to whisper that it was the fifth, tenth, or twentieth bottle? would he not say, Corpo di Bacco! this man, sympathising as he does with wine bibbers, yet gives me a hint that we are overdoing it. When the tapster shakes his head and counts the bottles, surely it is time to think of our sobriety, and what we have been doing. What would be thought of the toper who, in such a case, excused his excesses by saying that Mr. Longcork had not fully called their attention to the number of their cups, and that he was not made aware of the effect of twenty bottles among four.

Or suppose that Lord John Russell had amused himself with ramming half a hundred slugs into a blunderbuss which he proposed to divert himself by firing out of the Treasury windows as a *feu de joie* in honour of Reform. A surgeon, who happens to be present, says, "My Lord, allow me to remind you that there is a strong charge of powder and slugs in that blunderbuss, and that the effect of their discharge on human bodies is to make holes or wounds, which often cause death." The objection making little or no impression on Lord John Russell's mind, he rushes to the window, flings up the sash, and aims point blank at the throng passing Whitehall—the people cry "Murder, don't shoot, for pity's sake, upon such a crowd!" The Lord drops the blunderbuss, and in his explanation states with all possible simplicity that Mr. Tournequit had said something of the effect of slugs aimed at the street, but he had not made the impression on his mind that there were so many people walking and riding about as rendered it improper to fire among them. Why, if the remonstrance did not make the impression on the Lord's brain, what would make an impression on the Lord's brain but the slugs themselves?

One of the sycophantic newspapers says, that "in their personal character the Cabinet are, generally speaking, the most open-hearted of men." Open-

hearted as they are, they would have damaged Mr. Gregson, but for the activity of his friends in the House.

Lord John Russell seems to have been as little sensible of the effect of words in his speech as in his ten pound clause. "He must be permitted to say further, that *although* he was sorry any person should thus have thrown blame upon Mr. Gregson under circumstances in which he was not to be blamed at all, *yet he must say* that the publication of any communication of so confidential a nature must be extremely prejudicial to the public service; and it would be impossible for him after this explanation to enter further into communication on the subject without supposing that all that passed must be strictly confidential and secret." Who could hear or read this without receiving the impression that it was levelled at Mr. Gregson, and imputed breach of confidence? It is conveyed in the abigail manner—it is the form used by Mistress Honour and Mistress Slipslop, "who must say, they must be careful of persons who shall be nameless"—it being quite unnecessary to name as they are those immediately in question, and the reserve looks forbearant while it is accompanied with none of the effect of sparing which would balk ill-nature.

"I am sorry," says Mrs. Honour, "that the slut Dolly should have been blamed for theft when she was not guilty, yet I must say I shall be careful of my keys, and it will be impossible for me after this affair to leave any property about without an understanding that there shall be no picking and stealing."

Luckily for Mr. Gregson he was not in the predicament of the chimney-sweeper in the gallery who was thrown over because he had got no friends. Sir Robert Peel objected that the observation (quoted) cast an imputation on the integrity of Mr. Gregson, and called on the noble Lord to declare whether he meant it to apply. Upon this Lord John Russell said—

"He would now state most freely, that in all his intercourse with Mr. Gregson he had reason to be satisfied with the ability and experience of that gentleman, on whose integrity he had the fullest reliance (hear, hear!)

And these are people who prosecute for libel forsooth!—men who, *in explanation*, use words implying imputations in the one breath which they are obliged to retract in the next. But yet if not the most open-hearted of men, they are "indifferent honest," but terribly unlucky, and apt to shoot pigeons in aiming at crows.

Education of the Aristocracy.—On the motion for a grant of 950*l.* for the salaries of Professors at Oxford and Cambridge, Mr. Hume protested against obliging the people of England to educate the aristocracy. If 950*l.* would serve to educate the aristocracy, or 9500, or 95,000, it would be money well laid out by the country; for the misfortune is, that the aristocracy have nothing deserving the name of an education. Hence the power of the country is in the hands of men who have not the qualifications for the use of it.

Suppose the performance of surgical operations was the exclusive privilege of persons of rank and fortune, would not the people subject to the treatment feel an interest in the instruction of the aristocracy in anatomy? Would they grudge professors or lecturers? Would they not say, as we are to be operated upon by these great folks, born to the handling of the knife and the lancet, let us have them properly taught, at any price. What would be the horror of men on reading the debates in the Imperial College of Surgeons, and seeing one member contending that cancer was a variety in the constitution which nature kindly supplied to complete the functions of health? Another contending that calculus was the very talisman of vitality, by no means to be disturbed; for that, as it had grown with the patient, and he had lived with it, he could not live without it. Another extolling the wisdom of our childhood, and arguing that the only diet fit for man is spoon-meat, the only habits swaddling, and the proper walk of the people the crawl on all-fours, in the manner of babies. Then imagine laws for bleeding and blistering whole districts and orders of people, without reference to their states, sick and well alike.

The policy of instruction would, in this case, be clearly manifest, and the ope-

rations in politics are little less nice than those in surgery. Supposing that any grants were really applied to the education of the aristocracy, no reasonable being, in the present state of things, would object to them; nay, their extension would be desired. As it is, we should propose the organization of charitable institutions for the instruction of the poor blind Peers, the benighted nobility. We are sure the very cobblers would club their mites for this object. It is shocking that the minds of the artisans are generally better fed than those of the aristocracy, miserably starving on some small Latin, less Greek, and beggarly scraps of common-places.

Paganini.—Paganini is indeed a wonderful man: he has performed a feat which no other man in the world could have accomplished—he has put Brougham down. At a dinner at the Mansion House, the health of the Lord Chancellor having been given, he rose to return thanks:—"Feelings overpower me—proudest moment of my life, and"—were on his lips. Paganini, entering the room at the instant, naturally supposed that so much applause could not be meant for any one on earth but himself, and to show instantly how well he deserved it, got upon a chair and commenced his performance. Lord Brougham sat down. It is reported that there were persons so tasteless as to call for the speech in preference to the fiddle. As the scene was a city feast, it is not incredible.

Mr. Bingham Baring.—An action for false arrest and false imprisonment has been brought by Mr. Deacle, a respectable gentleman and son of a clergyman, against several persons, among whom principally concerned and convicted is Mr. Bingham Baring, an unpaid magistrate, and son of Alexander. During the period of disturbance in the country last winter, Mr. Deacle had fallen under suspicion of inciting the peasantry to riot, and a warrant was issued at Winchester for the apprehension of him and his wife. The evidence of the constable charged with the execution of the warrant gives a history of the case, and one which there is no reason for supposing partial to the prosecutor:—

"William Lewington, the first witness examined, deposed; I am a harness-maker, living at Winchester; in November last I acted as a police-constable; I remember being sent for on the 24th of November to the gaol; I there saw Mr. Seagrim; he asked me if I knew Deacle, of Marwell Farm? On my replying yes, he told me to go into the magistrates' room; Mr. Francis Baring, Mr. Bingham Baring, and Mr. Knight were there; Mr. Seagrim asked me what sort of a man Mr. Deacle was, and if I could apprehend him. I replied, I could, and that he was a gentleman; Mr. Seagrim gave me a warrant to take him; I then got a light cart, and two men to help me; when we got to Morstead, we proceeded to Mr. Deacle's house; Mr. F. Baring came up before we got there; when I got to the house the door was opened, and I went in; I found Mr. Deacle just returned from rabbit-shooting; upon my showing the warrant, he said, 'The magistrates must be mistaken, for I have done every thing contrary to what is there.' When I told him Mrs. Deacle must go too, he replied, 'That is impossible; she is very poorly, and cannot;' Mr. Bingham Baring, Mr. Francis Baring, and Mr. Knight rode up, and came into the house; Mr. Bingham Baring said, 'Constable, do your duty; *hand-bolt them.*' I hesitated, but finally handcuffed them one to the other. Mrs. Deacle wished to put her bonnet and shawl on; but Mr. Bingham Baring said, 'He could not wait,' and again said, 'Constable, do your duty.' Mr. F. Baring then said, he did not see any necessity for having the lady handcuffed. Not having my key with me, Mr. Baring slipped her hand out of the bolts. *She is a small delicate woman, and did not appear in good health at the time.* Whilst we were in the house, Mr. Bingham Baring *produced a pistol, and put it to the head of a man* who had hold of Mr. Deacle's gun, and desired him to give it up, which he immediately did, and Mr. Baring poured some water into it. Mr. Deacle said, 'Don't spoil my gun; there is no necessity for that; I am quite ignorant of this business.' I then took Mr. Deacle into the yard; he there saw Mr. Seagrim, and said, 'I know you; for God's sake, what is all this about? I am innocent.' Mr. Seagrim replied, 'I dare say you are.' We then went to the cart, and Mr. Bingham Baring, with one of the constables, brought out Mrs. Deacle. She said, 'I cannot ride in such a conveyance as that,' and begged to be allowed to ride. The cart was a common coal-cart, and had no springs; the road was very rough; Mr. Bingham Baring *ordered me to trot*, which made the cart shake very much; Mrs. Deacle fre-

quently said, 'It hurts me so, I really cannot ride.' When we got opposite Mr. Lowndes' house, she said she could go no farther, and endeavoured to jump out; Mr. Deacle put his hand out, and said, 'My dear, be quiet; it will be better.' Mr. Bingham Baring *then rode up, and struck Mr. Deacle a back-handed blow with his stick*, and said, 'Sit still;' the stick was knotted, and about the thickness of a man's thumb; there was no necessity whatever for striking him. When we had proceeded four miles in the cart, a post-chaise met us, which Mr. Deane, one of the gentlemen who accompanied us, had sent from Winchester; they were then put into the chaise with Mr. Beckett, the gaol-keeper, and conveyed to the gaol.

"Cross-examined by Mr. Erskine. I did not request the gentlemen to help me; there were some men in the barn, but I had not the least apprehension that they would assist Mr. Deacle; neither Mr. nor Mrs. Deacle said or did any thing uncivil, but were perfectly quiet.

"John Switzer, another police constable, heard Mrs. Deacle ask for a horse, and, upon Mr. Bingham Baring refusing, he (witness) said, 'Good God! let the lady have her horse; I will lead it, and take care that she does not escape;' he ordered me to go and do my duty, and put her into the cart.

"A female servant, who lived in the family of Mr. Deacle, stated, that Mr. Bingham Baring took Mrs. Deacle into his arms, put his arm round her waist, and carried her into the cart, letting her legs dangle one way and her head another."

Mr. Deacle was brought to trial for urging the people to riot, and instantly acquitted. Mr. Erskine, the counsel for the defendants, regretted that Mr. Deacle should have considered it necessary, after this acquittal, to bring the matter before a jury. It is indeed strange that a gentleman cannot be content with an acquittal of a frivolous accusation, and overlook the trifling circumstances of his having been handcuffed like a felon, of having seen his wife handcuffed as a felon, and rudely caught up in a man's arms, and flung into a cart, and jolted therein till her delicate person suffered such pain that she was about to spring out, and of the blow he received for checking her. It is surely to be regretted that a person who has only suffered these insults and injuries, in addition to the vexation of a frivolous charge, should not rest satisfied with the deliverance of the law. He was acquitted, and what more would the man have? It was a magistrate and son of a very rich gentleman, who ordered the handcuffs, and struck the blow, while another of the same family carried about his wife *quam familiariter*, and it is to be regretted that a person of such a sort is to be called to account for his conduct. Prosecution and publicity are not pleasant to him. Humble folks, who suffer indignities and brutalities from men of consequence, should surely submit without murmur, and only thank God that they are not unjustly punished by law as well as falsely accused, putting up with all attending injuries contentedly. A man named Cook was executed last winter for striking this very Mr. Bingham Baring in a riot. The jury, in the above-mentioned action, awarded 50*l.* damages for the blow, and bundling, and trundling, cuffing, and handcuffing, which Mr. Deacle suffered at the hands of Mr. Bingham Baring, in no riot whatever—in cold blood, when there was nothing to provoke or to excuse. We do not wish that the wives of the jurors may be picked up and flung about by some Baring, but we do heartily wish that each of them were handcuffed and thumped with a knotted stick by Mr. Bingham, that they may judge how much thrashing and indignity is worth 50*l.*

Mr. Bingham Baring has had experience of justice in two forms, in visitation and in vindication. For his injuries to another, it takes from him a trifle he may well spare—for the injury he suffered, it took a life.

Had he been killed by the blow for which Cook suffered, what dole there would have been of what an active magistrate had been lost—especially to Mr. Deacle—what eulogy should we have seen and read of the character of the deceased? Let us imagine the sort of paragraph which would have appeared on the sad occasion.

"It is our melancholy—our heart-rending task to announce the death of Mr. Bingham Baring, son of Mr. Alexander Baring, and Magistrate for the county of Hants. The lamented deceased had gone forth to expostulate with some riotors, and was felled to the ground by a barbarous ruffian named Cook. From the known mild temper and forbearing habits of Mr. B. Baring, it is certain

that he had given no sort of provocation for this atrocious attack upon him, and it is more than probable that the villain struck his death-blow while Mr. Baring was employing the language of peace and gentle persuasion, which came ever ready to his tongue. The deceased was indeed a most amiable gentleman, considerate and humane to a fault, for though an active and intelligent magistrate, the gentleness of his nature made him sometimes too scrupulously delicate in the exercise of his important functions. His loss is irreparable in the neighbourhood, for the humble are deprived of one who knew the regards due to humility, and who tempered authority with the blandest spirit of consideration. His hand was never raised but to spare or to defend—his tongue was never employed but to soothe or to compose, to inculcate gentleness or to preach peace. He fell by a blow, who would never aim a blow at another, save in the vindication of humanity. Smoothly may he descend to the tomb, as smooth he ever endeavoured to make the journey of his fellow-pilgrims on the rough road of life!

"We understand that it is the intention of the neighbourhood to raise a monument to him whose excellencies of temper had contributed so much—so very much to its peace, and furnished so benignant an example. Some lines are to be inscribed on it, written by Mr. Robert Montgomery, beginning—

"Say, gentle spirit, mild, in kindred skies,
Where there 's no cudgelling, or blacking eyes,
You, who the Christian's warrant only served,
And *past all bearing*, never were observed;
You, who, for Bingham, Bangem ne'er was called,
Nor to Assizes for assault was hauled;
You, who the hand in fetters never bolted,
Nor o'er rough roads, in taxed cart, ever jolted
Those who were innocent in eye of law,
And falsely brought beneath its cruel paw;
You, who to man and woman, also child,
Were uniformly, gentle, temp'rate, mild,—
Say, why did you lay down the load of life,
Ending your days in tumult and in strife?
The Heaven's flesh by Devil's Cook was basted,
And Bingham Baring's tender virtues wasted.
He who in anger ne'er could strike a blow,
Was by a miscreant peasant levelled low.
Look down, bless'd spirit, from thy dazzling sphere,
And see how we do equal justice here;
Attend to verdict, by the Jury found,
And hear thy braining priced at fifty pound—
Alas! my muse is blundering in its sorrow,
The Cook, who spoilt thee, will be hung to-morrow."

Mr. Bingham Baring made, by letter to the newspapers, a much better defence than he offered in Court. He protests he did not order the handcuffs, or toss about Mrs. Deacle, or strike Mr. Deacle. He declares he could only have touched Mr. Deacle with a stick, to draw his attention, when he wished to prevent him from interfering with the reins. Why, it is asked, did he not prove these facts in his defence?—Alas! poor gentleman, he could not, for *his* witnesses were all on their defence, along with himself! We have seldom heard of a man found guilty, who, according to his own account, could not have proved his innocence completely, but for some untoward circumstance or other.

Mr. Bingham Baring admits that the Deacles made no resistance, and does not deny that they were trundled away in a cart, the husband being handcuffed —how, in this state, he could have interfered with the reins in the driver's hands we know not, but supposing he did so, and that Mr. Bingham Baring desired to request him to desist, is it usual for one gentleman to touch another *with a stick*, in order to draw his attention? A person in the then situation of Mr. Deacle, was precisely the one whom a man of gentlemanly feelings would have treated most punctiliously.

Mr. Baring observes upon the smallness of the damages, that he infers from it that the gentlemen who composed the Jury, being well acquainted with the individual characters of the persons, disbelieved the material and degrading charges, but awarded the damages for the supposed blow.

If they believed the charge of the blow given to a defenceless handcuffed prisoner, there was surely nothing outrageous and unmanly which they could hesitate to believe of the party.

But how does Mr. Bingham Baring account for a Jury, composed of persons acquainted with the characters of all the individuals, finding a verdict against him in particular, and acquitting all the other defendants?

Mr. Baring does not deny the gross language imputed to him.

We have since had another *explanation* (so to call it) in the House of Commons.

The matter having been moved by Colonel Evans, Mr. F. Baring, one of the parties concerned, got up and made a statement imputing to the Deacles the crimes of which they were acquitted in a Court of Justice, with the design of showing that the measures of severity were necessary in the apprehension of such dangerous people. He declared that it was he, and not Mr. Bingham Baring, who carried Mrs. Deacle to the cart, and that he did so only to oblige her, as she objected to walking through the mud. The handcuffing and carting were admitted, and the blow not disproved.

Lord Althorp (we may say, of course) was perfectly satisfied with this statement of a party concerned, and the cousin of the person convicted. The whole effect of a trial in a Court of Justice was done away with in his acute mind by the representation of this witness in so many ways interested. The best that can be said of Lord Althorp on this occasion is, that he is the most good-natured and thick-headed of men. But good-nature should have more than one regard. Good-nature is often ill-nature where it is indulgent without reflection. From good-nature Lord Althorp accepted the explanation of Mr. F. Baring, exculpating his kinsman through the crimination of the Deacles. Lord Althorp could not be satisfied with that statement without supposing the Deacles to have been criminal, and why was he to assume the guilt of the acquitted parties in order to acquit the convicted? Would you know the truth—Mr. Deacle was not present—he was not a member of the House of Commons, and one of the majority—he was not a person of consequence—his reputation did not interest a minister.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons do not appear to recognise any feelings of delicacy or honour in the little bit of a world beyond their house. There was this Mr. F. Baring very coolly describing himself as having gallantly volunteered taking a man's wife in his arms and carried her to the cart in which her husband was a handcuffed prisoner; and no one present remarks upon this confessed indecent affront to Mr. Deacle's feelings. How would any of the Honourable Gentlemen like to see their wives in the arms of a stranger, and especially when their hands were not free to give the requital in kind for the obliging act? It is not the consent of the wife, supposing it was had, which licenses such a familiarity; and there are men who, barring handbolts, would have given Mr. F. Baring some ugly tokens that they did not take his officious gallantry in kind part. Mr. Deacle really seems to have been an extraordinarily quiet and forbearant man. It is not every husband that could see his wife *handled*, and feel himself struck as he sat by her side, so patiently.

Advertisement Extraordinary.—How would the Stamp Office treat paragraphs of the following sort?

"The boots which were worn by Sir Robert Peel in the House, when the Speaker saw his own wig in them, and called the Right Hon. Baronet to order for the reflection on the House, were blacked and polished with Warren's blacking, sold in bottles, at the emporium of polish, 139, Strand. Sir Robert Peel always gives his valet orders to purchase Warren's blacking, and his Lady frequently declares that any other sort is disagreeable to her nose—indeed, she has remarked that she never would ask to her parties any gentleman who used any

other than Warren's blacking, and that a vulgar person was to be discovered by the use of the inferior compositions."

Or this?

"The oldest and finest wine in Sir Robert Peel's cellar is some Madeira supplied by Charles Wright, from the Opera Colonnade. About a fortnight ago Sir Robert Peel went down into his cellar and fetched a bottle as a bonne bouche for the Duke of Cumberland. Sir Robert is used facetiously to say that this wine is of the *right* sort. Lady Peel never touches any champagne but that of Charles Wright, which she distinguishes at once by its sparkle and the peculiar fineness of the flavour."

What would the Stamp Office think of these paragraphs? we repeat; and whatever it thought of them, it must think of the following which we copy from an evening paper:—

"The eldest son of Sir Robert Peel, a fine boy between nine and ten years of age, and heir to, perhaps, one of the largest fortunes in the kingdom, is, at present, under the tuition of the Rev. Dr. Everard, at the select academy of the reverend gentleman near Brighton. Sir Robert and Lady Peel, about a fortnight ago, proceeded to Brighton, for the purpose of visiting their young heir. Mr. Lawrence and Lady Jane Peel, who is sister to the Duke of Richmond, are residents at Brighton."

Of course it is not in the wit of man to guess who can have an interest in conveying to the world the curious information of the school at which is Sir Robert Peel's eldest son, a fine boy between nine and ten years of age.

In the Brighton newspapers we have actually seen announcements of the arrivals of urchins of quality at this same school. Nothing is wanting but fashionable intelligence of this character.

"Yesterday, at two o'clock, Lord Adolphus Spindleshanks took a ride on a donkey on the Hove road. His Lordship seemed in excellent health and spirits, and fell off surprisingly seldom. Having made a purchase of gingerbread at Mrs. Lollypop's repository of sweets, Lord Adolphus Spindleshanks returned to Doctor Tufthunt's to an early dinner at seven o'clock.

"The Duke of Drumstick and the Marquis of Trundlehoop knelt down to a match of marbles at a quarter-past ten on Tuesday last, the 26th ult. His grace was heard to observe it was 'fine fun.' Lord Trundlehoop turns up his right-hand sleeve at long taw—the Duke does not, and his marbles dribble, but his Grace plays excellently nevertheless.

"The Earl Dunderhead's progress in his studies at Doctor Tufthunt's is something wonderful. His Lordship is but fourteen years of age, and reads Ovid with the help of a dictionary."

There are papers now for every purpose, and surely the progress of conceit and vanity might be much hastened in children by giving a consequence to their movements, amusements, and nonsenses.

Paganini robbed at Cheltenham.—The Cheltenham correspondent of the Morning Chronicle says:—

"An untoward incident occurred in the afternoon of yesterday, which at one time assumed a rather serious aspect. Paganini, in advertising his Concerts, had stated 'that his numerous engagements would render it impossible for him to remain beyond that time;' yet having engaged to play at the Theatre last night, he was accordingly announced. This the residents and visitors of the place considered an act of unfairness towards the regular Subscription Balls at the Rotunda, especially as Mr. Jearrad, the proprietor, had relinquished his usual musical entertainment on the previous evening, in order that Paganini's talents might have full scope. Immediately the Signor's intention was, therefore, made known, Captain M. Berkeley and W. L. Lawrence, Esq. took upon themselves to print a handbill, calling upon the Nobility and Gentry to support the established amusements of the town, by patronizing the Ball of last night, considering it merely as an act of justice to the Proprietor. The effect of this was to secure a thronged attendance at the Rotunda Ball, and so poor an assemblage at the Theatre, that Paganini refused to perform. This was communicated to the audience by the Manager, who expressed himself *ready to return the admission money*. Instead of

quietly withdrawing, they (the audience) proceeded *en masse* to the Plough Hotel, to demand of Paganini the fulfilment of his engagement. Here a formidable mob was soon collected ; and after threatening to pull the house down, and uttering denunciations against the musical phenomenon, *succeeded in frightening him into compliance ;* and he went to the Theatre, where he performed two of his most favourite pieces with his wonted success and eclat. The performance at the Theatre was for play-house prices. The Signor left at midnight, in a chaise and four, from the Plough, for London."

Thus it appears that by bodily fear the fiddler was induced to give his labour for a price he deemed inadequate. How does this differ from robbery?—we see no distinction. Paganini's performance is his property, and to force it from him by threats and intimidation is as much robbery, as to take the purse, which is the price of his performance, on the highway. The Cheltenham rioters doubtless thought they had done a mighty fine thing when they had bullied the unprotected foreigner out of the display of his skill ; but if by the same proceeding they had taken notes of another sort they would themselves have had to perform on the one string for the exploit. Where were the magistrates of the place when this riot occurred? When clowns order their own prices by assembling in mobs and threatening violence, they are hung without mercy. We do not know what the distinction is in law which gives the licence of riot and arbitrary compulsion to the folks of Cheltenham. Paganini may return to the Continent and report that he has been among a people without law or manners.

Professor Pattison and the London University.—Mr. Bingham Baring, who has complained so loudly of the hardship of being condemned after trial and conviction, has moved, in the Council of the London University, for the dismissal of Professor Pattison, without trial, impeachment, or imputation!

Mr. Bingham Baring is a man whom the vulgar would describe as "born with a silver spoon in his mouth." He is especially favoured—most peculiarly privileged. We have again to draw comparisons between the consequences of his actions to others, and the consequences of the actions of others to him.

Cook died for striking him a blow. He, on the other hand, was sentenced to pay 50*l.* for striking a blow to Mr. Deacle. After conviction, the House of Commons heard his evidence, and its leader, Lord Althorp, pronounced him innocent, and assumed his prosecutor to be guilty. Without trial or accusation, within two days, Mr. Bingham Baring moves for the dismissal of a Professor in the London University, and carries his motion. Mr. Bingham Baring is not removed from the magistracy, though he has been convicted of a want of temper unbecoming the character of a magistrate ; but Mr. Pattison has been removed from his Professorship, though it is declared that his general character and professional skill are unimpeached. We cannot say here,

"Committunt eadem diverso crimina fato ;"

for he who has committed no fault—who is charged with no fault, is dismissed ; and he who is convicted of a fault is permitted to retain his authority! The bread is taken from Mr. Pattison, which he had well earned ; the magisterial power is continued to Mr. Baring, which he had shown himself, by infirmity of temper, unqualified to exercise.

We give the resolution of the Council, which must stamp it with disgrace, together with the observation on it of Mr. Pattison :—

"Session of Council, 23d July 1831.

"The Council, in concurrence with the suggestion contained in the Report of the Select Committee of this Council of the 18th June 1831, 'That the popularity and efficiency of the Medical School have received a shock by the disturbances which have prevailed in it, and which can only be obviated by the retirement of Professor Pattison from the Chair of Anatomy and Surgery ; and deeming it therefore essential to the well-being of the University and the success of the Medical School, that Professor Pattison should not any longer continue to occupy these Chairs :—

"Resolved, That Professor Pattison be, and he is hereby removed from his situations of Professor of Anatomy and Surgery in this University.

"Resolved, That in taking this step, the Council feel it due to Professor Pattison to state, that nothing which has come to their knowledge with respect to his conduct has in any way tended to impeach either his general character or professional skill and knowledge. (Signed) Thomas Coates."

"As it is my intention to publish immediately a history of my connexion with that Institution, and an account of the causes which gave rise to the disturbances referred to, I will only now observe, that by the admission of the Council *themselves*, '*nothing has come to their knowledge with respect to my conduct which has in any way tended to impeach either my general character or my professional skill and knowledge.*' This being admitted, it is difficult to understand on what principle of justice a gentleman, who has been induced, on the representations of the Council to resign a Professorship in America, which was worth above 2000*l.* per annum, to engage in their service, can by any arbitrary act be deprived of an office, to obtain which he made so great a sacrifice.

"I remain, Sir, your humble servant,

"Granville J. Pattison."

"129, Regent-street, July 24, 1831."

Every member of the Council who does not separate himself from this act must share in the disgrace of it; and all those who have had part in it should be dislodged as soon as possible, and for ever after excluded from any authority in the University. We write in ignorance of the constitution of the University; but we will now make it a business to understand it, and to see how the majority of the Council can be affected.

Horrid Revenge—Zanga outdone.—We never thought so well of the philosophy of a Lord Mayor as after reading the following scene:—

"A very extraordinary fracas took place between the Lord Mayor and the Recorder at the Court of Conservancy held at the Swan, at Westminster Bridge, before the Navigation Barge went up the river. It had been observed, before his Lordship and the high City Officers left London, that the Recorder appeared, contrary to the usual practice, in the dress of a private individual, while the Lord Mayor appeared in full dress. Of this circumstance no notice was taken. The Learned Gentleman, however, exhibited very decided symptoms of displeasure before the Court of Conservancy, held at Southwark, broke up. The short passage through the water to Westminster Bridge, instead of cooling, greatly aggravated his sore feelings, which at length gave themselves vent in the presence of the Conservancy Jury at the above-mentioned Tavern.

"The Learned Recorder, addressing himself to the Lord Mayor, said,—My Lord Mayor, I can no longer disguise from you that I feel that your Lordship has most grossly, and beyond all endurance, insulted me.

"Indeed! said the Lord Mayor, in what manner?

"I feel the indignity most poignantly, my Lord Mayor: I shall, while you are Chief Magistrate, act towards you with respect, because respect is due to the office you hold; but as soon as you have passed the Chair, you must look to experience different sort of treatment.

"I am sure you are very kind and very candid, observed the Lord Mayor, but what have I done to subject me to so great a misfortune as your displeasure?

"The Recorder: You cannot be a stranger to the fact that my wife, Lady Knowlys, has been passed over on all occasions, in your Mayoralty, in which ladies have been entertained. The magistrates who have not passed the Chair, and who are of course considered my juniors, have been all treated with becoming respect, as regards the invitations to the ladies, but I have been singled out for insult. I shall, my Lord Mayor, accordingly, while you are in the chair, act respectfully towards you, in consideration of your office, but the moment you leave it—the moment your year is out, our acquaintance is entirely at an end.

"The Lord Mayor: Very well, Mr. Recorder, I shall between this and that endeavour to reconcile myself to the loss.

"Here the conversation, we understand, dropped."

Here is a fine opposition of character—the Recorder, the Judge, the pattern of moderation, is threatening the Lord Mayor with the last extremity of vengeance—the withdrawal of his conversation, the denial of his society! For your year, he says, I speak to you; but after that time, look to experience a different sort of treatment—look to be cut by Knowlys, and tremble! This threat was certainly too cruel, too vindictive. Had he threatened to shoot, stab, or poison

the Mayor when his year was out, he would have been within the bounds of human revenge; but to threaten not to notice him, to deny him the acquaintance of Sir Geof. Knowlys, so much dearer to man than life, was a stretch of vindictiveness almost diabolical. The Lord Mayor bore the menace with amazing philosophy. His mind does not appear to have sunk with the apprehension of the threatened prediction. He will employ his short time of conversation with Knowlys in endeavouring to reconcile himself to its loss. Poor man! his days are numbered—his span of acquaintance with Knowlys is short—on the 9th of November his social death takes place. Every minute that flies by must now leave the stinging reflection, "Another minute of my acquaintance with Knowlys has gone! I am, by another minute, nearer to my last word, and the final cut with Sir Geof. Knowlys! Lost, lost man! miserable Mayor!"

It has often been remarked, that the uncertainty of the period of death is a happiness to man; who, were the time fixed, no matter how distant it might be, would torment himself with the thought of its approach. Now the Lord Mayor, by the cruelty of the Recorder in naming the period of his cut, has been made to feel the bitterness of a coming fate. Every act in life he performs is accompanied with the thought that he is brought so much nearer to the privation of all that sweetens and honours it. When he dies of a broken heart, or by his own hand, as he surely will do, in the early part of the month of November, he will furnish an example of prudence to the world, not to omit to ask Lady Knowlys to parties—*teterrima causa!*

Cannibalism.—The newspapers have rejoiced in an account of "horrible Cannibalism in New Zealand," copied from the Tasmanian. It reads much in the manner, but with directly the opposite effect of a Genesis, as thus: Payiz ate Tahee, and Canko ate Payiz, and Raballah ate Canko, and Tayewho ate Raballah, and so on. It describes expeditions of large bodies which having surprised and defeated their enemies, feast upon their carcases, and salt, pack up, and carry home such as they could not consume on the spot. In one instance, at a feast consisting, as the New Zealand Newspapers, if they had any, would say, of every delicacy of the season, to wit:—of about one hundred baskets of potatoes, and a sort of green vegetable of delicious flavour, and equal quantities of whale blubber and human flesh, and of one hundred bodies, Captain Briggs had the curiosity to open one of the baskets which was near him. It contained the head and body of a beautiful young female. One of the officers of his ship had resolution enough to dissect the breast away with his pen-knife; he wrapped it up in a handkerchief, took it on board the Dragon, put it into spirits, and presented it to a gentleman in Hobart Town, in whose possession it now is. How very obliging! The truth of the whole story is of course proved by this voucher in the possession of the gentleman in Hobart Town.

No doubt such an account will amuse the good readers of the Tasmanian, but how can the London newspapers adopt such tales on such authority? As well might the Tasmanian, in return, quote some of the penny publications from the Grub-street press, to show that making sausages of little children was a common trade in London.

FOREIGN POLICY.

The hostile schism between Holland and Belgium is the chief topic of the hour affecting the foreign interests and relations of this country;—how long it will continue so is another and momentous question. We will not enter into the protocol jargon, dialectics, or details of the Belgian conferences. The logic of diplomacy, the principles of public law, and even solemn treaties themselves, would form very uncertain bases of speculation on the future, in inter-national politics. Selfish impulses, and the sense of power, are the only steady guides.

Europe is but beginning to undergo a series of re-actions and retributions, resulting from the so called settlement of 1814 and 1815. The first successful example was in France,—and there the drama, perhaps, has not yet reached its catastrophe. The Bourbons were twice imposed on France by foreign bayonets; after several fruitless efforts in the course of fifteen years, they have been at last got rid of, by a sort of tacit compromise with foreign powers, which has raised the Orleans branch to the throne. It is a mistake to suppose, that the despotic imbecility of Polignac and Charles X. provoked this event. It was a race of men and principles,—a political and social system,—in a state of antipathy to the nation, and imposed, and sustained only by foreign force, or external danger, that was rejected, in an access of violent nausea, by the French people.

The next effort of re-action has been the expulsion of the Dutch authorities from Brussels and Belgium, and the separation from Holland. It was but the disruption of another forced union, which should never have taken place. The separation of Belgium from France was just and necessary. A wise policy would have erected that portion of the Netherlands, as it is now, into an independent state; but this would have been in accordance with the wishes of the people, whose destiny was under consideration—and it was the fixed principle of Lord Castlereagh, and the other settlers of Europe, upon the fall of Napoleon, that the people should, in all cases, be partitioned and yoked against the grain of their affections, as well as in violation of their rights. Another reason for annexing Belgium to Holland, was the expected marriage of the hereditary Prince of Orange with the late Princess Charlotte. For this, the ancient Constitution of Holland was set aside; the Stadtholder was invested with the new-fangled style, first of Sovereign Prince, then of King; and the Belgians were passed under a yoke which, of all others, they most abhorred.

The Duke of Wellington as Minister, put into the mouth of the King from the throne, a eulogy of the King of Holland, and rebuke of his Belgian subjects for their want of wisdom and gratitude. He forgot apparently two things,—that the heroic resistance of the Spaniards, was a resistance of prejudices and passions, much more than of patriotism and reason; and secondly, that the Belgians had a much stronger plea than their antipathies, in the rapacious frauds and tyrannical oppressions of the Dutch King and his minions in authority. The Duke of Wellington happily went out of office before he could, by open force or secret intrigue, oppose or defeat this second inroad upon "the settlement of Europe."

His successors have the thorny task of adjusting the differences between the contending parties, and have not yet succeeded. In the course of the business, they have acted with more liberality and good faith, than energy or sagacity, and they have been attacked in Parliament with more vehemence and folly, than fairness or effect. The points in dispute between Belgium and Holland, are of no great moment in themselves, and of little or none to England or Europe. The main consideration is the influence of the disputes upon third parties, and upon the continuance of peace.

The tide of popular feeling ran in favour of the Belgians. This circumstance, and the desire to expedite a settlement, led the British Ministers to hold the balance with some partiality. Concessions were made to the boasting and intractable temper of the Belgians, and demanded from the more moderate Dutch King. This was a sacrifice of English interests. Holland, and not Belgium, is the permanent and natural ally of England. What is the tie between Belgium and this country? An English Prince, it will be said, has been elected to fill the vacant, or created throne. It requires but a slight knowledge of human nature, and of Prince Leopold in particular, to know that the King of the Belgians ceased to be an English Prince before he set sail from the British shore—in fact, the moment he resigned his British pension. Perhaps it will be thought a startling, or paradoxical assertion, that Belgium is as closely embarked in the policy and interests of France, as if the Duc de Nemours, and not Prince Leopold, had been elected King. He threw himself implicitly into the arms of France, the moment that, without waiting the brief lapse of forty-eight hours, to have communication, or concert with the British Government, he invoked the occupation of Belgium by French armies. It was natural that he should do so. The French, and they alone, can the most easily protect or crush him. The only contingency which would make him look to England, would be a direct attack by the French, or the threatened annexation of Belgium to France.

The Republican party in Belgium, and in the Congress, would have been much more independent and efficient allies of England. They were equally adverse to incorporation with Holland and France. They were, and are much more numerous and strong than the votes would imply. Many of the voters made a sacrifice of their principles and convictions, to the known hatred of that form of government among the despots of Europe. Had the British Ministry intimated to the Belgian Congress, that they were free to choose their own form of government, there is no doubt they would have chosen that which was the more congenial to their ancient habitudes; for royal government may be said to be a novelty in the Netherlands. But it would appear that Lord Grey was startled by the fear and phantom of a Republic, and promoted, or acquiesced in the election of a person who had hardly put on his crown when he renounced his patrons, entailing upon them the suspicion and odium of his being sent over as their commissary.

We had written thus far, when intelligence arrived which confirms the vassalage of Prince Leopold to Louis Philippe. Marshal Soult, the French War Minister, threw out some time since, an ominous hint that the French occupation of Belgium should cease

as soon as the Belgians were *secured* against farther aggression. What! was not the retirement of the Dutch within their lines, and the assurance of the King of Holland to abide by negotiation, sufficient? The Minister's speech, however, was not an official document; the French Government gave an assurance of withdrawing the French troops, and the alarm in England subsided. But behold the reservation. It now proves that, though the main body,—the Marshal and his staff, and the two citizen princes—are to return, a part of the army is to remain, by way of safeguard, in Belgium! Nothing then, we repeat, has been gained by this country, in the elevation of Prince Leopold, and the rejection of the Duc de Nemours.

An attack has been made upon Ministers for proposing to dismantle a certain number of the Belgic fortresses. The question is purely a military one, and the Duke of Wellington's opinion against the measure would have great weight, if he had not indiscreetly given his reasons. The fortresses were, he said, put in a state of defence at great cost to this country; but that it would be a strange prudence which should continue a great incumbrance, which was once useful, after it had become not only useless, but perilous. Those fortresses were erected on a certain scale, calculated for the population and resources of the United Netherlands. It would surely be absurd to suppose that they could be kept up in a state of secure defence against France, by the portion of the Netherlands called Belgium. The dismantling of the fortresses is a measure of unequivocal prudence. Were Belgium attacked by France, they would lie defenceless for French occupation, before a single soldier could arrive for their protection from beyond the Channel or the Rhine. Supposing the Belgian government in a state of vassalage or alliance to France, the existence of these strong places would be, *à fortiori*, an advantage to that power. The French ministry, however, declared through the medium of their King's speech to the Chambers, that "fortresses erected to threaten France, and not to protect Belgium, were to be demolished;"—and this disingenuous, contemptible swagger was, at the same time, treated with derision in Paris, and reproduced, with the blindness of party spirit or incapacity, in the British House of Peers. But the importance of a few strong places, whether dismantled or maintained, is greatly exaggerated. Armies no longer hesitate, in a war of aggression, or pursuit, to leave fortresses in their rear. It is even somewhat doubtful, from the difficulty of agreeing upon the victims, whether these fortresses will be dismantled at all. The Duke of Wellington, it is said, clings to them with parental fondness, and has conferred on the subject with Lord Grey. He was the author of their being, and they afforded him for some years the periodical ovation of an inspecting tour.

The Ministry thus attacked where they were invulnerable, have been spared in their weak point. They have committed an unpardonable oversight. They have allowed the King of Holland to create a diversion in favour of the Russians, which may prove mortal to the hopes of the Poles. Never was manœuvre timed with more critical success. The Dutch invasion of Belgium reinstated a condemned cabinet in France, and prevented the succession of ministers there, who must, in conformity with the public feeling, as well as

from their own principles, have interposed,—not by unmeaning claptrap generalities, like those of Casimir Perier, which the very populace in Paris saw through and despised, but by frank and vigorous remonstrance.

A controversy has taken place, in and out of Parliament, upon the fair acceptation of the terms "Moyens militaires," used by the Minister of the King of Holland, in his notification to what is called "the Conference." The Duke of Wellington said, the terms could only mean military means, or military measures. The Ministers, on the contrary, declared that it was understood in a different sense by all the Members of the Conference, of course, including M. de Talleyrand. That personage's authority in the interpretation of his native language, would seem irrefragable at the first view; but it is told of him, that he defines and employs language, as a medium for concealing, not expressing ideas. He may, therefore, have consistently presumed, that the King of Holland's intentions were wholly different from the import of his words. But it is difficult to conceive how any other person—even a foreigner, having an ordinary familiarity with the French language, could understand the use of "Moyens militaires," in any other sense than as the use of military means or measures, as the Duke of Wellington interpreted the terms —in short, of military force.

The delay consequent upon the misapprehension of those words, pretended or real, is a ground, but not the chief ground of charge against the Ministers. There was not after the receipt of the notice in London, sufficient time for a mandate to reach the King of Holland, and compel him to respect the armistice, which he must already have violated—even if all the Ministers in conclave were as much disposed, as three out of five of them were little disposed, to restrain him. But how did the Foreign Secretary employ his eyes and ears, to escape the knowledge of what was talked of for several days before, in the very smoking-houses of the Hague, viz.: that a blow was to be struck against Belgium by the Dutch and Prussians, according to some; by a Dutch, Prussian, and Russian force, according to others; for the purpose of diverting attention from Poland. The design of a *coup de main* against Belgium, was not only the subject of conversation, but proved by the King of Holland's preparatory dispositions of his "Moyens militaires." Why, then, did not the British Government, either in concert with the representatives of the other Powers, or singly, interdict the King of Holland, before he had yet made any movement. The apathy, or the inattention of Ministers, can be accounted for only by their being duped into a false confidence by the conference Ministers of Russia, Prussia, and France, or by the distractions of the Reform Bill. Whatever the cause, the effect has been unfortunate. The Poles are left to withstand unaided the exterminating sword of a powerful tyrant in his rage, and the French armies have gained a footing in Belgium, which they will not soon give up.

Portugal has occupied a disproportionate share in the foreign measures of the administration, and the debates in Parliament. The personage who rules that country has the reputation of a modern Nero. He somewhat curiously resembles Charles IX. of France, in the union of a savage and sanguinary temper,—the cruel instincts of a

tyrant and fanatic—with youth and inexperience; but without the wit or mental cultivation of the hero of St. Bartholomew. The people of England, and all political parties, have repudiated him with horror, and the present and late Administrations have been censured for their non-interference between the Portuguese and one who is described as a monster. But if his character and his government are congenial to the mass of the nation over which he rules, why should a foreign power interfere? If the Portuguese themselves choose to get rid of him, either for the flaw in his title, or for his crimes, they may; and the only active duty of this country or its government, will be the obvious and easy one, of preventing that solitary power in Europe which would come to his relief, from stirring —we mean Spain. This personage, in his infatuation, has outraged the subjects and citizens of the Old and New World, and all have chastised him in their turn. The chastisement inflicted on him by the Government of this country was, if any thing, too ostentatious. The French, who would not be outstripped in vanity, sent a fleet to blockade Lisbon, and to take possession of a few crazy craft, called the Portuguese navy, as a pledge for the payment of a few hundred francs; and, in order that the crowning folly should belong to England, the late Secretary for Foreign Affairs would have the Government go to war with France, on behalf of so ancient and dear an ally. There is in this whole transaction between the Ministry and Opposition a gross tissue of inconsistency and absurdity. Lord Aberdeen has eulogized Don Miguel in contrast with Don Pedro; the Duke of Wellington has supported the views of one of his late Lieutenants — both of them forgetting that they had advised the late King to receive Donna Maria as Queen of Portugal; and the Duke of Wellington forgetting that he had described this very Don Miguel as "an usurper, perfidious, cowardly, and cruel; as having broken all ties, pledges, solemn treaties, and solemn oaths, which bound him in alliance with this country, and in allegiance to his brother." We will add upon this but one observation;—how great must be the horror of Reform in the bosoms of the Opposition, when it can stultify not alone such men as Lord Londonderry, but the Duke of Wellington and Lord Aberdeen, into such glaring contradictions, and blind them to all the mischiefs and perils of a renewed war with the renewed dynasty of France!

It does not appear that the Government is disposed to take any active part between the Eteocles and Polynices of Portugal. They are even very laudably, as we think, modifying the relations, and relaxing the ties which have too long subsisted with that petty kingdom, from the effect of habit, the echo of political common places, and the national predilection for a strong and stupifying wine. In a question of commercial policy with Portugal or with France,—with a people without arts, wealth, ingenuity, or numbers, on the one side,—and a people of thirty millions, having all the advantages and varieties of the produce of arts and manufactures in their highest advance, and of an extensive soil, in the highest cultivation on the other—he must be a very bigoted or incapable politician, who would for a moment hesitate. Commercial relations with France would have the farther recommendation of rendering war between the two countries less

frequent; not only from the removal of national antipathies, but from multiplying the ties of trade and interest between the two communities. The governments of both nations would be much more reluctant and cautious in staking upon light grounds, or upon any considerations or passions, in which the mass of either nation had little share, the breaking up of a great system of international trade.

But the most interesting and affecting subject of contemplation in the tablet of Europe at this moment is Poland. Thither men's eyes, hopes, and fears, are especially directed. There appears a sort of fatality attending that brave and generous people. They are among the very few exceptions, and decidedly the most striking one, to the maxim, that no nation is enslaved which deserves to be free. Lord Grey has not escaped censure from the friends of justice and freedom at home and abroad, for holding back, whilst the fate of the Poles is still undecided, and the tyrant is kept at bay by their prodigious valour. The impending battle before Warsaw has probably, by this time, determined the great appeal. There could be little doubt of the issue if war were, what publicists define it—an appeal to Heaven. But assuredly it is not so; or Suwarrow would not have deluged Warsaw with Polish blood, and Paskewitz might be regarded as certain of defeat. Should the issue prove fatal to the hopes, the valour and the cause of Poland, there is no doubt that Lord Grey will be severely blamed, not only in his day, but in the enduring page of history—having the resources and authority of a great empire and free people in his hand. There is, it is true, an awful dread of war, not only in Parliament, but throughout the country—always excepting the knot of partisans, who are confederated against the Reform Bill. It has been happily said, that the nation is bound in recognizance in the sum of eight hundred millions to keep the peace. Englishmen cannot contemplate war, without imagining the horrible gulph of national bankruptcy in the back-ground. But the question is not whether this country should be plunged into a war. It is only whether a frank remonstrance, in concert with other powers,—at least one power, which might be relied on,—would arrest the progress of the Russians, and avert the carnage, which is sure to follow their success. We believe that such a remonstrance would have effect, especially after the trial which the tyrant has made of his strength.

It is understood that some friendly, or rather feeble appeal, has been made to the Emperor of Russia, that he has been solicited to replace the Poles in the situation in which they stood as subjects of his predecessor, in 1815, and which was, morally at least, guaranteed by the other great powers of Europe in Congress.

It is said that the present Emperor has been solicited to restore to the Poles, in his imperial magnanimity, the regime of 1815. The concession, were it made, would be a mere mockery. Is it likely that Nicholas would respect a constitution, which Alexander treated as so much waste paper, upon the first signs of life manifested by it? There would have been less of inhuman absurdity in restoring the Greeks to the yoke of the Turks. The Poles themselves would not submit to such a compromise. They have proclaimed their independence, and staked their lives upon the issue.

If the Poles conquer their independence with their own unaided

swords, it will be better. A glorious and inspiring lesson will be given to nations;—a salutary one to tyrants;—and the fabric of independence and liberty so raised will be more secure. If Poland falls, the bloody and barbarous tyrant will be execrated—the selfish politician or pusilanimous minister who looked on, will be despised.

The real weakness of the Russian empire begins to be visible, not only to other nations, but, as already observed, to the Russians themselves. Russia has not the elements of national power. Of what avail are vast hordes of a semi-barbarous population, spread over an immense extent of empire, without arts, commerce, exchangeable wealth, industry, knowledge, or even native capacity? They have no system or resources of finance, no produce of manufactures, no produce of the soil at all proportioned to its extent, and their fleets and armies are, for the most, commanded by foreign adventurers.

There appears a solitary spot of enlightened policy in the career of Lord Castlereagh, and Poland was its object. That minister declared, in 1814, at the Congress of Vienna, that it was the desire of the British nation to see an independent power established in Poland, as a separation between the three great empires of Europe. M. de Talleyrand took the same view. The Austrian minister was also most anxious, at the time, to erect Poland into a powerful independent state, and even willing to make a cession of territory for that purpose. But Lord Castlereagh could not go beyond throwing out a generous idea—he could not act upon it—and Poland was sacrificed. Another minister, of more manly character, of principles more generous and direct, more inaccessible to the paltry cajoleries of the late Emperor of Russia, would have established the independence of Poland in 1814. It would be worthy of a British Minister, and the British nation, to interpose between the Poles and extermination in 1831. The nation, it is true, is disposed to hang back, from a vague terror of consequences; but it is the business of a statesman, to guide sometimes, as well as follow national opinion, and rally national feeling.

If the Poles be crushed in the struggle—if, after a repetition of the horrors of Suwarrow, and the amazon-monster Catherine, which have made the name of Russian odious to them, they are again subjected to the yoke of a barbarous tyrant and his savage hordes, irritated by resistance and humiliation, the Minister who, even with some hazard, could have interfered with a prospect of success, and did not, has compromised not only his reputation but his peace of mind. If, on the other hand, the Poles are enabled to continue the struggle and vindicate their independence, their success can still be the result only of protracted warfare. The Russians will not yield at once even to defeat. But, if the late war between the Turks and Greeks, and between the Russians and Turks, threatened the peace of Europe, how much more nearly is peace endangered by the continuance of hostilities between the Russians and Poles! Are there no elements of change, no discontents, no desire of innovation, no yearnings still after liberty which may be revived among the communities of Germany, in immediate contact with the scene? The sympathy with the Poles, proclaimed by the Hungarians, proves either of two things

—that the Court of Vienna regards the contest in which the Poles are engaged with a favouring connivance, or that the people of Hungary take an interest in the Polish cause, the expression of which even despotism cannot put down. A regard for general peace then, as well as for humanity, dictates the interposition of other powers, and especially of England, to put an end to this struggle for tyranny and vengeance on the one part, and for all that is most sacred in right, and generous in virtue, on the other.

England has to retrace her steps and re-establish her reputation in her principles of foreign policy. The war of the French revolution; the spoliation and dismemberment of states, after the fall of Bonaparte; the hereditary German principles of George III., the selfish haughty nonchalance of George IV.; the prevalence, of Tory counsels in the government of both, from North and Pitt, down to Perceval, Liverpool, and Castlereagh, have stamped an illiberal and enslaving character upon her foreign policy. Mr. Canning, during the short period of his ministry, made some progress in replacing Britain in her proper position. Had he not been trammelled by the measures of the Ministry which preceded him, he would have placed the shield, and, if that did not suffice, the sword of England between the constitutional system in Spain, and that infamous complication of fraud and tyranny, the French invasion. He was cut off at the opening of his career, and has left of his foreign policy only the proœmium—to be completed by his successors.

The genius and principles of Lord Grey have as yet been put to no trying proof of foreign statesmanship. The Polish question, however deeply interesting, is locally distant, and does not directly press. But if he should continue minister for no very long period, he will most probably be put to a decisive trial.

It is hardly to be expected that France, Belgium, and Poland will be the only instances of re-action;—of the recuperative force of the public mind, flinging off the yoke, and bursting the bonds of the Holy Alliance. The Poles may conquer their liberty, or they may be quieted by compromise,—or by extermination; but the actual tranquillity, in some other countries, is rather ominous of the coming hurricane than indicative of a settled state. Italy is kept down only by Austrian brute force. It is not alone the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, but the other so called independent states, that wait but the opportunity of revolution and re-action. Their treacherous repose was soon disturbed by the vain hope of sympathy and support from the revolution of July in France. There is, doubtless, indolence and debasement in the Italian character, but there is also a latent dormant power of civilization, knowledge, patriotism, independence, courage, and capacity; an elastic spring of sentiment and aspiration, ready, upon any impulse or occasion, to re-assert itself.

But the most delusive and precarious state of repose, is that of Spain. That kingdom must soon become the theatre of re-action or explosion. There is no people upon earth to which the fortune of nations, and the opinion of mankind, has been so unjust, as the Spaniards. They are regarded as ignorant, bigoted, besotted, servile, barbarous. It is not the fact. They took the lead among Catholic countries, in the last quarter of the last century, in

emancipating the Catholic mind from thraldom; and though fanaticism had a share in the expulsion of the Bonapartean dynasty, patriotism, and the love of liberty, were much more active in the cause. Spain presents a curious phenomenon. The nation is politically constituted in an inverted order. The mass of the common people is as advanced in intelligence as any, and farther than some; but the Government has been for near half a century bigoted, imbecile, and corrupt; the intelligence which ought to be in the governing power, was in the governed mass; the bigotry and barbarism which should be subservient, ruled the public councils; the character of the government has been mistaken for that of the nation, and this confusion of ideas has slandered the character of the Spanish people. If the principles of liberty were not strongly and widely rooted in Spain, why did the Spanish patriots of 1812 employ a cortes and free constitution, as the engine best calculated to bring the national energies into play? Why did Quiroga and Riego, without a military force, and by the mere impulse communicated from the Isle of Leon, to the heart, and remotest extremities of the country, produce a revolution in 1820? Constitutional Spain was subdued when France attacked her with the whole force and frauds of the Government of Louis XVIII; when the other despots of Europe were drawn up behind as a reserve; when England remained neutral. The deductions of reason, independent of particular facts, can leave little doubt that Spain will next, and soon, be the theatre of a re-action. Those who knew any thing of the recent enterprize, would be surprised only by its success, and were prepared for its failure.

Are things settled down in France? We think not. The only question is, whether the change will limit itself to a new set of Ministers, principles and measures. Casimir Perier recovered his majority, and resumed his place, by the parade of sending 50,000 men to drive a third of that number of Dutchmen out of Belgium. His majority is but temporary. The scale was turned for a moment by a mass of inexperienced deputies, whom the crisis, or *coup de théatre*, took by surprise; who, unable to exercise a discretion, surrendered themselves to the discretion of the Minister; but who will soon be better drilled. This is the cause of the Minister's sudden transition from defeat to triumph in the Chamber.

It is a startling fact, as affecting Louis Philippe, that those who placed him on the throne, are now disgusted with his government, or opposed to it. It is a sufficient proof that his government is unnational, to find that it has called no portion—not a unit—of the new energy or talent of France into play. He has, in preference, leagued with the devoted satellites, and men of trimming moderation, under the imperial regime and the restoration. No one who knows any thing of the state of France, will suppose the Government of Louis Philippe stronger than that of Charles X. It is much weaker. The Orleans party up to 1830 was never more than a coterie of ambitious and intriguing adventurers. The name of the Duke of Orleans was never pronounced by the men who fought during the three days. His elevation was the work of a secret conclave, which had no share in the perils and achievements of that revolution. Equality and the Republic are still words of power in France. They comprise the

public spirit and energy of the French people, and Louis Philippe must do homage to them more frankly, or prepare to employ himself again in Switzerland, as Dionysius did at Corinth.

That "a great change must come over the spirit" of the French Government is inevitable. Whether it will be produced by a violent convulsion seems the only doubt. In any case it must vibrate electrically again through Europe, and produce sympathetic re-actions more serious than those even of Belgium and Poland. It is then that Lord Grey's principles of foreign policy, should he continue minister, will be put to the test. He has given, by anticipation, an auspicious pledge. Lord Aberdeen taunted him, insinuated that he had a leaning to liberalism in foreign states. He replied, "I know not what censure or sneers the declaration I am about to make may elicit from the noble Earl, and those who, like him, hold despotic governments in such particular esteem, nor do I much care. Neither shall deter me from stating, fearlessly and explicitly, that I have, and ever had, and ever shall have, a predilection for a form of government founded on freedom, right and justice; and that, on the contrary, I have, ever had, and ever shall have, a feeling of aversion from governments founded on usurpation, and supported by tyranny, cruelty and blood."

STANZAS.

I LOVED her when she looked from me
And hid her stifled sighs,
I loved her too when she did smile
With shy and downcast eyes,
The light within them rounding, "like
The young moon in its rise."

I loved her!—Dost thou love no more,
Now she from thee is flown
To some far distant distant shore,
Unfetter'd and alone?
Peace! peace! I know her: she will come
Again, and be mine own.

A kiss—a sigh—a little word
We changed when we did part;
No more; yet read I in her eyes
The promise of her heart—
And Hope (who from all others flies)
From *me* will ne'er depart.

So here I live—a lover lone,
Contented with my state,
More sure of love (if she return)
Than others are of hate.
And if she die?—I too can die—
Content still with my fate.

AN EPISODE OF REAL LIFE.

" Jul.—As little by such toys as may be possible,
But sing it to the tune of *light o' love.*"
" Luc.—It is too heavy for so light a tune."
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

I am sure, Cleveland, you have been astonished at my silence, and I cannot say that either amusement or occupation has withheld me from performing the chief duty and pleasure of my existence. One entire and absorbing interest has lately taken possession of my whole soul, and drawn, as it were, all my powers into itself. It has been said that love is the business of woman's life—but only an Episode in that of man. Though my youth has sobered into manhood, and manhood is gliding imperceptibly into old age, yet one " episode " (if so I must call it), of my early days, has been treasured up with but too faithful a remembrance. Judge then, my chosen friend, my second self in all, except the weakness of my nature, what my feelings must have been some weeks ago, when in a ghastly and attenuated being, who leaned his head languidly on the velvet lining of a splendid landau, as it crept along Pall-Mall, I recognized the once handsome and animated B——. An uncontrollable impulse led me to remain near the door of the United Service Club, which he was about to enter. His trembling frame was supported at either side, by two footmen as he ascended the steps,—Good God! how painfully altered he appeared!—his cheeks yellow and wrinkled—his teeth (for his bluish lips parted over them as he endeavoured to inhale the fine breeze of an April morning) were broken and decayed—his eyes, once so brilliant, black, and penetrating, darting and catching light, now were sunken and changed both in colour and size, and unmeaningly strayed from object to object. It was only when their dullness rested upon me, that any thing like a feeling of life passed over his countenance—then he paused, pressed the servants' arms with his gloved hands, and raised himself to his full height as he peered into my face, with a wandering, undefined expression of dread and uncertainty. This was the action of a moment, his grasp relaxed, and he proceeded up the staircase, with the same restless and bewildered air. My heart ached within me, at the full tide of recollections that rushed upon it; I literally gasped for breath, and involuntarily hastened towards the park, eager to escape from the vision that you will readily believe my imagination conjured up at this strange meeting. I walked rapidly onward, as if memory could be obliterated by violence of motion. It was only natural to suppose that he would return to his native land in the evening of his days, to enjoy the riches and reputation his fortune and his courage had acquired—enjoy! his appearance forbade the idea that he could now enjoy any thing! and I could not, strange as it may seem, avoid repeating to myself—" Why is he again here?" He had sufficiently triumphed over me before his departure; he had won golden opinions in that rich land where slavery and magnificence are twin born; and he looked the very personification of those two evils: his frame worn and degraded as slavery itself, his garniture the extravagance or luxury! I had scarcely turned the corner of St. James's,

when a powdered menial arrested my steps and politely inquired if my name were not Leyden. I replied in the affirmative, and he requested that I would accompany him back to the United Service Club, as his master wished particularly to see me. I retraced my path, and was shown into a private room, at the upper end of which B—— sat, or rather reclined, upon a sofa. On entering I felt a chilliness steal over my frame, as if the atmosphere I breathed was tainted. As I approached, he endeavoured to stand up, but the effort was unavailing, and while extending his hand he buried his face in the cushions that supported him. For many minutes we were both silent, but though his breath came thickly and heavily, and though, when he did speak, his delivery was slow and broken, yet he was the first who acquired self-possession enough to articulate.

"Years have passed, Mr. Leyden," he commenced, "since we have looked upon each other." I could not reply, and a long and painful pause ensued. Suddenly starting from his seat, with more energy than I imagined he possessed, he exclaimed, "Years, Sir, yes, years have passed—years of worldly prosperity—of mental anguish—anguish—anguish," he repeated, in a low and monotonous voice that sounded like a death wail; "anguish—more than *that*—years of feelings, that have rendered this bosom," and he struck it with his clenched hand, "a living, an eternal hell!"

What could I say, Cleveland? had you seen him at that moment, as I did, you would have forgotten the injuries he heaped upon your friend, in witnessing the misery he endured. You could not have looked upon, and not have pitied him.

"Tell me," he continued, reading, doubtless, the softened expression of my countenance, for you must remember how fatally skilled he was in every movement of the human face, as well as in every winding of the human heart,—"tell me, *where* they have buried her?" Little as I had anticipated such a question, I *felt* it was one that he ought to ask, and without faltering, replied:—

"A small black marble urn, supported on a slight pedestal, in the south corner of Old Windsor church-yard, marks the spot; it is near the vault of her ancestors."

"Who," he inquired, "who raised the tablet?"

"I did." He gazed, Cleveland, as if into my very soul, and then muttered in an under tone, "Black, why made you it of *black* marble? She was pure, as God's own light; I ought to know it best, and *I* say it; and why did they exclude her from the vault? was her flesh less fair than theirs?" After one of those distressing pauses, which come when the mind is too full for utterance, he continued:—"Leyden, you are not changed as I expected; your brow is smoother than mine, though you are an older man, and there is a look of peace, *inward* peace about you. Strange that, after an absence of twenty years, you were the first of my old acquaintances to meet me, you, whom I would have most avoided, and yet most wished to see:—there is only *one* other—"

"There is *no* other," I interrupted; "her father died broken-hearted within a year after her fatal act was known."

Cleveland, I cannot describe to you the shudder that passed through his frame, as I uttered these words; it was a positive con-

vulsion, and, sensible of the hideous effect it produced, he covered his face with his hands, while his limbs quivered as if in mortal agony; when the paroxysm had subsided, I collected myself sufficiently to say, that having communicated the information he seemed so anxious to obtain I would now leave him, sincerely hoping that he might experience a return of the tranquillity he had lost; he raised his eyes to mine, and though they instantly sank to the earth, in that one look there was more of despair, more of hopelessness than I ever beheld conveyed by human expression; there is something like it in a fine picture I once saw, but cannot remember where, that represented with fearful reality the betrayer of his Saviour flinging back to its purchasers the price of his Master's blood.

He then rang the bell and with forced composure inquired my address; I presented my card, and he bowed with somewhat of his once courtly air, as the servant conducted me to the door.

During the remainder of that day, London was to me as a peopled solitude; the salutations of one or two (as I deemed them) obtrusive acquaintances, grated upon mine ear; the words gently intended, seemed forced and harsh, and I longed to escape from the multitude that pressed me in on every side, and even from those who meant me kindly when they inquired if I was ill or unhappy. How wayward is man! — I, who so often taste the sweets of friendship, thought, in my perversity of spirit, how few know how to soften or to soothe; how thoroughly I hated myself for moroseness which at the time I could not conquer.—The world appeared too much with me, and I with it; I was out of tune with all things, and night itself brought no repose. A few days afterwards, I resolved upon a strange expedient, suggested doubtless by a secret wish to ascertain if B—— had visited poor Cicely's grave. I resolved to go to Old Windsor, to look upon her mourning tomb, and see if the clematis and flowers I had planted with my own hands, were flourishing there still.

Every circumstance of *her* death is as well known to you as to me —the arts he used to draw unto himself affections which I once thought mine—mine only: then, having secured those affections, the coldness with which he treated her; and her being found drowned near Milton soon after *his* departure for India;—a step that, we felt convinced, had urged her to self-destruction. Her miserable father wrote to him all the particulars; but he never acknowledged the communication. What made his conduct appear now so unaccountable, was the utter heartlessness he had then evinced, contrasted with his present anxiety to learn where her poor remains had been placed. It seemed inexplicable. Full of those feelings, I took my way in solitude and silence to the church-yard, so retired, and, as I have sometimes thought, so picturesque. I stood for a moment by the little white turn-stile, looking down that solemn avenue of stately trees, the Thames gliding

"At its own sweet will,"

a broad and polished mirror, reflecting every passing cloud, and numbering the stars as they betokened the coming night. All was deeply, beautifully still; for the occasional shout of noisy children, brought

upon the breeze from the sweet village of Datchet, accompanied, at intervals, by the deep bark, or querulous yelping of the household dogs, rendered more intense the silence that succeeded. It was an hour and a place fitted for deep meditation—for self-examination; and (dare I confess it, even to you?) for communion with the invisible spirits that draw nearer to our world, when the bustle and business of life yield to that repose which the soul delights in. I lingered where I had first stayed, until the beams of the early moon silvered the clustering ivy that climbs the church-yard wall: this partial light, while it deepened the darkness of the avenue, warned me that the night was come. A single beam, like a thread of silver, rested on the urn when I knelt upon *her* grave. I could hardly distinguish the flowers from the grass; but all was soft and green; and I confess that it afforded me a melancholy pleasure to think that no rank weeds violated the little mound which——But I weary my friend with the recital of feelings, that, if the world knew, they would scoff at, in a man whose hair is grey, and who has numbered fifty years!

I thought I heard an approaching footstep; the little ray vanished; and, looking up, I beheld B—— himself, resting against the monument, while his eyes were fixed upon me with an expression I cannot attempt to describe. I started from the grave; but he seized my hand with a strong grasp, and, throwing himself upon the spot I had just quitted, almost dragged me to the earth.

"The time is fitting—the place is fitting," he murmured; "bear with me for a little, and you shall know all—more, ay, much more than you anticipate."

I only interrupt his narrative, Cleveland, to say, that after the first or second sentence, his manner was calm and collected; but then, his mind was so evidently wound up for the exertion, that a fearful re-action might well have been looked for.

"Strange I should meet you here, Leyden; but there is a fate in all things, and a cruel one has been mine! There are those, I know, who disbelieve this; but you shall hear. I need not ask if you remember *her*, or the anxiety with which I strove to win affections that, at the very time, were comparatively worthless in my eyes. You seem astonished; but so it was. I was not half as eager to possess *her*, as I was to rival *you*. You had boasted of your security; you had openly defied me; you had baffled me, in more ways than one; you had preserved your temper, your equanimity in all our differences. In all essential things you were *more* than my superior; but the peculiar *tact* that can call forth all the fascinating littlenesses of every-day existence, and mould them to the best advantage, was fatally awarded to me. To mortify you, and show forth my own power as best I might, I resolved to try my success with the innocent Cicely. At first, I trifled in mere, but wicked wantonness, as I had done with others: but gradually I felt her acquiring a powerful ascendancy. Her innocence, her purity, her full and perfect simplicity, and the celestial character of her beauty, which gained instead of losing by more intimate acquaintance, overpowered me. I might well be compared to a second Satan, tempting a second Eve, who dwelt in the paradise of pure and holy imaginings. I had little faith in woman, whom I

had long regarded only as the object of sensual pleasure, a compound of the affections, but destitute of the mental powers that elevate our higher natures. For a length of time the untaught girl of eighteen baffled the practised libertine of five-and-twenty. But, in the end, a secret *marriage*, as I called it, gratified my passion, and gave me nothing more to woo for. The rifled flower withered at my touch. Cicely was too holy, too refined, to enchain a wandering profligate. Her silent but visible virtues rose up in judgment against me. Fresh beauties led captive a heart laden with divers lusts; and the being that, but a little month before, I had strained to my throbbing bosom, as if to make it her everlasting resting-place, I now loathed—Yes, Leyden, loathed, as if she had been a poisonous serpent! Her voice—Leyden, you remember *her* voice—its very tones gave me positive pain; her small white hand, when resting on my bosom, felt heavy and cold as lead; and all those little offices of kindness, which woman only can bestow, became absolutely disgusting to me. When, with blushes and many tears, she told me that she must, in time, become a mother, and begged me, *for my infant's sake*, to confess our marriage, I thrust her from me so rudely, that she fell even at my feet! When again we met, she did *not* curse, but blessed me! I urged my uncle to procure for me the situation in India, I had once offended him by refusing to accept. He seemed pleased, as he expressed it, 'at my recovering my senses;' and, much sooner than I anticipated, I was informed that my departure was immediately required. I wrote to Cicely, whom, under various pretexts, I had declined to see from time to time, and whom I now sought most particularly to avoid; for, as I said to one of my companions in iniquity, 'I hated scenes.' I enclosed her a sum of money, scathed with the intelligence that she was *not* my wife; but (wretch that I was!) containing the cold assurance of my friendship and good wishes. This I sent from ship-board, where we were under sailing orders, waiting only for a fair wind. While I was lounging the next evening on deck, and longing for the moment when the sails should fill, and we should go rejoicing over the clear blue waves, a note was presented to me from Cicely, returning my money, containing no word of reproach, but adjuring me, in the most solemn manner, to meet her for five minutes, for the last time. The simple appeal concluded by naming a little creek, where, she said, she waited for me ———. My spirit revolted at seeing that the note was signed '*C. B.*' I felt irritated that she should presume to use a name to which I had said she was unentitled. You cannot conceive how that small circumstance rankled in my bosom. I had caroused, more than usual, with my shipmates—my brain was fevered and confused—my resolves, bewildered and changing. From the deck I could discern the trysting-place, and distinguish the fluttering of a white robe. I determined, at last, not to shrink from a meeting with a *woman*, and asked the Captain if he would lend me a boat, adding, with a bravo's tone, and a bravo's feeling, that an affair of gallantry called me on shore for about an hour. As I rowed towards the creek, the spire of Milton Church stood coldly, and I thought reproachfully, out against the sky, there was nothing else which indicated the proximity of human habitation; for the little town of Gravesend, then

only a straggling village, was concealed by a sudden winding of the river. Amid this solitude the fiend was busy with me, and whispered devilish suggestions in my ear. Cicely seemed resolved to retain my name. I felt that she would be an everlasting barrier to my advancement, as I called it: and the affair, if bruited abroad, was almost too serious to receive the applause even of my gayest friends. I believe I was coward enough to dread the resentment of her grey-headed father. I trembled at my own imaginings, and passed my hand across my burning brow, as if to dissipate ideas, which, congregating there, became too strong for my enfeebled brain. My boat touched the strand, and Cicely sprang upon my bosom. God! how I hated her, even when her arms were clasped, with all the intensity of woman's love, around my neck! when, unmindful of the injuries I had heaped upon her innocent head, she covered my hands with kisses, and, crouching at my feet, implored me not to desert her—not to leave her to shame and misery—to the scorn of the scorner—to the bitterness of self-reproach. Her long dark hair clustered over her figure, and her soft eyes were turned upon me—as the dove turns, in its agony, its last gaze upon the vulture that destroys its most sweet life—yet, in that hour, Leyden, I hated with a deadly hatred——"

The low choking of his voice, and the impeded utterance with which he pronounced the last words, made my blood run cold. He paused; but I could neither speak nor move—every power of vitality was paralyzed; and when he recommenced, I listened with swollen veins and straining eye-balls:—

"I am sure she read my purpose; for she implored that, for the sake of the unborn, I would spare her life. I flung her from me with violence;—she shuddered; and, exhausted by exertion, fainted at my feet. I gazed upon her pale and beautiful features, which grief had touched, but not destroyed. 'Why,' whispered the ready demon that dwells within the bosom of the wicked, and impels him to destruction,—' why should she awaken to the shame and disgrace that must await her? Why should she awaken to mar your fortunes? What is death but everlasting sleep?' Leyden, I raised her in my arms, and, turning away my head, consigned her to the everlasting waters! O God! O God! that this had been all—that she had departed without the knowledge which, for a brief moment, she acquired. The sudden plunge revived her paralyzed senses; and, with a wild and fearful shriek, she sprang upwards. She would have grasped the boat, but I—I—"

Cleveland, the blood rushed, foaming and boiling through my brain. I was no longer master of myself. Cicely's murderer was there—there before me—her acknowledged murderer. His vile sentence remained unfinished—for my grasp was on his throat, and the wretched being, twisting like a reptile among the tombs, was at my mercy. Suddenly I remembered that your friend was but anticipating the hangman's office; and, letting loose my hands, and throwing myself upon the long grass, which contained her mouldering tomb, I found relief in a violent burst of tears. One weight, one dreadful weight was removed from my mind. She had not the horrid guilt of self-destruction on her soul: for *that* I fervently blessed the Almighty.

And, when I turned and beheld the creature "who was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day," crawling amid the receptacles of the tranquil dead, unable to arise, like a man, and stand erect before his Maker, but trembling with fear and sin, even in that hallowed solitude, I felt ashamed that I had degraded myself by yielding to the momentary impulse of revenge.

"I deserved it, Leyden," he exclaimed, in a low and broken tone; "but justice shall not be deprived of her prey. I came to England with the intention of delivering myself as a murderer to the offended laws of my country; for I could no longer support the load of misery that each year brings more heavily upon my soul. God of mercy! have I not been punished? I seem to have lived an eternity of remorse. Each night I see her at my bed-side, with out-stretched arms, and the same sad and unreproachful face as when she sank into the pitiless waters. How could *I* reply to *her* father's letter? For years I wrestled with my feelings; I tried to believe there was no God; I drank the richest, the most intoxicating wines—they blistered in my throat. The jest and the song were as funeral music in mine ears. The young and the beautiful would have been mine—mine only; but I could not bring the earthly to meet the spirit bride. Honours poured upon me; gold cursed me, with its yellow and pestilential abundance. I was called brave—brave at the very moment when I felt that I only rushed into the battle, courting death to be released from misery. How little does the world know of the motives that actuate men! How little does it care, provided its own comforts are not disturbed by the misfortunes of those who excite its curiosity! Cicely is never absent from me by day or night.—It is there now—now"—and he pointed his finger upward as he spoke, "there—pure, transparent, so transparent that I can count the stars through its shadowy form; and yet, with *that* ever before me, the world called me fortunate. O rare world! O wise-judging mortality! *Fortunate!* ay, as hell's own devils!"

Loud and terrific laughter succeeded this horrid summary; and, at the same instant, the bright moon discovered features riven, as it were, by madness.

I conducted him to the inn, where his valet assured me that his master was subject to such insane fits. "He says strange things, sir," said the old man in a compassionate tone, "but the wildness soon passes." I must hasten to conclude. The wretched man was dying. I will not harrow up your feelings by a detail of his last agonies: they are over. Oh! it was awful to hear him imploring the spirit of the departed Cicely to stand away from between him and heaven!"

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

A NEW BATCH OF UNEDUCATED POETS.

A GREAT man ought to think before he speaks. Society is so tenderly constructed, and the human mind is composed of such nice and delicate materials, that a single word, uttered with proper emphasis, will sometimes produce as much effect as the report of a pistol among mountain snows. Strange things have happened in a world that grows stranger every day: a nod has not unfrequently overturned a nation; a wink has been sufficient to eclipse a whole country; and a whisper has "seemed to shake the spheres." *We* can entertain no doubt of the truth of all this; for we are at this instant living witnesses of its verity. We are writing under the weight of an avalanche, brought down upon us by the breath of no less a person than the Poet Laureate. Dr. Southey knows very well (no one better) the extent of his influence; but in this instance he could not have calculated on the "probable tendency" of what he was inditing. Some of his epics passed over the heads of the world as unlike thunderbolts as possible; but here is a single stroke of his pen, in a prose paragraph, that produces a convulsion. His light is not a safety-lamp: a spark or two has fallen; a train has been fired; and this, our Magazine, has experienced the consequences in an explosion which we shall immediately proceed to explain.

Thus, then, it is. Dr. Southey, in his editorial observations on Mr. John Jones's "Attempts in Verse," has thought fit to record his determination—unalterable, he tells us, as the laws of Mede and Persian—to take no more youthful poets under his patronising wing. He paints, in the vivid colours of truth and eloquence, a startling and affecting picture of the horrors of a Poet Laureateship. He lays bare, with an ingenuousness which, amidst our commiseration, we cannot too earnestly commend, all the sorrows of his sinecure. He has convinced us, sceptics as we were, that his laurel-wreath is fixed to his temples with unnumbered thorns; and that his sack, like that of Falstaff, has a dash of "lime in it" utterly destructive of its deliciousness. Ever since the days of Kirke White, it has been his fate to be beset with a troop of lyrical Lilliputians, clinging to the great Gulliver of genius, and pinning his spirit to the earth—a swarm of small and scarcely perceptible poets, hovering night and day about him, and fastening him down with chords, which, like those of his own lyre, were perfectly irresistible. The good-nature of Dr. Southey, in placing a protecting hand upon the scattered Remains of Kirke White, first plunged him into this perplexity; and his laureate-laurel has been, it appears, for some years past, gradually weighing him down deeper and deeper into it. His wreath was a sort of land-mark for the rising generation of poets. He has stood, Laertes-like, mountains of manuscript piling upon his head. Every post brought its plague, in the shape of "Proposals for Publishing," &c. Every correspondent (and the Laureate has thousands) was, as a matter of course, very intimately acquainted with an untaught genius: and it no doubt very often happened, that this poetical prodigy ("linked sweetness" being generally "long drawn out,") was blessed with half-a-dozen brothers and sisters, almost as marvellously gifted as himself. It was said of Pope, that he never "took tea without a stratagem;" Dr. Southey, we may safely predict, never dined out, but in the very centre of a conspiracy. Epic traps were set to catch him; alexandrines, "needless" enough, were laid about to ensnare him; odes were fired at him, like air-guns; detonating balls, in the likeness of sonnets, were sent to him in letters; and anagrams and acrostics fell unceasingly upon his table with the rapidity of hail. A fiftieth part of these persecutions, to say nothing of the necessity of organizing an Anti-Autograph and Album-Abolition Society, of which, we believe, the Laureate is to be the President, would be sufficient to deter any rational poet (if that be not a contradiction in terms) from accepting the Premiership of Poetry for the future: so that Mr. Hume's soul has a chance of being delighted by a saving to the country of, at least, one hundred a-year, in addition to the annual thousand which literature has lately lost.

But the Laureate, as we intimated, has released himself from the fetters which his fame had forged for him: he has risen, like a giant, and shaken them off at once and for ever.

" Nonsense has done its worst; nor song, nor satire,
Poem dramatic, foolish essay, nothing
Can touch him further."

He is no longer the Editor of the Uneducated; he has surrendered the Directorship of the College of Dunces; he has come to the resolution of being "Allworthy" to no more "Joneses," whether Johns or Toms. The little foundlings of genius must now be laid at other people's doors. The epigrams that came to bask in the light of the great Epic—the small octo-syllabics that grew strong by feeding on the grand Hexameter, must now look out for themselves, and seek immortality as they may. The Laureate plainly tells them, that they shall get none in *his* company. And here begins *our* grievance—the "out upon it!" comes in here.

Our editorial box, for the reception of contributions, is, as the auctioneer said the other day of a certain relic of the royal wardrobe, "of capacious dimensions." We have long been accustomed, upon every inspection, to find it full; but, for the last three months, we have observed an overflow, for which the march of magazine-writing affords no precedent. An inundation of correspondence, a positive Nile of nonsense, has been pouring in upon us with a remorselessness only equalled by its rapidity. Like the Nile, to which we have justly likened it, we could not, at first, find out the source of the vast and inconveniently increasing current. We have, at length, traced it to this announcement of the Laureate! His imps have transferred their fangs to us; they have fixed their talons (or, as they call them, talents) too deep for mere human efforts to evade them. Hour after hour they increase. Polite replies have become impossibilities; for, inasmuch as their "communications" are evil, our "good-manners" are corrupted. Letters multiply with a more than forty-mushroom power, and the very Post-Office is beginning to complain. The clerks seem to think that the 14th of February will never be over. Our table "groans" (a note to which we, with great sincerity, make responsive echoes) under the burthen of its abuses. They spring from all classes and conditions of persons, "taking all shapes, and bearing many names." As various are the quarters of the town whence they are dispatched; for genius is not nice in its habitation, and flourishes in alleys, whatever it may do in courts. But the one grand point on which they are unanimously agreed is, that each of the twice ten thousand individually is gifted with the most miraculous powers that ever dawned on the dazzled understanding of man. There is no obscurity in terms in their mode of expressing their sentiments upon this head: they seem respectively impressed with a most exalted love of candour, and an equally insurmountable detestation of diffidence. Merit, according to these, the most gifted of all the children of literature, ought not to creep about under the mask of modesty, but "show to the sun its wav'd coat, dropp'd with gold." Our only fear is, in contemplating this extraordinary amount of capacity, that nature has exhausted herself in producing it; and that poets will be as rare in the next generation, as purchasers are in this. At all events, it behoves the inhabitants of the various parishes and places that gave birth to our correspondents, to look well to their wits; for, as Shakspeare monopolized all the intellect of Stratford, and the rest of the natives have been fools up to this moment, it appears to us more than probable that there may be, even now, a vast number of districts left in the dry depths of ignorance, by reason of the rich streams of enlightenment that are perpetually flowing to us through every channel of epistolary communication.

After this appropriate flourish of trumpets, we proceed to introduce a few of our "Tom Thumbs," "their first appearance upon any stage." We must relieve the reader, however, from all apprehension of *infant* prodigies: they have become, by many degrees, too numerous. Every family in the three kingdoms contains *one*, at least, some being blessed with four or five. We therefore pass over their productions without a single note of admiration—even over the "Essay on the Human Character," which the writer assures us was written *before he could speak!* To be sure, it turns out, in the postscript, that he is dumb, which detracts a little from our astonishment.

John Smith. Misery has made many poets, and the untaught genius for whom the reader's sympathy is now solicited, has been exposed to no common

degree of affliction, arising from the singular power of multiplication which his name seems to possess. Nothing can be more trying to a sensitive mind than to see oneself figuring in the newspapers as the hero of a police-report—a fate that regularly happens to the subject of this memoir, morning and evening. Mr. S. intimates that the authors of the "Wealth of Nations," and of the "Rejected Addresses," sprang from a branch of his family; but that he himself, though in an humble station of life, is descended in a direct line from Cain; a fact which, as he modestly says, "rests upon the authority of a *brother*-poet, Cowper," who, in describing the invention of fire-arms, observes—

"And the first *smith* was the first murderer's son."

His genealogy operating upon his genius, he was induced to write a poem upon the fate of his unfortunate ancestor; and it is not a little remarkable, that his apostrophe to *Cain*, should have terminated in his carrying one—he being immediately engaged as footman in the service of Lady Album in Portland Place. Here he soon became remarked, not only for the purity of his morals and the unsullied whiteness of his stockings, but for some "wild and singularly original" lines to a lapdog, patronised by Lady A., who was struck with their pathos and beauty, and procured their insertion in the Morning Post. The editor of that paper, however, unfriendly to the growth of mind even among the footmen of the aristocracy, insisted upon placing the word "advertisement" at the head of the poem. Not at all discouraged by this illiberal insinuation, he determined on awakening his lyre to still loftier tones; and a short time afterwards, attending his lady to the exhibition of the Whale, he succeeded, while the door was ajar, in obtaining a glimpse of the great skeleton, and the result was—

A LIVERY LAY,

ADDRESSED TO THE WHALE AT CHARING-CROSS.

Gog of the Sea, old Ocean's son,
With thee description fails;
Thou art—to use a novel pun—
The very Prince of Whales!

Noah, this skeleton alone
Had sunk the Ark;—I fain
Would have thy portrait (done by *Bone*),
Oh! Magog of the Main.

I may not, with untutor'd hand,
Describe how it might be,
That thou—as bishops do on land—
Didst move from *sea* to *sea*.

Yet more like Popish priest's, alas!
Thy flesh of Indian-rubber;
For as they blubber o'er their mass,
Thou wert a mass of blubber.

A thousand years were on thy brow
When Death began his feast;
A "guard of honour" thou hast now—
"Ten cent'ries" at the least.

A thousand years! old Cent. per Cent.
Why thou wert living when
Brave Harold's bow was fiercely bent
Against the Norman men.

Thy course commenced with William One,
And ends with William Four;
A whale—ere yet thy sands were run,
A lion—when no more.

Some work should give a print of thee;
The Editor, perplex'd,
Concluding thus—"This *tail* to be
Continued in our next!"

Lord Lyreton, M.P. The title of this noble votary of the Muses, at once introduces him to the reader as a personage of a very different grade from that of the last candidate for immortality. The superficial may affect surprise at our placing a lord among the *uneducated* poets; but the more acute observer, who knows that education is vulgar, suited only to the wants of the humbler classes, and utterly inconsistent with the refinement of aristocratic taste, will appreciate our arrangement. But Lord L. must speak for himself.

"Lord Lyreton presents his compliments, and begs to offer, *gratuitously*, a few poems for insertion in the N. M. M. They were written quite at his leisure, principally in the House of Commons during the Economy speeches, or while the Estimates were being passed. Lord L. begs to say that poetry is a thing quite foreign to his usual pursuits; but being informed that one or two persons of his 'order' have become very popular (in private circles) as translators, and that others have innocently amused themselves in the Annual for the Aristocracy, he has attempted something more *original*, in the hope of redeeming the literary character of the nobility, and of showing that genius is not exclusively confined to such low-born persons as Shakspeare and Burns."

We differ with the opinion insinuated in the closing paragraph of our noble poet's epistle. Some of his ideas are not *quite* new. Here is a stanza.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,
Like angels' visits, few and far between,
Deck the long vista of departed years."

Surely we have seen some strange imitations of these lines somewhere. Again—

"For panting Time toils after him in vain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain."

We do not expect genius to be always original, nor do we condemn so ancient a practice among poets as that of borrowing; but this sort of stanza must at least be regarded as one of those "strange coincidences" of which modern literature is so prolific of examples.

But to make amends for this we quote some lines on one of the most pathetic subjects ever touched by the golden quill of poetry. We pity the man who can read even the title without tears.

EPITAPH ON A ROTTEN BOROUGH.

Darling of a ducal race,
Sire of pensions, source of place—
Snug retreat for younger sons;
Sure asylum, safe from duns;
Hast thou left me thus to moan,
When I thought thee all my own!

O'er this branch from Freedom's oak
Wynn shall whine and Croker croak;
Pelham (Faction's "burning Cresset,")
Twiss, in twisted phrase, shall bless it.
Many cheeks shall gain a furrow
By thy fall, disfranchised borough!

Farewell, represented steeple,
Which we loved to call "the people;"
Farewell, my constituents,
Tenants (ten) that paid me rents!
Here my borough lies—as *we* did,
When we said that it was needed!

The Bard of Hops. This prodigy of humble life, a native of the land of Burns and whisky, is certainly not the least of the great Untaught. Hearing when a child that every second man in Scotland was considered the first genius in the world, he began to "lisp in numbers;" but finding afterwards that it was the practice in that country to make all great poets excisemen, as a mark of national gratitude, his sympathies became excited in favour of another kind of

spirit than that which ought to inspire a disciple of the divine art, and led him to adopt a species of *pipe* which cannot be correctly denominated pastoral. A taste for these indulgences led him to the metropolis, where some time ago he wrote his great work called the "*Pleasures of Hops*," with a few additional lines "To the *Poles*," to make it complete. We cannot consider him to be a servile imitator of Campbell—whose harp he delighteth to honour. Hear how he celebrates the plant to which he is so devotedly attached.

"But grant that Beauty and the courtly throng
Thrive and look gay on hyson and souchong;
What fills the panting peasant's humbler veins,
His frame refreshes, and his strength sustains,
Cheers him at morn, at noon renews his fires,
At eve enlivens, and at night inspires?
Immortal Hops! to you the peasant owes
Exalted rapture, exquisite repose;
With you, contented on the rack he writhes,
And laughs alike at taxes and at tithes;
Nor cares what crown is lost, whose pension stops,
But rests his hope, heart, happiness, on Hops!"

The "Lines to the Poles," commencing—

"Ten thousand Poles are pointing to the sun,
Though Captain Parry sought in vain for *one*,"

will be inserted in the ten-thousandth edition. Our poet is the Parry of his art, and returns from his Polar expedition with similar triumphs—discovering in fact that there is nothing new to be discovered upon the subject. He is moreover the author of various unfinished memoirs of eminent persons who happen to be utterly unknown; and is at present, we hear, engaged upon two important works, the "Lives of the most celebrated Hackney-coachmen," from the time of Phaëton, and the "Fugitive Poetry of the Metropolitan Street-minstrels." In the compilation of this last he has had the valuable assistance of the great Mr. Pitt, (Seven Dials.)

Robert Montgammonry. Had Walker and Johnson compressed every syllable of their two dictionaries into one emphatic and impossible word, it would have failed to express our admiration of the brilliant light that has here risen upon the world. But to the infamy of the age be it spoken, a party, amounting to nineteen-twentieths of the community, has been *hired* to laugh at his several immortal poems; and a corrupt, licentious, and assassin-like press—a press which has already ruined the reputation of Mr. Hunt as a statesman, and which did such incalculable mischief, a little time ago, to Mr. Isaac Solomons—has poured the phials of its wrath upon the growing flame of his genius. Some of them have attempted to prove that his sublimest passages were nonsense; and even went so far as to insinuate that he is inferior to Milton! The best answer to attacks so atrociously malignant, was to publish *another* immortal poem; and, having celebrated Satan, to celebrate himself in a strain equally sublime. From this volcano of genius, which is called "Oxford-Street, a Poem," we select a spark or two to illumine our pages with.

"'What makes the glory of a mighty land,'
But streets like this—long, populous, and grand?
Oh! wondrous Avenue! the pride of town,
(St. Giles' thy cradle, and Hyde Park thy crown!)
That thou from Oxford hast derived a name,
Heightens thy honours and exalts thy fame;
Oxford, alike for minstrel and M.P.
Renown'd o'er all—for Inglis and for me!
Two Roberts rule in Oxford, both sublime;
He represents its reason—I its rhyme;
And thus within one city's precincts lurk
A bard like Milton, and a sage like Burke.
All in my fate a hidden grandeur see,
And swear a future Bishop buds in me.
The Cantabs meet me in a wondering mass,
And think of 'Satan' as they see me pass.

The very children rush to read my rhyme,
(The school edition) for the thousandth time.

" But Oxford-street—far richer than the Strand
In gay bazaars and panoramas grand—
How sweet on summer-afternoons to stroll,
And feast with nods and smiles my feverish soul!
To meet the Reverend This, the Dean of That,
And stop the carriaged Dowager to chat:
To hear my praises whisper'd by the proud,
And feel the worship of the wondering crowd:
To pass some bookseller's—some man of taste—
And see his window with my volume graced!
(Unless perchance my startled glance should fall
On one mark'd " ninepence" at a shabby stall.)

" Such are its gay delights; but ah! how soon
The steps of Night have track'd the heels of Noon!
Clouds o'er the sunny air have flung their pall,
And glide in gloom, like lawyers at a ball;
Hark! peals of thunder shake the growling ground;
The old Pantheon's palsied at the sound;
Its portico, with palpitations odd,
Salutes the new Bazaar—which seems to nod.
A sudden ague spreads through all the land,
And shakes the bow in Paganini's hand.
Blue gleams the light along the shivering shops,
And on the crowd that 'neath each gateway stops.
Umbrellas now are idle, cabs are vain,
And coaches scarce shut out the soaking rain.
But I—have I no shelter from the storm,
That mars my curls—my snowy collar's form?
O Heaven!—but lo! a carriage—there's my trust;
Its crest, a mitre!—Providence is just."

F. C. C. THE PADDINGTON SHEPHERDESS.—Our fair Initialist, who is, in fact, a milkmaid, though fancifully designated a shepherdess, is another star added to the "galaxy" of female genius. Her name has not accurately transpired—Felicia Cecilia, we are sure of; but whether the third is Clutterbuck or Crackenthorpe remains for the present a mystery. She is the author of the beautiful "Lines on Rowland's celebrated Kalydor," which are so frequently quoted in the newspapers. To those who would object, that the merit of that admirable invention is not decidedly of a pastoral nature, and therefore not a theme for a shepherdess, we would observe, that shepherdesses in former ages did not live at Paddington. Our protegée has more expansive notions of poetry; her perception seems intuitive; and she talks of Castaly as if she had a cottage upon its banks. We can perceive in her style the dawn of a new Arcadian age. From the preface to her poems, now in the press, we extract a passage, that describes the manner in which the light of song first broke upon the dark silence of her existence:—

"In my 'Narrative of a Tour round the Regent's Park,'—which, notwithstanding the weight of my pails, I have a thousand times performed—I have entered into the spirit of poetry, by explaining how useless it is to explain it, and by describing the impossibility of description. It came upon me I know not how, but 'just as the grass grows that sows itself.' I was milking, one fine April morning—it happened to be the *first* of the month—when upon looking up, the old familiar scene around me had suddenly changed. I at first fancied that the View of Cows before me had transported me in imagination to the Isle of Wight; but a more enchanting idea succeeded. I saw that Parnassus, in the disguise of Primrose-hill, was inviting me to ascend; the canal seemed the bright waters of Castaly; the noise of the Paddington-stages resembled the buzz of a myriad voices welcoming my approach; the eagles and hyenas in the Park were as mute as if they were listening to Orpheus; the animal that stood beside me seemed no longer a red cow, but a milk-white lamb, and I myself was transformed into Una. This trance must have lasted some time, for the milk had 'changed,' as well as myself, ere I returned home.

From that moment I became inspired. I felt that my being was that of a star—in the milky way. In proportion as I became poetical, I grew unfit for any thing else. I often caught myself entering two 'chalks' instead of one, and confounding—in spite of frequent intercourse—the cow with the pump. My first poem, written on the occasion I have described, I am willing to part with to any publisher who may be anxious to treat for it. I begin to fear there is a want of enthusiasm with respect to purchasing, and agree with Dryden, that—

'Glorious beauty *isn't to be sold.*' "

We have only space for a pastoral, which will, we are sure, justify the eulogy we have pronounced, and bespeak a favourable reception for the forthcoming volume.

" I LIVE upon Paddington-green ;
What course is so varied as mine ?
Through the Park where the bears may be seen,
I pass every morning at nine.
I 've a smile from the Omnibus sparks—
But I scarcely award it a thank,
When I gaze on the cluster of clerks
That ride every day to the Bank.
Young Collins's fancy I strike,
He vows that he dreams about me ;
I 've as much curds and whey as I like,
And I always have cream in my tea.
Each evening his flute is in tune—
They press me to have him—but ah !
They know not my heart 's in the moon,
That my soul is in love with a star.
To one upon Helicon's brink,
How little such pleasure avails !
On Cowper and Cowley I think,
And my spirit—leaps over the pails ! "

THE NEW BAYLY.—This may appear an *outré* and antipoetical designation, but it is necessary, in order to distinguish our present subject from the *Old* Bayly, with whom he has been frequently confounded. The history of this "swan and shadow," that always "float double," is curious; the swan sings, and the shadow echoes (if the metaphor will allow us to say so), till one hardly knows which is which. In fact, the original Bayly is a swan with two necks—a sort of double-barrelled Bayly. He writes twenty-seven stanzas "To my First Cousin ;" and the other replies, with precisely the same number "To my Hundred-and-first Cousin." One produces a "Neglected Child ;" the other is instantly delivered of a "Deserted Child." The first celebrates "The Soldier's Smile ;" the second immediately immortalizes "The Sailor's Tear." O. B. writes "We Met ;" N. B. is close at his heels with "We Parted." The world, when one comes in view, looks as naturally for the other as for rain after St. Swithin, or bad wine after a tavern-dinner. It consents to patronize both, on the principle of "love me, love my dog." There is no such thing as having Prince Hal without Poins, or Johnson without Boswell. The "butterfly" goes gamboling upon the air, and the "bluebottle" comes buzzing behind. If one announces that he will ascend in a balloon, the other undertakes to come down in the parachute. In some shape or other, we are sure to have the echo—the same, with a difference. We quote, by way of example, a stanza or two from their mutual forthcoming works, called "London Bridge Ballads."

Mr. Bayly, No. 1 (the swan), opens thus :—

" I stood upon New London Bridge,
The scene was fair to see ;
And yet the pomp that pleas'd the crowd
No lustre had for me.
For by me shone a richer gem
Than aught beneath the throne—
A gentle heart that heaved with love,
For *me*—for me alone ! "

Mr. Bayly, No. 2 (the shadow), echoes in the following strain :—

" I stood upon the Iron Bridge,
The royal group to see ;
And as the King pass'd underneath,
Methought he look'd at *me*.
Fair ladies, lords, and noble knights,
They thought not of the throne ;
The eyes of court and crowd were fix'd
On *me*—on me alone!"

We leave the learned to say which is most entitled to immortality ; but we do say that No. 1, (which is famous for taking care of itself,) should, upon every song-writing occasion, keep as far from No. 2 as possible. It is not a little odd that some poets will not know what a convenient distance means, but persist in following the steps of another, like Mephistophiles or a dun. As it is, the First Bayly is as bad-off as the "unfortunate" damsel of the same family in the song. In fact, his own ghost is perambulating the town : his fame has a fetch—his muse has a double ! He is a haunted poet !

Ben Johnson, the Bricklayer Bard.—At the head and front of the list of the Great Untaught, may be ranked the unpolished diamond now for the first time introduced to fame. The following account of his marriage with immortal verse is given in a letter, which bears his mark, and which, as he cannot write, was dictated to an amanuensis :—

" My Litterary propencity lize at the Dore of westminstir abby, ware i went won sundy to Sea the tooms : their I percev'd in Kapitle letters the wurds—o Rare ben jonson —the ignorant pepel haven left out the *h*, nott Nowing ow to spel : this beeing my name, and awhare that it was not rare butt rarther commun, i inkwired of the husher of mr Rhods's akademy (who rites this) hoo the rare Ben was—and lurned from hymn that he was a famus devine who had ritten a dickshunary—but we Err'd afturwards, wat at wunce opined my Eyes, from won of the Pupels, that he was the grate orthur of Komus and Othellow, and had Flurish'd as a riter in the rain of Richard cur de lion. this filled my mind with kurioscity to here Moore, wen I was toll'd that this Rare ben was, like meself, who boar the same appleation, the Sun of a briclayer ! Gess my joy and sirprize at Such a coinsydence — I risolv'd to pursu that Parth wich provydense had So misteryusly pointed owt—i couldnt wurk for thinken ov it—the noose I had herd was alwas at my ear, and i assended the Ladder, but nott with a Furm step. Wen i began to Right I found sum diffyculty from nott beeing abel—my eydears offten ockured to me wen aloan, and I was oblijed to thro doun my trouil and run up the town to my frend the Husher every time a Thort Kame, to putt it on papir—in this dilemmer my jenius hit upun an exellent higherogliphick skeme, or new Moad of riting, of wich i am the pattentea—I yused a dott thus (·) for a Star, and a long stroke for a sunbeme, and as the same immige is repeted over and over agane in Moddern poetry, my plan ansers unkomanly well."

Our poet soon neglected building to build the lofty rhyme, of which we shall give a brief specimen from his numerous MSS. in the form of a dedicatory sonnet to the "Association for the Encouragement of Literature ;" an association established upon the liberal principle of paying all the profits of his work to the author, if—after paying *every body* else—there happen to be any left.

" Sagacius boddy, childrin of rephorm,
most saje filanthropists, and paytriots pure,
Ye Litterary howards, bent to Kure
all litterary ils, all strife and storm—
To sheeld from publishers (a vishus swarm)
the moddest Kredulous orther ; ye who, shure
That jeniuses by Thousands nou endure
Deep rongs in silence, fele yure busums warm ;
Who mete, and Tork, do All things butt subscribe,
To bring nu jems to lite and show them fare ;
To tern our bards to cresuses, and bribe
With Prophits, that now vannish, heavn knose ware !
O great encurrigers, to Yew come i ;
To Yew must jenius cling—the Rest refeuse to Buy."

Not merely with all our heart, but with all our ink, were it necessary, would we second this appeal. We know of no candidate whom the Society could more auspiciously commence its labours with. But our mediation is useless. The MS. volume, from which the above is an extract, was, we are informed, submitted to a general meeting of the Association, referred to a committee of taste, and finally accepted, after a violent opposition on the part of one or two of the members, poets of repute, who considered the style of the writer an imitation of their own. Our author, then, has the honour of being the first of the unlettered illustrious whom it is the object of this admirable Association to introduce to the notice of the world. And now let us honestly state that our motive for inserting these gems of the illiterate literati, was simply to bring them under the patronizing eye of the Association. We submit our Gallery of the Great Uneducated to the committee of connoisseurs. We are convinced that, notwithstanding the extraordinary acceleration given to the march of minstrelsy by the institution of the Society—notwithstanding that, by the last returns, writers were discovered to form an infinitely larger portion of the population than readers, and that, instead of an association to encourage, we may shortly want a Society for the Discouragement of Literature—it would be impossible to find any objects more entitled to the fraternal solicitude of the Encouragement Committee. A fellow-feeling ought to make them wondrous kind. They are links in the same golden chain of genius; and, in fact, they have all equal claims, as far as we can see, to be elected members of the society. Thus, what with its own directors, and the select band which we now recommend to its patronage, the list of the Association—or, as it may more aptly be termed, the Literary Refuge for the Destitute—must be pronounced complete. What a cloud of crowned candidates—what a rush of the renowned rejected—what an army of ill-used authors, may be imagined at the first opening of the doors! What a group for Cruikshank!

But our "minutes," like those of Time, must "hasten to their end." Innumerable letters, even while we write, are pouring in upon us. All of them contain offers of services, which we can never hope to repay. The writers of some of these are willing to take the whole poetical department of the Magazine to themselves; others invite themselves to breakfast, and promise to read a few hundred verses, which they *think*, &c.; some are surprised that we should call Wordsworth and Byron great poets, and ask us what we think of "the enclosed;" others assure us that their contributions have *never* been published, and offer to give us "unexceptionable references" as to originality, &c. One young lady (at boarding-school, near Clapham) is deterred from publishing by a generous determination not to injure the popularity of Mrs. Hemans; another intimates, that if there is any particular publisher we wish to favour, she will immediately send him *all* she has ever written; but begs, in the mean time, that fifty pounds may be forwarded, "as under." We wish them a pension and an immortality a-piece; and, in the mean time, recommend them all to the Association. May it do for them what another Association did for the Catholics; and may every attic, under the reformed system of literature, return, at least, two members to the parliament of poetry.

LITERATURE CONSIDERED AS A PROFESSION.

A DISPUTE has of late arisen and been kept up by divers periodical journals respecting literary men, and literature considered as a profession, and, however lightly treated, the importance of the subject has been felt even amidst the more absorbing interests and questions of the time. It arose, as most of our readers are aware, from the circumstance of the pensions of 100*l.* per annum each being withdrawn from ten Associates of the Royal Society of Literature. When the public knew, that in the huge sum total of the Pension List, these poor 1000*l.* formed almost the only pittance granted to letters, it felt that the pruning knife of economy might as well have been employed upon other branches. For our part we abstain from even the shadow of censure. Charity we consider as little amenable to the rule of criticism. And glad as we might be to see those pensions granted by the country to the invalided veterans of literature, we can by no means acknowledge either the justice or the honour of placing them in the dependence of the Privy Purse. Nor, when the Monarch is compelled to revise the items of his expenditure, are we surprised to find him make the rule of his retrenchment, not the wants or general merits of parties, but rather their relations and services towards him and towards the Royal office. In this respect, however more deserving must appear the claims of a Roscoe or a Coleridge in the esteem of the public than ex-chamberlains and ex-envoys, nevertheless in the Royal eye the latter are servants entitled to their superannuation allowance. The former have served but the public. Let the public look to them. And if here any reader have felt a qualm or experienced pain on learning the destitute condition of the national poet or historian, let the sting of remorse and shame not be turned against the Monarch, but be allowed to penetrate where it ought—home, to the breast of each.

Some wielders of the pen, however, assert that there is call for neither shame nor pity; that writers are like other operatives, earners, and that the poor-house is there for both. Others not quite so savage or so paradoxical, recognize the difference betwixt intellectual and bodily labour. These argue, however, there is the lawyer, the mediciner, the man of whatever profession you please. See, he can earn, and is contented. He does not ask for pensions. "No doubt," answers the poor veteran of letters. "Place mine on an equality with those professions. Give us a monopoly, and literature will soon be in gains as lucrative, in science and effects as poor, as its brethren." These gentlemen, who exclaim against all aid or care bestowed on intellectual produce, and who would apply to it their principle of free trade, forget, that throughout the whole range of society or of its productions there is not one class or object left uncared for, unregulated, or uncherished. What manufacture has flourished or existed without protection, without laws, without bounties? Has the woollen, has the cotton, has even that of corn? Is not the worker of the meanest handicraft protected from over-rivalry? And then the labourers in the field, when has the legislature ceased to direct towards them its parental attention? Shall literature alone,

then, in this most artificial state of society be left abandoned to a state of beggary and nature? If in answer to these and to the hundred still more strong and obvious pleas in behalf of letters it be replied, that the Copyright Act is protection sufficient; why then the main argument is given up. It is ceded, that literature and men of letters have need of protection. And it only remains to inquire, whether that granted is proportionate to the importance and merits of the object, or to that which others enjoy.

On the importance of a national literature it is needless to dilate. When it is observed, that our existing literature caters but to amusement, we rejoin that out of these works of amusement are formed very often, the morals, the ruling ideas, the principles and tendencies of hundreds of readers. And moreover, that if the productions of the day be merely of the light and amusing kind, they are so through the public fault, and through the want of that protection, which, be it remarked, other countries bestow. "We can do very well without literature," exclaimed an editor not long since. "We can do without a drama," wrote "*The Times*," some weeks since, in a very shallow article, unworthy of such a journal. Now we beg to observe to both writers, that a literature and a drama a country like this must have, of some kind or character. Books will be printed, and plays acted. It might, perhaps, be better to do away with both, than to put up with bad. But the former alternative is impossible. We are reduced to choose betwixt the bad and the good. And to procure this last in preference, is worth, we think, some attention, some reflection and good faith in political critics, some interference on the part even of the legislature: for we cannot esteem a passible epic, or a new Hamlet, or a second Waverley—craving pardon of the critics above specified—as of inferior importance to a turnpike road.

Ere, however, we proceed to crave indulgence or favour for letters and its professors, let us consider what may in justice be due to them. How doth the law deal with them? Why the law, which protects the manufacturer, gives a bounty upon that and erects most sciences into monopolies, merely interferes to secure the man of letters the enjoyment of his property, the sale of his produce. But this, which it secures to all others for ever, is merely given to the man of letters for life. The owner of land hath his land in perpetuity, the manufacturer his manufactures: the author is allowed to enjoy his but for life, or for thirty years. The framer of a bronze statue may keep or sell the immortality of his work. Not so the poet: he hath but a life interest; he is but the lessee, not even the proprietor of the work of his own brain. Here is a flagrant injustice, arising indeed out of the difficult and complicate way, in which the author must give amusement or instruction for a price. Would we then extend the Copyright Act? Perhaps not. But we would have it taken into consideration that an author's property in his works being confiscated after death, ay, confiscated for the benefit of the public, gives him some claim, whilst living, on the justice as well as the charity of the public. Roscoe's historical works are now public property. They instruct and delight the English nation, whilst they cease to bring one penny to his family. This considered, was a poor annuity of 100*l.* a year granted to Roscoe out of the public money,

an act of generosity or of niggardly justice? Go to, Sir Economists, and blush!

Justice then, as well as generosity demands, that some provision be made for the invalid of literature, for those at least whom all acknowledge to have conferred a benefit upon their country. The French do this by means of their Institute, which bestows 100*l.* a year on each of its Members, including any name distinguished in either science or letters, the principle of election taking away the abuse and disgrace of the favour degenerating into patronage. Need we say, how much the prospect of such a distinction, to be earned by probity and good conduct as well as by honest exertion, would add to the respectability and worth of men of letters, whilst it presented a haven to their ever shipwrecked fortunes?

But why cannot authors be prudent, and economize, and manage their affairs like other men? Alas! we fear it would be difficult to make the too valid excuses intelligent to whoever asks this question. Let him ask his physician, why excitement leads to dissipation. Why an alternation of elation and despondency, inspiration and dulness, makes a poor devil of an author two very inconsistent beings, instead of one consistent being; the *juste milieu* of common sense and common prudence being for ever lost in the eternal bound and rebound. But why, then, choose so pestiferous a profession, so suicidal a calling? Again, alas! the same cause, which compelled the audience of Peter the Hermit to put the cross upon their rags, and march to Palestine, exclaiming "'tis the will of God!" What stronger excuse can man plead for folly than this—of powerful fatuity? But mark, Sir Wise, out of these fatuous expeditions to subdue the East, and "pluck bright honours from the pale-faced moon"—expeditions which failed lamentably in their avowed aims—there arose, amidst the ruin of the chivalrous undertakers, vast and incalculable benefits to civilization and to Europe. Science and commerce were brought to new life by this folly:—to the stock acquired of glory, of chivalrous honour, and brilliant poesy, we shall not allude. These three absurd crusades brought wealth and impost to the middle classes. Liberty came of them, and the downfall of feudal tyranny. Now letters form a similar crusade for whoever embarks in their cause. Their knight-errant, like his prototype, reaps his hard blows and harder pillow, meagre fare, gaunt, worn aspect, and the eternal derision of the Pagans who surround him, and deride a zeal which they cannot comprehend. Homage indeed may be his, empty homage, such as the sane pay to the frenetic. But the homage is not that which heals a wound or fills an empty scrip. The profit accrues to his country, whilst even the very glory remains hovering over the living, nor settles on a head till it be in the tomb!

We feel that any attempt to awake the feelings of the nation or its government in the cause of literature would be idle; both are, no doubt, sufficiently prompt and inclined to rise to its aid, were a plan pointed out—and this is difficult. Literature, as a profession, forms such an anomaly, that one cannot be guided with respect to it by the laws or the state of other professions. Its chief peculiarity is the necessity of some link or medium betwixt author and public, such as an artist, for example, may do without. The process of printing and

publishing renders it indispensable that there should be such men as booksellers; and as booksellers must keep a very large capital afloat, with perhaps greater risks than any other men in trade, their profit must be proportionate; and thus the natural gains of the writer are at first sight inevitably diminished in a huge degree. It has been the fashion of authors to rail at booksellers on this account, and the fashion is revived. We believe that the fortunes of the great publishing houses of England within the last score of years will prove the best answer. They are not colossal, and such as they are, have done more for men of letters than ever was effected by direct patronage. If these merchants, who employ intellect and distribute its produce to the public, could be done away with, there is no doubt that *their* share of the price collected would not go into the pockets of the author, but merely rest in those of the public. We have really then no cause, in a pecuniary point of view, to complain of what Mr. Brougham calls "these ministers of the public taste." *

Where, then, are we to look for the amelioration of the condition of men of letters? The public is too vast a body, too much the *legion*, and with too little union, to be applied to on the subject. The many will not modify their taste to benefit a few individuals, however interesting. It is to men in power first, who may do something, and then to themselves, who may do much, that the sons of literature have alone to look. To both we would address a word of advice, nor is it intended for one more than the other.

The present is, perhaps, one of the most important and critical moments of our history—it is that of the complete triumph and enthronement of public opinion. Heretofore, we were ruled by a constitution, by prejudices, by castes, by an aristocracy; henceforth, all-powerful opinion, that of the majority, will rule: that this opinion will be temperate, religious, just, the enemy of all excess, we believe. But it is nevertheless true that the voice of the many, not of the few—of reason, not of prejudice—of public interest and honour, not narrow and party views thereof, will henceforth prove the arbiters of England's conduct and destiny. In this new state of things, which changes so much the relative position and influence of all classes, the most important change is effected for the man of learning and of talent. But a year since, he was condemned, if he would toil to eminence, to be the client of the aristocracy. This year has given him another patron—the public; and every career and goal of ambition is at once opened to him.

* It has been proposed to set on foot a society for publishing works of merit. Let us consider its effect upon men of letters. These, if now under a momentary state of depression, owe it in a great measure to the influx of *amateurs;* to the number of men of wealth and polite life, who have taken up the pen and carried away the public favour from the professional man of letters, and from his style of writing. The new society goes to aggravate this, as it calls and invites to the trade and gain of letters every candidate at all capable of so exerting his powers. As it pays no price, advances no sum, but merely proceeds on a plan of sharing profits, it attracts merely the beginner, who is glad to get into print at any rate. To the known man of letters it brings no advantage; for he can himself do precisely what the society proposes, viz. give the work to a publisher to retail at no risk, and consequently at the legal rate of profit. Such gentlemen have no right to complain at having lost by the present system. The mode of publishing proposed by the society is, and has ever been, feasible and open to whoever would make use of it.

Men in authority, nobles, statesmen, consider well, and ponder on this change. Recollect what mainly precipitated the first revolution of our neighbours the French, was, that men of letters found their interest, their sacred interest—the freedom of thought—their own just feelings of respect and pride, at variance with the existing state of things; and that their breath was sufficient to shake its foundations. Certainly, in England, there is no such cause of complaint; but there may be equal temptations to destroy. Regard the present state of France. There, the extinction of the aristocracy, the weakness of the crown, has left to intellect the first place. Now, talent is no less selfish than its brethren—than any other principle of power. It seeks place, and ascendancy, and profit, as blindly as ever did the high-born. And the ranks of the moderate party being soon filled by sufficient capacities, the remainder fling themselves into opposition, and appeal to the wildest and worst passions of the people. Yet the French Government hath a tie, a hold, a bribe to offer, without which, indeed, we believe, it could not exist. It has hundreds of places, not sinecures, but small and honourable functions. It has its hundred professorships, its hundred prefectives and sub-prefectives, to content, and win, and silence these men. No Government, since July 1830, could have held but for this.

Now mark the different situation of England. Its Ministry has huge places of profit to give, retaining fees fit for peers; but for the humble many of talent, scarcely one. Local jurisdiction and patronage fill many of these—but the Church fills most. Now this last is a serious, and very serious point. The Church and letters were once synonymous, the term *clerc* bears witness; and immense revenues were bestowed on her, as much to protect learning as to pay and support orthodoxy. But literature has long left her wing; and all those seats of comfort, where the veteran of letters might so justly hope and expect to repose—librarianships, professorships—such are shut for ever against the unmatriculated laic. Turned away from the Church-threshold, talent, during the last century, paid its court to the aristocracy, and sate down at lords' tables. Here, indeed, few were received, but they fared sumptuously. Burke's, and divers names, are there to quote. In this century, the Tory system of raising dullness to high places, and supporting it by impudence, has prevailed, and fortunately, since it finds not one master-mind nor voice in its behalf, now is the hour of its overthrow and final dissolution. As to talent, I fear, that it sharpens its pen against the Church, and begins to hold high, even in salutation, the head that once bowed to the knee before a noble aspect. Now much of this is wrong, much of it is selfish, and therefore mean; but it is human nature, a thing for which we should always be prepared. The conclusion we draw is this—that it behoves, and seriously behoves, those in power to take every step to make it the interest of men of talent and letters, as it is already the interest of other classes, to be the friends of order, of our institutions, and our religion. If it be their interest to hate, and vilipend, and destroy these, they will do so. Through all the emptiness of honourable professions, men, whatever be their rank and title, do no more.

So much as a warning to power: and now a word of counsel to men of letters. They are in a false position, in a painful state of transition; they have ceased to be the servants of the aristocracy, whilst the great public, whom they are about to serve, seems as yet not aware that it owes a return, a certain degree of protection and respect. Whilst in France men step from the professor's chair to the Ministry, from the editor's desk to the legislature—in England, the word *author* draws after it a kind of lenient and good-natured obloquy, more detrimental than even hate to the respectability and interests of the tribe. This prejudice is no doubt traditional, but the habits of most men of letters sanction it. English writers of the day are generally mere caterers to amusement, light, superficial, men of current pens and fugacious thoughts—novel-writers, in fact, and cultivators of imagination. Even in their handling of serious subjects, there is a want of depth, and maturity, and conscientiousness, not a little disgraceful to us. This, no doubt, is in part produced by a false system of education, which teaches us that trifles are the most important points of study, and leaves us ignorant of the knowledge of public life until long after chance feelings or connexions have enlisted us in party, and given us a creed without reason, and passions with little more than personal hate for their basis.

In this respect, the French are infinitely our superiors. Their education, suited to the wants and habits of the day—gives more knowledge of the world, and less of the cloister. But, above all, the union of literary and political studies and habits of writing has the happy effect of giving solidity and high aim to the lighter pursuits, and at the same time dignifying, and adorning, and elevating that part of the press devoted to politics. In England, unfortunately, there has been not only disunion, but war, betwixt the writers of the daily press and their brethren. The latter have been in some instances, and in some of their works, prodigal of contempt, meanly and narrowly founded. The feeling has been returned; and this absurd quarrel has been, we have no doubt, the chief cause why the late dispensionment of the Royal ten Associates met with rather exultation than sympathy on the part of some able provincial diurnals. This poor source of spite and disunion ought to be for ever forgotten and extinguished.

Union, as far as literary interests are concerned, should henceforth be the duty of every literary man, whilst it should be the task of every individual to join solid information and principles to powers of light and imaginative writing. Political acquirements and knowledge should in no case be neglected. If other classes have hitherto monopolized influence and patronage, let us recollect it has been principally because they also monopolized political knowledge. For such, *knowledge*, according to the maxim, *is power*. Those who possess it, can never as a body be slighted; for this other maxim is no less true, that, in order to be respected, one must be feared.

WHERE IS THE MOB?

I SHOULD very much like to know where the mob is to be found when there is no mob. Mob is a noun of multitude, puzzling to the grammarian as to the matter of singular or plural; equally puzzling is it to the metaphysician as to the matter of *posse* and *esse*. We talk glibly enough about the mob, as if we could at all times see it and define it; as if it had as definite an existence as a Lord Mayor or a Court of Common Council. This said mob is a kind of political unicorn—a beast of many pictures, but no original. Where is it, what is it, and what has it done, that it should be so vituperated? *Odi profanum vulgus*, said Horace, and one in our day, who has received from his godfathers and godmothers the same name, expresses the same sentiment. But, as no man of valour could gain much reputation in fighting with a shadow, so no man of consequence can have much gratification of his pride in turning up his nose at he knows not what. *Odi profanum vulgus*—I hate the mob, says the man of superfine sentiments. Come, then, thou man of nice discernment and of most fastidious taste, and let us see what it is thou hatest;—where, and what is that mob which moveth thee so atrabiliously? All below a certain class may be regarded as the mob. Good; but is there, in the bright blue sky above us, with its myriad-seeming, eye-deceiving lights of distant suns, or in the earth beneath us, with its cloud-shadowed, flower-besprinkled lawns, or in the waters under the earth, with all their dancing waves, and shining, slimy, slippery, unhookable tenants, aught so uncertain as a certain line that marks a certain class? Thou that hast hob-a-nobbed with princes, and hast perspired, if that be not too gross a term, in perfumed drawing-rooms, with many a son and daughter of Adam, every one of whom is too superb to be called by his or her own name—wilt thou set down as a component part of the mob every individual who bears not a title? How comprehensive, then, must be thy hatred, and how widely spread must be thy abomination! No, no; title will not draw the line, nor will affinity to title draw it. Many a one, who boasts no other appellatives than his birth and his baptism have given him, may, for his wealth, his wit, and wondrous courtesy, claim not unsuccessfully to rank within the uncertain certain class. Down drops below nobility the line which separates between the respectable part of the community and the mob. Peradventure it might suit the Horatian theory to place the line of vulgarity immediately above the men of commerce, were it not that from that class legislators have been selected. We must seek for it then a little lower still, among the retail dealers, who wash their hands with Windsor soap, and eat ducks and green peas in little back parlours behind the shop. But even here the shadow flees, and even here may be seen the haughty airs of aristocracy, the self-sufficient denunciations of vulgarity, and a terrible shudder at the dreadful inundation of democracy which is threatened by the admission of ten pound voters. And more than this; for here may be found minds well informed, manners well regulated, morals well ordered, and a capability and actuality of all that makes man respectable and decent. Come, then, we must go deeper than this. What shall we say to the mechanic, to him who worketh

with his own hands? Here sitteth one at the loom:—art thou one of the mob? Mark the curvature of the man's spine, the roundness of his shoulders, the still monotony of his employment, the pallor of his countenance. Art thou one of the mob? Dost thou hate kings, and priests, and nobles? Wouldst thou imbue thine hands exultingly in patrician blood? Art thou gross as the untamed beast of the forest, stupid and brutish as the beaten ass? He answers not; but "a faint smile comes o'er his faded countenance, like moonlight on a marble monument." Listen, and when the surprise at your rude interrogatory shall have passed away, he will give you a history of his days. Mark the man, and, spite of your discourtesy, he bows before he speaks. "I have worked at this loom for twenty years. In the summer time the sun and I have begun our work together; but I have stopped to dine, which the sun has not, and therefore I have sometimes finished my day's labour an hour later than he. And in winter I have shortened the darkness by a taxed candle, and would have alleviated the bitterness of the cold by taxed coals, but food was the greater necessary of the two. I have, by the labour of this loom, fed and clothed myself, and wife, and five children. On Sunday, I have sometimes worshipped God with the help of a priest, and sometimes without that help. I have occasionally endeavoured to enjoy the luxury of beneficence; I have found it an expensive luxury, but still it was a luxury. I am proud of my children, for they are dutiful and affectionate; and, thank God, we have never been burdensome to the parish, and I hope and trust we never shall." A mob is not composed of materials like this: here is industry working for itself and its own; here is religion, here is generosity, here is independence. There is nothing hateful in this. But where is the mob, that profane and hateful thing? Which is the class that all good, orderly, respectable, religious people must hate with a perfect hatred? Find we the elements of the mob among domestic servants, the portly butler, the jolly coachman, the skilful cook, the graceful valet, the haughty porter? Not one in a dozen of these gentry can be found, who does not regard his lordly master with as much self-appropriation of importance as did a loyal Frenchman under the old regime regard the Grand Monarque. But where is the mob, the profane and the hateful? Does it sit by the way-side begging? Is it to be sought among the halt and the maimed, the lame and the blind? Poor helpless ones, when did ye overturn states and empires, and usurp thrones, and hurl nobles in the dust, and trample priests in the mire? Is there, then, no mob? Yes, there are many, many actual and many possible. See, there is a mob, almost ten miles long. "Six to four on Jem Ward."—"Done!" See, there is another, not more than fifteen feet square. What, in the church? No, in the vestry.—"Gentlemen, will you hear me?"—"I protest that I"—"Sir, I don't believe."—"Will you?"—"Two and ninepence."—"Most scandalous!"—"Mr. Gubbins."—"Order, Mr. Dickinson!"—"Upwards of a thousand."—"Unprincipled scoundrels!"—"For the good of the parish."—"I say, Sir, it is a most infernal lie!"—"I deny it in toto!"—"I will be heard!"—"You didn't!" What! respectable merchants, professional gentlemen, and even the Rev. ———!

Hist! Let us look into a larger building. What do I hear?

An utter Babel; a noise not less cacophonous than the screaming of an universe of frightened geese! And what a venerable building is this in which the tumultuous uproar is heard! There stand two gigantic figures, Gog and Magog, who look like the deities worshipped by the outrageous and furious multitude, madder than the priests of Bacchus. What is the meaning of this tumult? A Common Hall, and an unpopular gentleman is attempting to make himself heard, and the people will not hear him; they are better pleased to hear themselves. Mob law. Any more mobs? Walk this way; a little to the east. Beauty and fashion, gas-lights and jewellery; hackney and other coaches in profuse abundance; much swearing among the coachmen; much bullying among the gentlemen; much tossing of heads and sneering among the ladies; rouge outblushed by fury, and carmine rendered superfluous by indignation; ribs and elbows in most inconvenient juxtaposition; fiddling, and much clattering of cups, and spilling of coffee; the unsuccessful almost cursing the successful.—Where is the mob? What better can you expect in the City? Nothing. We will leave the City and its mobs, and will go to the west:—region of refinement, dwelling of the China-ware part of human crockery! Is it possible? Can these be people of rank and fashion? Mark you, how they rush by one another, heedless of the demolition of drapery, and the martyrdom of splendid decoration! Here is as much rushing and rudeness, and noisy crowding to see dancing in the West, as there was to perpetrate dancing in the East. A new fiddler is come to town, and he must be heard. High words pass between these two gentlemen; we must not call it low language. Will they strip and fight? No, they will fight to-morrow morning. They are ungovernably angry, and know not what they say, nor what they have said.—Any symptoms of mob? Strong symptoms, it must be confessed; for here is fury, here is selfishness, here is violence, here is blindness, here is the very essence of mob, unbridled humanity, ungoverned passion, instinct run mad, total absence of reflection, and plentiful food for after penitence. Where is the line that separates the mob from the respectable part of the community? We have been looking for it, but we have not found it. We have been searching for the mob downwards, downwards, downwards, and it has eluded our observation: we have turned round again, and have sought for it upwards, upwards, upwards, and have met with it everywhere. Shall we go farther? How much farther shall we or can we go? The poet talked of the freaks of imagination, which, in its humours, would present to the mind

"A court of cobblers and a mob of kings."

We shall come to that at last. Not quite, but as near as may be. Follow, now, to the stranger's gallery. Ah! is wisdom always noisy when collective? Are these sounds the ebullitions of understanding? Do I hear the fermentation of sagacity and the boisterous outpourings of prudence? What does that honourable gentleman mean by clenching his fist? See, see! part them, or there will be bloodshed! I cannot understand a word they say: but are they swearing at one another? No, not in words. But why so many speaking at

once? There was a look of meekness and an aspect of courtesy, but it is gone in a moment, as soon as the lips are opened and the tongue is let loose. And what violent gesticulations! Do they call this deliberating? Did they hear prayers read before they commenced deliberations? "Hear, hear, hear!"—"Question, question!"—"There is no question."—"The honourable gentleman"—"Chair, chair, chair!" Oh, sad confusion! These gentleman are violently angry with each other, and know not what they say. But they are not hereditary legislators, they have not been cradled in sagacity, and were not born to guide the state. There is a tincture of plebeianism among them. Potwallopers have chosen some of them. They are representatives of mobs: the spirit of tumult is in them, and will occasionally break forth. Yet who would have thought or expected to find a mob ———. Let us go into a serener atmosphere—a milder clime—a less tempestuous region—a more venerable assembly; we shall find the flower of courtesy in the legislative conservatory. We are out of the mob at last; we are— But why speak two at once? —why three?—why scowl?—why threaten?

"Pray * * * * * * please to moderate
The rancour of your tongue;
Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?
Remember, when the judgment's weak
The prejudice is strong."

Hush!—hush!—silence!—the King is coming!—When shall we get away from the mob? S.

HOBBS AND DOBBS.

Adrian. Your jest is somewhat of the oldest, Master Giles.
Giles. Tush! do you think I would offer a new joke, any more than new wine, to your Worship?—*The Unknown.*

Love in a village, where the parties revel
In all the neighbourly civility
Of cheerful, social amiability,
Is vastly pleasant;—
But hatred in a village is the devil!
Because each peasant
Is ever meeting in that narrow circle
The very man on whom he longs to work ill.
How sad the pity that our *beau ideal*
Is never real;—
That envy, hatred, jealousy, and malice
Should hold their chalice
Up to the lips of rustics, who were meant
By Nature to be innocent,
And harmless as the household dove,
That type of love!

After this pretty bit of flummery,
Or moral sentimental proem,
(An apt exordium to my poem,)
I must be quick, concise, and summary,
And without any more preparative,
Commence my narrative.

At Oakley, in the Western Riding
Of Yorkshire, were two men residing,
Named Hobbs and Dobbs, whose constant quarrels,

Springing from rivalry in trade,
A sort of village warfare made,
Which sadly spoilt the people's morals,
Splitting them into furious factions,
Some warmly advocating Hobbs,
While others, both by words and actions,
Supported Dobbs.
And yet these foolish fellows ought
In their two leaders to have found
Men of strong understanding, taught
With friendly stitches,
To patch up, not occasion breaches,
And mend the *soles* of all the rusticks round;
For they were both shoemakers, and their labours
Should have been circumscribed to putting
Their friends, their customers, and neighbours
On a good footing.

They lived, unfortunately, *vis-à-vis*,
And soon began the work of emulation,
By flaming shop-boards, where in gilt
And lacker'd lustre, you might see
The symbols of their occupation,
Much paint in blue and crimson being spilt,
That each might be more splendid than the other,
And win all custom from his baffled brother.

Hobbs, who had somehow given handle
For undeserved reproach and scandal,
When he new-dizen'd out his board,
Wrote at its foot this Latin scrap—
"*Mens conscia recti*," which he took
From some heraldic motto-book,
Meaning thereby to have a slap
At his maligners, and afford
Proof that his path he still pursued,
Strong in a conscious rectitude.

This was a source of envious dolour
To Dobbs, who, in his first confusion,
Knowing his rival was no scholar,
Deduced the natural conclusion
That "*conscia recti*" doubtless meant
Some article of trade—perchance,
Some fashion just arrived from France,
And being resolutely bent
His hated rival to eclipse,
He sent forthwith for Mr. Cripps,
Painter and Glazier,
When thus ejaculated Dobbs—
"Paint me a still more flaming board,
Of green and gold, and azure;—
What! do you think I can't afford
To pay for it as well as Hobbs?—
Be these French kickshaws what they will,
I am resolved to beat him still,
To which effect, I
Desire you'll print in gold at bottom,
(That folks may fancy I have got 'em,)
Men's AND WOMEN'S *conscia recti*."

GREEK AFFRAY AT SMYRNA.

The identity in personal appearance and moral character of the Greeks of to-day with the Greeks of antiquity, is a subject on which, in common with most other travellers who have been brought in contact with that wonderful people, I have insisted; and though somewhat their apologist, and certainly their warm advocate as regarded their relations with the Turks, I have not hesitated, nor shall I now hesitate, to trace this identity in their evil qualities as well as in their good—in the feelings and passions that disgrace or disturb humanity, as well as in those that tranquillize and ornament it. Indeed, in a susceptibility ever alive, and to every impression, in a cast of character which Lord Byron well describes by the word "mobility," lie the secrets of the *morale* of the Greek people, ancient and modern; and in such temperaments the seeds of evil passions must be involved with virtues, and spring up from the same soil of the heart.

The following relation of what occurred at Smyrna in the month of May of the present year, assimilates itself with Greek adventures of five-and-twenty centuries back; and the struggle for a Greek servant girl may recall the fortunes of a Greek princess, and Helen and Cassandra.

Madame S——, a Catholic lady of Constantinople, but married to an English merchant of Smyrna, had taken into her service a Greek girl, a native of the island of Cerigo. The girl was young and pretty, and possessed of that natural grace so common to her country-people, even of the lowest conditions; she was, besides, intelligent, obedient, and respectful, and during a service of some months acquired the affections of her mistress, than whom, from personal acquaintance, I should say there exist few more amiable women.*

In the course of business, this lady's husband, finding it expedient to return to Constantinople, had already begun to make preparations for the departure of himself and family, when one day the fair Cerigote, who had already informed her mistress of the persecution she endured from her family on account of a lover whom she could not love, fell on her knees, and with sighs and tears most passionately prayed that she would take her to Constantinople, and so save her from being forced into a marriage she detested. When her mistress hesitated, the passionate young Greek abandoned herself to the extravagances of desperation; she beat her pretty face, tore her hair, and vowed that if the lady would not take her, she would throw herself into the sea when she was gone, as the only way of avoiding the harsh constraint of her family, her fellow-islanders in Smyrna, and the Greeks generally—bishop, priests, and all, who were bent on the match.

Madame S—— at length did what most women of feeling, to whom coercion on so delicate a point—the pivot of female happiness or misery—must be most odious, would have done in her place, and with her husband's consent, she agreed that Katinko should go with them to the Turkish capital. The joy and the gratitude of the young Greek were now as intense as her woe had been; she kissed her dear mistress's hands and feet, and pronounced a more amiable vow —that for the salvation she had accorded her, she would be her slave—would love and obey her every command until the last moment of her life!

A calm English girl, or the maiden of any other and more sedate country, might have been just as grateful at being removed from the certainty of a forced marriage—might have used the same words, and almost the same actions, but would not have approached the vivacity and *grace in passion* (if I may use such an expression) of the *mobile*, susceptible Greek. Whilst in the Levant, it was my fortune to be an eye-witness, on more occasions than one, to the passionate workings of the female mind in the Greeks. I have seen the violence of their grief; the intenseness of their despair; their rapid returns to the ecstasies of joy;

* Madame S—— is sister to Madame W—— late of Constantinople, whose melancholy death by the plague I described in the last Number of the New Monthly Magazine.

the vividness of their hope; their energetic gratitude; and in each and all of these modifications of human feeling their vivacity surprised me, though I had been long familiar with the people of Southern Italy and Sicily, whom nobody will accuse of phlegm. But in the outer developement of either of these passions, the attitude, the action, never ceased to be picturesque and what, for want of a better word, we call classical. One of the commonest actions of their grief, for example, was to raise their closed hands above their heads, and to hold them there, just as we see represented in antique bassi-relievi and vases, when the subject is a funeral procession, or something of that nature. I have seen in the Greek quarter of Smyrna a group of women bewailing the death of a child, with gestures and words which, though they were of the poorest and commonest class, most forcibly reminded me of Homer and the Greek tragedians; and a funeral I once witnessed at the little island of Milo, not only possessed all the ceremonies and circumstances attending an ancient burial, but the mourning figures in the procession looked like embodied classical antiquity. No time will efface the impression made on my mind, particularly by the Præficiæ, or hired mourners, who preceded the garlanded corpse, beating their breasts, tearing their hair, and calling on the name of the departed; or "the last scene of all," when previously to covering the body with earth, the relatives lifted it in their arms and wept, indulging, like Andromache, in the luxury of their grief;* and the υστερος ασπασμος, or last embrace. But even when unagitated by the violence of passion, the deportment and speech of the Greek females are animated and eloquent; or, it may be said of them, as Gibbon defined the character of the susceptible Petrarca—in their bosoms every *feeling* becomes a *passion;* and I can answer for the truth of the following passage, written by one of the most classically-attuned British minds that ever visited "the land of the cypress and myrtle:"†—"The expression of vivacity is never absent from the girls of Greece. In them the fire of genius and of nature supplies the place of education. The traces of that colloquial eloquence for which the ancients were so famed are principally observable amongst the women, and the endearing words that are always on their lips give life and interest to their most trivial discourse. 'My eyes,' 'My heart,' 'My soul,' are nothing more with them than the habitual expression of a warm and feeling heart."‡

But to return to the fair Cerigote, from whom my fancying as to what would be her deportment, and my recollections of Greek women in general, have led me into something like digression. She carefully concealed her purpose from the family, who apprehended nothing of the sort, until they learned from the gossip of other servants that Madame S—— was going to Constantinople, and would take Katinko with her. On hearing all this, the mother of the poor girl ran to the residence of Madame S——, and with words of threat and fury demanded her disobedient child. The kind-hearted lady would have given her up, had Katinko been at all willing to go, on the solemn promise of the mother that she should no longer be persecuted on account of the marriage; but the old woman not only insisted on having her child, but swore she should marry the man fixed upon by her family for her husband. This naturally confirmed Madame S—— in the determination she had made from the kindest of motives; she would not abandon the again weeping and despairing maiden, and the mother was ordered to quit the house. She went; but as she retreated through the cor-

---

* Ιμερος γοοῖο.

† The Hon. Fred. Sylv. North Douglas. See his "Essay on certain Points of Resemblance between the Ancient and Modern Greeks."

‡ Mr. North Douglas adds, in a note to this passage—"The violent effects of love have not been confined to the men. I was told of a beautiful girl at Athens, who cut off the hair which had long raised the envy and admiration of the city, and sent it to her lover at the moment when his ship was bearing him from the Piræus. The reproof was too poignant, and he returned. In attempting to recommence his voyage at a later season of the year, the vessel in which he sailed sunk among the rocks of San Giorgio, almost within sight of his beloved."

ridor with her pale, haggard face turned towards the mistress and the maid, and her clasped hands in the same direction, Cassandra-like, she pronounced the direst predictions on both, and poured out such a stream of curses on her own child, that the rest of the Greek domestics in the house wetted their bosoms with their spittle, lest a portion of those curses should alight upon them.

From this moment Katinko durst not leave the house, where from the respect, the almost sanctity, the residences of wealthy Franks are held in throughout the Levant, by Turks and all, she might consider herself in safety, as in an asylum. At length the day of departure arrived; every thing was already embarked; Madame S—— and her children were at a neighbour's; her husband and three Frank gentlemen (one of whom, the person who has described to me the curious scenes,) were in the stripped house engaged in conversation, and Katinko and the other domestics who were to be of the voyage, were awaiting the summons to go on board the English ship anchored close at hand in the bay. Of a sudden, the conversation of the gentlemen was interrupted by a long, shrill shriek, and they saw Katinko rush past them in the corridor, crying, "My brother! my kindred! they beset the house!" and run to the inner-door at the foot of the staircase, which she secured ere she returned, weeping and wringing her hands, to implore their protection.

The Frank houses in Smyrna are all built pretty much alike: a folding gate, always open by day, gives admission from the street into a court-yard, along one side of which the residence runs; an inner door, also open in day-time—for strangely as the population of the place is composed, burglaries are very rarely known—admits to a staircase which leads to a corridor, where the apartments are ranged room after room, the doors opening on the corridor like those of the cells in a monastery. On looking from the lattices of the corridor, Mr. S—— and his friends saw the court-yard filled with Cerigote Greeks, all armed, and clamouring for admission or the restitution of Katinko. Without parley, the infuriated islanders proceeded to force the door; but as it opened outwards, and was stronger than Smyrna doors in general, this seemed no easy task, when lo! a young Greek girl, the daughter of Madame S——'s nurse, knowing nothing of the matter, entered the court-yard with an infant sister in her arms. In an instant, one of the Cerigotes pounced upon her like a tiger on his prey, and holding the infant up in one hand, and brandishing a long dagger in the other, threatened instantly to immolate the child unless the door was opened. This was not a sight for maternity to bear, and the mother of both the children, who saw it from within the house, flew to the door and opened it.

About thirty wild-looking fellows, each armed with a poniard or a yataghan, with their arms bared, their heads uncovered by calpac or fess, their black hair bristled with rage, and their mouths foaming, rushed up-stairs to the corridor where the English gentlemen, who had not a chair or a table, so thoroughly was the house *demeublé*—who had not even a stick to defend themselves, awaited their arrival with no pleasurable feelings. In the next minute they were all in the gripe of these desperate islanders, who with daggers to their breasts, vowed they would kill them on the spot if they did not give up Katinko. This was not a moment for reasoning or resisting—besides, the apartments were now open to the invaders—so Mr. S—— bade them go and take her, but to dread the consequences that would attend this unheard-of outrage. Without heeding his last words, they relaxed their gripe on the Franks and distributed themselves over the house in search of Katinko, who had run away and concealed herself, brandishing their bright weapons in the air, and uttering the most tremendous imprecations. As thus they were raging and running like conspirators after their victim, my informant, Mr. B——, and another of my friends, Mr. L——, whose generous feeling for the Greeks, which I have formerly had occasion to mention, ought to have saved him from such an assault, not thinking that the picturesqueness of the scene compensated for its danger or inconvenience, ran down-stairs, in hopes of calling in assistance from the street; but on approaching the outer gate, daggers and yataghans, as bright and as long as those they had left above,

were at their breasts, and a party of Cerigotes that guarded the passage sent them back with volleys of threats and oaths, in which the copious and sufficiently-expressive vocabulary of the Romaic was enriched by the "Kiopecs," "Pezavinks," and "Caratàs" of their kind friends the Turks, who, if any thing, beat the Greeks in obscene swearing.

Meanwhile the energetic explorers of the denuded mansion had found the despairing Katinko in one of its most remote rooms: the first impulse of her furious brother was to stab her; but he was prevented from doing this, and they were carrying her down-stairs in their arms as my friends were returning whence they had so unprofitably come. The scene here was horrid and heart-rending: the wild Cerigotes grasped her delicate form as if it had been senseless iron; they brandished their daggers before her eyes, and insulted her ears with every odious epithet their eloquent wrath could command; and *she*, the pretty girl, struggled in their grasp and writhed with more than the strength of convulsion; whilst her long, loose black hair was spread over her face and their savage arms, her shrill voice uttered the most piercing shrieks and lamentations, and her eyes shot glances through her tears like flashes of lightning through sheeted torrents of rain. As my friends met her on the stairs, she begged most piteously they would rescue her from these rude men—from her barbarous kindred; and by a tremendous exertion of force, she burst from those who held her, and throwing herself between Mr. B—— and Mr. L——, and convulsively grasping an arm of each, anew implored, with the tones of despair or madness, that for mercy's sake, for the Panagia, and all the saints in heaven, they would not let her be carried away to her odious lover. But chivalrous as might have been the feelings of these gentlemen, they ought to have had the armour of steel, and the miraculous strength of the knights of old, to be able to oppose some thirty armed and hardy fellows of Greeks and to rescue "la damoiselle éplorée." My friends having neither were obliged to let her go. The marks of her clenching hands remained with them; for so tenacious was her hold, from which she was dragged by main force, that an arm of each of them was signed "black and blue;" and my good friend B——, in telling the story, says he can almost feel that convulsive grasp still, though more than three months are passed since.

The daring Cerigotes, like a party of ancient Greeks ere Theseus and Pirithous cleared old Hellas of monsters, carried off the dishevelled maiden unopposed—but they carried her to the Greek Archbishop of Smyrna and enlisted religious fanaticism on their side. The family and the lover declared that Madame S——'s intention was not only to remove Katinko from her natural and orthodox guardians, but to marry her to a man of her own reprobated faith—to a Roman Catholic! In few places does religious hatred obtain more than at Smyrna between the Catholic and Greek communions;—the false report of Madame S——'s intentions had armed many of the Cerigotes, and now it caused numerous other Greeks to rally round them and Katinko's relations.

The Cerigotes may seem scarcely to deserve the epithet of *daring* which I have applied to them, by the exploit of carrying away a girl, terrifying a nurse, and browbeating four unarmed Franks; but it must be noticed that all this was done at noon-day in the Frank street of Smyrna, where they might have found numbers to oppose them; that Mr. S——'s house was close to the Bazaar and Turkish quarter, whence two or three hundred Musulmans armed to the teeth, and ever but too happy at an opportunity of fleshing their yataghans on Greeks, might have sallied out and surprised them; and lastly, that though well furnished with daggers and white arms, they had no pistols or muskets as the Turks would of a certainty have had.

As soon as the gentlemen in the house were rid of their unwelcome visitors, they repaired to Mr. B——, the British Consul's, to seek redress for such a grievance as had not been sustained by any of their respected class in Smyrna for many years. Before doing any thing else that might seriously commit the Greek clergy with the Turks, Mr. B—— despatched an under Drogoman of the Consulate, to request the Archbishop would give up the girl; but this messenger,

who had a full sense of his own importance both personal and functional, and who prided himself on the dignity of a British employé, (though the English did call him by the undignified name of "Black John," from a certain opacity of complexion,) presently returned, not pale, but yellow with rage, and told them that the Greek Archbishop had not only refused to resign Katinko, but falling into a passion, had shaken his right reverend fist in the face of him, the said "Black John," *Impiegato di sua Maestà Britannica*, &c. &c. The Consul then put on his uniform, and summoning his drogoman, they all went together to lay the business before Taïr-bey, the Mootzellim, or Governor of Smyrna.

The Turk received them with dignified courtesy, and chibooks and coffee, but when the business was propounded to him by the Drogoman, he replied with something like a sneer and a reproach—"Mashallah! and what am I to do touching this matter? Are not the Cerigotes your own people, and British subjects, out of my jurisdiction? In truth it is a pity you cannot make them comport themselves more decently!"

Now all this was true enough, for the Maltese, the Greeks of the Ionian islands, of which Cerigo is one, who abound in Turkey, and more particularly at Smyrna, enjoy all the privileges of British subjects, are subtracted from the grinding oppression and summary laws of the Turks, the masters of the country, and are dependent solely on the Consul of England. Mr. B—— could not but feel that the dilemma was rather an awkward one—he must show to the Turks, jealous of the protection and privileges our worthy *protegés* possess, and, be it said, sometimes abuse, his inability of preserving order, or punishing offences among them. This, however, he was obliged to do; and when he had explained that in the absence of British ships of war, he had no force to employ against the refractory, the Mootzellim summoned my old acquaintance, little Hadji-bey, and sent him off to settle the business, or at all events to recover the maiden, who like another Helen might have fired another Troy.

I have painted Hadji's portrait elsewhere, but for those who have not seen, or have forgotten it, let me sketch it here. Hadji-bey, or, as some of the English used to call him, "Hatchet-bey," from an hermaphroditical weapon, half-axe, half-hammer, which he always carried in his hand, is chief of the Police of Smyrna—he is a sage, dignified person, though his breadth may rather exceed than fall short of his height; he is a consummate dandy in his way withal; he always rides on horseback—his horse is always bedizened from portrail to crupper, from shoulder to knee, and he (the Hadji, not the horse) always hums a Turkish tune as he goes about his avocation, though it may be at the moment to administer the bastinado, or to cut off a head. He is a great wit, and it is wonderful to hear the many funny things he has said, when heels have been inverted in the air, a neck squeezed in a bowstring, or a head placed between the legs. He is courteous to the Frank and Greek ladies, and admires them much, though he wonders what their husbands can be thinking about, to let them gad away, showing all their faces, and dancing and waltzing with other men, just as if nothing were to come of "all that palming work." He has all a Turk's eagerness for money, and is never known to refuse a bribe, though the favour to be accorded to the briber, when he has once got his piastres in his pouch, is by no means so certain. But the qualities that so admirably fit him for the high office he holds in Osmanly administration, are firmness and prompt decision, indefatigable activity and cunning. No work comes amiss to him—he is as ready at one thing as another, and away, therefore, at the order of the Mootzellim, posted Hadji-bey, with some two hundred Turks at his heels, tacticoes, Albanians, and other bare-legged irregulars, to possess himself of the disputed person of the Cocona Katinko.

The principal Greek church and the Archiepiscopal residence are situated in the Frank street of Smyrna, and with a spacious, flagged court-yard, in part a cemetery, are enclosed by high walls. When Hadji and his troop arrived at the gate, he found it barricadoed, and saw, through a grating, that the court was occupied by a host of Greeks who were highly excited, and seemed quite ready to oppose force by force.

"We must cajole the Pezavinks," thought the astute Hadji, "or they may give us some dirt to eat, before we get this chit of a girl," and he advanced with a friendly face to parley with the Greeks.

I regret I cannot render the Bey's eloquence, but it went to prove that the Franks were decidedly in the wrong—that they were a cursed troublesome set, always putting Smyrna in hot water for some whim or other—that the Greeks were quite right in taking their own; but that for prudence and peace the Palikari had better place the cause of all this turmoil in his, their friend Hadji's hands—he would only carry her to the Mootzellim's, who would only see justice done to all parties, and so all would end well.

The Greeks, who ought not to have been cajoled by one who had cajoled them so often, took the bait, and the fair Katinko was peacefully given up to the worthy Hadji, who turned his horse's head towards the Governor's Konak, followed by the maiden with dishevelled hair, and her relations, and countrymen, who went along with his sturdy Turks. As he approached the Konak he sent the weeping subject of brawl and contention on before him, and no sooner was he within the strong palisade that surrounds the Governor's residence, than beating back the Greeks who had gone in with him, he closed the gates on the rest, and after grinning at them through the wooden bars, and speaking disrespectfully of their mothers and grandmothers, he dismounted and walked on to the house with Katinko.

The consternation of the poor girl in the midst of savage-looking, armed Turks was excessive: she knew not to what fate they were going to lead her; but her joy was as great when she found herself in the presence of her kind master's friends, and heard from the Mootzellim that she was to be restored to him and her mistress, who had sailed for Constantinople during these proceedings, their vessel having weighed anchor as soon as Mr. S—— saw the business in a proper train.

The Consul agreed to give the pretty Cerigote the protection of his own roof until another ship should depart for the capital; and it was determined that the restoration should be made with "pomp and circumstance," to please the offended Franks and mortify the already mortified Greeks.

At the approach of the lovely evening—the evening of the same day—when the motley population of Smyrna was promenading, or the *gaze-bos* of the Christian houses were filled with black-eyed maidens, coquetting with the passers by, or talking of the stirring events of the morning, Hadji in his crimson cloak and smartest turban, and mounted in his finest and most cumbrous saddle, with the pretty little Greek Katinko *en croupe*, and followed by the full array of his tacticoes, Albanians, and nondescripts, issued from the Turkish into the Frank quarter, and with an air of triumph, and humming his Turkish tune, went with "solemn steps and slow" through the long narrow street to the door of the British Consulate, where he deposited his somewhat blushing charge.

A few days after, Mr. H——, an English merchant, took the fair Katinko under his charge, and conveyed her to her dear mistress at Constantinople, where her troubles were over. But the Greeks at Smyrna had to smart for having occasioned them: her brother was bastinadoed; a number of Cerigotes and others were imprisoned, and the Archbishop and his church fined to the tune of fifty thousand piastres Turkish. Trade had been bad at Smyrna, the Mootzellim's receipts from the Custom-house most unsatisfactory; the worthy Governor, too happy at the opportunity of inflicting an *avaniah* on the Greeks, smiled as he encashed the fine, and, no doubt, said Mashallah! (God is great!)

C. M. F.

SKETCHES OF THE SCOTTISH BAR, NO. III.

Mr. Forsythe.

A GREAT change has taken place in the general character of the members of the Scottish Bar since the time when Plydell might serve for their representative. Whether the change is altogether for the better, it might be difficult to determine.

Formerly, only the scions of the aristocracy were admitted into the faculty. Such of them as devoted themselves to business, possessed little general information beyond what a classical education furnished them with, or natural shrewdness enabled them to pick up in discharging the duties of a profession which, more than any other, brings a man in contact with all classes of society, and enables him to examine narrowly their pursuits, habits, and modes of thinking. They were honourable and urbane from occupying a distinguished place in the first circles; they were shrewd and self-possessed from habits of business; they possessed a correct taste from the nature of their early studies; they were narrow-minded from a habit of considering all subjects only as they bore upon their own pursuits; they were pedantic both from professional causes and the comparatively narrow sphere within which they moved. Like all their countrymen of the better classes at that period, they exhibited a strange mixture of refinement in their general deportment and coarseness in their hours of relaxation.

An essential change has come over the spirit of the profession. The wall of separation between the magnates of the land and the middle and lower classes has been broken down, and all find equally ready admission to the Bar. The example first set by Kaimes and a few of his contemporaries, and carried to greater lengths by Jeffrey and his friends, of cultivating faculties and tastes of the mind which have little immediate bearing upon the practice of law, is now almost universally followed. The Scottish Bar is more at ease with the spirit of the age; its sentiments are less exclusive; its range of ideas less narrow; its principles and motives of action less shackled, less tinged with the prejudices of a caste; its members more numerous, both because of the extended commercial relations of the country and of the greater field opened for the selection of them; they can not now look forward to necessarily vegetating, in the course of time, into one of those numerous official situations which can only be filled by them. They must be busy, active, pushing; and the necessity of greater exertion, united with the more indiscriminate reception of men from all classes of society, while it has called forth more masculine intellect and commanding characters, has also given birth to a great number of low, uneducated, reckless practitioners;—it has introduced what was before unknown in Scotland—a class equivalent to the counsel of the Old Bailey.

The effect of this change has been, in the first place, to smooth down the characteristic features which distinguished our lawyers from the rest of the community. When there is any thing markedly pe-

culiar about a member of the Scottish Bar in our day, you may rest assured that it is characteristic more of the individual than his profession. In the second place, it has rendered the circumstance of an individual's belonging to the Bar a less certain index of his station in society. The profession is still highly honourable; the importance of its duties; the talents it requires; the responsibility it infers, give an elevated tone to the more generous and educated mind. But at the same time, less exclusive than of old, it contains many neither of cultivated minds nor gentlemanly feelings—men capable of cringing to the lowest patronage—of the most disgusting servility—of any prostitution of the sacred character of a minister of justice which brings gain along with it.

Of the present members of the Bar, there is scarcely one who so well deserves to be studied as the subject of our present sketch, as well on account of the strength, originality, and peculiarity of his character, as on account of his having been the first to vindicate in his own person the right of every class of the community to be allowed admission into the Faculty of Advocates. The energy and perseverance with which Mr. Forsythe fought his way into that body, and the important consequences of his admission, in modifying its character, entitle him to consideration.

We defy you to pass him, even in the jostling throngs of the Parliament House, without notice, or without a wish to know something about him. His figure is heavy and colossal; the trunk seeming to cause even the sturdy supporters upon which it is propped to bend beneath its weight. To add to the massiveness of his appearance, his nether man is usually arrayed in pantaloons and gaiters, which can scarcely be said to deserve their provincial appellation of tights, for they hang around him in huge puckering folds like the skin of the rhinoceros. His gait is truly elephantine—ponderous and slow. His face is square and massive, rather receding from the chin to the top of the forehead—level as a plank, except for the protrusion of a tolerably-well-formed nose. He has a most decided squint, the apparent inclinations of his orbs of vision diverging nearly at right angles. The corners of his mouth are prolonged, as if emulating the sidelong extension of his look—and yet he is by no means an ugly man. His features are by no means unpleasing, only there is an iron expression in his visage, and an impenetrability, the result of the impossibility of encountering his look.

Nor may the reader set him down in virtue of this description as a mere brawny lump of vulgarity. It has been our lot to encounter Mr. Forsythe in evening parties, when he had laid aside his business anxieties, donned his close-fitting, glossy black suit, and powdered his head till it rivalled the driven snow. With all his unwieldiness, he had an air of dignity, and looked the gentleman of the old school. It is rare, too, on these occasions to see him without one of his daughters hanging on his arm, and her presence, and the hilarity of the hour, seem to breathe a softness o'er his rugged front. He looks for the time like Arthur's seal basking in a cloudless, breathless noontide. Without relaxing his wonted stiffness, he evidently enjoys himself after a quiet and peculiar fashion.

His style of speaking is quite in accordance with his appearance—terse, dry, and any thing but fluent. He haws and hems, and his sentences drop from him abrupt, constrained, and slowly as eve-drops from the roof when the rain has long been over. There is no attempt at ornament in his diction, or elevation in his thoughts or sentiments. He employs the plainest and simplest words, and the least involved phrases, on all occasions, and rather seeks to reduce any topic to the level of his own habitual thoughts, than to allow himself to be carried away with it. Perhaps an example may best convey to the reader what we feel we are most hopelessly labouring to express.

The right worshipful magistracy of Edinburgh, and the equally-respectable incorporation of butchers (fleshers, as they are termed in the Attic dialect of Modern Athens) chanced to go to loggerheads, and like all fools they insisted upon going further—to law! and like most who go further, they fared worse. But we have no time to moralize. Mr. Forsythe was retained by the slayers of oxen. The peroration of his address to the jury was somewhat after the following fashion. (To complete the picture, the reader will have the goodness to keep in view the orator's clients in the back-ground, listening with pride and delight to the dignity with which he invested their cause.) "Hem!—Gentlemen of the jury! You may perhaps think the present question a small matter—(hawk, hem!)—but, gentlemen, I suppose you have all heard of John Hampden (hawk!). You remember that the object for which (hem!) he stood out against the King was,—(a hawk, hem!) was neither more nor less than a penny impost.——(a-hem!) Now, gentlemen, this is precisely the case of my clients. So you see, gentlemen, (hem!) the cause you are this day called upon to try, is the very cause (a hawk, hem!) for which Hampden died on the field and Sidney on the scaffold!" These words, uttered in a harsh voice, with his eyes apparently wandering in any direction but that of the persons he was addressing, and an involuntary and habitual sneer in every tone and gesture, certainly did not elevate his clients or their cause above their natural sphere, but for the moment it reduced the proverbial heroes of constitutional freedom in the feelings of all the bystanders to a level with them. He could not "raise a mortal to the skies," but he succeeded in bringing "an angel down."

His style of conducting and pleading a cause is worthy of the manner. He takes a masculine grasp of the point he intends to urge, but he rarely grapples with the pervading principle of a dubious legal question. He seeks rather to confuse every thing than to establish any thing. His object is rather to baffle than to conquer. He is better adapted for a protracted and obstinate defence than for an attack. "Even though vanquished, he can argue still." Let the Court decide against him upon the most obvious and palpable grounds, he will not give in, but seek to lead their attention to some point which has never been raised, indicating the arguments he could have drawn from this unregarded view, in hopes to shake the judges' confidence in the stability of their own decision, by interposing between them and it such a vibrating atmosphere as we see on a warm summer day quivering over the plain, lending an appearance of motion to the

distant, eternally-rooted hills. Jeffrey once said that he verily believed, if Forsythe were brought up at the last day, and sentenced upon the most unquestionable evidence, he would move an arrest of judgment, that some other matter, of which he had never been accused, was left undiscussed, and proceed to show how he could have defended himself had *that* been laid to his charge.

Every man has a right to urge his peculiar views where his interest is at stake; but few have the power; and this renders it necessary that there should be in Courts of Justice a body of men who may be employed to say for the litigant what he himself would, if he could. Most lawyers of much practice acquire, from the habit of urging, not their own opinions and belief, but those of their clients, a comparative indifference to the merits or success of a cause for its own sake:—their great object is to maintain their own character for ability. Forsythe, if report wrong him not, carries this coolness a step farther. He is said to square the excellence of his written papers most rigidly by the amount of his fee; and on occasion, when one of our most distinguished lawyers, hurried away by the interest of a cause he was pleading, was expatiating in the triumphant consciousness of enforcing powerful arguments in a strain of overpowering eloquence, Forsythe pulled him by the gown;—"Tut! man, you've spaken enough for two guineas!"

Indeed, one of the most marked characteristics of Forsythe seems to be a numbness of emotion. In early life he published a work upon ethics, strongly indicative of this. No allowance is made there for those feelings which alternately link and repel men—no sense shown of their beauty. According to him, intellect is to prescribe and regulate all our actions; the duties of life are mapped out like the lines upon a chart; and the whole system is angular and dry as they. As with all writers upon this subject who refuse to allow value to our emotions, his acuteness degenerates into ingenious absurdity. There is something grotesque about his moral doctrines. Like himself, they are strong and coarse.

We are inclined to attribute to his want of susceptibility to enthusiasm the inconsistency of his political career. He was, at an earlier period, one of the "Friends of the People"—one of the delegates who met at Edinburgh. On a late occasion, he was one of the five hundred who signed an anti-reform petition in that city. And we believe that he acted honestly and conscientiously on both occasions. He was examined on the trial of Muir, and the temper of the evidence which he then delivered, together with the details of the proceedings in Convention which escaped from himself and some of the other witnesses, indicate the nature of his conduct while in that body. It appears to have been, like the whole of his after life, passionless and reflected. Unlike his hot-headed companions, he never seems to have dropped an unguarded word. Now, political opinion regards the *expediency* of an action or line of conduct; it does not deal, like the mathematical or physical sciences, with absolute facts. The data upon which its conclusions rest, are to be sought in past or contemporary history, the vague and contradictory character of which is well known. Opposed political systems are distinct enough in

their breadth and generality; but their lines of demarcation, the points where they break off and separate from each other, are indefinite as the horizon at sea. The mind that goes puzzling about external niceties instead of grasping the mass—not so much with intellect as a deep enduring love—is never steady. None but he whose heart bounds at the thought of freedom, as of a bride, is able to fight for long years the losing battle of liberty. None but a man of deep impassioned will is able to steer steadily the helm of state. This element was totally wanting in Forsythe's composition. His mind, delighting to puzzle among details, had no power of grasping the cause to which he attached himself in its bold outline. It was not wedded to his heart or imagination. Wearied and baffled by the enduring success of the other party, he unconsciously began to coquet with their principles, and finding them susceptible of being defended, (all that a mind of his cast requires,) he gradually became their convert.

The vehemence with which he has of late advocated the political creed of his later years, may seem opposed to this view of his character. He has published, without any possible prospect of remuneration, a political treatise, in which he evolves ingeniously and felicitously his own views, and gives shrewd and plausible guesses at the future state of Europe: and he has been among the foremost and hottest opponents of all the late concessions to the growing spirit of liberalism. We believe him to be in earnest. It is only towards the woman he weds in his old age that a man is uxorious.

We might expatiate at greater length upon the peculiarities of this lawyer, without throwing any additional light on his character; hard, rough, and impenetrable he is, and must remain a riddle. Before his accession to office robbed the Parliament House of the Lord Advocate, that subtle and restless spirit seemed to have no greater pleasure in its hours of relaxation than the study of Forsythe. It was beautiful to see him in conversation circling round and round in search of an inlet that might admit him to a glance at the inner mechanism of that strange mind, and finding none. It was like a humming-bird quivering in its rapid flashing flight round some rough rock. Where he was baffled, there can be no shame in admitting that we are considerably at fault.

One trait is deserving of notice. Cold and inaccessible to the rest of the world, he doats upon his family. How often do we meet with this anomaly in the world! The most luscious honey is found in the cavities of the hard and gnarled oak.



THE AUTHOR OF "MATILDA".

Engraved by Thomson from a Figure Drawing by F. R. Say.

Normanby

London: Published by Saunders & Otley, Conduit Street. Sept. 1, 1836.

LIVING LITERARY CHARACTERS, NO. IX.

The Earl of Mulgrave.

(With an engraved Likeness.)

EVERY era has some peculiar mania, which affixes its character as much as ever did the metals to their fabled ages. The mania of the present day is that of explaining all things:—"for every why we have a wherefore." All the mysteries of the external world are laid bare by our travellers, and those of the internal by our philosophers. We insist on discovering the course of the Niger, and the fountains of the Nile; and in like manner affect to trace the current of our thoughts, and lay bare the origin of our feelings. For ourselves, we are free to confess, that we are glad that the North-west passage is not yet discovered, and that the human heart has some emotions whose springs are yet unfathomed. Now, if there be one feeling more than another a mystery to those who share it not, it is that desire of fame which takes a literary shape. How strange must it seem to one who enters neither into the writer's joy, so beautifully expressed by Byron in Tasso's apostrophe to his Jerusalem:—

> "My long sustaining friend of many years."
> "———— my young creation, my soul's child,
> Which, ever playing round me, came and smiled,
> And wooed me from myself with thy sweet sight;"

nor into

> "———————— that fine sense
> Which liveth in the glorious air called praise,
> When words make breath immortal."

How strange to such a one must appear the author's toil and the author's hope! He would be inclined to say, of writing a book, what a lady said of cheap soup, "Very good for the poor." To individuals of this stamp, Lord Normanby's works must be so many moral problems. Belonging to a rank, and at a period of life, where pleasure is most easily obtained, and vanity most readily gratified—and perhaps of all gratifications the *succès de societé* is the most intoxicating, because it is immediate—the Author now before us might well have been content with enjoyment and indolence. But every species of talent carries with it the necessity of exertion. Like the fabled bird of the east, whose wing never rests, action is its existence. If, as Voltaire says, amusement is a duty, we ought, at least, to be grateful to those who enable us to fulfil that duty; and books both are, and are hourly becoming more so, the great source of amusement to all classes. The branch of literature to which Lord Normanby's works belong, ought to have full justice done to its merits. "Only a novel" is a phrase of ancient criticism, which is rapidly passing into antiquity and the "Gentleman's Magazine." We cannot but admit the importance of pages where thousands and thousands daily seek their accustomed relaxation: and the ideas we imbibe unconsciously are often our most influential ones. We must also admit the talent required for their production. There are—"Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss"

—an infinite variety of tastes to be consulted, an infinite variety of attractions to be displayed;—

> "Add nature's, custom's, reason's, passion's strife,
> And all opinion's colours cast on life;"

and then, though we will not use Imlac's words, and exclaim, "Enough! thou convincest me; no man living may be a *novelist;*"—yet, it must be confessed, the task has its full share of difficulties.

Constantine George Phipps Lord Normanby, (now Earl of Mulgrave,) was born in 1797.* Most of the peerages fall into the error of stating that the family is descended from Sir William Phipps, the ingenious inventor of the diving-bell, who in reality left no offspring. The Phipps are originally of Lincolnshire extraction. In the time of Charles I. Colonel Phipps raised a regiment on his estate, joined the Cavaliers at their head, and fell in battle. His great grandson married the heiress of the Duchess of Buckinghamshire; and hence Mulgrave Castle and the title came into the family. Lord Normanby was educated at Harrow. They say a school is a little republic: and perhaps, having to stand up for his own rights, gave his Lordship the first lesson of respect for those of others. If we adopt Wordsworth's theory, that "the boy is father to the man," the young Constantine, despite his descent from the Cavaliers, early imbibed those liberal principles on which he has so undeviatingly acted. At Trinity College, Cambridge, he took his degree as M. A. before he was quite nineteen. On coming of age† his Lordship was elected Member for Scarborough, a borough for which some of his family had sat for near fifty years. Politics are no part of literary notices like these; but, before we proceed to criticism, we cannot deny ourselves the gratification of briefly tracing Lord Normanby's Parliamentary career.

It will be necessary to premise, that his father, Lord Mulgrave, was a private friend and staunch supporter of both Mr. Pitt and his principles; (Hoppner's celebrated picture of that Minister is in Mulgrave Castle;) and to this standard of political excellence our youthful member could not, and would not defer. His maiden speech on the Catholic Question was eminently successful; and, at the special request of the Catholic Board, it was published for them

---

* For the sake of correcting some errors, and also as it recalls names long since associated with polite literature, we subjoin a brief account of the Mulgrave pedigree. Colonel Phipps's grandson, Sir Constantine, was Lord Chancellor in Ireland during the latter years of Queen Anne, and Sir Constantine's son, William, married Katherine, only daughter and heiress of Katherine Duchess of Buckinghamshire and Normanby, who was herself the natural daughter and heiress of James II., by Katherine Sedley Countess of Dorchester. Lady Katherine Phipps succeeded to the estates belonging to Mulgrave Castle, in Yorkshire, upon the untimely death of her half-brother, the young Duke of Buckingham, whose early loss is deplored by Pope in a touching epitaph. The son of the William, mentioned above, Constantine Lord Mulgrave, was grandfather of the present Lord Mulgrave; and his uncle, to whose title his father succeeded, was a distinguished naval officer, a Lord of the Admiralty, and, in earlier life, the conductor and commander of an expedition to the North Pole, then considered a most extraordinary undertaking, and of which he published an account.

† The same year Lord Normanby married Maria, eldest daughter of Lord Ravensworth. He has one son, George Augustus Constantine, (to whom the late King was godfather,) born July 28, 1819.

by Ridgway, in the shape of a pamphlet. The very first resolutions on Reform ever proposed by Lord John Russell were seconded by Lord Normanby, in a long and convincing speech; to which the objection then urged by many publications was, that it went too far on Reform, and exceeded the specific resolutions he was seconding. A few days after this his Lordship retired to the Continent, and resigned his seat; in which he had ever unhappily found his private feelings and obligations in constant opposition to his sense of public duty.

For the next two years he resided in Italy. On his return to England, several pamphlets of the day were ascribed to him; and one of them, we believe, was his Lordship's production: it was entitled "Remarks on the Bill for the Disfranchisement of Grampound. By a Member of the last Parliament." Entering ably and generally into the question of Reform, it exposed the excessive contradictions between the present distribution of the elective franchise, and both the population and property of the country. In 1822 Lord Normanby was again returned to Parliament for the borough of Higham Ferrars; and, impressed with the conviction of the imperative necessity of retrenchment, he brought forward a motion for cutting off half that plural-unit, the Joint Postmaster-General, which, upon a division, was negatived by a few votes. But, in the course of the debate, the maintenance of useless offices was openly vindicated as necessary to the influence of the crown; and this was followed up by the discovery of a circular to Government members, from the Secretary of the Treasury, in which Lords Normanby and Althorp, and Mr. Creevey were by name denounced as acting upon a system to destroy that legitimate influence of the crown. The document was brought before the House by Lord John Russell, and gave rise to an animated discussion. Lord Normanby took the unusual step of bringing the question before the House in another shape: his motion for an address to the Crown on the subject was carried by a small majority, and the duplicate office abolished. Malton was the next borough for which he sat; and his last act in the House of Commons was a motion of inquiry into the mysterious causes which led to a dissolution of the Ministry formed after Mr. Canning's death. No details were elicited: "confusion was left worse confounded;" but public attention was keenly awakened on the subject. The ill health of his father prevented Lord Normanby from resuming his seat; so that he took no part in the late debates on Reform. But the battle has yet to be fought in another field, where we hope to see Lord Mulgrave take a conspicuous part, worthy of one who has always been the constant and consistent advocate of retrenchment and Reform.

We now turn to Lord Normanby's literary career, in which he has just done enough to make us regret that he has not done more. He is a Froissart of fashion, one who writes what he knows, and describes what he has seen. His novels are actual pictures of actual scenes, which will, some years hence, be referred to as authentic histories of national manners: confined to certain classes, it is true, but no more confined than the ancient chronicler above mentioned, who dwells

eloquently on the death of the noble knight; details how he called on his patron saint, or his fair ladye; states what colours he wore, and how gallantly he fell, together with what masses were sung, and what wax tapers were burnt for his soul; but dismisses those of low estate in a brief phrase of "how at that time fell some fifty of the common sort." Solomon says there is nothing new under the sun; and in this instance his Jewish majesty was most accurate. The present (or even while we write, we may say, perhaps, past, for every thing about us is changing) disdain of every thing not fashionable, is exactly the old disdain of every thing not military—human vanity building a fortification of contempt, but in another style of architecture.

The scheme of society has for years been as complicated as curious. Rank and wealth, like the lion and the unicorn, "fought about the crown;" and, with that very usual finish to mortal dispute, a third potentate stepped in, and took the supremacy—fashion. There being no court where reception was a kind of letter of marque to the social pretender, the government fell into the hands of a junta, a sort of Venetian Council of Ten, who, like most governments, found that what is pretended to, is usually conceded, if demanded boldly enough; and that hope and fear are the alpha and omega of dominion. And of this social state we shall only observe, that if there was much impertinence, and more pretension, there was also much ease, much grace, and much refinement: and any aristocracy is better than an unmodified one of wealth, the most coarse and overbearing in the world. To the *nouveaux riches* who arrive in Grosvenor-square with all of luxury except its refinement, we are tempted to apply Dr. Johnson's words:—"You have lost the civility of the tradesman, without acquiring the politeness of the gentleman." Again; the uncontrolled ascendancy of rank is to be deprecated: for, barricaded by prejudices, and entrenched in privileges, the unchecked noble is apt to forget his very humanity. With all its faults, follies, &c. fashion has been useful, if it were only for its insolence to those to whom insolence was a surprise. The worst of fashion is, that it fills

"Half the land with imitating fools."

For accuracy, keen perception of the ridiculous, for happy flinging of "wit's diamond arrows," Lord Normanby has no equal. The opening scene in "Matilda" has all the reality of life, and all the humour of a comedy. Still "Matilda" is, we must confess, not our favourite work. We object to such attraction being thrown round guilt. The fault of the heroine is, we like her too much. Now, we hold, that the horror entertained of it is one of the most general preservatives against vice; and how much is this horror weakened when vice is made so very interesting. "Yes and No" is, to our taste at least, a most delightful tale. The two heroes are the personifications of the negative and affirmative principles—a little too antithetical, perhaps, as all abstract ideas are, when embodied; but well kept up throughout. Germaine is a very natural sketch of a young man easily led, and as easily turned. Curious, that though we are so re-

luctant to follow advice, we are so ready to follow example. Perhaps Lady Latimer's is the most perfectly wrought-out character in the book. It is an admirable female delineation;

"Liked for its very faults;"

delightful in its slight vanities, its yielding to pleasures,

"Although they be the frivolous, the vain;"

and redeeming all by a frankness, and a kindly affectionate disposition, which the world cannot spoil. The scenes are very amusing where Germaine, after his stay on the Continent, meets again with his private tutor and his daughter: they are equally lively and likely. The nonsense that is talked about first love!—as if there were any thing in the world to which one looks back upon with such feelings of mingled horror and dismay as a first attachment. The election, too, is excellent. Mr. Stedman, who, "as a representative of the soil, carried an acre or two of it upon his boots and leather breeches," and looked the "agricultural interest to perfection," is quite an historical picture.

Both these novels have been translated into French; "Matilde" by the Countess Moté, and is prettily done, allowing for a few blunders. The translation of "Yes and No" is very inferior: one remark will show the ignorance of the "doer"—we can use no better expression:—"This is not the first time that the reader will perceive that the Author is a Tory." We really should like to know from whence this ingenious conclusion is drawn; for Lord Normanby's liberal principles are very obvious in "Yes and No." His Lordship is also the Author of two charming little tales, "Clorinda" and "The Prophet of St. Paul's."

For some years Lord Normanby fixed his residence at Florence, where his absence is now severely felt. His private theatricals were a great source of delight; and nothing could exceed the accuracy of costume with which the plays of Shakspeare were "got up."

But the Earl of Mulgrave has now a wider theatre before him, and in that we cordially wish him the most brilliant success.

He has talents that may command it; his consistency has never been questioned; and though, perhaps justly, proud of his "order," he has ever been a friend of the people, and the advocate of popular rights. He has also another advantage—and in a Statesman it is conceived to be no light matter—his personal appearance is greatly in his favour: he has a fine manly and expressive countenance, and his bearing is that of a perfect gentleman, without the slightest mixture of that foppery which too often accompanies "rank and fashion."

It requires no prophetic skill to foresee that a time is not far distant, when the name of the present Earl of Mulgrave will occupy a prominent station in the political history of the country. There are few men in either House of Parliament better calculated to sustain any of the higher offices in the State.

THE FRENCH MINISTRY AND THE NEW CHAMBER.

The French are sadly ill provided for undertaking a representative and constitutional mode of government. They want all the requisites—the habitude, the tradition, in the first place, the *common law* of freedom, which not all the comprehensive vagueness of political theory, nor yet the pedantic precision of the written statute can supply. They want both things and men, being alike without fixed principles or parties, without administrators or debaters. The first is the most serious want; the last the most pressing one.

It unfortunately happens, that all the personages of official habits and experience are attached, naturally enough, to the school in which they served; viz. the Restoration. They are Carlists, in fine, and not to be trusted. How to replace them? By Bonapartists? But the statesmen of the Imperial reign, those who survive, are utterly unfit. They are without Parliamentary habits, and are as incapable of debating, as of following that temperate and fair line of conduct, which is alone compatible with a free press and free institutions. All means have been tried to remedy the great defect. Ministers have been called from the army-list, from the counting-house, and from the academic chair. But none have answered. The public voice, in declaring itself neither violent nor reactionary, in short, not averse to the principles of existing administrations, has nevertheless cried out, that the members be changed. And the King, through the medium of M. Thiers, has replied:—"Gentlemen, I would willingly gratify you, if it were in my power; but I really do not know where to find a man of capacity, whereof to make a minister. We have had a score within the twelvemonth. The list of *notabilités* is exhausted." To this fair excuse of the Monarch, his partisans add, that the *extreme left*, or opposition, could not furnish a ministerial list. And they proceed to discuss its more prominent members. Odillon Barrot stands first, a young and a poor lawyer: but, supposing his probity, he has no influence, save a popularity founded upon vehemence, and certain to evaporate in the first fortnight of his ministry, since it has already suffered from certain inklings of moderation. Still, he would make a good Home Minister. To the *portefeuille* of Foreign Affairs, who could pretend? Mauguin certainly could not be denied the place. And all know Mauguin to possess the debts and profligacy of Mirabeau, without his talent. Salverte and Tracy are book-learned gentlemen, theorists and pedants: all the objections to Guizot rise up against them. After these, who can be enumerated? La Fayette is superannuated, at least for the ministry. To this *catalogue raisonné* the man of the left replies, by pointing out the egregious blunders of Sebastiani, and the nullity of every personage, Perier excepted, on the Ministerial bench, from Barthe the Chancellor, down to young Montalivêt, the favourite, that was to have been a second Pitt, and failed. Whatever be the exaggeration on both sides, the truth is no less evident—the truth of that exclamation to be heard in every political knot throughout Paris; "Il n'y a pas d'hommes; il nous manque des hommes;" in other words, "we want statesmen."

The other deficiency, that of party and its spirit, may seem at first sight an advantage. On the contrary, it is of the most serious inconvenience. Three-fourths of mankind, if not a far greater proportion, were made to be led, and to have opinions imposed on them, rather than submitted to their judgment. Nothing is so lamentable as a fool rebelling against this law, and making blunders to prove his independence. Such is precisely the case with the majority of the present French Chamber. It is, for the most part, composed, as we foretold, of little provincial *celebrités*, men guiltless of a political idea, but very anxious to appear honest and profound. Naturally moderate, terribly afraid of the Republic and Republicanism; alike afraid of Carlism and absolutism, they seek a middle term—a *juste milieu* betwixt both; and, for the life of them, cannot find one. Now Perier is this *juste milieu;* but to support a minister blindly would be a slur on their independence; and therefore they show a

zeal to contradict him, and, at the same time, a respect for his trimming policy, which they render as compatible as they can. They have established a see-saw system; give the Minister a majority on this question, and leave him in a minority on the next, differing from the preceding one by merely a hair's breadth. This is provocative, tormenting. It leaves every thing uncertain, the Ministry, the foreign policy, the fate of the country: while the funds, like a barometer in April, keep rising and falling with unaccountable and perplexing fitfulness. The steady tug and struggle of avowed party, such as we behold in our House of Commons, is every way preferable to this. Nor can it be hoped to cease till the new Deputies have completed their political education.

One thing, however, England may be assured of—the moderate spirit of the French legislature. It will cut, indeed, determinately the hereditary cable of the aristocracy; but this will be its boldest act. Of a Republic it has as much horror as Dominie Sampson had of Meg Merrilies. *Exorciso te* is the shibboleth applied to it, which even the extreme left are obliged to repeat. At the same time, it must be owned, there is a fierce and furious jealousy of us British. This national hate, which was somewhat allayed by our general admiration of the last Revolution in 1830, has been stirred and blown of late to all its original fury.

The principal cause of this is, no doubt, the idea that they have been duped in the affair of Belgium. The refusal of the Duc de Nemours, the non-objection to Leopold, was a concession, they deem, which ought to have been repaid by a thorough support on behalf of Poland. They say that the British Government gave it to be understood, as certainly the British journals did, that the unsettled state of Belgium was the sole obstacle to the salvation of Poland by the two powers of the West. A Polish Envoy went to Brussels on this mission, and with this theme. France yields, and lo! on the very day of King Leopold's entry, the English "Courier," which had been war-mouthed as a trumpet for the preceding month, all at once abates its enthusiasm, and declares that England can take no serious step in the business. This, linked with the lukewarm replies to the vituperation of Lord Aberdeen, has completely alienated the French public, at least from us. They allow, indeed, that Lord Grey seems inclined to French alliance; but the fear which he betrays of avowing it, at once evinces the weakness of that Minister, and the daring predominance of the old Tory feeling of inveteracy against France. Now this we communicate without meaning to attribute any blame towards the noble Premier: we know too well the difficulties and the duties of his situation, and only wish that the French were equally informed.

We have good reason to believe that this has been the severest blow to Perier; and, indeed, he has given himself out in certain societies as a victim sacrificed to the backwardness and insincerity of the British cabinet. The French Minister had, however, other reasons for his late readiness to throw up the reins of power. We believe him to have been seriously dissatisfied with the conduct of the court and of his royal master. The Palais Royal has, in fact, its peculiar predilections, which happen not to be those of the Minister. Thus Louis Philippe is anxious, above all things, to attach to him and to his dynasty the military Bonapartists, the old Generals of the Empire. These are to be favoured and promoted at all hazards, and without any stipulation. Thus Clausel is made a Marshal, and the next day gets up to abuse the Government in the Chamber. Thus M. Perier, in vacating his seat for Paris, gave his voice and exertions to have M. Villemain chosen as his successor. How acts the Palais Royal, all powerful amongst the shopkeepers of the quarter? It gives its support openly to Mathieu Dumas, an old Bonapartist, in opposition. It is said even, that Sebastiani has kept his place through three Administrations, owing to his obsequiousness in allowing the interference in his office of the Royal eye and even the Royal hand. Lafitte was the dupe, his present party say, of such manœuvres. Now this is wrong; although certainly it is hard to expect that a newly elected-Monarch can at once abdicate the high influence of his station, and consent to shut himself up in the strict nullity of a constitutional king.

Notwithstanding these causes of disgust, and other more serious causes of difficulty, it is to be hoped that Perier may stand his ground. He is the only home minister since the restoration that has shown himself capable. *Il a fait du pouvoir,* as the French say, he has created and gathered power to the government. Cautious he may have been in foreign policy, but *we* have no right to taunt him with that caution. Moreover he represents the party attached to the alliance with England, one article of his creed that we should not overlook. For let it not be supposed that the extreme left, or ultra-liberal portion of the French, or of their Chamber, can ever be cordial towards Britain. Ere the Polish revolution burst forth, they called aloud for a connexion with Russia, for propitiating that power at any cost; whilst even now the journals of the *mouvement* distrust Grey as much as they did Wellington, and call on the army invading Belgium to destroy not only the trophies but the tombs of Waterloo.* Touching this alliance of France and England, one word. The British ministry seem not at all to understand or consult the peculiarities of French character, whose craving passion is vanity. Blind or careless of this, we seem to have consulted only the material interests of France, giving her commercial advantages, taking her wines, &c. Now we will be bound to prove, that a continuance of obliging and flattering articles in a ministerial paper would go farther in winning the good will and opinions of the Parisians, *i. e.* as far as opinion is concerned, than ever so many sixpences a gallon taken off the duty on their wines. A few Bordeaux merchants are profited by the latter; the nation is tickled, touched, and won by the former. Now if the islanders of the South-sea prefer buttons to broad-cloth, why not gratify them at the cheapest rate?

As Englishmen we must wish the success and prevalence of that party in France, called the *Centres.* It is that of Perier. And many in England who censure its principles and march, do so from being not fully cognizant of the state of things. For example: it is apt to strike us as absurd and illiberal, to confine the electoral franchise to the small and opulent number of Frenc hmen who pay at least 10*l.* sterling in direct taxes. So high-rated a qualification makes even our Tories exult on the score of liberality over the French. But we forget that loyalty in France is claimed by three rival dynasties, that the South and West is Carlist, and the lower class elsewhere universally Bonapartist. Thus to lower the qualification would be probably to proclaim a revolution or a civil war. And the abstract principles of freedom are not always worth these. Moreover, in England we have an Upper House and aristocratic influence to balance too popular tendencies, whilst in France such counterpoise is totally wanting.

The great question, after that of ministerial ascendancy, likely to be decided whilst we write, will be the Upper Chamber. The extreme left, or ultra-liberals, have already proposed their scheme. Salverte has been the mover. He proposes a Senate, unhereditary, in numbers one-half of the Lower Chamber, two-thirds to be chosen by the electoral colleges, the remaining third by the king. The writers on the ministerial side point out the impossibility of amalgamation betwixt the Royal nominees and those of the people,—an objection full of force. Indeed Salverte's scheme serves to show the impossibility of supplying the oft irrational, but at the same time indispensable law of attaching political privileges to birth. To attempt to substitute election for it with regard to Royalty was a lamentable failure, bear witness Poland. Whether it can be done with respect to an aristocracy will soon be seen. One scheme, which we have seen, would have three candidates offered to the king's choice by the electoral colleges, one of which three must by necessity be the son or nephew of a peer. This would

---

* An article the other day in the "National" called on the troops, in their passage through Waterloo to Brussels, to break down the monuments over Picton's remains and Anglesey's leg, as insulting to France. Yet the one is but a melancholy, the other a merry record, containing not a word of insult to their country. We could not have credited such barbarism in a civilized nation, had we not read the paragraph.

keep up hereditary right in reality, or leave it at least within the power of the monarch to keep it up. Indeed the only objection here is the bestowing too much power on the crown. It will probably be some such modification as this, that Perier and the Centres will support, as to the fixation of the Peerage. Pamphlets and plans will come forth in crowds upon the subject; one by Mr. Bentham is announced.

A private account has just reached us of the debate on the address, which has proved remarkable in divers ways. Not the least object of curiosity was the *debuts*, or maiden-speeches of several new Deputies, the hopefuls of Parisian society, just like our stars from the Universities. The ministry has proved fortunate, and quite overwhelming in the display of talent. After Perier himself, spoke Thiers, the historian, hitherto a follower of Lafitte. He here rallied to the cause of the Centres and of moderation, and made a most effective speech. Guizot bore away the palm of eloquence, so that all parties forgot their hate, and even the left applauded. The young Deputies, from whom much was expected, were Rémusat, young Duvergier D'Hauranne, Dubois, and Jouffroy, all originally *doctrinnaires*. Not one answered the expectations conceived. Rémusat was the best. Duvergier, whose letters on Ireland, which he visited with Montalivêt, have made him known in that country, made no wondrous *debut* in eloquence. Nor were the speeches of his comrades much more remarkable. This has caused great surprise. We have been wont, for the last year, to hear of nothing so much as of *la jeune France*—of young France, its youth, its rising generation, which was to carry off the palm of intellect and eloquence in every path, and leave their seniors a century behind them. Alas! all these fine promises have evaporated. We see nor orator nor statesman arise, while literature remains in a most sickly state. Last season, grey hairs were told, and were obliged, to hide themselves: they gave place to the fresh locks of youth. Age was declared to be by-gone, classic, *routiniere*, bigot, crippled, in arrear of civilization; whilst even the veteran warrior was pushed aside by the boys of the barricades—the *vieux généraux de vingt ans*. In political and social life, however, years and experience may now resume their place. The juvenile tribe must be somewhat abashed and reduced to a decorous and just sense of modesty by the failure of its representatives.

The tactics of these young men, and, indeed, of a great portion of the Chamber, seem to have been to form a middle and independent party betwixt Perier and the Opposition. They side and vote with both on different and insignificantly differing questions; seconding and carrying, for example, the amendment of Cormenin, and rejecting that of Barrot. This is but splitting of hairs. The ground is too narrow for a secondary middle party; and those who attempt to form one, can be no more than trimmers. The ultra-liberals have been even more disgusted than the ministerialists by this vacillation and these manœuvres. Their censure of Perier has become in consequence lighter, and their applause of Guizot candid. Odillon Barrot turns out to be most moderate in his opposition, and Mauguin wavering. Nay, we hear of the possibility of Perier uniting with Salverte—an impossibility, indeed, until the Peerage question is disposed of, though not after. A few days may set many doubts at rest. Y.

GOSSIPINGS, GAY AND GRAVE.—BY A RETIRED LONDONER.

"Pone gulæ metas, ut sit tibi longior ætas.
Esse cupis sanus? Sit tibi parca manus."
"A thing of shreds and patches."

It is bad enough to survive one's friends, but it is still worse to survive oneself. Oh! that the wags, the wits, the pleasant men about town, the fellows of infinite jest and humour, the professed diners-out, who made it their business to set the table in a roar, should become old and stale, like some of their own threadbare jokes; should fall into the sere and yellow leaf, superannuate, twaddle, and verify the description of Hamlet's author, when he affirms that "old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams!" Oh! what a falling off is there! when the wit of a *ci-devant* wit is to be reckoned, as they do rupees in India, by the lack! Alack! and well-a-day! to this favour the town favourites must come at last! Their gibes, their gambols, their songs, their flashes of merriment, their puns and *bon-mots*, and bright and sharp and pointed sayings, are but as so many swords, which, the oftener they are drawn forth, do but the sooner wear out the scabbard. It is much easier to make others forget time, than to prevail upon old Chronos to forget us. The *fêtes* to which a man of wit is invited, only afford an excuse to the Fates for shortening his thread. It is no joke to be always joking; an epicure has no sinecure; he is unmade, and eventually dished by made dishes; champagne falsifies its name when once it begins to affect his system; his jests die because he cannot digest; so many good things have gone into his mouth that none can come out of it; his stomach is so deranged in its punctuation, that his colon makes a point of coming to a full stop; keeping it up late, ends in his being laid down early; and the *bon vivant*, who has been always hunting pleasure, finds at last that he has been only whipping and spurring that he may be the sooner in at his own death. "A short life and a merry one," is a wish much oftener expressed than felt; we seriously desiderate the merriment, but we make long faces at the shortness. And yet it is better to retire with a good grace when our lease, bodily or intellectual, is fairly up, than to suffer Nature to come upon us for dilapidations; better even to be "knocked about the mazard by a sexton's spade," than to have our living, but brainless, skull become a butt for the jests of monkeys, because, like Æsop's larva, it can no longer crack jokes for itself.

What has become of them all? Are they used up, worn out, *effete*, dumb, crazed, stultified, superannuated, dead, *de jure* or *de facto*,—those fellows of mark and likelihood, those professional wags, those givers and eaters of facetious dinners, without whom no convivial party was deemed complete, no laughter-loving guests assured of constant coruscations and cachinnations, no finer spirits confident that they should enjoy a real intellectual treat, a genuine feast of reason? But a few years have passed away since I left them convulsing the town, and now I hear of them no more, or only rarely and

faintly, like the notes of the distant cuckoo. Have they had their Euthanasia and passed away, and are their spirits now hovering around us, flattered with a short posthumous celebrity, in order that they may experience the truth of Pope's melancholy epitaph?—

> "How vain that second life in others' breath,
> The estate which wits inherit after death!
> Ease, health, and life for this they must resign,
> Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine!
> The great man's curse without the gain endure,
> Be envied, wretched; and be flatter'd, poor."

One of these Yoricks—for in his time he had been a king's jester—selected his *cara sposa* from that class, rather numerous than respectable, which consists of bachelors' wives, and retired into the country. Oh the double delinquent! this was twice robbing the town, first of his wife, and then of himself. Another, I am told, whom Death has been dunning for these ten years, pleasantly declares that he only hesitates to pay the debt of nature lest it may be deemed an unfair preference by his other creditors, none of whose accounts, especially those for liquids, have been ever liquidated. But there must be many still living in the great metropolitan desert, respectable septuagenarians, a little more or less, as the auctioneers say, men of substance and gravity now, though once the most airy and mercurial spirits of the age—where, O where, has Time, the great exorcist, laid them? Shall we find them, like extinct volcanoes, cold, dull, silent, and flashless. Forbid it fun, frolic, and fancy! Is it in the Adelphi that we are to seek the brother dramatists, whose annual comedies once supplied London with bad puns and good humour for the whole season? Merry, farcical, kind-hearted *Fred.* where are thy haunts, and what thy pastimes? They tell me gout has sadly crippled thy fingers,—tidings that surprise me not; for who would not be happy to take thee by the hand? And thy facetious friend, where does he now "Speed the Plough," and to what sports betake himself, as "A Cure for the Heart-ache?" These are "Secrets worth Knowing;" and these, above all, are the times in which he should reproduce his "School of Reform." Poor Miles Peter! your mutual chum and crony. Who would have thought that a writer of epilogues, which come last, should go first? and would you not unite with me in the wish, were such a pyrotechnic prodigy performable, that he might be blown up again by some of his own gunpowder, in order that we and others of his surviving comrades and compotators might once more enjoy his society, amid the flashing wit and sparkling champagne which erst gave such a charm to our symposia in the Green Park? Such an explosion as this would be deemed the pleasantest report that hath latterly reached my rusticated ears. But could he thus revisit the glimpses of the moon, should we be in cue to share and enjoy his hospitality? Were he even as lively as he is deadly, would our spirits keep pace with his? Alas! I fear me not. Time, perchance, hath made some of us crabbed, without giving us the crab's power of going backward; nay, instead of allowing us to retrograde towards our first childhood, he is perpetually goading us forward towards our second. O the inexorable churl! But he cannot rob us of the *past.* We have had some reputation for wit, which

is more than all can say. What remains to us now is old, I fear, and very little of its age, though, like ourselves, it was once young and attic. *Fuimus!* I am proud of the word. When a saucy young Lemnian reproached Vulcan with his lameness, he drew himself up on his sound leg, and exclaimed—"Earthborn insolent! I got it by falling from Heaven!"

Over these pleasant purlieus of the Green Park, along which I have so often and so gladly hurried when dinner-ward bound towards the spacious mansion of Miles Peter, there now sits, as patron and president of the literary and jocose convivia, a time-honoured bard, not less fortunate than his predecessor in the power to exercise a generous hospitality, and still more highly endowed with the kindness and cordiality, the mingled wit and learning, that render his symposia the most delightful in the whole metropolis. For art or nature, for dead or living gems, what house can compare with his? O happy bard! favourite alike of the bright-eyed god and of the blind goddess! their gifts—

> "In te mixta fluunt, et quæ divisa beatos
> Efficiunt, collecta tenes."

Who could describe thee so well as Claudian, himself a poet and a man of business? Cheering is it, and consolatory, to find from thy example how lightly time touches those finer combinations of humanity, where the kind heart is united with a head of superior intellect and genius. Long mayest thou be spared to adorn and enrich our literature! long mayest thou enjoy in thy classical retreat the rich and gratifying store which must be ever offered by thine own "Pleasures of Memory!"

And whither shall we wend in search of him, the pleasant and facetious wag, who seldom observed any rules so long as he lived within them, and only began to cling to them when he left them; who was the most licentious of dramatists until he became dramatic licenser, and the most independent of all gentlemen until he was dubbed a gentleman pensioner? Is our grave and reverend Signior still G. C. *the younger!* and will Time give him pretermission in virtue of this addendum? If so, Juvenal should never have died, and the author of the "Night Thoughts" ought to be still among us. Gadso! if I were a sex—, or septuagenarian, and felt that I had cut my wise teeth, I would not thus have a child's coral dangling at the end of my grey beard. They tell me that George, falling into the old mistake, that the reverse of wrong is right, has become squeamish, narrow-minded, puritanical; playing official pranks which, if they do not make the angels weep, assuredly make men laugh. Prodigious! as Dominie would say. An appointment that brings him in so little money, ought to do him more credit;—

> "For he that liveth in authority,
> And neither gets him friends, nor fills his bags,
> Lives like the ass that Æsop speaketh of,
> Who labours with a load of bread and wine,
> And heaves it off to snap at thistle tops."

If this *censor morum* were to snap off my dramatic thistletops as freakishly as he does those of the poor playwights, I should be

tempted to exclaim in the words of Kit Marlowe—"An I be not revenged for this, would I might be turned to a gaping oyster, and drink nothing but salt-water!" and my revenge should be to publish an expurgated Family Colman, edited by Bowdler, in order that the world might see how small and insipid would be the residuum of his purified comic poetry. If he wants to make atonement for his own misdeeds, let him be more merciful, both towards himself and others. His "ridicula quædam et jucunda," his "Nightgown and Slippers," and his "Broad Grins," have done but little harm, if any. For myself, I can safely say in the words of Lipsius, when speaking of Petronius, an ancient master of the revels, and an *autor purissimæ impuritatis*—"Joci ejus me delectant, urbanitas capit, cætera nec in animo, nec in moribus meis majorem relinquunt labem, quàm solet in flumine vestigium cymba." Our licenser may condemn himself in others, but he cannot diminish his fair fame; he cannot emasculate the poetical vigour, terse language, and manly cast of sentiment which in his heroic pieces so forcibly remind us of our best ancient dramatists; nor dilute that rich vein of humour which in his farces, and other comic writings, has secured for him the inalienable favour of the whole laughter-loving public.

Son of the Sun! (I mean not the god of day, but the evening paper so called)—pleasant Jack! thou king of anecdote and prince of punsters, it ever likes me well to revert to our merry meetings at the cottage of our hospitable friend, the Mæcenas of Sydenham. And why should I say that thou wert the offspring of the solar diurnal, and not of the Delphian Apollo, seeing that thou art the author of two goodly tomes of poetry, which thou hast bound over to keep green, so far as the verdant *binding* can effect it. But what public will ever suffer "Monsieur Tonson" to die?—would he not have lived for ever, even without Cruickshank's illustrations? Most delectable is it, thou Paronomasiarch of the punsters, to recall thy encounterings with the quick-witted and caustic Du B——, when, like two intellectual gladiators, ye did assault each other, waging an incessant conflict, but unattended with any other convulsions than those of laughter—producing no bloodshed but that of the grape, and terminating in no other death than that of care. Time seems to have made a compromise with our convivial circle. If he hath carried off some prematurely, he hath been liberal towards others, and to none more so than to thee, shedding his snows upon thy head without chilling thy faculties, or refrigerating thy heart, or arresting the flow of thy spirits. Long may thy cheerful winter endure, for thy friends may say of thee, as Boerhaave did of the Italian author on surgery—"Omnibus potius quam hocce carere possumus."

In what haunt of the metropolitan muses, or temple of the vine-crowned god, shall we catch the still-cheerful carol of the octogenarian Captain? (for surely he must now count sixteen lustres in his galaxy,) once the finest lyrical writer, as well as the best songster of his day, and the boon companion of a heartless Prince, who could enjoy the cheerfulness and the light of the intellectual lamps with which he surrounded himself, and throw them carelessly aside when they had exhausted their oil in his service! The royal ingrate is already forgotten, or only remembered to be scorned; but who that

has once perused them can erase from his heart or memory the beautiful effusions of Captain M——? especially if, like me, he has often heard their author sing them at the festive board, the sparkling bumper elevated in his right hand; his eye "in a fine frenzy rolling;" the feeling of his whole convivial nature animating his voice, while he enchanted his auditors by the double attraction of poetry and melody; thus refining the sensual gratifications of the banquet by the noblest enjoyments of the intellect! Of such a man, so expressly formed to adorn the social and the festive scene, and therefore so constitutionally prone to indulge, perhaps to an excess, in its delights, the old age, when he attains it (which is of rare occurrence), is still more rarely enviable: yet M——, I hear, has travelled cheerfully and contentedly down the vale of years, unruffled by the ingratitude of friends who in death forgot their living promises, visited by fewer ailments than might have been expected from his course of earlier revelry, still cultivating at intervals the willing muse, and still able, though with a less steady hand than heretofore, to toss off an occasional bumper. His compositions, it is said, have assumed a somewhat grave and devotional turn, while his advanced years, and the cares due to his health, are "ever in his flowing cups remembered." But this is as it should be, and thus may he continue "ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ." Separated as I now am, and have been for many years, from this lyrical patriarch, I see so little hope of our ever meeting again, that "vix mea sustinuit dicere lingua Vale!"

I had intended to commemorate others, not all unknown to fame, survivors of those with whom I have shared the "Noctes cœnasque Divûm," and whose cheerful wit still blooms around my recollection like a chaplet of roses; but though I began this paper in a merry, or rather a merry-andrew mood, a sadness has gradually stolen over me as I proceeded. "O my coevals, remnants of yourselves!" how can I advert to ye, fallen as so many of ye are into age, decrepitude, and oblivion, without feeling that I am myself far advanced towards that dark bourne from which no traveller returns? It is well sometimes to study our contemporaries, in order that we may understand ourselves; for we shall often discover in their time-worn features and bent bodies what our own glass fails to reveal to us; ay, and in their doting discourse, we may find a reflection of that mental decay in ourselves for which we keep no other honest mirror. And how frequently do I encounter a *hiatus valdè deflendus* as I run over in my mind the list of those bright intellects and cordial comrades with whom I have so often laughed and quaffed, and shared with them the pleasant country walk, "not wanting sweet discourse, the banquet of the mind;" or the London merry meeting among the spirits of the age; or the well-filled box at the theatre on the first night of a new play. Methinks I should have first woven a funeral wreath for the departed, once the life of the lively and the darlings of the convivial circle, before I placed a paltry, and perhaps unacceptable garland, upon the head of their survivors. Enough there are, and to spare, who will extol the great, and the rich, and the living—be it mine to record, in such brief and hasty stanzas as time and space allow, a few of those dear departed, whose memories none of their acquaintance

would willingly let die, nor suffer them to pass away "without the meed of some melodious tear." Not as a worthy tribute to the dead, but as a momentary solace to the writer, hath he composed for them this short and trifling epicedium:—

Lords of the sword, and ermined robe,
Bards, artists, wits, who fill the globe
With fame, and are with living incense fed,
Let other tongues your praises breathe,
No coronals for you I wreathe,
But twine a cypress chaplet for the dead.

Not to the brave of other days,
Not to the bards of deathless bays,
Heirs of renown and magnates of the state;
But ah! how far more dear! to those
Who shared my heart and cause its woes,
This tear-dew'd garland do I consecrate.

A soldier's grave, a soldier's fame,
The valiant Henderson may claim,
Whose bosom still for glory, glory yearn'd;
Far off repose his bones, within
The battle-field he help'd to win—
His memory is in my heart inurn'd.

Oft I recall, dear friend, thy face,
Thy manly form, each moral grace
That deck'd and dignified thy noble soul;
I see thee, catch thy voice's tone,
Outstretch mine arms—the vision 's gone,
And tears of anguish flow without cotrol.

Alas! how numerous are the dead!
Oh! whither, whither are ye fled,
Friends of my youth, props of my riper age!
Whose proved attachment warm'd my breast,
Whose converse gave to joy its zest,
And sooth'd the sorrows of life's pilgrimage?

Percy is gone, the pure and good,
Whose all-embracing heart would brood
On patriot hopes and philanthropic schemes;
Percy, with whom I loved to rove
By Thames's bank and Cliefden's grove,
Taught by his lore, charm'd by his poet-dreams.

The porpus sports, and ships sail on
O'er the sea-buried skeleton
Of him whose living breath was never mute
When it could daunt the oppressor—plead
For suffering innocence and need,
And advocate the cause of man or brute.

And Reton too, whose merry voice
Or ready joke made all rejoice,
Setting the raptured table in a roar,
Whom all could as a wit commend,
Yet prize him dearer as a friend,
Him, him, alas! shall I behold no more!

O death-recording pen, desist!
Fill not the desolating list
Of those in whom my loving heart had trust:—
Where are the hands that I have press'd?
Where the dear forms that I caress'd?
Dark—silent—sepulchred—all dust, dust, dust!

Take pity on me, and extend
Your arms once more, some buried friend!
Speak! let me catch one old familiar tone—
I hear strange voices—hateful sound!
No form I know that moves around;—
How sad it is in crowds to feel alone!

Alas! what business have I here?
This is for me no proper sphere,
The living world I knew is under ground.
There are the good, the brave, the fair,
My household and my home are there,
That only home where perfect peace is found.

At times, perchance, the enfeebled muse
Will not her soothing aid refuse,
While the last welcome summons I await;
Then thus, before her prompting ends,
To you, to you, departed friends,
This fond memorial do I dedicate!

SONG.

(For Music.)

I.

Tell me, dear, how many days
Love is fading,—dying?
Is he fed on an azure gaze?
Tears,—or smiles,—or airy praise?
Or on maidens' sighing?

II.

Doth he come to lure us, dear,
From our quiet duty?
Hearts, take care of hate and fear,
If he come to plague us here
With his peerless beauty.

III.

Tell him, if he linger long,
He shall surely perish:
Yet,—while he *doth* stay, 'twere wrong
Not with kiss and sunny song
Such a life to cherish.

IV.

He is but a little child,
With love over-laden,
Tender featured, *very* mild;—
Help him from his burthen wild,
Gentle, gentle Maiden!

THE MONTH IN PARLIAMENT.

County-division Clause, and Lord Chandos's Amendment.

August 23.—The Gods propitious—there is a chance of the Bill's "progressing" through Committee by Christmas or Easter next at farthest! We are now arrived at the twenty-first clause, after tugging eight hours a-day for the last six weeks, and there are only about forty more to be discussed, with a little supplement of twenty-seven amendments;—not to say any thing of some score changes of detail which Ministers themselves will probably propose by way of expediting the termination of their arduous labours, and convincing the public of their unerring foresight in providing against contingencies. When we last had to invite the attention of our readers to the progress of the great measure of National regeneration, which is now—thanks to its sapient conductors—snail-pacing it at a rate to which the progress of the Sloth in the Zoological Gardens is that of a race-horse to a Dutchman—the Committee was engaged in discussing the tenth clause, so that in one month the well-meaning imbeciles have contrived to get through eight clauses, (the twelfth was withdrawn and they were defeated on the sixteenth,) and to so disgust the best friends of Reform, that they have been left in a minority of eighty on a point of essential importance to the character of the whole measure! And yet the smile of self-complacent feebleness sits as blooming on the occupants of the ministerial bench, as if they were so many Heaven-born statesmen whose success had been as triumphant as it was rapid.

Why do we remark these things? Is it that we are not heart and soul devoted to the cause of Reform? or that we should be pleased to see the Tory faction once more the Lords of Misrule? We were Reformers long before it became the fashion; through good repute and bad repute we were, as far as our means enabled us, its unflinching advocates; and now that the battle is won, we are not disposed to see the fruits of victory marred by the misconduct of those whom the accident of an accident has lifted to the command. We were, we may say it without arrogance, the first to declare that from a Ministry constituted like the present—it would be idle to expect a measure based on such lofty and comprehensive principles that to all intents and purposes it might be hailed as a final and perfect system of representation; but we were also among the first to thankfully receive it "for better—for worse" as it was, confident that the *principle* of Reform having been once acted upon by the Legislature, the thousand-and-one anomalies of not only the present Bill, but of other measures warranted to "work well," would soon meet with an efficient remedy. For the same reasons we would gladly take it even with its Chandos-*tenant-at-will* "amendment" added to its other imperfections, trusting to a Reformed Parliament and the diffusion of knowledge, which would be its first and most important result—for a specific countercharm.

As to the notion of wishing to contribute, however feebly, to the restoration of the Goulburns and the Aberdeens, *et hoc genus omne*, to power, we really know not how to offer a serious disclaimer. The supposition is too absurd even for themselves to entertain: we question if even their friend Don Miguel himself would just now accept of their services as ministers, however strong their claims on the score of devoted zeal to the cause of intolerance and brute despotism. What! the fag-end remnant of a Tory faction again preside over the destinies of a great and enlightened nation, roused to a man to a sense of its too long borne wrongs, and throbbing with intense anxiety for the welfare of a measure which alone can put an end to the evils of a system of oligarchical plunder, and enable the middle classes to prosecute the means of good government! Then is doomsday near, and the sun not shining at noon-day in the heavens, and knowledge and wealth not power, and men not solicitous for their own welfare! The notion, we repeat, is too absurd to occupy even for a moment a place in those intellectual *vacuums*, the crania of the representatives of the "sister" Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and at a proper distance—of

Dublin—the most perfect things in their way—the mental Torricellian—at present to be found at St. Stephen's.

Having made these preliminary observations in justice to ourselves, and to prevent misconception on the part of the reader, we proceed to offer a few remarks on the probable effect of the County division clause, and on the Marquis of Chandos's "amendment," (for such it is designated in the "Votes") by which 50*l.* tenants at will are substituted to leaseholders at seven years, as voters for Knights of the Shire,—the two most important topics discussed in Parliament during the last month. And first—

The County Division Clause.—Against this clause the *Times*, a journal of great ability and still greater influence, has directed two or three of its deadliest "thunderbolts," on the ground that by narrowing the physical area—so to speak—of representation, the great landed proprietors of the district will be enabled to exert an influence incompatible with the independence of elections. In all the small counties, Westmoreland for example, the nobleman possessing the largest single estate is enabled to nominate whom he pleases, because the direct influence of his property is felt over a comparatively extensive surface of the county, while in the large counties no single property can bear such a relative proportion to the whole area of representation as would enable it to weigh down or absorb the several minor "independent" interests which are scattered over the surface. But then, argues the *Times*, by dividing these large counties into divisions in the manner proposed in the Bill, the great landholder in each division will be made as absolute and paramount as the House of Lonsdale used to be in the snug Lowther borough of Westmoreland, the balancing check of a wide surface of constituency being, according to the very terms of the proposition, destroyed; and the result will be, that at least one hundred out of the one hundred and forty-four members of English counties, to be returned under the Bill, will be as much, to all intents and purposes, the nominees of the aristocracy, as the present representatives of the Gattons and the Old Sarums. There can be no doubt that the apprehensions in this statement are in a degree well founded; but it strikes us that they too clearly indicate a want of faith on the part of the writer in the influence of public opinion, daily become more and more enlightened,—in providing a proper antidote. It cannot be denied, in justification of this want of faith in the public spirit of the mass of county electors, that in a question between pelf and principle, between the interest of the individual purse and the general weal, the mammon habits of the people of England, as they have hitherto invariably manifested themselves, afford little hope that the former would be sacrificed to the latter; but still we think sufficient allowance is not made for the developement and exercise of those loftier principles of action, and for the diffusion of sound principles of political morality, which we confidently look forward to as the first and best result of that system of good government from which the Reform Bill derives all its importance and value as a means to an end. We are not of those who would sedulously guard the electors of England against all possible personal inconveniences in the exercise of their political rights. Without indulging in Utopian dreams of the perfectibility of the human species, we augur better of our fellow-countrymen than thus to deprive them of the free play of their moral energies. We will go farther, and avow that *tumultuosa libertas tranquillitati probrosæ anteponenda est*, is a favourite political maxim of ours, and that we should prefer such institutions as tend to the exercise of moral energy, and, as a consequence, to the generation of lofty principles of action, to those which would more perfectly secure the person and property of the subject than even our own excellent constitution, without affording proper scope for the growth and display of our more generous feelings. It is on this account, and this account only, that we are slow to avow ourselves converts to the necessity of the ballot system of voting. We should prefer, we repeat, seeing the electors in the conscious and above-board dignity of freemen worthy of the name, tendering their votes openly in favour of the candidates of their choice, instead of screening themselves from the rich despot of the district by the secret exercise of the right of suffrage. But it may

be asked, are they for so doing to be made the sacrifices of their honesty? would not some Duke of Newcastle or Lord of Salisbury, under such circumstances, read their refractory tenants a "do what I like with my own" practical lesson, which it is idle to expect any man living literally from hand to mouth would contend with? Our answer is, that by a nation familiar with great political truth, and imbued with those loftier principles of action, as we trust the nations of Europe will be ere many generations have passed away, such men as the Duke of Newcastle would be regarded and treated as we at present regard and treat the inmates of a lunatic asylum. The fact is, were not independence at elections, as it unfortunately is under the existing system, the exception and not the rule, the Newark and Stamford antics *dared* not be hazarded by any man not moon-stricken or blind to what is passing around him; so that when a Reformed Parliament makes it the rule and not the exception, a repetition of them becomes a moral no less than a physical impossibility. We need not, we trust, add, that we would not therefore deprive property, and that superior intellectual cultivation with which it ought to be connected, of their just influence at elections. So long as wealth enables its possessor to command the exertions of those who do not possess it in an equal degree—so long will it be influential at elections; and all the danger will be from those who may endeavour to stretch the natural influence beyond its just limits. It has been happily observed by a writer in a contemporary periodical, that "equality of representation is only like the equality of right to go in at the door of a market; it does not imply the power of having equal influence when men are there. The demand, therefore, of the rich to have not only the influence of their wealth, but to cut off the poor from the right of representation besides, is like the assertion that they cannot enjoy their just privileges in the market, unless they can pass a law to have the poor kept out in addition. It is clear that the poor do as much as can be expected from them, if they see the rich enjoying the benefit of their riches in the market, and put up quietly with the contrast of their own inferiority; if they content themselves with the tripe and the offal, and lovingly aid in securing to the wealthy the sirloin and the haunch. If they do this at all, it is evidently because they are aware that the same security of property which gives the rich man his sirloin, is what ensures themselves their tripe; but it by no means follows that they should extend the argument to shutting themselves out of their homely portion besides." The application of these remarks to our immediate argument is obvious.

It being plain from these remarks that we do not entertain very serious apprehensions of the County division clause, we need not stop to animadvert upon the minor objections to its operation, which were urged in the course of the debate by Sir Edward Sugden with his usual acuteness, and by Mr. H. Hughes, (whom the *Times* has ingeniously discovered to be a modern Demosthenes!) in the usual prosy common-place tone so frequent just now at St. Stephen's. Lord Althorp's defence of the clause was, however, on many accounts too important to be passed over without some notice, displaying as it did, in more than usual relief, the slip-shod, languid, see-saw, half-and-half, neither one thing nor the other guesses, which seem to have influenced ministers in framing the majority of the clauses of the great measure entrusted (should we say, unfortunately?) to their management. "Our object in framing this clause," said the noble Lord, "was to *secure the aristocratic*, or agricultural interest, so to speak, a due *preponderance* in the counties—*over* the *democratic* or town interest. We found that in giving the right of franchise to the several large unrepresented towns, we added to the democratic interest to a degree *far beyond what we had contemplated*, and therefore had no resource left but to secure as much as possible an aristocratic or agricultural representation for the counties as a balance to this augmented democratic or town representation. Hence the clause for the division of counties, and for adding additional representatives to the larger and more exclusively agricultural counties. By the former we hope to *secure* the *resident great proprietor* the representation of the division against the *more popular man* whom the county at large would be likely

to select, (a slap at Lord Brougham's return for Yorkshire,) and by the latter we maintain the balance of agricultural representation." And again, with the looseness and indecision characteristic of the acts and declarations of the present Ministry—" I cannot see how the division of counties would lead to the necessity of the vote by ballot as a protection to the voter against his landlord, for our only object is to secure property its *legitimate* influence at elections, and to preserve the balance of the agricultural, or aristocratic representation, which would otherwise be lost by the democratic ascendancy of the town. We found, as we proceeded, that we had included so many towns in schedules C, D, and E, and had so widened the basis of town constituency, that we had no alternative but to add to the county or landed representation as much as remained in our power."

This is the language of men evidently incapable of reaching that height from which alone a statesmanlike view of a great question can be taken, and who, instead of basing their measure on great and lofty general principles applicable to all circumstances and contingencies, and who, therefore, confident of the result, walked upright and unflinchingly straightforward on the firm ground of truth and political justice, went groping and guessing their way in the dark, and picking their steps through obstructions, with the aid of some temporary expediency farthing rush-light. What does Lord Althorp mean by the phrase " legitimate influence of property?" We know him personally to be an honest well-meaning man, and therefore cannot suppose that he considers the slavish dependance of the voter on his landlord's will as answering to his notion of this influence. There is perhaps no phrase in the language which has been more artfully abused to evil purposes than this very one of the " legitimate," or moral influence of property, owing to the habit of confounding all the uses to which a word may be applied under its more obvious meaning. Property has two influences, a good and a bad one, a moral and an immoral; and though Lord Althorp no doubt persuades himself he uses the term in its good or moral signification, there is still less doubt that the mass of his hearers have no other interpretation of it than bad or immoral influence. We approve of the Reform Bill because it will ultimately give the moral influence of property what it never had under the system which works so well for the few at the expense of the many—fair play: those who ring the changes on the term " legitimate influence of property," hate the Reform Bill, because they fear it will put an end to that system of bribery, and intimidation, and prostitution of votes which they have had the audacity to practise under cover of this influence. The avowed object of the Bill is to place freely and independently in the hands of the people the election of their own representatives: the object of the enemies of Reform is to prevent the people obtaining more than the mere show or pageant of their choice, and as a means to this end, they artfully insinuate that to give the people what they are entitled to would be to destroy the legitimate influence of property. Hence the success of

The Marquis of Chandos's Amendment, by which the right of voting for county members is extended to *tenant-at-will* farmers, and (by Lord Althorp's remedial extension) householders. Had we not a stout faith in the antagonist influence of a daily-improving public opinion, this " amendment" of the Lord of Buckinghamshire would alarm us more for the purity and independence of election than any act or proposition that has been submitted to Parliament within our recollection. As it is, taking the amendment by itself, it is impossible to exaggerate its mischievous character. If not counterbalanced by the other provisions of the Bill, its inevitable effect would be to place the representation of the English counties more completely in the hands of some fifty great landholders than even Gatton or Old Sarum. The very phrase *tenure-at-will* is not only unknown, but is contrary to the principles of English law, and under any circumstances can never be established in any country but at the sacrifice of the moral and political freedom of the tenant. What was it returned Lord Chandos for Buckinghamshire at the late election, contrary to the feelings of the inhabitants at large, but the extraordinary command which this feudal tenure gave

him over every man resident on the Temple property? It is a general principle of human conduct that men will not act in opposition to the desires of a man who has it in his power to injure them for so doing; and so long as a farmer holds his farm at the mere "will" of his landlord—so long has that landlord the means of compelling him to vote as he pleases. And this is what is meant by the cant phrase *legitimate influence of property*. Were ever hypocrisy and mendacious audacity pushed to such lengths!

What were Ministers doing while this monstrous clause was being discussed? Picking their nails with as much imperturbable self-complacency and feeble *nonchalance* as if Lord Chandos were a sworn brother of Reform. Nay, even when, notwithstanding that the nation and the press are with them to a man, and they could command the majority of 140 whom the people sent to vote with them to vote against Lord Chandos at the risk of violated pledges—they contrived to be left in a minority of eighty—they looked as self-complacent as ever, as if the defeat were a mere summer cloud unworthy to excite their special wonder! This is really too bad. Are the people of England to be ever mocked with the farce of a representative form of government without the reality? Is the right of suffrage a public trust, and as such implying a moral obligation? If so, see how this monstrous clause must affect the moral honesty of a tenant-at-will farmer? He comes to the poll, say at Aylesbury or Appleby, to give his vote for the candidate—is it of his choice? the man who he considers would most competently and faithfully discharge the important duties of a Member of Parliament? No: he lives by his farm; would be ruined if expelled from it; he dare not fly in the face of his landlord. A farmer is not like a mere householder; he *lives* by his farm—the tenant does not live by his house; and if even he does, can find one at the next door that would answer his purpose equally well. Who then can blame him if he avoid entailing on himself ruin by voting at his landlord's bidding?

But the moral atrocity of the transaction does not end here. The landlord trader in votes, to make the moral obligation more binding, compels his tenant-at-will vassal to take an oath. And what is the nature of this oath? simply, reader, that the slave voter will not betray, but *honestly and freely* execute the trust confided to him. Thus, perjury is added to the violation of a solemn, social obligation:—and the whole thing, forsooth, is called the legitimate influence of property! the preserving the "balance of the aristocratic, or landed representation, against the democratic, or town representation!" Again, we ask, can audacious mendacity go farther? Imagine a well-disposed yeoman, not overburthened in the article of brains, say of the mental calibre of Lord John Russell, about to vote for a representative for Buckinghamshire, and that his nominal choice lies between that high-minded and most excellent man, Mr. John Smith, and his landlord's son and heir, the Marquess of Chandos. He has taken the oath to faithfully execute his political trust: he approves of Mr. John Smith, because he is the never-tiring friend of the poor and the oppressed, the never-tiring enemy of the oppressor, in all climes and nations. Conscience, virtue, suffering humanity, gratitude, religion, urge him to follow the dictates of his judgment; but his landlord, or his agent, is staring him in the face, and with them is painfully associated his worldly ruin or prosperity. What follows? the oath is violated, the moral obligation is disregarded, a prostitute and perjured vote is given to the son of his opulent and powerful landlord.

Now in this, by no means imaginary transaction, let us ask the reader who is the real moral culprit, the rich and powerful trader in votes, the original author of this perjury and political treachery, or the prostituted victim? There can be no hesitation in fixing upon the former. "Observe," said Mr. Mill, on another occasion, "the horrid spectacle; two sets of men, the one comparatively rich, the other poor, so placed with respect to one another, that they act upon one another for mutual corruption; that they gain their ends upon one another, only by a renunciation of the most sacred obligations, and the commission of the greatest crimes; that in order to have inward peace, in such a course of acting, they must succeed in obliterating every trace of the higher morals from their minds. The sense of obligation to the community to which they belong, the

regard due to a trust, are not compatible with their situation. The men who have occasion for the prostitution, the perjury, the faithlessness of voters, and the most perfect indifference on their part to the interests of their community, must beware how they appear to have any regard for morality before such persons, or any regard for country. The appearance they put on is a curious one; it is that of feigned scorn for all the public virtues, and a real hatred. This mixture of feeling gives a curious character even to the countenance of persons of the higher ranks in this country, distinguishable in most, and very marked in some."*

It is needless to add a single observation on the immoral tendencies of the Marquis of Chandos's amendment, aggravated as they must be by the County-division Clause of the Bill, as indeed we fear it is needless to express our regret that Ministers could have been so wanting in energy and decision as to permit its being adopted, and that too in a House pledged to the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill! Your true Whig, we are inclined to guess, is but an Ornithorynchus at best. Neither shall we at present stop to inquire how far the Ballot would be a remedy to the evils of both the County division and the Tenant-at-will Clauses, because, without underrating its importance and utility, and, under *existing* circumstances, even necessity, we think a Reformed Parliament will be able to devise a much more efficacious remedy, and one far more conducive to lofty principles of action.

25th. The Dublin Election Discussion.—We had intended to call the attention of our readers to this audacious imposture, but the lateness of the period of the month on which it was exhibited, prevents us doing it and ourselves justice. We, therefore, shall merely quote two paragraphs, which we lately met with in turning over the Reports on the East Retford and Penryn farces. The first, which differs very much from the other in tendency and spirit, is to the following effect:—

> "Old virtuous rugged Cato, on a day,
> Thus, to the soothsayers, was heard to say:—
> 'Augurs, by all the gods, it is a shame
> To gull the mole-eyed millions at this rate;
> Making of gaping blockheads such a game,
> Pretending to be hand and glove with fate.
> On filth and garbage when ye meet
> To carry on the holy cheat,
> How is it you preserve such solemn graces,
> Nor burst with laughter in each other's faces.'"†

The next quotation will, we take it, make the motives for all the prudish horror betrayed by their immaculate worships very palpable to the dullest reader. It is from the speech of Mr. Canning, the great arch-enemy of Reform, on the Penryn disfranchisement humbug.

"I think, Sir, we have sufficient evidence to warrant our disfranchising the Borough of Penryn. I agree to this course with the more readiness, because, I think, *the true way to avoid what I should consider as one of the greatest evils that could happen to this country, a sweeping and overwhelming Reform, is carefully to cure those blots (like the present) which it is impossible for the House to pass by without seeming to shut its eyes wilfully to the defects of the present system.*"

And such was the real, though covert, object of Bum Gordon's words, on Resolutions which occupied the House from four o'clock to three in the morning. But the country sees through this flimsy pretext, and is no longer to be bamboozled by gnat-straining, while camels obstruct every avenue to good government.

---

* While these sheets were going through the press, we were informed by a gentleman intimately acquainted with Kent, Wiltshire, Berkshire, Bucks, and the other agricultural counties in the southern district of England, that the farmers themselves prefer holding their farms from year to year, with a half yearly notice to quit—the tenure-at-will—to leasehold, and that they have expressed themselves very solicitous for the right of suffrage. These facts tend very much to lessen our apprehensions of Lord Chandos's amendment, the rather when the increasing influence of public opinion in the doings of landlords is taken into consideration.

† Parliamentary Review, 1826.

FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF A DECEASED POET.

1.—Fuller's Bird.

*** "I have read of a bird, which hath a face like and yet will prey upon a man; who coming to the water to drink, and finding there by reflection that he had killed one like himself, pineth away by degrees, and never afterwards enjoyeth itself."—*Fuller's Worthies.*

The wild-wing'd creature, clad in gore,
(His bloody human meal being o'er,)
Comes down to the water's brink;
'Tis the first time he there hath gazed,
And straight he shrinks—alarm'd—amazed,
And dares not drink.

"Have I till now," he sadly said,
"Prey'd on my brother's blood, and made
His flesh my meal to-day?"
Once more he glances in the brook,
And once more sees his victim's look;
Then turns away.

With such sharp pain as human hearts
May feel, the drooping thing departs
Unto the dark wild wood;
And where the place is thick with weeds
He hideth his remorse, and feeds
No more on blood.

But in that weedy brake he lies,
And pines, and pines until he dies;
And when all's o'er,
What follows?—Nought! His brothers slake
Their thirst in blood in that same brake,
Fierce as before!

—So fable flows:—But would you find
Its moral wrought in human kind,
Its tale made worse;
Turn straight to *Man*, and in his fame
And forehead read—"The Harpy's" name,
But no remorse!

2.—Napoleón. (*For Music.*)

Hark! The world is rent asunder!
Nations are aghast; and kings
(Mingling in the common wonder)
Shake—like humbler things.
Only thou art left alone,
Napoleón! Napoleón!

Plague, from out her trance awaking,
Quits her ancient hot domain;
And War, the statesman's fetters breaking,
Shouts to thee—in vain!
Both to thee are now unknown,
Napoleón! Napoleón!

He who rode War's fiery billows
Once, and ruled their surges wild,
Now beneath Heléna's willows
Sleepeth—like a child!
All his soaring spirit flown;
Napoleón! Napoleón!

In his grave the warrior sleepeth,
Humbly laid, and half forgot,
And nought, besides the willow, weepeth
O'er that silent spot!
Calm it is, and all his own;
Napoleón! Napoleón!

But, what columns teach his merit?
What rich ermines wrap him round?—
None!—His proud and plumed Spirit
Crowns, alone, the ground!
Proud, and pale, and all alone,
Thou art, dead Napoleon!
O—Napoleón!

3.—Song.

O, sweet Valley! happy Valley!
What have I to do with *thee?*
With thy flowers or falling fountains?
I must seek the barren mountains,
Where the tempests be.

Pretty valley! pleasant valley!
Calm and tender is thy breast;
But *I* have ruled on sea and river
All life long, and I may never
In thy bosom rest.

I have roam'd where clouds and waters
Met and mingled near the skies,
Where red Etna's heart is riven,
And the sand-storm dark is driven,
And all daylight dies!

These rough sights have forced my spirit
Love all wild delights, and be
A wanderer 'neath the eyes of Heaven,
From all beauty flying,—even
From the sight of *thee!*

5.—Hereafter. (*For Music.*)

Bear us on thy sweetest wings,
O Music, to that distant shore,
Where all human thoughts and things
Die—for evermore!

Fill us with harmonious sounds,
Such as tongues of angels send,
When they wing their golden rounds,
And through the azure bend!

Not a dream of humble earth,
Not an earthly glance is there,
To remind us of our birth,
Ancient joy, or care.

But new Elysian pleasures start,
Blooming aye and lasting long:—
. . . Is it so?—Alas!—My heart
Fainteth at thy song!

All the past forsook?—forgot
Is it so in Heaven above?
No,— Heaven! thou wilt divide us not
From the hearts we love

DAVID GARRICK AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.*

The life of an actor is a life of lives. He lives in the world's eye and in the world's heart. He has no solitude; his study is hung round with living portraits, and his books are living lexicons and walking cyclopedias. If he withdraws a moment from the society of men, it is to study humanity; and if for a while he eschews the talk and tongue of the individual, it is that he may come closer to the species. He has nothing to do with aught but life; history is not to him, as it is to the rest of mankind, a thing of dry dates and dead intrigues; and when he touches the dusty parchment, he makes it forthwith instinct with life. And as his study is of life, so his reward is of life. It is not a solitary triumphing over abstract difficulties, or a coming immortality to be preserved in leaves that shall be unfolded by a yet unborn posterity. He feels his living triumph, and sees his visible immortality. He catches not the praise of his genius drop by drop through the circuitous alembic of the paper channels of public opinion, but it comes rushing loudly, fully, gloriously upon him at once. A poet may immure himself in a repulsive solitude, eating out his own heart, coining his groans into drachmas, and twisting the eccentricities of genius into the distortions of madness; a painter may busy himself with shapes and colours, and may give to the outward and visible world so much of the absorbed attention of his eye, that he shall have no ear for its audible harmonies, and no heart for its emotions and inward feelings: but the dramatic artist is bound heart and soul to life and the living. *Homo sum, et nihil humanum à me alienum puto*, is the inseparable motto of the actor, for he finds wisdom in every passion, and instruction in every developement of passion. We should like to have heard the hurricane of applause, for it must have been more than a tempest, that followed the utterance of the above sentiment in the hearing of a Roman audience. It was a volume of truth and beauty condensed into a sentence; it was a spark of moral electricity. Herein consists the interest of dramatic memoir, correspondence, and biography—there is so much of life in it, such a strong infusion of humanity; and it is life in its most interesting attitudes, in the pride of its joy, or the despair of its sorrow, in the romance of its love, or in the malignity of its hatred, in the condensed littleness of its selfishness, or in the expanded effervescence of its generosity. It is *humanitas humanissima.*

The name of Garrick is as intimately blended with the British drama as the name of Shakspeare; and no man ever gave himself more, or more effectually to his art, than did Garrick give himself to the stage. The intense connexion which he had with human life in its various conditions and interests is seen in the copiousness and variety of his correspondence, which developes more characters than one. We have not merely Garrick, but his contemporaries, and most pleasantly are they illustrated by their own pens, themselves perhaps as unconscious as the pens with which they wrote, that they were thus exhibiting themselves to the keen eye of the moral anatomist. What can be more amusing, for instance, than that part of the Correspondence in which Arthur Murphy is perpetually fretting and fidgeting himself into the attitude of an ill-used man? His own play of "All in the Wrong," is his ownself at full length. Perpetual misunderstanding—a constant looking about for something to take offence at—a pathetic and magnanimous statement of imaginary grievances—making mountains of molehills—flouncing at fancied slights, and looking as if he thought that the world had nothing else to do than to pity him—these were the life of his soul, the amusement and food of his humour. There are some people so exceedingly fond of being ill-used, that you cannot do them a greater kindness than to give them something to take offence at, if it be ever so trifling,—only let them take a "little umbrage," and you shall have such pathetic tones from their lips, and such rounded periods from their pens, as shall do your heart good to hear and read them. Then we have Richard Cumberland again, though we

* The Private Correspondence of David Garrick with the most celebrated Persons of his Time. London: Colburn and Bentley.

have had him before in Sir Fretful Plagiary; but in this volume we have him under his own hand giving Sheridan a most flattering testimony of the accuracy of the portrait. What can be finer than the following:—

MR. CUMBERLAND TO MR. GARRICK.

"Sir: *Jan.* 5, 1770.

"I am as ready to adopt unfavourable sentiments of my own performances as any man living, and therefore do not allow that we differ in opinion about 'Salome.' I gave it to you (as I have done every other performance of mine) as the best I could write, but I did not insist upon it that you was to approve of it. I fear now it is not within the bounds of my genius to give you satisfaction. However, as these points are soon settled in conversation, and read very ill upon paper, I hope you will not think it much trouble to indulge me with a few minutes' conversation to-morrow morning; and that I may not interrupt better business, I will call between ten and eleven.

"The motives of 'Salome,' if I mistake not, are revenge, ambition, and disappointment. These are strong principles for guilty action: perhaps they are not so forcibly marked in her character as they might be, but a very few touches might finish that part of the piece as highly as you please. Her life twice attempted by Mariamne, her ambition defeated by Antipater, and her revenge frustrated by Alexander: I know no other principle, but love, that could add to the motives she has for what she commits. You see I have still a little partiality left, a small feeling for a performance which has been many years under my pen, and which hitherto no friend (not even Mr. Colman himself) has assisted with an objection.

"With your leave, I will wait upon you, and I dare say I shall submit my prejudices to your better judgment. I can by no means wish to have any piece put into a performer's hand which a manager disapproves, and therefore beg it may not be shown to Mrs. Barry, unless it was honoured with your recommendation.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

"Richard Cumberland."

How very edifying is the readiness which Mr. Cumberland shows in the above letter "to adopt unfavourable sentiments" of his own performances! But let us not lose sight of Garrick while gazing at the eccentricities of his satellites. These indeed are the things which contributed to the developement of his character, and in his occasional collisions with them may be seen the dexterity of his movements and the strength of his powers. The outlines of Garrick's life are well known, and the character of his performance is well appreciated, but this Correspondence shows the inward spirit of the man. In this volume are seven or eight hundred letters embracing a period of thirty-eight years. The letters were selected and preserved by Mr. Garrick himself for the purpose, as the editor seems to imagine, of constructing an autobiography; but that which Mr. Garrick has left undone, the readers of this Correspondence may do for themselves,—they may form their own biography of the great artist.

One of the first features which strikes us in this Correspondence is the cheerfulness and self-possession of the man, the general happy ease and coolness with which he mects his quarrelsome and critical correspondents. This was partly cause and partly effect; in one point it was a virtue, and in another it was an accident of situation: one of the moral causes of his great success in his profession was the buoyant cheerfulness with which he engaged in it, that exquisite self-command which gave him power over smiles or tears. Look at him as he is painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds between tragedy and comedy, he seems bursting with an inward glee, that may ooze out in ungovernable smiles, or melt into the wantonness of tender tears. This elasticity of spirit helped him up the steep of eminence, but at the same time success itself gave vigour and cheerfulness to his mind. The *res angusta domi* pressed not upon him to extinguish his vivacity, or to damp his spirit, or to sour his temper. As soon as he faced the public, they put him in good humour with himself, and during the course of his theatrical life he ruled without a rival. From the calm eminence of a high success, and from the pleasant luxury of a well-appointed home, he could look forth on the little world with composure, and could bear with the pettishness of the Murphies and the blockishness of wholesale tragedy-weavers.

His whole life and livelihood did not depend, as did that of many of his correspondents, on the success of a single play. So that cheerfulness of constitution, mixed up with his satisfaction of situation, gave him a decided advantage over his troublesome correspondents. He had every thing to put him into good humour, and very little to put him out.

Another circumstance in this Correspondence appears worthy of remark, and that is the frequent evidence of his liberality, and the abundant acknowledgment of pecuniary obligation to him. Oliver Goldsmith, we think, used to say that Garrick was about to perform an act of generosity, but was frightened from it by the ghost of a halfpenny. How can we reconcile what we see in these letters, with what we hear of the reputation he bore among his contemporaries as to the matter of pecuniary facility? Easily, we guess. Prosperous artists of almost any description are seldom prudent in the management of their resources, "Lightly come, lightly go," is often their motto and their maxim, the wantonness of their tongue and the rule of their conduct; moreover they are generally surrounded with needy, irregular, indolent associates, or fellow artists, who are continually making assaults on their generosity, and they gain less gratitude for ninety-nine favours than they gain reproach for one refusal. Probably Garrick could not have purchased the reputation for generosity by any thing short of the sacrifice of all he had. If he had squandered all his resources, he might have been called by some a fine fellow; but even so he must have disappointed some applicants.

There is a third personality which has forced itself on our attention in the perusal of this Correspondence, and that is the infrequency and coldness of his correspondence with Johnson. They came up to London together from the same town as fellow adventurers, and they filled half a century with their great names, with a greatness too in which there was no collision and no rivalry. The following is a specimen of their epistolary intercourse:—

DR. JOHNSON TO MR. GARRICK.

"Dear Sir: *May* 18, 1765.

"I know that great regard will be had to your opinion of an edition of Shakspeare; I desire, therefore, to secure an honest prejudice in my favour by securing your suffrage; and that this prejudice may really be honest, I wish you would name such plays as you would see, and they shall be sent to you by, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"Sam. Johnson."

Bah! *Most humble servant!* This is "affectations:" if Garrick had ever behaved to Johnson so as to prevent any more familiar style of address than this, the great Lexicographer ought not to have written to him at all, especially to ask a favour; and if Johnson by this distant style of address was offering an artificial and forced homage to the wealth and success of the actor, then all that we can say is that the great moralist looks very little. Garrick's letter to Johnson is quite as cool.

MR. GARRICK TO DR. JOHNSON.

"Dear Sir: *May* 31st, 1765.

"My brother greatly astonished me this morning by asking me, if I was a subscriber to your Shakspeare? I told him yes, that I was one of the first, and as soon as I heard of your intention; and that I gave you at the same time some other names, among which were the Duke of Devonshire, Mr. Beighton, &c. I cannot immediately have recourse to my memorandum, though I remember to have seen it just before I left England. I hope that you will recollect it, and not think me capable of neglecting to make you so trifling a compliment, which was doubly due from me; not only on account of the respect I have always had for your abilities, but from the sincere regard I shall ever pay to your friendship.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

"David Garrick."

It is not perhaps an easy matter at this time of day to find out which of the two first began humble-servanting the other. But we strongly suspect it was

the sturdy moralist. Dr. Johnson, we are told, would not suffer any one to abuse Garrick but himself; and we know that the Doctor in many of his recorded conversations used to speak very contemptuously of the profession of an actor, affecting to think that an actor was a mere imitator of the outward and visible signs of human emotion. We say, affecting to think so, because it is impossible that a man of Johnson's powers of mental analysis, should not be easily aware that, for the formation of an accomplished actor, as much of mind is requisite as for the construction of a moralist. Johnson was clearly jealous of Garrick's success, and was irritated perhaps at the pecuniary difference between himself and his fellow adventurer. It is possible too that Garrick was too much a man of the world for Johnson, and that the Doctor felt that he could not visit him as what we call an equal, and that he would not associate with him as a patron. It is also imaginable that the expression in the above letter—"so trifling a compliment," might be a specimen of the style which would annoy a susceptible mind; it looks, or it might have looked to a jealous eye as something like saying—"that what may be a matter of importance for you to receive, is a mere trifle for me to give." Be it, however, as it may, it exhibits a melancholy feature in the history of human nature, and is one of the many traits which assist in bringing down greatness to the level of littleness.

Garrick certainly was a great man, and he exhibited the true and infallible test of greatness—power over others, and leaving an impression on one form of society. Every really great mind produces a revolution, more or less, in the age in which it lives. Garrick produced a revolution in the stage; he gave a new life to the great drama of Shakspeare, and was by the power of his acting the means of extinguishing his own contemporary artificial dramatists. He improved the dramatic taste, but he could not create a dramatic power; therefore, though we have myriads of writers who could make such tragedies as Irene, Cleone, and the Siege of Damascus, yet none are made, for our taste outruns our power. In the course of this Correspondence are several letters, for the most part anonymous, criticising in a free, candid, and liberal spirit several minute particulars in Garrick's acting that are exceedingly interesting and curious. In a note to one of these, the editor observes:—

"There is no clue to the date of this really anonymous criticism, which is of the soundest kind. What difficulty I have, is to believe that Garrick could truly be so open to censure. The very reform introduced by him was the destruction of that eternal *chaunt*, which was the vice of the old school. The reader will admire, however, the humility of so great a genius in preserving the lecture among his papers."

We confess we do not see the difficulty which the editor sees. Let us take a sample of the criticism alluded to.

"Thus again, in the prologue to 'Henry the Fifth,'—

'Oh! for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention.'

"As you removed the stop at *fire* to the conclusion of the verse, you could not, of course, connect *ascend* with the subsequent line, to which it is related. But you was more remarkably incorrect in 'Venice Preserved,' and made more slips of this kind than in any other part which I had seen before; and this appeared the more singular, because the verses of that tragedy are, in general, far from being musical and flowing; at least they are not so harmonious as to deserve their being preserved entire, at the expense of the meaning. Take this example, from among many others—

'When in your brigantine you sail'd to see
The Adriatic wedded by our Duke,' &c.

you went through the first line without any intermission, and stopped short at the end, which necessarily broke in upon the sense, and occasioned an ambiguity in the expression; for it did not readily appear (as the ear could not distinguish) whether the poet had not wrote *you sail'd to sea;* whereas had you made only a brief pause after *sail'd,* and joined *to see* with the next verse, you would both have spoke with propriety and removed all possibility of an equivoque: and this error you was frequently guilty of throughout the whole performance, though, as I have not the play by me, I am unable to point out the rest."

It is amusing to read this contemporary criticism of the performance of the great actor, and especially when there are laid to his charge mistakes which in these days a spouting schoolboy would avoid. But we cannot agree with the editor in seeing any difficulty in the matter. It is true that Garrick's innovation and reformation consisted for the most part in breaking up the old monotonous chaunt of what was called the Imperial tragedy; but when we consider how thoroughly corrupted the English ear had been with that *see-saw*, pendulum-like spouting, it is not conceivable that it could be surmounted at once. The most radical of reformers must be contented with something of a gradual reform. The age in which Garrick appeared was altogether an age of artificiality and formality in every thing. It was the age in which the choir of Canterbury cathedral was fitted up after the taste of a Presbyterian meeting-house. It was the age in which people wrote poetry that sounded like Pope's, and meant nothing at all. It was the age of carved holly and clipped yew trees, of green walls and vegetable peacocks; it was the age of Dutch cupids and hoop petticoats, of tamboured waistcoats, laced hats, and nine-inch pigtails just superseding the two-bushel wigs that made the "human face divine" look like an owl in an ivy bush. The miracle is that Garrick did so much as he did; it is not to be wondered at that he did not do every thing at once; dryness and formality and unnaturalness of taste had been in his early days all the rage. It was his glory to break the ice so vigorously, to dissolve it so thoroughly; we must not wonder if for a while some fragments of broken ice were left floating as yet unthawed upon the stream.

By the way, now that we are speaking of the editor, whose judgment we generally commend, whose diligence is praiseworthy, and whose brief illustrative notes are so valuable as to make us wish for more, we must take the liberty to dissent from an opinion which he has expressed in the brief memoir of Garrick which is prefixed to the volume.

"Incidentally," says the Editor, "we would inform the reader of *one* error in the judgment of Mr. Garrick. The tragedy of *Douglas*, which he could not be persuaded to like, on the 14th of March, 1757, was acted with brilliant success at Covent-Garden Theatre."

In our opinion the error was not on the part of Mr. Garrick, but on the part of the Covent Garden audience. There was an adventitious interest in that tragedy on account of its author. There was an opposition in the public mind against the Puritanic rigidity of the Scotch clergy, who were scandalized at the anomaly of a reverend tragedian. The play itself is a mere barley-sugar tragedy, fit for such sucking actors as Master Betty, and a very *nice* play for a breaking-up frolic at a young gentleman's boarding-school, or a young ladies' either for that matter. Garrick may have committed many errors in judgment, but we will not allow that he erred in not liking *Douglas*.

We see in this collection, as of course we should expect, the indefatigable zeal which this great master of the art had for his profession. He was a man of genius and of as much judgment as genius; and he has left the impress of his judgment and his genius yet upon the stage. Though his acting cannot be like the painting of a deceased artist, placed before younger competitors for fame, there has been naturally and instinctively handed down by an imitative tradition some savour of his genius, something of the inartificial though not unstudied elasticity of his style. It is manifest enough that he studied, and that he studied closely and successfully. His letter to Powell, as manifesting his zeal for the art and his affectionate solicitude for the success of a younger artist, is honourable to him mentally and morally. It does great credit to both parties. There is one part of it which receives a striking illustration in this volume. "When the public has marked you for a favourite, you may choose what company you please, and none but the best can be of service to you." Garrick was here repeating his own experience. He had choice of company and made choice of the best, and this is a great charm of this publication. There may be some amusement in reading theatrical tactics and green-room squabbles of the last

century; there may be some sport in perusing the gravely-penned defences of a stupid tragedy, and in watching the developements of conceit and incompetence; but there is no book which a man would not lay down for the sake of perusing an original letter from Bishop Warburton, Lord Camden, Edmund Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, John Hoadly, Mrs. Montagu, *cum multis aliis*, whose communications enrich this volume. It would perhaps signify little what they wrote, and peradventure the least important the more interesting, for one likes to see how great minds manage little matters. We have had occasion to observe at the beginning of this article that the letters were characteristic of the writers; we may repeat the remark here with a special reference to Bishop Warburton. Take the following extracts:—

"Dodsley is a wretched fellow, and no man ever met with a worse return than you have done for your endeavours to serve him. I deny your position, that *scholars and men of ability applaud his trumpery;* for take my word for it, a learne blockhead is a blockhead still!"

Again:

"I am to thank you for myself, and your friends at Prior Park, for two copies of the new piece of 'High Life Below-stairs.' I have read it with extreme pleasure and satisfaction. I add the last, because *satisfaction* in works of wit does not always go along with our pleasure."

Once more:

"Somebody or other told me, that in the thing called 'Bibliogr.' or 'Biograph. Brit.' there is a Life of Pope, in which Mr. Allen is spoken of as a rich Quaker. Is it possible there can be such creatures in the world? or is this scribbler an aboriginal Grubbeian, who was not only born in a garret, but had never in his whole life descended it and come down amongst men?"

And yet once more:

"Speaking of *eloquence*, I am naturally put in mind of you and Shakspeare. It may be a question who is most dishonoured; you by the idle boys called *spouters*, or Shakspeare by the idler men called critics and editors? Both of you are answerable for them. Your several excellencies have produced them, as weeds spring up and are ready to choke the richest gifts of Ceres. Editions on editions of our immortal favourite are daily springing up—I was ready, very improperly, to say, and showing their *heads*. But of all these idiots, the greatest sure is one Capell. While others have procured for themselves the advantage of being embalmed alive in the liquid amber of the poet, this man seems to have been only able to gibbet himself above-ground over his grave."

There are several superb specimens of the epistolary facility and felicity of Mrs. Montagu, whose pen seems to have had a peculiar plastic power to form into the most graceful shapes and attitudes whatever it touched. Now Garrick must have been truly a great man to command such intimacies and to enjoy such society. He kept up, as Warburton rightly said of him, the dignity of his profession, and he certainly showed himself at once the man of genius and a man of the world. He did not seem to think it necessary to play tricks for distinction, or to wander into extravagance for the purpose of notoriety. It was not by running out of the path, but by outrunning others in it that Garrick was able to place himself so conspicuously in the world's eye. Judging from his correspondence, he seems not to have been a tuft-hunter, for though he reckoned men of title among his friends and correspondents, there was not one of the whole set whose society was not valuable, independent of any distinction from title; they were for the most part men who brought honour to their rank rather than derived honour from it.

We knew the character of Garrick before we read this Correspondence, we know it better now. We have seen his picture and now we see his statue—an honourable monument to his memory are these pages.

THE IRISH YEOMANRY,—THE IRISH MEMBERS,—AND LORD GREY.

The most insolent and base of human creatures is the low-bred Irish Protestant Loyalist. He is a local and unique production of an inveterate system of bad government—a sort of diseased excrescence upon the otherwise sound stock of loyalty and protestantism. Having nothing but his protestantism to boast of, he fancies that the ascendancy of religious caste gilds over his intrinsic vileness. The spirit of persecution is inborn with him, and his social position is such as to stimulate that most unsocial instinct to savage rancour. Clothe his sordid superiority in a red coat, place a tufted cap upon his head, a bayonet by his side, and a musket in his hands, and you have an infuriate zealot, ready and eager, upon the slightest provocation, or upon no provocation at all, to commemorate the events, or conclude the orgies of a party anniversary, by shedding blood. You have, in short, a personification of that Irish Yeomanry, to preserve which, Lord Grey seems prepared to hazard his existence as a minister, and the peace of Ireland.

It is difficult to conceive the motives of the Government. There is in them something that appears little short of infatuation. The Irish Yeomanry have long been a nuisance, without one redeeming advantage. They have neither past services, nor present need, nor respectable condition, nor numerical force, to plead for their preservation, or atone for the mischiefs which they have caused. Altogether their existing efficient force does not exceed 12 or 15,000 men. This probably is a great over-statement. They are, for the most part, of the mere populace: they are disowned by the great mass of respectable Irish protestants, and abhorred, of course, by seven millions of Irish Catholics.

But it is said, "they put down the rebellion of 1798, and preserved the connexion." This is their common cry, and that of their partisans. It is one of the grossest and rankest misrepresentations ever made. The Yeomanry provoked the Wexford insurrection by their atrocities practised upon the unprotected and unarmed peasantry; and, with the cowardice so commonly allied to cruelty, they fled from the armed, or rather half-armed rebels, and from the wretched handful of French desperadoes which landed in the West.

To come but very briefly to particulars:—The Irish Yeomanry were embodied and armed towards the close of 1796. It was a measure of defence adopted in imitation of a similar enrolment in England. But the elements out of which this armed force was constituted, and the public danger which was to be provided against, were essentially different in the two countries. In England, the popular feeling was not divided or embittered by Sectarian animosity and party hatred, and the chief, if not the only danger, was from the foreign enemy. In Ireland, all the furies of civil and religious war were raging, or struggling in the bosom of the community, from one extremity of the island to the other. To put arms into the hands of the dominant and less numerous faction, was to place at the mercy of its passions the adverse and more numerous, but unarmed one. Accordingly, many persons of great political authority and undoubted attachment to the connexion with Great Britain, strongly deprecated

the measure of an armed Irish Yeomanry, even in 1796. It was, however, most unhappily adopted. A great mass of respectable and humane Protestants enrolled themselves, it is true, and whole corps, in some instances, acted with exemplary moderation. These, however, were rare exceptions. The basest and most wicked portion of any multitude—and these corps were but multitudes—in such cases always obtain the ascendant. Humanity or justice incurred the suspicion of disloyalty; and atrocities were committed, and regarded as proofs of loyal zeal.

But to come directly to the point, whether the Yeomanry put down the rebellion of 1798. In the first place, it should be recollected, and it is too generally forgotten, or not known, that the Irish rebellion, as organized by the United Irishmen, never broke out at all. The disclosures of the informer Reynolds, and the arrest and death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, reduced the conspiracy to a state of dissolution. The match was withdrawn, and explosion was impossible. The Government knew this well; but whether from the difficulty of restraining the faction which had already been armed and let loose, without the control of military discipline, or the law of the land,—or from the horrible policy of goading the Irish people to open rebellion, in order to lay a foundation for the Union,—whatever the cause, in short, the country was still left a prey to military execution, and all the crimes and horrors in its train. Only one brief month before the insurrection began in Wexford, that true, and therefore humane, soldier, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, represented to the Irish Government, that a system of lenity and justice would much sooner and more effectually restore tranquillity; and that the example of the Yeomanry was corrupting the discipline of the regular troops. His representations were slighted by the Government, and he resigned his command in disgust. Sir John Moore, another brave and generous soldier, pronounced the Irish Yeomanry the most ferocious and dastardly rabble in existence, savage or civilized; and declared that the regular troops and militia were inhumanized by contact with them.

Persons not only of base condition, but of the most degrading and brutalizing occupations, were invested with the magistracy, and with the captaincy of a corps of Yeomanry. One specimen will suffice. A person named Gowan had distinguished himself in Wexford and the adjoining districts as a thief-catcher, and was rewarded by the Irish Government—very properly, it may be admitted—with a pension of a hundred a-year. Upon the adoption of the system of burning, whipping, half-hanging, and the Yeomanry, he was invested, not quite so properly, with the commission of the peace, and the command of a Yeomanry corps. He soon, and very characteristically, signalized himself. After a day's chace in Wexford—(*this, be it remembered, before the insurrection had yet broken out,*)—he entered the town of Gorey, at the head of his corps in triumph, with his sword drawn, and a human finger (the epithet is perhaps expletive,) stuck upon its point. This was not all: the gallant Captain and his corps having dined together, they, like true sportsmen, stirred their punch with the amputated finger, as other sportsmen do in Ireland with the fox's brush. His gallantry did not stop even here; he carried the finger with him as a trophy, not only in his military movements, but in his friendly

visits, and produced it to the admiring curiosity of his friends. In one instance, a young lady having turned away in disgust, the Captain of Yeomanry slily and gallantly slipped the amputated rebel finger into her bosom, and threw her into hysterics.

This, however, was but a mere pleasantry, compared with the whippings, strangulations, burnings, and all the nameless horrors committed in savage sport, under pretence of extorting information from the wretched peasantry, at the very moment when they were actually surrendering their arms and their persons to the tender mercies of the Irish Yeomen magistrates. A party of Yeomen, by way of episode, brought twenty-eight prisoners into a Fives Court, and shot them without even the burlesque formality of trial. Achievements like these produced their natural consequences—not the suppression of rebellion, or restoration of peace, as the Yeomanry and their partisans have the effrontery to assert; but the flight of the peasantry in Wexford county, and in some districts of Kildare and Wicklow, from their homes,—or from the smouldering ruins, which had been their homes,—and their congregating together, with the natural instinct of self-preservation, to make a struggle, however hopeless, for their lives.

Such was the origin of the insurrection; the momentary refuge of poor peasants, without leaders, arms, preparation, or previous concert, driven to desperation by the cruelties which threatened or had been already practised on them.

Now, let us see what was the behaviour of this loyal and gallant Yeomanry, in the very first collision with the insurgent mob of a few parishes, weak in number, and wretchedly armed. It will be best collected from the following passage in the narrative of an eye-witness.

"The great suspense felt by the inhabitants of Wexford, during the whole of this day, on account of so sudden an insurrection, now grew into serious alarm, such as unexpected news like this must inspire. The lamentations of the unfortunate widows and orphans of the soldiers who had fallen in the encounter encreased the general consternation. These ran about the streets clapping their hands, quite frantic, mixing their piteous moanings with the cries of their children, and uttering their bitterest maledictions against the Yeomen, whom they reproached with cowardice, and with having run away and left their husbands to destruction."

On the second occasion they behaved no better; having come in sight of the rebels, on the hill of Oulard, the Yeomen wheeled back the way they came, "burning the houses of suspected persons," says the same narrative, "and putting every straggler to death on their way." Again, another narrative says,

"Those who remained within their houses were brought out and shot at their own doors—nay, some decrepid old men were put to death by these valorous guardians of the public peace. But they were not always inexorable, as a sum of money, timely presented, saved some, &c. Among those who were afterwards compelled to disgorge their bloody ransoms, Mr. H—— G—— [the hero of the bloody finger,] a magistrate and captain of Yeomanry, &c. &c."

What was their conduct when the rebels approached and had not yet attacked the town of Wexford, which was in a perfectly defensible state, and the head-quarters of the civil and military authorities.

"The confusion and dismay were so great, that officers and privates ran

promiscuously through the town, threw off their uniforms, or hid themselves—some threw their arms and ammunition into the water—some ran to the gaol and placed themselves under the protection of Mr. Harvey, [some wretches, whose lives this unfortunate gentleman had saved, were the first to clamour for his blood, and disputed his remains with the more humane hangman, in order to indulge in atrocious and unspeakable outrages upon his inanimate corpse;] officers, magistrates, and yeomen of every description endeavoured to escape, and many of them put on women's clothes, &c."

We will add one trait more from the history of Mr. Gordon, a Protestant clergyman of unquestioned loyalty, also a witness of the insurrection.

"A small occurrence after the battle, of which a son of mine was a witness, may help to illustrate the state of the country at that time. Two Yeomen coming to a brake or clump of bushes, and observing a slight motion, as if some persons were hiding there, one of them fired into it, and the shot was answered by a piteous and loud screech of a child. The other Yeoman was then urged by his companion to fire, but he being a gentleman, and less ferocious, instead of firing, commanded the concealed person to appear, when a poor woman and eight children, almost naked, one of whom was severely wounded, came trembling from the brake where they had concealed themselves for safety."

There is the testimony of the same writer, somewhat timidly expressed, as might be expected at the time in Ireland, that the insurrection was provoked by the outrages of the Loyalists.

"Whether an insurrection in the then existing state of the kingdom would have taken place? &c. if no acts of severity had been committed by the soldiery, the yeomen, and their supplementaries, without the authority of their superiors, or the command of the magistrate, is a question which I will not positively answer. The terror of whipping was so great, that the people would have been glad to renounce for ever all notions of opposition to the Government, if they could have been assured of permission to remain in a state of quietness."

The insurgents, as might be expected, retaliated dreadfully, and by one especial atrocity, the very thought of which makes the imagination start with horror and the blood run cold—the burning or assassination of prisoners in the barn of Scullabogue. Let it be remembered, however, how many crimes and cruelties had been suffered by the perpetrators of this barbarous act; and that the Yeomanry inflicted death and torture without discrimination: let it be remembered that the regular military gave no quarter, but hanged, shot, or tortured prisoners, armed and unarmed; let it be remembered that the murderers of Scullabogue were the relatives of men, women, and children, who had been the victims of other miscreants, inhuman as themselves; that they bore, many of them, upon their own persons, the scars and mutilations of the cat-o'-nine-tails, the triangle, and the pitched cap—let all these facts be taken into account, and the guilt will be divided between the perpetrators and those who provoked the deed. Had the Yeomen been less savage and ferocious, and had General Johnson a touch of the humanity of Abercrombie and Moore, human nature would have been spared this horrid massacre of Scullabogue.

Without adding more, or dwelling further on the dreadful reminiscences of the Irish rebellion, it may be put not only to Lord Grey, but to the Duke of Wellington, were he minister, whether, even in case of internal danger to the peace of Ireland to-morrow, the Irish Yeomanry is the sort of force that, in common humanity, or common

prudence, should be employed against it. An insurrection would be easily suppressed by the superior power and regular military force of England; but the employment of the Irish Yeomanry, so far from aiding, would but provoke resistance, perpetuate hatred and hostility, and throw back the peace, liberty, and civilization of the country to an incalculable period.

It would be a waste of time to recapitulate the proceedings and the mischiefs of the Irish Yeomanry since the rebellion and Union with Great Britain. Upon the restoration of tranquillity, or what was so called, the more respectable of the Protestant Yeomanry force surrendered their arms, and confined themselves to their ordinary occupations. They were chiefly the dregs of Protestantism that remained embodied, especially in three of the four provinces. Had the Government acted wisely, the whole force would have been disembodied and disarmed at the time. The remnant corps of Yeomanry were employed much more in acts of private oppression and spoliation by the petty tyrants, the jobbing loyalists, and the *trading* and *tithing magistrates*, who commanded them, than in the enforcement of the laws or preservation of tranquillity. Instead of serving the purposes of legitimate police, they were employed as armed satellites in acts of oppression, injustice, or exaction. The most innocent use of them was in upholding the vulgar pomp of some village aristocrat. Their utter inefficiency, as preservers of the peace, is proved by the fact that Mr. Peel, who, in spite of his party bias, had no common merit as Chief Secretary in Ireland, found it necessary to transfer the police of the country from the magistrates and Yeomanry to stipendiary officers and a constabulary force.

In Dublin and the North of Ireland they were more numerous and mischievous. For several years the peace of the Irish metropolis, and of several towns and districts, was periodically compromised. Three or four anniversaries in the year were celebrated with riot and bloodshed. For some time after the Rebellion, the Catholics were so cowed into submission that they crouched under the insulting voice of the licensed faction; but they at last grew into a stronger sense of their manhood, and the streets and fields in several places were periodically ensanguined. This was not the only, or perhaps the worst evil. The administration of justice was corrupted at its source. The trial by jury became an instrument to kill, not save the innocent; to shield, not punish the guilty. The Orange Yeomanry had a monopoly of juries, and acquitted their partisans in spite of the clearest evidence and the charge of the judge. "Thank God, gentlemen, that is your verdict not mine," said Chief Justice Bushe, as humane a man as lives, in a case tried before him, when a man guilty of murder upon the clearest proof was pronounced not guilty.

It was thought advisable at last to check the fervour of this loyal Yeomanry, and forbid their processions. Lord Wellesley was the first chief governor who seriously grappled with this insolent spirit of faction and domination, and was near suffering martyrdom for the performance of his duty. A loyal ruffian threw an empty bottle at his head from the gallery of the theatre, whilst he sat in state at the performance, and because the weapon, had it taken effect, would only have dashed out the Lord Lieutenant's brains, and not per-

forated his body, as a pistol bullet, or a poniard, it was pronounced not to be an attempt to assassinate, but only a pardonable ebullition of loyal Protestant zeal.

The Yeomanry were chiefly formidable, not from their military organization, but from their secret and sworn association as Orangemen. A considerable step was made towards restoring equal justice, when a law was passed, under Lord Wellesley's auspices, declaring Orange societies illegal. But the great measure which laid the foundation of equal justice, and the peace of Ireland, was the Catholic Relief Bill. The rubicon was here passed — the great superiority, the stronghold of ascendancy was razed to the ground, and all the minor forts should have been also abandoned. The whole political frame of Government should have been, or should now be, readjusted in accordance with the change in its main principle. Every source of jealousy, every badge of superiority, every vestige of the English pale and of Protestant colonization, should be removed as a necessary complement to the Relief Bill.

We firmly believe, that were the Duke of Wellington Prime Minister when the Newtownbarry massacre recently took place, he would, upon receiving authentic information of the facts, have disarmed and disembodied the Irish Yeomanry. As a soldier, he would have been disgusted with the dastardly and disorderly spectacle of military execution upon a defenceless and flying multitude, and with his energy and direct march to his end, he would have abated the nuisance with scarcely a murmur of disapprobation.

Lord Anglesey is distinguished among, if not beyond, the warriors of his day and of Europe, for that brilliant and generous endowment which in soldiers is called gallantry, and no man doubtless could have shrunk with more horror from such a transaction as that of Newtownbarry. He had not, however, the requisite discretionary power to act with celerity, and his measures of government would be more vigilantly watched and inveterately opposed in Ireland by the Orange Tories, as those of the organ of a liberal and reforming Ministry. But yet we believe, that had Lord Anglesey, instead of issuing through his private Secretary a languid rebuke of the Newtownbarry massacrers, withdrawn their arms from the Yeomanry throughout the country, his doing so would be only the wonder of a week in Ireland, and the subject of a few interrogatories to Ministers in Parliament by Lord Farnham,—Bishop Elrington,—that prosperous trader in cant who has exchanged the quarter-deck for the conventicle, Captain Gordon,—and the saintly Sergeant Lefroy, who thinks he is indulging the overflowings of Christian charity when he distributes evangelical advice and subscription Bibles to the poor. Lord Wicklow would have spared his questions and his common-places, and Lord Londonderry, those curious exhibitions of rambling nonsense, intemperate imbecility, and discordant tones, which he mistakes for speech-making. An incident, however, has since and recently taken place, which gives the question of the Irish Yeomanry new importance, and affords the Opposition a handle of which they are adroitly availing themselves to entrap and upset the Minister, and defeat the Reform Bill. This last is the great but secret object, and not the question of the honour or existence of the Irish Yeomanry, about which those Lords are perfectly indifferent. In fact, there is not a

single movement of the Opposition upon this or any other question, domestic or foreign, which may not be detected to be a masked manœuvre against Reform.

The incident to which we allude is this. The public is aware that about twenty Irish members waited in a body on Lord Grey, and submitted to him, if not as the condition of their support, at least as a friendly suggestion, the disarming of the Irish Yeomanry. It is also known that the Minister declined adopting their advice, but informed them that the matter should be considered. They separated amicably, and a second meeting between the same Members and the Irish Secretary at Lord Althorp's took place soon after. On this occasion the Secretary stated a plan contemplated for the modification of the Yeomanry in a less dangerous and obnoxious form. The confederated Members, however, rejected all compromise, and demanded the unqualified disembodying of the Yeomanry. Lord Grey was offended, and justly, at the tone of the letter in which he had been requested to grant the interview. The Irish Secretary and other Members of the Government were revolted by the unaccommodating and exacting temper of the Irish Commoners; the idea suggested itself, that though Lord Killean was the ostensible chief, Mr. O'Connell was the secret getter up behind the scenes; that, in fact, though the Catholic Lord was the mouth-piece, the Catholic demagogue was the head-piece of the party, and the Government in its pique resolved to abandon even the modification of the Irish Yeomanry. The Opposition of course got wind, of what, indeed, was no secret to any body, in the course of the same evening. A schism between the Minister and at least twenty Irish Members returned by the popular interest would shake the Administration to its centre. To confirm and perpetuate this schism, Lord Wicklow put his questions, and with success; he drew from Lord Grey certain expressions if not pledges on the subject of the Irish Yeomanry which put to the utmost hazard his relations of confidence with the popular representatives and the people of Ireland. The cheers and eulogies of the Borough Lords should alone have satisfied Lord Grey that he had compromised his own cause, and was playing into the hands of the adversary.

What one claim of justice or policy have the Irish Yeomanry, we ask, upon an enlightened and independent Minister? We have shown not their inefficiency but absolute maleficence, in provoking not putting down insurrection in 1798. No proof is wanting, for the facts are notorious, that, ever since, their factious ascendancy and armed organization has produced outrage, bloodshed, and permanent party rancour. But it is a point of honour, forsooth, that they shall not be disembodied. The honour of many other corps—barristers, attorneys, merchants, and country gentlemen, was not tarnished when they were disembodied and disarmed. What, then, is there so very sacred in the mere raggamuffins of the Dublin corporation and their fellows in other towns?

Their past services, their future uses, and their honour thus disposed of, another question remains: Are the Yeomanry, it is asked, to be placed at the mercy of the Catholics?—No surely. In the East, West, and South of Ireland, the Catholics so immensely outnumber them, that they are not at this moment with their few muskets and bayonets a whit less at the mercy of those whom they call their ene-

mies than they would be if disbanded. In the North, their being disembodied would only deprive them of the stimulants to provoke party affrays and bloodshed.

The Catholics certainly regard the Orangemen with hostile and vindictive feelings. But is there no power in the Government to control their passions or punish their offences? What a state that of a people so divided by religious or political party spirit, that the minority is safe from the majority only by having arms in their hands! The supposition is most unfounded, and the lesson it may be added most pernicious. The abolition of the Yeomanry would only place those who compose it on a level with their other fellow subjects, under the common protection of the laws and public authorities. They would be deprived not of security but of a factious insulting ascendancy.

But according to Lord Wicklow, "The Yeomanry of the North of Ireland would meet the project with contempt, and organize themselves into an irresponsible armed body." We have already stated, and probably overstated, the actual numerical force of the Orange Yeomanry. The Government which they could treat with contempt would not stand, and would not deserve to stand an hour. The liberal Protestants, the whole of the Catholics, and the law of the land are opposed to them, and would crush them as "a butterfly upon a wheel." Even those Tory Anti-reform Lords, who affect to patronize them at present, only use them as tools against the Government and the Reform Bill. They know well that public tranquillity and the security of property in Ireland have been not promoted but brought in peril by the Yeomanry. Lord Wicklow himself, after threatening the Government with "the contempt of the Irish Yeomanry," changed his ground and held out the menace of their emigrating to some distant land. The first line of his poetical and pathetic quotation might be aptly retorted upon him as a motto for his clients.* They will emigrate forsooth, because they are not allowed to retain arms which they have so often and so recently stained with the blood of their fellow subjects, and which they will again stain with it if not deprived of them. The Irish Yeomanry have all the insolence and turbulence of Janizaries, without their force or numbers, and are as odious and mischievous.

It is strange that Lord Grey should so soon have forgotten the evidence respecting them, given before the Committee of the House of Lords. Major Warburton, an active and experienced stipendiary magistrate, declared that the employment of the Yeomanry in the preservation of the peace, had an injurious effect, and would be discontinued with advantage. General Egerton declared in his evidence, that the Yeomanry in the North of Ireland were the chief authors of disorder and animosity. Doctor Elmore, an Englishman, resident in Ireland, also ascribes to them mischievous effects. Doctor Church describes them as propagating Orangeism, alarm, and animosity in the South of Ireland. The Yeomanry, it has been said, comprise Catholics as well Protestants. Colonel Verner, the head of

---

* "——— *Gaudent perfusi sanguine fratrum,*
Exilioque domos et dulcia limina mutant,
Atque alio patriam quærunt sub Sole jacentem."

the Irish Orangemen, declares that a Catholic would not be admitted into any corps, in that part of the country with which he is acquainted.

But this, is only combatting shadows. The shield thrown over the Irish Yeomanry, both by the Ministry and Opposition, is a mere delusion. The latter have put forward the Yeomanry, we repeat, as a stalking horse against the advance of Reform, and the former have now taken them under their protection from a secretly working and unworthy jealousy of being dictated to by a demagogue.

The recent combination of Irish Members was not, we believe, a manœuvre of Mr. O'Connell's; but even if it were, should such a consideration make a truly high-minded Minister swerve from the career of his public duty, or his views of policy?

Mr. O'Connell has been long yearning after the leadership of an Irish party within the walls of Parliament. Among the Irish Catholic Members he has not a friend. They know too well his intolerant, voracious vanity to be such, that he would wish himself the only Irish Catholic Member of the House of Commons. One or two Protestant Members, who have their secret views, combined with a boisterous exaggeration of Irish patriotism and liberalism, may support him with the express assurance, or secret hope, that this "united force" would be applicable to their political jobs.

A compact Irish party in the House of Commons may do good, but Mr. O'Connell must be excluded from it. He will be the open dictator or the secret manager of those about him as mere puppets, or he will introduce confusion and discord. He will drag them through mire and mischief at his tail, or turn round and revile them with all the powers of his rhetoric and ribaldry. He cannot be trusted for a day—not, perhaps, for an hour. In the savageness of his impulses, his interests or his caprices, he spurns the ties of good faith, gratitude, or his pledge, with reckless effrontery. He does not acknowledge or respect the conventional decencies or moral obligations which bind other men. Perhaps the greatest proof of his innate energy and talents is, that he has maintained himself in spite of a career so marked as his by the grossest compromises and tergiversations. He owes much, however, to the facility with which the multitude in Ireland can be besotted and deluded.

But this combination of Irish Members, which had within itself the elements of discord and dissolution, and which most likely is broken up at the moment when we write these lines, has given a wound to the Administration. Lord Grey may yet retrace his steps and recover his position. It is certainly a mortification to be dictated to by a cabal or a demagogue, but it is even apparently still more mortifying to be thought afraid of a faction, or duped by insidious arts and hollow commendations.

THE SONG OF THE BRAVE MAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

Of the Brave Man, high sounds the praise,
As organ-tone or pealing bell;
Whom gold repays not, song repays;
High courage, song repays it well!
Thank God, I sing! so I can raise
A proud song to the brave man's praise!

A thaw-wind came from the southern sea,
And moist through Italy it blew;
As 'fore the wolf the scared herds flee,
So the wild clouds before it flew:
It drench'd the fields, the frost unlock'd,
And the swoln streams with freed ice block'd.

The mountain snows thaw'd suddenly;
Down were a thousand floods impell'd;
The meadow-vale became a sea,
And the great river swell'd and swell'd;
High roll'd its waves along their course
Huge blocks of ice with mighty force.

The river, spann'd from side to side
A bridge, well built of freestone good,
On pillars and strong arches wide;
And on it a small toll-house stood,
Where dwelt, with wife and child, a man—
"Fly, Tollman, quickly, while you can!"

The threat'ning ruin o'er them hung,
And storm and waves howl'd round about;
Up to the roof the Tollman sprung,
And wildly through the rock look'd out.
"Merciful Heaven! O pity thou!
Lost are we!—who can save us now?"

On roll'd the ice-flood's furious course,
Now here now there, from shore to shore,
And from both shores, with rushing force,
The pillars and the arches tore.
The active man, with wife and child,
Than stream or wind cried yet more wild.

On roll'd the ice flood, shock on shock,
'Gainst both ends of the bridge it dash'd,
And pillar after pillar shook;
One moment shook, and then down crash'd.
Against the middle strikes it now—
Merciful Heaven! O pity thou!

High on the farther shore there stands
A crowd of people, great and small,
And each one cries and wrings his hands,
And yet no succour brings at all;
The while the Tollman wildly made,
Through stream and wind, demand for aid.

Song of the Brave, when soundest thou
Like organ-tone and pealing bell?
Go to!—so name him, name him now!
Sweet song, his name when wilt thou tell?
The flood strikes 'gainst the middle now—
Oh! brave man, brave man, where art thou?

Quick gallop'd then unto the strand
An Earl—on a proud horse rode he;
What held that good Earl in his hand?
A purse, as full as it could be:
"Two hundred pistoles," spoke he clear,
"For him who saves the three, are here!"

And now, the Earl, is he the brave?
Say on, my noble song, say on:—
By the high God, the Earl was brave!
And yet I know a braver one.—

Brave man! brave man, let's look on thee—
For ruin now comes frightfully!

And higher, higher rose the swell,
  And louder, louder howl'd the storm,
Yet lower still men's courage fell.—
  O saviour, saviour! quickly come;
For gone is every pillar's stay,
And next the mid-arch must give way!

"Hollo! hollo! Up, boldly dare!"
  High held the Earl that purse of worth,
And all men heard, yet all forbear—
  Out of the thousands none stepp'd forth;
Vainly, through stream and wind, yet made
The Tollman his lorn cry for aid!

See, see a simple countryman
  With walking-staff in hand comes now;
Coarse was the garment he had on,
  Yet noble was his form and brow:
He heard the Earl, he took his word,
And the poor Tollman's cry he heard.

Then boldly, in God's name, he sprang
  Into the nearest fishing-boat;
Spite whirlpool, storm, and tempest-clang,
  Safely the light bark kept afloat—
Yet woe! the boat was all too small
From death, at once, to rescue all!

And three times, spite of tempest's rack,
  The small boat flood and whirlpool braved,
And three times happily came back—
  And thus they all were nobly saved:
Yet scarce the last safe port had won,
When, crash! the latest arch came down.

Who is the brave man—who is he?
  Say on, my noble song, say on—
He risk'd his life most generously;
  Yet for reward was it not done;
Since, had the Earl his pistoles spared,
Perchance, his life he had not dared.

"Here," said the Earl, "my valiant friend,
  Is thy reward—'tis thine—come forth!"
Say now, could aught that act amend?—
  By God! his was a heart of worth!—
Yet beat for a far nobler part,
Beneath his cloak, that peasant's heart.

"My life," said he, "may not be sold;
  I want not, though my wealth be small;
To the poor Tollman give thy gold,
  Who in the flood has lost his all."
Thus, with a kind voice, did he say,—
Then turn'd his steps, and went his way.

Of the brave man high sounds the praise,
  As organ-tone or pealing bell;
Whom gold repays not, song repays;
  High courage, song repays it well!
Thank God, I sing! so I can raise
Immortal songs, brave men to praise!

M. H.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Fashionable Morality: *quocunque modo, rem.*—The fashionable morality of this country takes no cognizance of debt. No disgrace attaches to contracting debts beyond means, so long as the party contrives to keep up the appearances accordant with his pretensions or place in society. Many a man dines at a sumptuous table perfectly aware that his host has no honest means of supporting it, and that in fact he is dining through the ingenuity of his entertainer at the cost of the tradesmen who have furnished the treat; but this knowledge does not disturb the guest's gratification, and in no wise diminishes his regard for the liberal, hospitable fellow at the foot of the table. He merely considers how long it is likely to last, and, booking his friend ultimately for Boulogne, or the King's Bench, resolves to have as large a share as is offered in his fortune up to the day of the "break up." Among the young men of fashion, or pretension to fashion, there are few who do not spend three times their incomes or allowances, and they make a jest of their consequent embarrassments, and brag of success in contracting fresh debts as in success in the debauchery of women. One of those rakes, whose maxims are received as oracles by the young fry of profligates, used to say that he always rated his income by the amount of his yearly bills; "for," argued he, "if I have not had money, I have had so much money's worth, for which, without a miracle, I can and shall never pay. So it is clear acquisition." The slang phrase—"*who suffers?*" for, who supplies? expresses with sufficient clearness the correct apprehension of the relation of debtor and creditor. The laws of humanity are not supposed to run into shops, and the ruin that may be brought upon tradespeople by the exchange of bad debts for expensive goods is never thought of. The reasoning which satisfies the spendthrift, if he reasons at all, and which even makes him esteem himself an instrument of justice, is this—"These people charge more than they ought—they impose, they are exorbitant, and therefore not to pay them is to punish them properly." So long as the profligate supports himself and his establishment on credit with tradesmen, or more correctly speaking, by the deceit of his tradespeople, he will retain the repute of society, and, however notorious among his acquaintances his dishonest expedients may be, not a door will be closed against him, not a hand refused to him, not an address cooled to him, not an intercourse declined. It is then an affair of the *bourgeois*, who may take care of themselves, and it is known that no men live so well according to their stations as those whose orders for supply are unchecked by the remotest idea of pay. The moment, however, that the gentleman attempts to lay contributions in the way of loan on his friends, he is marked as dangerous, and, if he succeed according to his usual manner, he is put down as a decided black sheep. This game of borrowing never begins till the other of credit, so much easier and more comfortable to dishonest pride, is played out to the last card. With the instinct of self-preservation, the symptoms are then discerned by associates. We once heard a Prince of Exquisites say, after some moments of silent and apparently profound cogitation, "I don't know what is the matter with D——," (continuing, with emphasis on every syllable,) "I observe that of late he wears very shabby clothes!" This D—— was his bosom friend, that is to say, the confident and companion of all his debaucheries, and the shabby clothes alarmed him as portentous of the exhaustion of his run of credit. The life of Sheridan is familiar to every one, and it will be remarked that so long as he could get credit of tradespeople, he kept his friends and his respect, which is indeed the same thing with his table. A man never loses his respect while he keeps his table. Let us see the charcoal fires glowing in the red brick ranges; let us hear the stoves simmering; and the saucepans bubbling; and the spits turning; let us see the chief with white apron and mitre of culinary episcopacy on head—let us see these things in the kitchen below, and we know that nothing in the world above will strip that man of friends and the consideration of society, for the stomach of the world is open to him. The story of Jonas is a parable to this effect: though cast away, he lived in the world's

stomach, as many a Jonas does now. There is no law of morality which the kitchen will not melt. Cover a man with fraud, falsehood, nay, sprinkle him with blood, yet if his cookery and wines be good, society shall cleave unto him. This is the formula of excusation—"They tell some ugly stories about him of which I know nothing—they may be true or they may be false—all I know is that he keeps a devilish good table and gives capital wines." Who will throw the first stone at a man who does this? who will throw a stone which might upset the turtle soup before him, or peradventure demolish a bottle of the fine old hock? A good table serves any one as a wall of brass, and even a mediocre table is a sound defence. One of two courses would hold out against breaches of all the articles of the decalogue, and secure to boot a chaplain to say grace at the foot of it, though the devil himself sat at the head. Poor Sheridan, therefore, as we observed before, so long as he could by credit maintain his table, never lost his friends or the great world's respect; but immediately his dining set was broken up, his associates took alarm at his irregularities, and professed scandal at his shifts.

Bearing in mind this state of morality, which has no existence in any other country in the world except among the common cheats, the difficulty of improving the debtor and creditor laws is perfectly intelligible. The evasion of creditors by residence abroad is an arrangement which is so sanctioned by fashionable and aristocratic example, that it were difficult to raise a question of its propriety. The Hon. Tom Shuffleton does it—Sir Charles Swindlem does it, "et multi et boni," which being translated, signifies many persons who live in good style abroad, though they would live at home in a prison. The proposal to get at the property of these fraudulent absentees, is received as the proposal would be to kill foxes in their holes. Lord Wynford has brought in a Bill which includes this object, and its treatment exemplifies the direction of aristocratic sympathies, corrupted as they are by the fashionable morality we have described. It will be well to place before our readers the scope of Lord Wynford's proposed measure. He observes that—

"It often happened that when judgment was recovered in this country, the only means by which the creditor could get the fruits of it was by imprisonment of the person of the debtor. This remedy might have been effectual when prisons were not quite so comfortable as they were now. But now, when the prisoners had the rules, it was found that prisons and their rules afforded very comfortable lodgings, and the consequence was that imprisonment was in many instances quite inadequate to compel debtors to pay their debts, although they had abundant means of doing so. Although they should have double the amount of their debts in the Funds, or in the hands of third persons, they often preferred remaining in prison, or going abroad, to the payment of their debts. Large properties were thus spent in prison and in foreign countries which ought to go to pay the debts due to creditors, whose ruin was often the consequence of non-payment. There were in one of the prisons of the metropolis one hundred persons who had the means to pay, and yet chose to remain in prison rather than pay one farthing; and thousands had absconded and gone abroad to avoid the payment of their debts. He had received many communications, by post, from bankers and others, complaining of this state of the law, and urging him to proceed with his Bill. He had long turned this subject in his mind, and he could not devise any adequate remedy, except by subjecting those who stood in the situation of fraudulent debtors to the Bankrupt Laws, although they were not traders. The object of this Bill was not to extend the Bankrupt Laws to all descriptions of persons, but only to those, not being traders, who fraudulently refused to pay their debts when they had the power to pay. It was only applying to them the same law to which the most honourable merchants were subject. And then it ought to be observed that the bankrupt had some privileges which did not belong to the mere insolvent; for if his bankruptcy was owing to misfortune, and he himself was clear from blame, he had an allowance made to him, and both his person and future property were protected by his certificate. It had been objected that a debtor of this description might, under this Bill, in case he did not surrender in a given time, be transported as a felon; but that would depend on the discretion of the Lord Chancellor; and a decidedly fraudulent debtor would have no reason to complain that he was made liable to be transported. Then it had been objected, with respect to those residing abroad, that this Bill did not make it necessary that they should be personally served. But it would

often be impossible to serve them personally, as they could effectually prevent that by a change of name; and persons residing abroad, who had property in this country, were almost always very well informed as to what was passing here, and service at their last place of abode, and advertisements in 'The Gazette' and in their county newspaper would be quite sufficient notice. It had been objected that judgment creditors would by this Bill be deprived of their lien on the freehold property of the debtors, and reduced under the commission to the condition of simple contract creditors; but he had a Clause to propose, by which it was provided that the commission should not deprive judgment-creditors of their lien, provided it should appear to the Lord Chancellor on inquiry that the judgments had been fairly and *bona fide* obtained; and it was not desirable that fraudulent judgments should be protected. He had also an Amendment to propose, providing that no estates in remainder, nor any estates, except those in actual possession, should be sold under the Bill. Another Amendment was, that the provisions of the Bill should not take effect against persons residing abroad until the expiration of twelve months from the passing of the Bill, within which time they might exempt themselves by returning, and paying or compounding with their creditors. The object of this Bill was not to imprison debtors, but to compel them to pay their debts; for he considered imprisonment for debt to be improper, except to compel the debtor to give up his property."

Lord Plunkett has violently opposed this Bill, and insisted on its abandonment. He objects that "it will be a great hardship on persons not in trade who go abroad not to avoid their creditors, but for their amusement, *or some other motive.*" But as Lord Wynford observed, they have only to pay their debts before they go abroad for their amusement or other motives, and they are safe. "The effect of the Bill," adds Lord Plunkett, "would be that a private gentleman going abroad without paying his debts, might be made a bankrupt, whether he had actual notice of the proceedings against him or not." Then, private gentlemen will be careful not to go abroad without paying their debts. We know not why it should be supposed so easy and natural in private gentlemen to forget their debts, or why there should be imagined so venial a tendency to going abroad without settling them. Creditors do not forget their demands, and honest debtors have memories that remind them to discharge their obligations. The likelihood that men will omit to do what is right should surely be no bar to the enactment of a law compelling the satisfaction of just claims in spite of the devices of fraud, or difficulties arising from a culpable negligence. Legislation for the poor meets with no such objection. There is the malicious tresspass act which punishes persons found wandering off footpaths, assuming that their purpose is to do malicious damage. No Lord Plunkett resisted this law, saying that an absent man, or a botanist, or one taking the pleasure of a country walk, or obeying a necessity, might so stray without any evil intention. But this was a law for the poor, who may plead no inattentions, no inadvertences, no negligences—who are supposed to have the Statute Book at their fingers' ends, and every order perpetually before their eyes with its particular application. Again, there is the vagrant act, which punishes people sleeping in the open air. No Lord Plunkett suggested the hardship, the cruelty of punishing a poor wretch for the misfortune of being unable to get a bed. But a law may not be passed empowering creditors to reach property withheld from them, because gentlemen, forsooth! might leave the country forgetting to pay debts which they should remember to pay. George the Third, when going to see Whitbread's brewery, is said to have made a memorandum "to remember to forget to ask Whitbread to dinner." Gentlemen who, notwithstanding the applicability of Bankrupt Laws, should go abroad without settling their debts, might not uncharitably be suspected of the same obliviousness aforethought, and dishonesty prepense.

Lord Wynford's Bill will not pass, we very much fear; and its rejection will be an example of the manner in which property is represented in Parliament. The possession of property has some representation, but the rights of property have none of any available force. The fraudulent debtor has the possession of the property he unrightfully detains from the creditor. The baffled creditor has the right to the property so withheld. But the creditor's right is not enforced by

the legislature, and the debtor's possession is defended by it with the most jealous vigilance and anxiety. It is clear that there is more debt than credit among the legislators.

Cockneyism Chronicled.—The most flaring specimen of Cockneyism we ever beheld is the Morning Chronicle's account of the opening of the new London Bridge. The writer begins by intimating that he is writing for posterity—that he is giving an account which, together with that of contemporaries (modest creature!) "may hereafter be quoted as specimens of the quaint and antique style in which the pageantries of 1831 were described."

He then proceeds to communicate to this and all future ages the very curious fact, that the first act which the inhabitants of the Metropolis, whether male or female, performed on rising on the 1st of August was—what?—to jump from their beds! But they did not jump from their beds without a motive, they jumped from their beds to the windows "to ascertain by their own palpable senses" what sort of day it was likely to be. "Palpable senses!" how posterity will marvel to think that senses were palpable in the year 1831, or that in the quaint and antique style there was a licence of so calling them. But we must quote, for it is impossible in description to do justice to this manner of writing.

"The very first act which each *denizen* of the metropolis, whether male or female, performed on rising yesterday morning, was to jump from *their* bed to the window, to ascertain, by their own palpable senses, how the day promised, and whether a ruddy sun-rise 'gave token of a goodly day.' As early as four or five o'clock, many were the unshaven cheeks, 'bearded like the pard,'—many were the lilly-est feet (and ancles) that emerged from the single-sheet covering, *so in unison with the heat of an August sun*, to ascertain *per se* and *pro se* whether the sky was really as bright as their hopes, and whether watered silks might be sported gaily in the breeze without the fear of undergoing fresh water from the heavens."

Here will indeed be much matter for the information and speculation of posterity. First, they will have to inquire who were the "*denizens*" of the Metropolis, and how they differed from the inhabitants and natives in preference to whom they are spoken of, whence they must be supposed a considerably larger and more important class. Next it will be asked what act was usually performed by *denizens*, male and female, before getting out of bed, as the first act, of getting out of bed, was mentioned as a remarkable and extraordinary circumstance of this particular day. These are matters for ingenious conjecture. As for the information, posterity will learn that their male ancestors of the nineteenth century were accustomed in hot weather to lie with their cheeks covered or their heads under the bed-clothes, for is it not written that many were the unshaven cheeks that *emerged* from the single sheet covering? Farther, it will be observed, that the chroniclers of the nineteenth century wrote of the *unison* between a sheet and the sun—a use of the word unison which will probably seem strange to our late descendants, who, in the course of education, may, in a thousand years or so, have learned the sense of words. Ere they have done wondering at this freedom, however, the question will be raised whether the sun of 1831 shone during the hours reputed night, seeing it was written that the single-sheet nocturnal covering was in unison with the heat of an August sun!

After this impressive commencement, the chronicler proceeds to give a survey of the Thames from Westminster to old London Bridge. Of Westminster Bridge he writes thus finely:—

"The *Dii faventes* appeared to have quitted it for the day, and to have left none behind but gorgons, furies, and harpies. Each individual that crossed this Westminster 'bridge of sighs' was conspicuous for the solemnity of his pace and aspect. None were to be seen but elderly gentlemen who had no wives to take care of them—neglected virgins suicidically reflective—rapacious bailiffs with no shoulders within their apprehension—and minority Anti-reformers, who could not conceive the possibility of a day's pleasure when the Constitution was within an ace of being ruined. *Exempli gratiâ*:—We saw an abstruse senior with a pigtail (or something that was once a pigtail) endea-

vouring to win the favour of a tripping lass, who would only condescend the answer—'Sir, I never says nothing to old fellows:' we saw a maiden of nineteen and nine months, who walked ninety times between the first and second recess, looking in vain for her ninth part of a man, who had promised to meet her at nine o'clock; we saw a bailiff—but no, it would be dangerous to mention names, ever since —— Levi, Esq. of Newman-street, prosecuted 'Bell's Life in London,' for a libel on his character—and 'last, not least, in our dear love,' we saw Sir Charles Wetherell, with solemn step and high-low breeches, syllogistically meditating on the unconstitutional deprivation of the paralytical borough of Totnes."

What a charming mixture of the grand, the indecent, and the impertinent have we here! But the writer would show how he can unbend and disport—how he can skip from the sublime to the ludicrous, and the quizzicalities of Cockneyism. How the generations hereafter will marvel at this quaint and antique style!

Having at great length admired the thronging and the curiosity of the people in divers places, the Chronicler almost falls into fits at the sight of the Old London Bridge, which fills him with sorrow, reminding him, as he says it does, of an old coat.

"Nothing but an Italian sky was wanting to make the view from London Bridge amongst the finest on which eye ever gazed. We have not, in the words of the lyrist—

'The heavens all bright above us,'

but the mind of man never conceived any thing more gay, more glorious, more inspiringly beautiful, than the sight on land and water. It *was, as it were*, a magnified representation of one of Canaletti's best and brightest delineations of Venetian scenery, with all that picturesque variety of outline which a vast number of structures stretching to the water's edge, and a fantastic crowd of *steeples and spires all thronging* to project their image on the stream, could afford—and all covered with clusters of human beings, and throwing forth an infinity of banners to float upon the air; and then there was the watery plain itself, positively instinct with life, saving only the small highway which was reserved for the procession, exhibiting every species of vessel that ever floated above Bridge (to use the waterman's phrase), and displaying every variety of colour, as well in flags and streamers as in the dresses of the multitude of fair ladies who appeared within. Looking, however, from either side of the Bridge, *there was one unpleasant object*—one object which did not harmonize with the splendour of the pageant, and *which offended your eyes, if it did not excite a jar upon your feelings.* On the one side there was Southwark Bridge, looking as dark and gloomy as a triplicate bridge of sighs—(why did not the Committee expend fifty pounds in flowers and green boughs to convert a blemish into a thing of beauty?)—and on the other, there was the old London Bridge. But why was this an unpleasant object? *Why not consider it as an old coat, which you are about to exchange for a new one,* and one far more rich and graceful? Even be it so! like Beranger, we acknowledge considerable affection for an old coat, as we would for an old friend, who has stuck to us on many and many an occasion, and been our companion in a thousand adventures; but therefore is it that we coincide with Sir M. O'Doherty in thinking it impossible to look upon the old bridge, shabby and inconsiderable as it undoubtedly does appear, beside the structure which is to supersede it, without a touch of melancholy."

What a tender-hearted, compassionate creature to feel so much for the old Bridge, with its locks and its nuisances! What a pity that his delicate eyes should have been offended, and his exquisitely susceptible feelings pained by this object! Surely it should have been, as the Peter Pastoral would have had Southwark bridge, covered over with shrubs and flowers like Jack in the Green on May-day. The old stones were too much for his fine feelings. Sensitive creature! As he would himself express it, his heart was in unison with the stones.

Mistaken Humanity.—The murder of an innocent child, named Taylor, in the neighbourhood of Rochester, must be in the recollection of every one. The little victim had been beguiled into a wood by two boys, and killed by the elder, while the other kept watch. The murderer, Bell, was fourteen years of age. The robbery of some few shillings of parish allowance, of which Taylor was the bearer to his parent, was the object of the crime. The little victim understood

he purpose of his murderer when he sprang upon him, begged his life, offered his money, and promised secrecy; but murder was easier than compassion to the young ruffian, and he went unhesitatingly and remorselessly through his work of blood. For this Bell suffered death, after a full confession. Abhorrent to the sentiment of society, as the punishment of death undoubtedly is, we believe it is generally agreed, that for murder this extreme retribution should be reserved, and that to murder it should be confined. Consistently with this opinion of the most humane, we do not see how an exception from the rule could be reasonably claimed for this boy, on the score of his age. A weekly newspaper, however, is in agonies of horror, and a frenzy of indignation at the idea of the young cut-throat's execution. The writer mentions several circumstances which, in his judgment, appear to have conferred on Bell the privilege of murder. First, he was fourteen; secondly, his education had been neglected, (he was a tramper's son); and these two circumstances together are said to have placed him out of the class of accountable beings:—nay, it is added, that, had he been much older, he could hardly have been regarded as accountable; thirdly, (we quote "The Spectator's" words,) "it does not appear, from any thing that transpired at the trial, or after it, that he felt any greater qualm in killing Taylor, than he would have done in killing the rabbit to whose squeak the dying shriek of the child was with horrid reality compared by the brother of the slayer;" fourthly, he had chubby cheeks; fifthly, he had flaxen hair. Now, considering these circumstances, severally or mixed together, we are at a loss to perceive any ground for conceding to them the privilege of murder, without the consequence of the gallows. As for age, it is not to be received as positive evidence of understanding; and where there is ingenuity enough to plot crime, there is ingenuity enough to make the contriver accountable to justice. The *sang-froid* with which Bell murdered his victim, would certainly not have reconciled us to letting him loose again on society in any part of the world. He would appear to have been one born to murder. For whom is the example of the execution? asks the weekly writer: we answer by another question, What would have been the example of declaring, that lads of fourteen years of age, or less, should be free to commit murder without the consequence of the capital punishment which the law allots to the deed of blood? It will be agreed, that a worse case of youthful criminality than that of the boy Bell, could not be imagined; and, therefore, had he been taken out of the pale of law, to the crime of no other youth could the rule of law with justice have been afterwards applied. Thus there would have been appointed an age when murder should have allowance, and an age within which cruelty has its most active existence, and the vindictive tendencies require a strong curb. But "The Spectator" asks:—

> "Are our children and schoolboys already murderers in intention, that we should offer them such an example (as the execution of the unaccountable being with chubby cheeks and flaxen hair); or was it our grown-up men that we sought to deter from crime by so revolting a specimen of punishment?"

As well, on the execution of Mrs. Brownrigg, might it have been asked, whether our mothers and grandmothers were already murderers in intention, that we should offer them such an example. On the execution of Catherine Hayes for the murder of her husband, a spectator would have asked, "Are our wives murderers in intention, that we should offer them such an example?" It is shocking to execute women; it is shocking to execute boys; it is shocking to execute men; but, so long as the law awards the punishment of death to the crime of blood, it cannot grant indulgence to sex or youth. If it did so, such excepted sex or youth might be made the *instruments* of assassination. Policy would forbid the exception; and the sentiment that would extend pardon to heinous crimes of youth is erroneous. A boy of fourteen years of age, that would murder another without any greater qualm than he would feel in killing a rabbit, could never grow into any other character than that of a ruthless barbarous man. To cut him short early, was to cut short a life that, in all human probability, would have been a course of crime and injury to society. It was crushing a

venomous reptile. But, says "The Spectator," "*Little* Bell," (who had only committed a *little* murder of a *little* boy, for a *little* plunder,) "was hanged to satisfy the brute sentiment of revenge for violated humanity." Had the writer studied the important subject of the motives of punishment, in ignorance of which (and with only very crude notions of one or two stray principles of jurisprudence) he writes, he would have perceived that the vindictive sentiment is of such subtlety that it cannot be excluded from the operation of justice; for, wherever there are the natural sympathies with the injured, there will be the natural antipathies against the injurer; and wherever there are not these things, justice soon loses the main spring to its practical application. Further, among the motives of punishment, is the removal of a person dangerous to society. It may be very questionable whether the proper removal is by death, but the removal must be by the severest punishment provided by the laws, which with us is death; and, until another means is substituted, that must be employed. We think it much more humane, however, that an unaccountable being, aged fourteen, with chubby cheeks and flaxen hair, should be hung, than that he should, after a term of confinement, be let loose to cut the throats of people who have their value to those about them and the world. We acknowledge to feeling more sympathy with society than with criminals, especially when they are assassins. Still, the removal of dangerous criminals from the opportunities of mischief, might be effected by other means than the repugnant extremity of taking life. Perpetual imprisonment would suffice, and to perpetual imprisonment we would rather have seen Bell sentenced than to death. But it is not recognized in law; and the extreme punishment, such as it is, in lieu of a wiser, was, therefore, his just lot.

Parisian Gaming Houses.—"Impossible as it has been found to restrain these hells, the matter seems 'ordered better in France;' for the Government derives from them an annual income of nearly four and half million of francs, with which are borne the following items of the public expenditure: Secret services (police); Royal Hospital for the Blind; succour to the former colonists of St. Domingo; general succours to charitable institutions and others, and aids to the royal theatres. This is certainly turning an uncontrollable evil to some advantage, while in London we have the hells without the profit to our charities, &c."—*Standard.*

This is what Rowland Hill called turning the Devil's arms against himself; but, instead of turning the Devil's arms against himself, we fortify him in his strong-holds. The most desirable thing would undoubtedly be to prevent gaming; but if that cannot be done, the next best thing is to regulate it so as to abate its mischiefs as much as possible, and to extract any benefit it can render to society, in exchange for its evils. This the French system does by making the profits of the gaming-houses contributary to the support of charities.

What is the effect of the strict laws against gaming-houses in London? Do they prevent the vice? No. There is actually more play in London than in Paris. The effect of the law is merely to make the Hells guarded places, to which none but accomplices and victims are admitted. An extraordinary and encouraging degree of privacy is thus procured for the gamblers. In Paris, if a father desires to know whether his son plays, or a merchant wishes to know whether his clerk or partner plays, he takes a round of the houses, or he makes inquiries among their visitors, and he soon ascertains the fact. In London there are no such means of discovery. The youth just touched with the pernicious passion, indulges in it without fear of discovery or interruption. The law has made the den of vice a fortress against those interested in saving the victims. Taylor, a well-known keeper of a Hell, had gone through the usual course of being pigeon before he became crow; and when he first commenced play, he was a chief clerk, or partner, in a banking-house, and continued so for several years after he had turned gambler, without discovery: and, indeed, at last, he himself disclosed the fact to the principals, fearing, as he said, that the house might be injured by his practices. Publicity would prevent such cases, which are too numerous: but publicity is prevented by the impolitic prohibitions of the law, which only give the worst mode of practice to the vice they cannot stifle.



THE AUTHOR OF "OUR VILLAGE," &c.

AMERICA.

[ACCIDENT having raised the question of America between us and a citizen of the United States, we addressed a few queries to our friend on the subject, and have received his answer, with a permission to render it public. We give his letter, in his own words.]

"YOU have asked me," says our correspondent, "what answer I can give, in particular, to the opinions and facts contained in the recent work of Mr. Basil Hall on my own country? As to the former, I feel no disposition to make any reply whatever. The opinions of this writer, so far as they are supported by good reasons, are superior to any rejoinder; and so far as they are not, I am quite willing to refer the matter at issue to the good sense of the world. I never had any susceptibility on the subject of the opinions which foreigners might entertain of the United States; for I very well know how difficult it is for an European to get even an approach to a right knowledge of our institutions, or of the nature of our social organization. Of all the foreigners that I have met in America, I do not remember one who appeared to me to understand the first principles of the Government; and all have betrayed such a confusion of thought, in reference to society, that I have always been more diposed to laugh at their comments than to get angry. One comes among us with crude notions of the simplicity of a young republican nation, and of the extraordinary degree of virtue that is necessary to what is called 'self-government;' and because he finds rogues in the prisons and prostitutes in the streets, he shrugs his shoulders, and exclaims with a French friend of mine, who actually used the expression, 'Voila un peuple pourri, avant d'être mur!' Another thinks we are all sages, so many Diogenes in their tubs; and because we laugh, and that too with no very light vivacity, he is ready to swear we are no philosophers at all. A third, who has been educated in contrary ideas, expects to see sans-culottes in every drawing-room; ladies going to balls in ox-carts; and citizen Tom, the Tinker, squirting his saliva into the face of citizen Peter, the rich proprietor; and because he sees society jogging on much as it does in other civilized countries, he lays a finger on his nose, and runs back with the mare's-nest, that the Yankees are leaning to aristocracy, and have already secret emissaries in Europe looking out for a spare Leopold. I do assure you there is no very great caricature in this statement. Were I to write what I have actually heard and witnessed of this nature, I do not think the different speakers and actors would recognise their own folly; for it is when such opinions are laid plainly before us on paper, that we begin most sensibly to see and to feel their absurdity. We are not free from cant in America, and we have done a good deal, by our own abuse of terms, towards leading the rest of the world into their egregious errors.

"The term 'self-government,' is constantly in our mouths. Nothing is more common than to hear how necessary it is for a people who are 'self-governed' to be simple, and how absolutely requisite it is for a republic to be virtuous. One would not wish to quarrel with this doctrine if it produce fruits, for every nation is the better for its virtue; but the smallest examination will show that, of all forms of

government, our own is, perhaps, the one in which private vice is the least likely to injure public interests. Self-government it is, in the broad meaning of the term; but so far as individuals are concerned, it is strictly each man governing his neighbour. The whole secret of our institutions, and I think of our success, is to be found in the double fact, that the mass will not submit to laws which impose unnecessary restraints, and that the responsibility of every agent is constant, direct, and severe. We often say among ourselves, 'What matter's it who is president, or governor?—he cannot do any harm.' Now, rely on it, if there were any self-government in the case, he could do a great deal of harm. So tremendously efficacious is public opinion, and so constant and sudden the action of popular will, that I do believe a man might be taken from a penitentiary and put into the presidential chair, and (provided he could be kept from stealing the spoons and absconding) it should be found that he would maintain a tolerably clean life and a reasonably dignified deportment. I need not tell you that there are rulers in Europe, of ancient lineage, who hardly consider this self-denial necessary. The effect of such a system is to make men seem virtuous if they are not so; and dress a man in fine clothes, his behaviour will begin to improve. I have no doubt that the effect of republican institutions is to make a nation more moral, and I should prescribe the incessant and severe responsibility which accompanies such a form of government as the most certain and speedy cure of the very corruption which is said to disqualify so many people in this hemisphere from enjoying its benefits.

"We have not been discriminating in the use of political terms, and have greatly misled other people in consequence of our misnomers. You shall have proof of what I say. The first great division of parties in the United States, was on the degree of power to be conceded to the General or Federal Government. This is, after all, the only question that can ever seriously divide the minds of the people, for every thing connected with personal privileges has already been obtained. Those who were in favour of the Union as it now stands, were called Federalists; and those who were disposed to leave more power in the States, were called Anti-Federalists, because they preferred the Confederation to the Union. The Federalists prevailed on the vote of adopting the Constitution, and soon obtained an immense majority of the nation. The beaten party chose, however, to act together as an Opposition; and they abandoned a name that was unpopular, affecting to call themselves Republicans, or greater lovers of liberty than their opponents, whom they chose to stigmatize as Aristocrats. Thus you will perceive that the party which carried the present institutions of the States were called Aristocrats. Desirous of getting rid of so ill-sounding a name, the Federalists made an effort to be called Federal-Republicans; but it did not succeed, since it had not the merit of originality. They then turned the tables on their adversaries, whom they termed Democrats, or men who, like the French of that period, cut the throats of women and priests. I very well remember the time when a Democrat was held in pious horror, in the good and religious State of Connecticut for example, which was an ultra-Federal, and by implication, an ultra-Aristocratical state. You may wish to know something of this knot of seceders, in a coun-

try as truly democratical as ours. Here is its history. Connecticut was settled in 1633, by colonists from Massachusets; the latter enjoying at the time a government as democratical as that of Unterwalden. For the first years of its separate existence, Connecticut was a pure democracy, the people meeting in primitive assemblies. In 1665, Charles II. granted a charter to Connecticut. By this charter the people named their own Executive annually; their Council, or Upper House, for the same period, and their Assembly *twice* a-year. Every major (with immaterial and necessary exceptions) voted; and the other institutions were of the most popular character. This charter continued to be the *sole constitution of Connecticut until* 1818, when it was changed for purposes of convenience, as connected with the Government of the United States. It is unnecessary to show you how thoroughly terms are confounded, when a people who have lived for two centuries under such a system deny their democracy. No community on earth is more jealous of its rights, or more attached to its institutions, than that of Connecticut; and yet the people are, even now, a little tender of being called Democrats, not having got over their reluctance to being confounded with those who cut the throats of priests and women! I have often had occasion to observe the mistakes which this confusion, or perversion of terms, has led Europeans to adopt, and I am quite willing to admit that my countrymen have no one to censure but themselves in this particular. Captain Hall intimates that he had a difficulty in understanding the language of America. I am told this gentleman is a Scotchman, and if he has the Scotch peculiarities of speech, this may be literally true; but if he speaks, as one has reason to infer from his rank in life, as well as he writes, it is quite absurd, unless he alludes to their abuse of terms. Nothing is more certain, than that in many things, as in politics, morals, religion, and taste, we use the same terms as the English, meaning very different things, or at least very different degrees of the same things. Something of this misconception exists between the people of all nations, until one has travelled and corrected his vocabulary by actual observation; but it peculiarly exists between the English and the Americans, in consequence of the identity of the language and the dissimilarity of the institutions and habits.

"There is a strong disposition in most of the European Governments to represent the condition and character of the Americans in a false light. One is jealous of the example of their institutions: (I might have said, most have this jealousy;) another is apprehensive that her artisans may carry the knowledge of their crafts into the New World, and change a customer into a rival; while a third is desirous of making its own subjects believe there is no nation freer or happier than their own. I traced this jealousy even in Switzerland; the good Avoyers and their councils fearing that too much emigration would let the glaciers get the better of them. That communities, like individuals, should not look with a pleased eye at their thriving competitors, is perfectly natural, and is a weakness to be mourned over; but when either has recourse to malicious invention in order to defeat a success it cannot equal, it becomes a proper subject of censure rather than of pity. I have no wish to dilate on this point, but a mass of evidence lies before me that may one day be produced; for

a country has as much right to its good name as any one of its citizens.

"There is another cause of misconception between Europe and America, of which the latter is entirely innocent, and for which the former is not obnoxious to any very severe censure. It arises from the habit of referring all estimates to a familiar scale. Europe is tolerably familiar with all its own peculiarities, but it knows little of ours, and by consequence, whenever it becomes necessary to graduate an American fact, it is reduced to the European standard, if possible; and if impossible, it is incontinently set down as an American invention. England is a good deal addicted to accusing us of inventing untruths, while she denies our faculty of inventing the power-loom, the cloth-dresser, the steel reed-cutter, and fifty other machines now in use in that country, and which I believe we did, in good truth, invent. The existence of the Sea-serpent is denied on a reason no better, if examined, than that there never has been one in the Bay of Biscay or the English Channel. A striking instance of this indisposition to believe more of America than happens in Europe occurred lately in Paris under my immediate observation. An application was made to the American Legation for information on the subject of Public Instruction in the United States, in behalf of a society devoted to subjects of this nature. An American obtained the official reports of the common schools of the State of New York, and transmitted them to the proper person. Soon after, the Minister of Public Instruction, to whom these reports were given, made a speech on the French schools in the Chamber of Deputies, in which he quoted particulars from the above-named report. The average of the population of New York for the year 1830, to which the report referred, was about 1,930,000 souls, and the average of the scholars, in the common or public schools, was a small fraction less than 500,000; there were to be added, by estimate, 50,000 for the private schools, making 550,000 scholars in a population of 1,930,000. Now, it is a well-known fact that the proportion of infants to adults in America is much greater than it is in Europe, and vastly greater than it is in France. The Minister read his extracts very well until he got to the number of scholars, when (probably startled with a fact so *un-French*, as you would say in England) he suddenly reduced, on his own authority, the number to 200,000! It is quite evident he meant no more than to save his own reputation for veracity and observation, for he immediately added, 'or all the children they had.' Every day furnishes evidence of this propensity; nor are those who indulge in it at all pleased at being set right. A paragraph has just been running the round of the French papers, giving less than three hundred as the number of the American newspapers. I happen to have in my possession a minute account of the journals of New York, by which it appears there are in that single state 237. This ratio would give about 1300 for the whole country; but it is probably too high—a thousand would be near the truth: and this fact I took the pains to state, referring to authorities, and carrying my communication in person to two of the journals, neither of which would make the correction. We Americans are constantly accused of not making the world acquainted with our own condition, and then of complaining that the

world knows nothing about us. These are not the first, by fifty instances, in which I have been made to see that Europe must have such information as suits her own views, or she would rather do without it altogether.

" As for the book of Mr. Hall, I repeat, let his opinions pass for what they are worth. His facts are greatly in our favour, in my view of the subject, though they are not often as much so as they ought to be. I do not mean to accuse him of wilful misrepresentation, for I have no reason to believe he has been guilty of it; but I propose to show you, that he has mutilated things in a way entirely to mislead his reader. To begin with a visible object.

" Mr. Hall says, in so many words, that an American stage resembles a French diligence more than any thing else. Of this fact you shall judge for yourself. A diligence has four broad tired wheels, a stage, four narrow tired; the first has five horses driven by postilions, the last, four driven in hand; the first is composed of three compartments, resembling three carriage bodies, the last, of one; the first is on horizontal springs, the last, on upright jacks; the first carries its baggage on top, the last, behind; the first carries passengers on top, with a cabriolet, the last does not; the first travels five miles an hour, the last, from five to twelve, generally about eight. Now I do not know two things in art, appropriated to the same uses, which resemble each other less than a French diligence and an American stage. It is quite evident, by the foregoing description, that the resemblance is much stronger between an English coach and an American stage, although they differ essentially. We will go to less material things.

" Mr. Hall sums up his statistical information in a table annexed to Vol. III. This is an imposing looking document, and it is quite evidently intended to set the reader right in several points believed, until the publication of the book, to be misunderstood. One of its objects is to show the ratio of contribution to Government by each inhabitant. We will first touch on this point. The table gives the amount of population of each State and its annual expenditure, then dividing the last by the first, it gets the ratio of contribution. The line of New York stands as follows, omitting those items which are not connected with the ratio of contribution. It must also be remembered, that all the calculations are expressly made to *January* 1, 1828.

" New York population, 1,611,307 ; receipts, 1,888,312 dols ; expenditure, 1,934,307 dols.; each person pays to State Government, 1 dol. 17 cents. Now I am quite willing to believe that Captain Hall, when he made out his table, did it in perfect good faith, but I must also believe that he did it with so strong a desire to establish his case, that he was accessary to his own blunders. The population of New York on *June* 1, 1825, was found to be, by actual enumeration, 1,616,458, or 5,151 more than his table makes it two years and a-half later. A census was taken on June 1, 1830. I have not seen the full returns of this census, but I have seen them all, with the exception of one ward in the city of New York, and one township in Oneide county. The result cannot differ greatly from 1,925,000 souls. The date chosen by Mr. Hall, for his table, divides the period between these two enumerations in nearly equal parts. The gain between 1825 and 1830 is 308,697; half of this, or 154,346 souls, added to

the known population of 1825, would give us very nearly the population of January 1, 1828. The result would be 1,766,653. As the increase is a little dependent on the original stock, however, this amount may possibly be the odd 6,653 too many. Mr. Hall is then clearly mistaken by ten per cent. So much for his division; let us see if his dividend is any better. Mr. Hall gives the Comptroller of the State as his authority, for saying the expenditure of New York was 1,934,307 dols. taking, as it would appear, an average of the years 1826–7–8. In neither of these years did the State of New York impose any tax on its citizens. By the Comptroller's reports, it appears that the average *current* expenses of New York are, one year with another, those named included, about 320,000 dols. This includes the ordinary and *extraordinary* expenses, which, together, vary from 250,000 to 350,000 dollars. But the State is very rich. It owns land, bank stock, has a *fund* for the support of common schools, and is the proprietor of sundry salt works, and of a vast deal of canal. The latter alone produces an income of more than a million annually. Now all these receipts pass through the Treasury, the Treasurer being bound to keep the public funds. In order to make the canals, the State borrowed money, some years since, pledging their receipts, and certain other of their funds, together with the general faith of the State, to the repayment. This debt *cannot* yet be paid, by the terms of the loans, and consequently after paying the interest, a large balance is invested yearly, awaiting the time when the debt can be paid. This period will arrive in a few years, after which it will become a question what is to be done with the income from the State property? for should the tolls on the canals be continued, there will be an excess of quite a million and a-half over the present rate of expenditure. Let us see whence this money of the canal fund comes. It is derived from tolls on goods transported, partly into other States, and partly into Canada, and partly for home use. It is a *rent* for the use of salt-springs, the property of the State, of which salt a great deal is sold in Canada! You will remember the "salt duty," as it is called, is not a tax, but strictly a rent, for anybody may consume salt made any where else, in the Superintendant's own house if he please, without the smallest imposition from the States. You see that Mr. Hall has made the capital mistake of setting down the whole of the accounts of the State as its *expenditure*. He may say, and very justly, that the Comptroller has reported 1,934,307 dols. as *paid*. The money belonging to the school *fund* is periodically transferred to the proper agent, and the interest of the canal debt being paid, the balance of that fund is transferred to the Commissioners, to keep good the faith of the State against the day when the debt itself can be discharged. The reserve sum is now large, and will soon equal the entire debt. The object of Mr. Hall is, to show how much the citizen of New York *pays* for the protection of Government. This can be done by proving his actual contribution for that purpose. But in 1828 there was *no* contribution, the property of the State being equal to its wants. Still there was a current expenditure, and this current expenditure, or about 300,000 dols. should have been his dividend instead of 1,934,307! The proposition would then have been, 1,760,000)30,000,000(18. The answer being 18 cents, instead of

one dollar, 17 cents, as recorded by Mr. Hall, and this without entering at all into the merits of the question of how much money a community might choose to spend, annually, simply because it had it to spend. It is not at all probable that New York, when its canal debt is paid, will hoard its receipts, and then we shall see a community living on its private fortune like an individual.

"Fancy, for instance, that the Duke of Bridgewater had bequeathed to England his canal for the benefit of common schools. The money would pass through the hands of a public officer, but would it be fair to charge it against the subject as so much additional imposition? In this way the more property a State possesses the poorer it will appear on paper!

"Mr. Hall makes a similar error in his statement of the cost of the United States Government, and in his estimate of the population, considered in reference to the contribution of each individual. He underrates the population at least half a million, as is proved by the census of 1830, and he includes in the expenditure all investments and payments, and not only the interest but the money paid on the *principal* of the public debt. Ten millions a year is appropriated to the debt, by far the greater part being for diminishing the principal; though the payments necessarily vary according to the original conditions of the several loans. Nor is this all. His table says *distinctly*, that the debt was *reduced* only 2,734,374 dols. in the year 1826, when a document before me shows that there was paid 11,684,465 dols. on account of the debt that year, of which sum only 3,977,864 dols. were for interest. Here is a mistake of 4,972,227 dols., or of nearly two-thirds! Nothing is more probable than that some small errors exist in the figures used by careless printers; but I have consulted several different documents, and though I find one or two trifling oversights of this nature, I see nothing to justify the difference between my statements and those of the table of Mr. Hall.

"Now I give you the following copy from Mr. Hall's table, in order that you may judge for yourself of its value, by comparing one part of it with another.

TABLE III. Expenditures (meaning of Government of United States).

Mean of the Years 1826–7–8.				
Civil List.	Miscellaneous.	Foreign intercourse.	Military Department.	Naval Department.
Dollars. 1,271,877	Dollars. 993,987	Dollars. 421,199	Dollars. 3,852,717	Dollars. 3,843,621
Public Debt.	Revolutionary Pensions.	Other Pensions.	Indian Department.	Total.
Dollars. 11,046,698	Dollars. 1,136,672	Dollars. 215,762	Dollars. 737,714	Dollars. 23,448,655

TABLE IV.

Public Debt.		Yearly Reduction.
Years.	Dollars.	Dollars.
1825	83,788,432	——
1826	81,054,059	2,734,374
1827	73,987,357	7,066,702
1828	67,475,622	6,511,735

"I omit his statement in sterling money, as unnecessary to our object. The first thing which strikes us on looking at these tables is, the large comparative amount of the "Revolutionary Pensions." These pensions were granted about the time Mr. Hall has chosen for his mean of expenditures, and are to be considered as a fruit of the flourishing state of the American finances. The peace was made in 1783, and allowing fifteen to have been the age of the soldier at that period, the youngest of these pensioners must be sixty-three years old to-day. It is clearly a temporary expenditure, and is creditable to the nation; and yet it is one-twentieth of the whole expenditure that even Mr. Hall charges. The other pensions are the result of the war of 1812, chiefly. The Indian Department, *i.e.* payments, annuities, &c. to those Indians we are said to rob. Its amount is 734,714 dols. annually. We will now compare Mr. Hall with himself. By adding his reductions of the debt together, we find a total of 16,312,811 dols. for the years 1826–7–8. By multiplying his mean of payments on debt by three, we get an answer of 33,140,094 dols. By taking the mean of his debts for the years 1825–6–7, we get 79,609,949 dols., for the sake of convenience, we will say, of 80,000,000 dols. for the mean of the public debt during Mr. Hall's three years. Were *all* this debt at six per cent. interest, the yearly interest would be 4,800,000 dols. Our proposition would then stand as follows:—

Money paid on account of debt, during years 1826–7–8 .	33,140,094 dols.
Deduct interest	14,400,000
	18,740,094
Deduct principal, acccording to Mr. Hall	16,312,811
	2,427,283 dols.

Now here is a balance of 2,427,283 dols. entirely unexplained. Let us see if it is enough. By a table in the American National Kalendar, I find there was paid on account of interest on the public debt, in the years 1826-7-8, only 10,562,803 dols. instead of the 14,400,000 dols. above allowed. Deducting this sum from our estimate of debt, at 6 per cent. (it is notorious that the average was less than five,) and we get nearly four millions more to add to this unexplained balance! Any one can correct the table for himself, by a knowledge of the fact that the United States did not pay *more* than 6 per cent. interest

on any part of its debt. In point of fact, it paid 6 per cent. on less than half, in 1826 and in 1828, on only about 25,000,000 dols.—on 13,000,000 dols. it paid only 3 per cent.

" The statement of Mr. Hall, in reference to the ratio of contributions of the citizens to the Government of the United States is liable to the following objections. It is valueless, since the expenditure is stationary, or in its nature diminishing rapidly, while the population is rapidly progressive. It is erroneous, since he has not given, by half a million, enough people, and because he takes the gross amount of payments of the Treasury as the gross amount of expenditure. The miscellaneous expenditures of the United States are chiefly sums invested in canals, &c. I am much mistaken in the time if it was not during the three years of Mr. Hall, that England paid 1,200,000 dols. for spoliations, which would, of course, pass through the Treasury, and appear in the gross amount of payments. Again, the Federal Government has been paying, from time to time, sums to different States, and this money, Mr. Hall, on his principle of aggregate amounts would charge twice against the citizen. Is it fair to charge reductions of debt as annual contributions? It is true the citizen pays it, but under what circumstances. The policy of the United States exacts a Tariff, and, will ye nill ye, we have a revenue of 25,000,000 dols. In a few years, say four at the most, the debt will be paid, and then something is to be done with this money, or the Tariff abandoned. Admitting that we should appropriate a few millions more annually to the navy, as probably will be done, there will be an excess of 10,000,000 dols. to dispose of. One plan is to divide this money, among the States, according to population. New York would get 1,400,000 dols. annually. Her canals are giving an increasing revenue each year, and her canal debt being paid, she will have, under this regulation 3,000,000 dols. a year to pass through her Treasury. Admitting that the State buys English Consols with this money, according to Mr. Hall's table, her citizens will suffer an imposition in proportion to their riches.

" It should be remembered that the American system of government is intended to meet the wants of a vast population. The great size of the territory compels expenditures for objects that just now are of no great importance, but which, ten years hence, will become so. Thus Mr. Hall takes 1,611,307 as the population of New York in 1828, and calculates his ratio of contribution with this division; whereas, had he waited until to-day, he would have had, with the same dividend, a division of 2,000,000. The citizen of New York, instead of contributing even the eighteen cents to his state-government, as I have shown he did in 1828, contributed to-day only fifteen!

" You may say that a stranger cannot readily understand all these details. Why write about them? Every stranger has access to my authorities, and I have not set forth a single fact that is not obtained from a printed document, Mr. Hall's included!

" The three volumes are filled with errors and misconceptions. I do not mean Mr. Hall is mistaken or misconceives when he says, we are not the 'wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best' people going; but my allusion is simply to facts. There are so many of these mistakes that I scarcely know which to expose. He greatly misconceives the

spirit of the constitution. He talks of innovations on the prerogatives of the President, and on the sacred rights of the Judges, without seeming to know that all these offices can be constitutionally abolished, if we please. All that he says of invasion of the prerogative of the President, (who, by the by, has no strict prerogative) is a mistake, the Constitution never having been touched at all, as respects that officer, except in correcting an oversight in the manner of his election. It is curious to see the Englishman reasoning here, on this subject, according to English ideas. With you, the Constitution is altered by Parliamentary enactments, more or less direct, but no such thing happens with us. We have a particular way of altering the Constitution constitutionally. I dare say Mr. Hall can say that this or that American descanted to him gravely on the reverse of my statement; but this is one of those cases in which we use the same terms meaning different things. I shall exhibit one more of Mr. Hall's misconceptions, for it is a good example to show how difficult it is for an European to understand a question purely American, and then quit the subject.

"In page 293, Vol. II., Mr. Hall has a comparative view of the length of time the Members of Parliament and of Congress respectively have served, with a view to show the vacillating quality of popular fame, and the consequent inexperience in legislation of the representatives of democracy. To begin, Mr. Hall says, that a representative in a State Legislature, or in Congress, must not only represent a particular *spot*, but that he must have resided actually on that particular *spot* a certain time previously to his election. I was amused when I found a Scotchman calling an American Congressional district, a *spot*. At all events, each of these *spots* must have forty thousand inhabitants, and some of them have several hundred thousands. He is in error as to Congress. A Member of Congress need not be an inhabitant of the district he represents, of necessity, though the people ordinarily choose that he shall be—perhaps always. The constitution requires, for reasons connected with the nature of a Confederacy, that each Member should be a citizen of the *State* he represents. As for the local selfishness which influences the representative under such a system, I would ask if it be not quite as useful as the selfishness which controls the member for Grampound or Old Sarum? But the most extraordinary mistification in this extraordinary book is in the eight or ten pages taken to prove that Members do not sit as long in Congress as in Parliament. When I reflect that the work is written by a man who actually read the Constitution of the United States, and who took leisure for his task, I scratch my head and ask when will an Englishman think straight about America? You will remember that I say nothing as to whether long or short service is best for a country—I am dealing only with facts. In the first place, there were probably Members in Parliament in 1828 who sat *before there was a Congress at all.* In the next place, we have had what is called the Old Congress, and what is called the New; or, the Congress of the Confederation and the Congress of the Union. The latter dates only from 1789, and Mr. Hall, although in another part of his book he struggles hard to show that an institution ought to date from the time when a change

was made in the form of choosing the President, says nothing of any anterior service. Again, we have State Legislatures, and few men go to Congress who have not sat in these Legislatures, where the habits of legislation are just as well obtained as in Congress itself. And finally, and the most destructive to his calculation of all, the number of the members *is periodically increased in America*, and in the nature of things a great many must be of that date in the house. Thus in New York in 1789, there were but *seven* members, whereas to-day there are thirty-four, and in the next Congress there will be thirty-eight if not forty. Again, in 1789 there were but thirteen States in the American Union, and now there are twenty-four. The eleven new States were admitted at different times, and of course brought in their members with them. Now Mr. Hall gravely tells us, under these notorious circumstances, that Members of Congress, under an average of the services of the respective members of the year 1828, do not sit as long as Members of Parliament, there having been no change in the latter within the life of man, except in the admission of the Irish members thirty years ago. In point of fact, in the old emigrating States of America, as in New England, and Georgia, the Carolinas, &c. a respectable man is almost certain to serve his constituents as long as he pleases. The same is true in the old *stationary* districts of other states, as, for instance, in New York, whose population has augmented from less than 400,000 to 2,000,000 since 1789. Thus Mr. Samuel Smith of Maryland has been in Congress, one house or the other, ever since the New Constitution! Mr. Macon of North Carolina, Mr. Wood and Mr. Taylor of New York, &c. &c. are all examples of what I have just said. A far greater proportion of the Members of Congress voluntarily retire, than of Parliament, and for obvious reasons. Neither our habits, nor our laws, admit of pluralities in office. A Member of Parliament can hold a foreign mission, but a Member of Congress cannot. Officers in the army and navy can sit in Parliament, but they cannot in Congress. A great many Members left Congress in 1812 to join the army. If a Member of Congress, as often happens, is elected Governor of his own State, or if he be made a Supreme Judge, either in his own State or under the United States, or a Collector, or enter the cabinet, or indeed accepts anything else of moment, he is obliged to quit Congress, so that what is in truth a greater evidence of the continuance of popular favour, is, by Mr. Hall, supposed to be evidence of popular jealousy and popular vacillation. Did the American law act in Parliament, Sir James Graham, Mr. Stanley, Mr. Spring Rice, Lord Althorp, and a hundred others who serve to swell out his time of average service, would not be able to sit at all. When Mr. Hall brings the comparisons to the Senate of the United States, he is still more glaringly absurd. Did it never strike him to compare the length of service between the French and the English Peers? They sit, or did sit, by the same tenure, and the result might have upset his theory. I shall apply to Mr. Hall an extract from his own book.

"For my part, I acknowledge fairly, that after some experience in the embarrassing science of travelling, I have often been so much out of humour with the people amongst whom I was wandering, that I have most perversely derived

pleasure from meeting things to find fault with; and very often, I am ashamed to say, when asking for information, have detected that my wish was rather to prove my original and prejudiced conceptions right, than to discover that I had previously done the people injustice. The melancholy truth is, that when once we express any opinions, especially if we use strong terms for that purpose, a sort of parental fondness springs up for the offspring of our lips, and we are ready to defend them for no better reason than because we gave them birth. Travellers, therefore, and others, should be cautious how they bring such a fine family of opinions into the world, which they can neither maintain respectably, nor get rid of without a certain degree of inconsistency, generally painful, and sometimes ridiculous."

The tone of Mr. Hall, in speaking of our navy, is good, but he says the discipline is more severe than in his own, and he accounts for it by a process which is greatly in favour in Europe, and which is a chief reason why Europe knows so little of America. He says the insubordinate habits of the people, with their ideas of liberty and equality, require a strong arm to bring them to the necessary training at sea! This is an opinion, and not so easily disposed of as his facts, but in my opinion it is equally erroneous. Here is what I conceive to be the truth. The navy of the United States was created in 1797, at a time when the navigation of the United States had a forced and unnatural increase, during a great European war. The officers were taken from merchant ships. The latter had not the habit of military command, and like all new beginners their ideas were exaggerated. In addition to this leading fact, the men were of all nations, including the most profligate of our own; for it was rare, in a time of peace, that a good, sober, American seaman would ship in a vessel of war. Perhaps such crews required a stronger arm than common. An American officer could not send his boat, and take the best man out of a merchant ship as is done in England, but he was obliged, at a time when good sailors in merchant ships were receiving from twenty to thirty dollars a month, to accept such as offered. A short time after the war with England had commenced, first-rate American crews offered, and the hand of authority immediately became lighter. In short, every seaman knows that of his class, there is no sailor more easily governed by reason and kind treatment than the American. It is in the nature of things. The people have the same order, or even more than other nations, with far less personal restraint, and why should their habits and characters change because they have gone on ship-board?

"It would require a book as large as his own properly to dissect the three volumes of Mr. Hall. I must repeat, that so far as facts are concerned, he is constantly in error, and from that sort of misconception which is nearly inseparable from the different habits of the two countries. You will remember that a year in America is not like a year in France or England. One may see a great deal of most countries in a year, but the size of the United States, the scattered nature of its population, and the time which is unavoidably wasted on the road, diminishes the period of observation there greatly.

"Mr. Hall has been innocently enough misled in another particular. He was in America when the people were struggling to turn out an unpopular cabinet. Now had he visited it at any time between 1815 and 1823, he would scarcely have heard politics mentioned. If he thinks we are always excited by politics he is greatly mistaken.

"There is one more point that I shall consider before I conclude. Most Englishmen who go to the United States complain that they are offended by allusions to the late war in the prints, on the highways, and in the steam-boats, &c. I do not know it is pretended that these allusions are personal at all, but as an Englishman happens to understand the language, and has ears to hear, his ears or eyes are necessarily offended. The inference seems to be that we entertain an increasing and lasting dislike to the English nation, and an overweening love for ourselves. In the course of many long, and free, and friendly conversations that I have had with Englishmen, since my last arrival in Europe, I have been told distinctly, that they, liberal men on most subjects, thought our declaration of war in 1812, betrayed a particularly hostile spirit to England, especially as it came at a moment when she was struggling for the freedom of the world, against all the world, and with all her energies. Now I think you will agree with me that this latter is the vulgar opinion of England on the point in question.

"You will remember that our two wars with England embrace nearly all of our military exploits. Were we to say nothing of them, we should be silent altogether on those subjects which in every country are oftenest alluded to by those who are fond of extolling their own deeds. I apprehend the people say rather less of these sort of things among us than in other nations. I am sure far less is said in Congress than is said in Parliament, or the French Chambers, either of what we have done, or of what we can do in this way: no reasoning is necessary to show why the least allusion of this sort should be offensive to an Englishman. But how, for instance, does a Frenchman fare in England? You hang out your conquered banners in your churches, pile your cannon in your parks, and invent a thousand clap-traps for the stage. We have conquered standards too, but they offend the eye of no traveller; our captured cannon is in the arsenals, and otherwise we make far less display of military triumph than is even usual. Really from long observation of both Europe and America, I must say that we are not particularly offenders in this way.

As to the declaration of war, what were the facts? We complained of depredations on our commerce, and of the impressment of our seamen. On these points we negotiated *twenty years* without effect. Your orders in council were continued, and England still took our seamen, making any lieutenant in her own service a judge of the national character of the man. I will tell you an anecdote. About five-and-twenty years since, I first visited England. We made the channel in a snow-storm, and ran into St. Helens' roads and anchored in thick weather. When it cleared up, we found ourselves lying inshore of an English fleet. I remember the character of our crew perfectly, and as it was no bad epitome of our men-of-war and other vessels in that day, I will give it to you in detail. The captain and first mate were Americans, the second mate was a Portuguese, shipped only for the outward passage. The cook was an American negro, and the cabin boy an English lad. We had ten before the mast; of these, five were American born, one was a Scotch lad whose

family had emigrated when he was a child, one was a Prussian, one a Spaniard, one a Dane, and one an Englishman, who had been wrecked on our coast, and was working his passage home. The weather was no sooner clear, than a boat shoved off from one of the ships, and pulled towards us. We hid the Englishman in an empty cask, and the rest of the crew hunted up their evidences of national character. We were soon boarded and the crew was mustered. Much the finest man, and much the ablest seaman we had, the first mate excepted, was a man from New Jersey, named Cooke. The lieutenant picked him out by instinct. Cooke produced the usual American protection. "This will not do," said the Lieutenant, "I can buy one of these for two dollars in New York." "Will this do?" asked Cooke, producing another document. He had a certificate of discharge from the British frigate Cambrian, signed by her captain, G. P. Beresford, I think, on account of his having satisfactorily proved that he was a *native citizen of the United States*, after having served in that ship some eighteen months, if my memory does not fail me. The Lieutenant was staggered at this. Looking about him, and hearing so much broken English in answer to his questions, he soon fastened on another man, the second-best of our crew. This man, whose name was Gaines, was a native of the city of New York. He too brought forth his protection, but it was not heeded. Gaines had served long in the ship, and the officers interfered warmly in his behalf, when the Lieutenant very cooly answered that he would not have his trouble for nothing, and compelled the poor fellow to go with him. We asked the name of his ship, and he gave us one, pointing to a vessel towards which his boat however did not steer. We could never find Gaines. Our ship soon went up to London, when Cooke asked me to go with him to one of the public offices to get some prize money for his service in the Cambrian. We went, and on account of some formality Cooke was required to leave, until next day, his certificate of discharge, which contained the dates of his period of service. I remember the countenance with which he entered the street as if it were but yesterday. "Here I am without a paper, and six feet high," he said, "for they have kept my discharge in this office, and the Lieutenant, who impressed Gaines, carried off with him my protection." I knew the latter fact to be true. In less than an hour he was carried off from before my eyes by a press-gang. I never heard of him afterwards, for all attempts to trace him were fruitless.

"Of all the questions between the two countries, that of impressment is the most serious, and it is the one which the wise men of both nations ought to consider, now there is opportunity to do it calmly. The peace of 1815 left this cause of dispute just were it was. The American Government was blamed for apparently abandoning one of the principal rights for which it made war. But it abandoned nothing. The peace became a general peace, during which there would be no impressments, and it was wise to defer the settlement of the dispute, since every twenty-three years doubled the population, and quadrupled the other resources of the United States. But England has stood on the verge of a general war for the last twelvemonth, and is far from being assured of a long continuance

of peace. As between the United States and England, there exist no serious grounds of dispute at all likely to lead to a contest. Their trade is immense, and although it is idle to expect that America will not become a great manufacturing nation, (and a great rival manufacturing nation too,) the increase of that country is so rapid that, by changing the nature of the articles, there must exist, for a long time to come, perhaps always, great motives for maintaining the present commercial intercourse. Is it discreet to leave the peace of two countries, so situated, at the mercy of third parties? The moment England is involved in a serious war, she will resort to impressment, (unless the question be attended to previously,) and the moment her officers begin to impress, her sailors will begin to take refuge in other countries. One effect of an European war will be to increase, and that suddenly, the tonnage of America, and of course to create an extra demand for seamen. In a country like ours there is never any great surplus supply of any particular branch of manual labour for a long period. When one pursuit is occupied men turn to another. The consequence will be that our merchants will avail themselves of their unquestionable right of employing any seamen that offer. England and all nations practice this right, in war or in peace, as neutrals or as belligerents. The flag is the protection of the individual, unless it enter the ports of the nation claiming the services of the refugee.

"Wise men will not consult their recollections, and their pride, and their wishes, on a subject like this, but the necessities of the case. To me it seems as certain, as that the sun which sets to-night will rise to-morrow, that a war with the United States will follow a war between England and any other great maritime power, unless this question shall be disposed of before hostilities are commenced. Writers in the Quarterly Review may believe it adds to their importance by treating this matter superciliously, but when the United States put afloat thirty or forty sail of the line, as I am prepared to demonstrate they could readily do, and as I am certain they would do, in the event of another war with England, what avails these airs? These ships must be met, and fought, and taken—the question will not be in the least decided—ay, and all that might be sent to replace them.

"The statesman who shall dispose of this complicated question now there is a calm and an opportunity, to the mutual satisfaction of the two nations, will merit general gratitude. Nauseous eulogies from the pen of interested writers will never settle the right of impressment. It must be treated by men of masculine understandings, and of simple, honest intentions, with a desire to avoid a great and threatening danger. All the sentimentalists in Christendom will never make of England and the United States anything but rival nations; but their rivalry need not degenerate into malignancy, unless one party betrays a domineering and the other a turbulent temper. The competition between men is frank, and generates respect;—it is the spirit of sycophancy that tempts one to presume, and which would induce the other to submit."

THE SLAVE SHIP.

Gaze! Gaze! and tremble!—Hark!—dost hear that voice
Which talks amidst the storm, and *will* be heard?
Who comes? Who rides upon the winged wind,
Driving the roaring ocean where he wills?
Whose fiery wrath darts forth from out the clouds
That hang above us, black and terrible?
'Tis He—the loved, the fear'd, the worshipp'd—He,
God the Almighty! God the Infinite!

Look on him, and obey! Defy him not,
In wish nor action:—he is everywhere:
He hears thee ere thy thought doth spring to speech.
Yet, why this fiery vengeance? Hath the Deep
Anger'd its Master? Have the enormous broods
Grown mutinous within their watery homes?
Nothing see I upon the turbulent waves,
Save one small speck—so small, it well might be
Some buoy or cork, which fishers leave at night
To catch their careless prey. That little thing
Can raise no anger, call down no revenge!
Peace! fool; there lies the cause! The sinful ones
Howl from that floating grave. Know, all within
Are bad, and all are doom'd:—the innocent
Have died beneath their whips and stifling bands,
And none, save tyrants, live;—and *they* shall die!
—That is the Slave Ship! Some short days ago
She left the Gold-coast, where she sought to trade—
Not for sweet spice or gums, but—human flesh!
The brother bought his brother: men were torn
From those they loved; fond mothers from their babes;
And children, who had scarcely learn'd to weep,
Were slaughter'd. All was done with such remorse
As when we tread upon a weed, and cry
"How pleasant is the green-sward!"

But *now* comes
The hour of vengeance:—the Avenger's near:
No eagle o'er the serpent half so sure.
Lightning and thunder, winds and bellowing seas,
Tell all, without the help of prophecy.
And, see!—more grim than Death, the ravenous shark
Follows in silence. Not a sound escapes;
But, when the worn ship cracks, the monster turns
His teeth against the sky, and waits his prey.
So must he die who builds on human blood
His swollen fortunes—whose vile scourges kill
The *spirit* of Freedom in the human soul!
On earth or ocean it shall be the same:
Death shall come, pale with horror: Heaven's bright wrath
Shall fall upon him wheresoe'er he be:
No day of pleasant skies, no night of rest;
But burning, bad desires—eternal fears;
And, last—the hopeless grave!

B.

THE FIRE AT PERA.—BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

The district called Pera is a peninsular promontory, which stands on the side of the harbour opposite to Constantinople, and was called Περα by the Greeks of the lower Empire for that reason, because it was "on the other side." It is formed by the Bosphorus, and the harbour, that wash its base, from whence it rises to a high ridge. Along the spine or summit of this ridge runs the great leading avenue, called by way of eminence "Pera Street." From this descend, at each side, sundry very steep and narrow lanes formed in many places into shallow steps or stairs, impassable for any kind of carriage, but frequently ascended by horses and every day by hummals or porters, bearing heavy burdens which have landed from ships or boats on the shores below. These steep narrow avenues, which resemble the "Wynds" in Edinburgh, lead to Tophana, Galata, Tersanha, or the Arsenal, and many other important and populous places, either on the waters of the Bosphorus or of the harbour. At one extremity of the Peninsula is the valley of Dolma Bactché, through which the Turks dragged their ships at the siege of Constantinople, and above it are the great burying-grounds of different nations, where people of all countries and opinions at length repose together in peace: these occupy the broad Isthmus which connects the Peninsula with the country. At the other extremity is the Genoese city of Galata, still surrounded by a battlemented wall, enclosing a narrow semicircular town on the sea-shore, the convex part of the arch turned towards the sea. From the burying-ground to Galata is a continued town of about three miles in length, through the heart of which runs the Pera Street, with little deviation from a right line. As the view from this elevated street is very beautiful and extensive, all the Franks of opulence have here their town residences, and all the Ambassadors their palaces. It was therefore adorned with more extensive and goodly edifices than are to be found in any other part of the Turkish empire; the rest of the town, however, is mean and dirty, consisting of wooden houses crammed into lanes and alleys and crowded with people. The whole population of the Peninsula has been estimated at 200,000, and the number of houses at 30,000.

Of all the edifices which distinguished Pera, the most conspicuous and delightful was the British Palace, and the circumstances connected with it must have endeared it to the minds of Englishmen. The first residence of the Embassy at Pera was a small building which had been a private house near the Galata Seraé. But when we had rendered such essential service to the Turks by expelling the French from Egypt, they evinced their gratitude in a conspicuous manner, by providing a princely residence for the representative of his Britannic Majesty in the Turkish capital. There stood, in the most elevated part of the town, an open space with a number of small wooden houses scattered over it. These the Turks cleared away, surrounded the area with a substantial wall, and, while Lord Elgin was Ambassador, laid the foundation of a large palace in the centre, and when it was raised a few yards with solid stone, conferred it on the English, to finish it on the plan in which it was begun. The late Levant Company gave 10,000*l.* and the British Government con-

tributed the remainder, so as to complete it in a style of correspondent magnificence. But the circumstance which rendered it particularly interesting was, the delicate compliment paid by the Turks to British feeling and opinion. When it was ready, they sent, on the day on which it was opened for the reception of the Embassy, a number of their slaves, who were emancipated on the spot, and given to understand they owed their freedom to English philanthropy; and it was particularly affecting to see many of these poor people, who had been thirty years in chains, bending in gratitude to their benefactors. Never perhaps was a higher compliment paid by one nation to the sentiments of another, or the opening of an edifice hallowed by a more impressive ceremony.*

The edifice stood nearly in the centre of a demesne, including a lawn and garden of about four acres, enclosed from the streets by a high and substantial wall. It was an oblong quadrangular building of three stories, surmounted on the roof by a lofty kiosk or square cupola, which commanded most extensive views of the Bosphorus, Sea of Marmora, Constantinople, and the surrounding countries—and lighted a large hall within, round which were the apartments. One of these was the grand hall or reception room; at one end stood the throne, as the representative of Majesty, on the steps of which the unfortunate Caroline was often seen sitting and weeping when she made Constantinople her short sojourn. This room was lighted by very splendid lustres, and the floor was formed of inlaid mosaic of different woods, and, whether considering its size or its decoration, was certainly the finest in the Turkish empire. The others were in a style of corresponding grandeur: every Ambassador added something to the ornaments and decoration; and Mr. Canning, it is said, expended 10,000*l.* in alterations and improvements while he remained at Pera. The garden, however, was the favourite object of care. Lady Liston caused exotics to be brought from every country; the woods about the Black Sea were searched for the most beautiful shrubs and trees, to form walks and plantations; and it became not only the most ornamental, but the most delightful retreat in the centre of a dense and crowded city.

Pera, in common with other Turkish towns, has been always subject to fires. The inflammable Moslem houses, the exceeding carelessness of the people, their impressions of predestination, an arid climate, and strong winds, produce more frequent and more extensive conflagrations at Constantinople, than in any other country in the world. Within ten years Pera has been ravaged by five dreadful fires, which have in succession burned down every house on the Peninsula. In March 1822, a woman in Tophana left a tandour burning, while she went to the mosque. On her return her room was on fire, and from this commencement the whole of Tophana and Foudekli was consumed, and not a house was left standing from Galata to Dolma Bactché; and for nearly three miles, the face of the city which looked down on the Bosphorus, was one continued blaze,

---

* See Walsh's "Account of the Levant Company;" also Clarke, who was present on the occasion.

consuming, it was supposed, about 13,000 houses. Immediately after followed the fire of Casim Pasha, on the other side of the Peninsula, on the harbour. This communicated with the ships at the Arsenal, and a large man-of-war floated in flames to the Fanal, and nearly set fire to Constantinople. On this occasion about 6,000 houses were burned, and the fire was attributed to the Greeks, whose intention, they said, was to destroy the Turkish fleet, and which was very nearly effected. The next fire occurred in Galata, on the side of Tophana, which consumed all the houses within the moles, at that end of the town. This was immediately succeeded by another, which was accompanied by a remarkable phenomenon. There stands in the town a lofty building called the Tower of Galata. In this was kept a large drum, which a sentinel, on the look-out from the top, used to beat as a signal of alarm, whenever he saw a fire. On this occasion no drum was beat; but several persons saw the point of the spire illumed by a bright flame, which was the first intimation they had of the existence of a fire somewhere below. It frequently happens that the flame bursts out in places very remote from the burning houses. The Turks attribute this to red-hot nails, which they say spirt out from the burning wood, and sticking in some inflammable substance, which they happen to light on, communicate the fire at a considerable distance. In the present instance, the houses on fire could not be seen from the tower which they set in a blaze. What the former fire here had spared, was now consumed, so that all Galata, with the exception of a few houses, had been reduced to ashes, and still exhibits large gaps, which never have been filled up.

Hitherto the district, properly called Pera, on the summit of the hill, had escaped, and there was a general feeling of security, that its stone houses would resist the fire which destroyed those of wood; but the time was now come when that delusion was to be at an end. On the 2nd of August, 1831, a gentleman, looking into the English palace garden, at about ten o'clock in the morning, saw some dry grass smoking, and on pointing it out to the people, they ran to extinguish it with the greatest anxiety, and then informed him, that there was a fire somewhere, which had set the grass smoking by the adhesion of a red-hot nail. He immediately went in search of the fire, and found a few houses in flames at a place called Sakiz Aghatz, in a deep valley between the Great Burying Ground, and the village of S. Demetri. The situation of the place was so remote, and the fire at the time so trifling, that he thought there could be no possible danger to the town; but he was probably struck by the distance to which fire may be communicated. The palace garden, in which the grass was on fire, stood on the summit of a hill, more than half a mile from the burning houses.

The wind which prevailed was that which periodically returns at this time of the year. There is a species of solanum, much used in soups, called patlinjam, and by an odd coincidence, when this first appears in the market, the wind sets in; it is, therefore, called patlinjam melktem. It comes very strong from the N.E. and continues for three weeks or a month, drying up every substance capable of combustion, and rendering it highly inflammable, and then spread-

ing the flames the moment they begin. The interval between the fire and the palace was a steep hill, which presented a face of wooden houses, almost like a pile of dry timber. Against this the flame was driven, and it ascended with incredible activity. Several persons who stood on the brow of the hill over the fire, seeing it travelling so fast towards Pera, where they lived, now hastened home; but on their return, the streets were so obstructed by crowds hurrying away with their effects, that they were delayed, and they found the fire had travelled as fast as they did, and was actually at the walls of the English palace garden, and entering the Pera Street as soon as themselves.

It was generally supposed that the English palace, insulated in the middle of an open area, could not be reached by the fire; but in a short time the flames spread all round; the houses on all sides of the garden wall were in a blaze, and the whole area of the large garden was canopied by sheets of flame and smoke. Several persons had brought their furniture and effects there, as to a place of security; but the air became so heated, and loaded with fiery particles, that every thing laid there began to burn. The trees now took fire, and the wind, which had never ceased, suddenly increased to a furious gale, and drove the whole column of flame full against the deserted building. The noise it made was like the roaring of a vast furnace, and it seemed to envelope the whole palace. In a few minutes after, it was observed to smoke violently; flames then burst out of the windows, and in about twenty minutes the roof fell in, and nothing remained of this fine edifice and all it contained, but scorched walls and smoking ashes.

From hence the fire took the direction of Pera, consuming every thing before it with irresistible and incredible force; the fire-proof stone houses opposed no more delay to it than the wooden sheds. All the residences of the French, Dutch, Sardinian, Russian, and Prussian Ambassadors, and the merchants' houses, were prostrated before it, and in about six hours all the palaces of the European missions were destroyed, except the Austrian and Swedish, which were out of the direct line of the fire. The latter had been burnt before, and little remained of it but the gate-house; the former had belonged to the Venetian, and seemed to bear a charmed existence. It has stood almost since the time of the Crusades, and the fires seem to turn aside from it as if they knew it to be incombustible. The fire continued to extend through different directions, particularly down Casim Pasha till eight or nine in the evening, when the wind subsided, and its progress was stopped, after extending over an area about three miles in circumference, and consuming all that part of the peninsula that former fires had spared. The next morning presented a dismal spectacle. The people, driven from their houses, had no place of retreat but the burying-ground: here they were seen in thousands stretched on the earth, with no covering but the sky, and no bed but the graves. The Sultan immediately directed that barracks and other large edifices should be appropriated for their shelter, and he distributed among them 100,000 piastres. A return was made to him of the number burnt out, and they amounted to 80,000. As the population was very dense, and averaged at least

eight persons to a house, it is supposed that 10,000 houses were destroyed, if the return of the persons be correct.

PLAN OF PERA, SHOWING THE EXTENT OF THE FIRE ON THE SECOND OF AUGUST 1831.



A Here the Fire began.
B Sakiz Aghatz.
C Arsenal.
D Little Burying-ground.
E Gaol.
F Sardinian Palace.
G Swedish Palace.
H Russian Palace.
I My House.
K English Palace.
L Prussian Palace.
M French Palace.
N Austrian Palace.
O Barrack.
P Greek Burying-ground.
R Great Turkish Burying-ground.
S Pera Street.

But the circumstance which marks this fire above all others is the loss of property. On all former occasions the strong stone houses had escaped; and a person who had one interposed between the direction of the fire and his wooden edifice, thought himself secure under such a shield. Hence it was, that when the fire began no one who occupied a stone house thought of removing his effects. There were, besides, attached to each of them, in general, a fire-proof vaulted magazine, below the foundation, and whenever from any extraordinary alarm, the inhabitants left the house above, they placed all their pro-

perty in this magazine below, and retired. But such was the intensity of this fire, that neither iron nor stone walls could oppose, and all the property laid up in places of security was destroyed. A M. Calatro, one of the Dragomen of the English mission, had a magazine of this kind, to which he descended by seventeen stone steps. Here he deposited all the effects not only of himself but of his brother dragomen. The next day he found the iron trap-door melted, and every thing in his vault reduced to ashes, leaving to the whole corps nothing but the Benichas or long gowns they happened to have on their backs. It so happened also, that the families of all the Ambassadors were at Therapea or Buyukdere for the summer, and no one remained in the palaces to remove any of the property, which was all destroyed.

The only house that effectually resisted the fire was the British Chancery. It has an arched cell, of brick and stone alternately, with iron windows, which the people in the office hastily plastered up with mud, when the fire came on them, and then they ran off. The next day it was standing, but as it was red hot, they were afraid all the papers within were calcined like the MSS. of Herculaneum. For several days they were afraid to open the doors, lest the air rushing in, as had been the case in several instances, should inflame the highly combustible materials within; but at length they did so, and found all safe. Next door to the Chancery, was a very large and strong house, which the pious founder placed under a guardianship which he thought more effectual than Greek arches and iron shutters. He set over the door, on a marble tablet, the following inscription:—MARIÆ ET IOSEPHO PROTECTORIBUS HANC DOMUM ET OMNIA SUA CREDIDIT FREDERICUS CHIRICHO. A.D. 1708. Notwithstanding this prudent precaution, the house was burned to the ground, leaving nothing standing but part of the front wall with the marble tablet.

So complete has been the obliteration of all that marked the former streets of Pera, and so sudden has been the change, that people cannot find their way through them. It is not like a fire in England, where the roofs fall in and leave the walls standing, to mark the direction of the street: here every thing is prostrate, and the open space presents no more direction than a rugged common. An Englishman, who had not been long at Pera, left for Odessa on business, and returned in little more than a week. When arrived at Tophana, he took his bag in his hand and proceeded up to Josepinas Locouda, off Pera Street, where he lodged. He heard nothing of the fire, and, when he came to where he thought his inn ought to stand, he found nothing but an open space, encumbered with heaps of rubbish. He thought he had wandered into some other district, and returned to Galata, to a friend's house, where he first learned the catastrophe, and that nothing remained of his inn or the street in which it had stood.

You will ask, are there no firemen or engines in a place where there is such an awful loss of life and property almost every year? I answer, that there is a numerous corps of Trombadgis, the most active and efficient firemen in the world. They are naked to the waist, and wear on their heads inverted copper basins as their only protection; you see them in the streets rushing to the fires with their engines, and, in intrepidity, skill, and muscular vigour, they are unequalled. I one day saw a number of them on a burning wall, direct-

ing their pipes against a house they were determined to save; and, while they played on the fire, another set below were wholly employed in playing on them, to keep them cool and wet in the midst of the flames. If these fellows were under proper regulations, they would be the most efficient body in the world, but they have no law but their own will and cupidity. They sit idly on their engines before the burning houses, with their naked arms folded on their breasts, and the tubes of their implements decorated with flowers; and, if no one offers them money, they will continue there inactively in the midst of the fire. I one day saw a man who was exceedingly anxious about his property, earnestly entreat them to play upon his house, that was just opposite. They continued insensible and inflexible, till one of them whispered in the man's ear; his whisper was returned; they immediately started and with a fierce and frightful energy, rushed into the fire and soon subdued it. The man had promised them 10,000 piastres. It is supposed that, if similar offers had been made by the respective missions, all the palaces would have been saved; but there was no one in Pera to make the offer, and the Trombadgis did not, and would not, expend a spoonful of water to put them out. Indeed it is generally considered that the Turks were really well pleased at this conflagration of the Franks' property. They did not seem disposed to give the slightest aid to extinguish it. The Seraskier and the Galata Effendi, as official persons, were riding tranquilly about. They entered the English palace gardens, quietly looked on the fire, and walked out again. They went into several Frank houses in Pera Street, where they sat smoking and drinking coffee till the fire drove them out, and no entreaty of the owners could induce them to direct the Trombadgis to exercise their engines.

It is rather remarkable that most of the fires which happen here, occur in the daytime, and occur from smoking morning pipes—the contents of which the Turks often throw out on a dry mat, and leave it to itself. From this circumstance it happens, that comparatively few lives are lost. In this present conflagration, which consumed the residences of 80,000 people, but twelve lost their lives, and half of them were killed by the falling in of walls after the fire had burnt down. But the daylight cannot protect property. There are a number of Greeks and Ionians, who have been klepts and pirates during the revolutionary war, and this being over, they have come to exercise their vocation in Pera under another form: robberies were very frequent before the fire, and during its continuance, and after, the most extensive depredations were carried on by these fellows. A law exists in Turkey, that any man caught in the act of plundering during a fire, is thrown into the burning house from whence he took the property; and, on a former occasion, I actually knew that it was practised; but now these fellows evaded this: under the pretence of being hummals, or porters, they took up the effects brought out of a house, to carry them to a place of security, and the proprietor never saw them again. This was carried to such an extent, that the next day orders were given to stop every person in the street with any property, and, in case of suspicion, to bring it to certain houses appointed for the purpose. A friend of mine lost his trunk, and, having heard that one of these depots was the Tersana, he went there to look after it: here he saw displayed five or six hundred trunks, and,

on searching among them, found his own, which he brought home in triumph. Another friend was still more fortunate; he entrusted a valuable scrutoire, containing money and other property to a hummal, who disappeared. After fruitless inquiries he gave up all for lost, when, some days after, he was accosted in the streets by a Turk, who brought him home to his house in Galata, where he showed him his scrutoire, told him he had been separated from him in the crowd, and was ever since looking for him to restore it.

It is impossible to see any thing more dismal and dreary than the aspect that once gay Pera now presents. The Turks are already beginning to run up their wooden houses, which they are projecting farther, and making the streets narrower than ever; but all the stone edifices remain, and will remain, in ruins. It is very doubtful if any of the natives can, or will, incur the expense of rebuilding their palaces; and merchants will hardly hazard their property again on such expensive edifices as they formerly occupied. Pera, therefore, is likely to consist, in future, of wooden houses, among stone rubbish.

THE SECOND MARRIAGE.

Oh! think not I can calmly see
  Thy second nuptial morn,
Thou knowest with what delighted glee
  I hail'd its former dawn;
How proud, how joyous did I feel
  Thy loved one to attend,
And with a bridesmaid's eager zeal
  Adorn my gentle friend.

I clasp'd the string of costly pearls,
  Thy gift in courtship's hours,
I placed upon her shining curls
  The wreath of orange flowers;
O'er her sweet face I flung the veil,
  Yet drew it half aside,
That thy triumphant gaze might hail
  The beauty of thy bride!

And when I knew her in the sphere
  Of calm, domestic life,
How did I honour and revere
  The virtues of the wife;
She turn'd from Flattery's syren voice,
  And Pleasure's splendid dome,
To bless the husband of her choice,
  And grace his tranquil home.

* * * * *

Nay, weep not thus!—new duties bind
  Thy thoughts to this low span,
Thou ever, while she lived, wert kind—
  Thine is the faith of man!
Mine is more firm—my woman's heart
  Loves on, though hope be fled—
This day can nought but grief impart
  To one who mourns the dead!

M. A.

THE MINISTERIAL DINNER.

I PROCURED an admission to witness the dinner to Lord Althorp and Lord John Russell from the gallery where the musicians were placed in Stationers' Hall. Here I took my seat, and surveyed one of the most striking spectacles which I have ever seen. The company, consisting exclusively of the members of the House of Commons who had supported the Reform Bill, with the exception of the new peers, were assembled when I entered. I thus avoided the details of preparation, which mar the effect of these convivial gatherings, and beheld at a glance the whole of this splendid company, with Sir Francis Burdett at their head, filling the entire of the room which was selected for the banquet of Reform. The genuine representatives of the British people were there. The nominees indeed—those who are no better than mere proxies of the great oligarchy—were absent; but the men who may be justly considered as affording an express image of the nation's mind, were all collected upon one of the most signal occasions on which they could have been convened. Public virtue, genius, talents, great rank, and boundless opulence, lay beneath me in a splendid array; and as my eye, from the elevated position where I was placed, traversed the hall, I noted almost every man who is distinguished by the union of eminent abilities with a lofty integrity in England. It was most pleasurable to perceive the illustrious president of this great meeting at the head of such a body. From the distance at which I stood, I was obliged to have recourse to a glass, in order to observe his features, and perceived that they were suffused with joy, and that his natural smile, without losing any of its sweetness, had in its suavity a mixture of exultation. Nor was it wonderful. He beheld, after so many years of his political life dedicated to that great cause of Reform, which he had never deserted under all the vicissitudes of its fortune, the triumph of principles to which, at one period, a sort of disrepute, amounting almost to ignominy, was attached. As I looked at him, the recollections of the Tower of London came upon me. It rose in the background of the picture, in strong and gloomy contrast with the splendour in which I now beheld him. Dinner having concluded, and the old Roman Catholic grace having been sung in Latin, (how many remnants do we everywhere find of a religion which is associated with so much of all that is solemn and touching in our public ceremonies!) Sir Francis Burdett proposed the health of the King. It was received with shouts of reiterated acclamation—applause burst out after applause from every part of the assembly; and the clapping of hands, the waving of handkerchiefs, the cries of joy and of victory lasted for minutes. I several times imagined that the enthusiasm had subsided, and that the applause had ceased, when it rose again suddenly on my ear, and broke out in new peals of loyal affection to the monarch who has, indeed, deserved the unparalleled popularity which has given him the heart of England for his throne. At length Sir Francis Burdett addressed the Meeting. His sweet voice, which is so remarkable for the delicacy and the distinctness of its beautiful tones, went in music to every ear, as the sentiments which he expressed reached to every heart. I could have desired,

however, I must confess, that before he had come to the Meeting, he had taken the trouble to set down his words in his memory, because, although extemporaneous language may be the best vehicle for reasoning, and where business only is to be dispatched, it strikes me that, on occasions in which the speaker's single office is to awake the finer emotions, to touch the feelings, and kindle the minds of his auditors, without making any appeal to the reasoning faculties, he owes it to himself, and to those whom he addresses, to have recourse to those artifices of diction, and to those decorations of phraseology, without which the best sentiments fail to produce their full and legitimate effect. I confess myself to be one of those who listen with incredulity to the asseverations of those by whom it is alleged that their noblest effusions are the sudden wellings out of abundant thought from their minds. I suspect that much of what is passed off as the result of unpremeditating enthusiasm, belongs to that department of oratory which has been well designated as the "impromptu fait à loisir." Lord Brougham is honest, as to his rhetoric at least. He candidly acknowledges that his achievements in eloquence are the products of great labour, and has avowed that he wrote the peroration of his speech on the Queen's trial some dozen times. Canning was notoriously elaborate; his corrections are most singularly minute. The best speeches of Edmund Burke were composed. Among his papers, after his death, a quantity of matter was found, which was supposed to have been uttered without the least previous reflection in the House of Commons. His speech on Reform, which has been recently published, and which so far surpasses all that has been said by the opponents of that measure, was discovered in his portfolio. "Stilus optimus dicendi magister!" This aphorism of eloquence has been almost uniformly verified by the most eminent speakers in every language; and those who feel the power of a single monosyllable—who know that the effect of the finest passage may be neutralized by the least infelicity of expression—that the most harmonious cadence may be converted into abruptness by the unhappy position of an adjective, and that an unfortunate adverb may affect the melody of the best sustained sentence, will feel how impossible it is, without great care and studious diligence, to evolve a series of beautiful conceptions in expressions corresponding with their gracefulness and their elevation, and that, after all, the criticism in the "Midsummer-Night's Dream" on the facility with which Bottom might play his part, is founded in just observation, "you may speak it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring."

To return to Sir Francis. He is evidently one of those who leave to the inspiration of the instant, the entire diction in which their arguments and their feelings are to be conveyed. Accordingly, in the House of Commons, when he is greatly roused, and some incident arises that brings all his faculties into play, he speaks perhaps better than he would have been able to speak if prepared, from the very circumstance that he trusts to his emotions for the supply of his expression; but when he is calm, and does not ascend beyond the level of solemn discourse, his phraseology becomes broken; he wants words, and such words as he does at last produce are not only not fortunately, but are scarcely accurately put together. The sentences

are dislocated and out of joint; and instead of being pervaded by a singleness or continuity of thought, are stuck together in fragments of irrelevancy, and exhibit an utter dissociation with each other. These are serious defects, into which almost every extempore speaker (where he does not argue) is almost sure to fall, and in an after-dinner speech, where the passions are not to be stirred, nor the understanding to be convinced, but where a calm sensation is to be awakened, and our feelings are to be agreeably but not vehemently stirred, the orator of the occasion should be as careful of every phrase, and as solicitous in the construction of his language, as if he were engaged in the laborious task of composition, and speaking what was to be read as well as what was to be uttered.

But the imperfections in the speaking of Sir Francis Burdett were redeemed, as far as it was possible that they should be so, by his noble bearing, his sweet distinctness, and by the peculiarity of his position under the illustrious circumstances, which were in themselves sufficient to impart value and dignity to all that he said and looked upon this conspicuous occasion. He proposed Lord Althorp's health: to him and to Lord John Russell the dinner was given. The toast was hailed as it ought to have been; and the feeling of personal regard in which Lord Althorp is held, mingled itself in the testimonies which were given in universal acclamation to his public conduct. When Sir Francis Burdett pronounced an encomium on his incomparable temper, there was a loud and unanimous response to the praise, which every one felt to be founded upon unquestionable truth. Lord Althorp rose. I have often seen him, but never beheld him so excited as he was at this moment. His countenance preserved its expression of predominant *bonhommie*, but lost that aspect of quiescence which it ordinarily wears, and became animated by emotions of lofty and triumphant goodness. He underwent a singular change. The low, obscure, uncertain, and hesitating tones in which he speaks in the House of Commons were put by. He even laid aside the huskiness of thought as well as of voice in which he too frequently delivers himself, and showed that he has within him a far better oratorical materiel than he generally conveys to his hearer the idea that he possesses. Clear, distinct, and even impassioned; conscious at once of the purity of his purpose, and of its glorious success, he spoke with a fervid integrity, and a forcible impressiveness, which, if transferred to his Parliamentary enunciation, would be of signal service, not only to himself, but to the public. He owned that pride which he felt in the victories of peace which he had won; he avowed his passion for a meritorious and honourable fame, and acknowledged the pleasure which he derived from the popularity which he had obtained by measures as useful to his country as they are creditable to himself. This speech was hailed with rapturous concurrence in every sentiment which it contained, and brought out the expression of a feeling, which induces me to consider Lord Althorp as one of the main sustainments of the Government. He is evidently an object of warm individual liking, as well as of public respect. He commands the confidence of all those who know, or even hear him. He is a personification of old English unadulterated honesty, and gets an easy possession of the understanding by making a ready lodgment in the

heart. The health of Lord John Russell was next proposed. He rose, with a countenance "sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought," to thank his friends for their acclamations to his health. He was evidently exhausted by the labours which the long debates on the Reform Rill had produced; and even this occasion, so full of cheerfulness, did not banisli from his face the shadows of solicitude which habits of deep care have left upon it. It is to be lamented, that his rhetorical *physique* is so imperfect. He has not strength sufficient to enforce his sentiments with tones and gesture at all appropriate to their vigour; and we hear from him the strongest opinions enunciated in the feeblest way. This imperfection is referrable, in a great degree, to his lack of constitutional energy. But he does not only want physical strength, but is deficient in the oratorical temperament. His pulse scarcely beats when he speaks beyond its customary pulsation; and the only difference between his public expositions and his ordinary discourse, consists in the loudness of his voice, and not in the change of emphasis and the force of intonation. The consequence is, that it requires no ordinary attention, as well as discrimination, to perceive the great merit which is to be detected in much of what he says. His language is of the best and purest English, and is decorated by his literature, and dignified by his generous feelings. But a large audience are not sensible of these merits: so much so, that his beautiful illustration, drawn from the lamp of Aladdin, produced, when it was uttered by himself, not the least effect; although, when repeated by Sir Robert Peel in the way that became it, it was heard with admiration. His speech at this dinner was of the same order as his habitual oratory in the House of Commons;—exact in composition, precise in expression, easy in enunciation, pregnant with just sentiment and wise opinion; but deficient in the natural energy which sets off all other accomplishments, and makes amends so frequently for the want of almost every other endowment.

Lord Ebrington, who is singularly like John Kemble, except that he expresses a dignified goodness with the features which were employed by the other to represent the heroism of the stage, rose to return thanks upon the proposal of a toast which I did not distinctly hear. This nobleman is universally beloved. The feeling entertained towards him was strongly testified by the applauses with which his rising was hailed. He adverted to the condition of Ireland, with which he stated himself to be nearly connected, and enlarged upon the strenuous and faithful support given to the Government by the Irish Members, who had especially contributed to the success of the measure of Reform. This sentiment was adopted by Mr. Stanley, who, upon this occasion, appeared to be anxious to remove some of the impressions made by his speeches in one or two instances in the House of Commons. His spontaneous and unnecessary championship in the cause of the Irish Church, and his unfortunate "Arms Bill," had led many persons to conjecture that his Whiggism was to be confined to England, and that he was in Ireland to act on a worse than Tory policy. But this opinion is, I believe, erroneous; although the circumstances which gave rise to it prevent it from being unjust. He distinctly stated, that he felt the obligations conferred on the

Government, and upon the country, by the Irish Members, who had produced the majority in favour of Reform in the last House of Commons (there being a minority of English and Scotch Members, and a great majority of Irish in favour of the Bill). He declared himself to be convinced that Ireland was to be governed upon principles founded on the necessity of conciliating her "people;" and that "the nation," and not "a party," should be consulted by him in every measure which he should bring forward. He said (and he said it with truth,) that even during this session, much had been done in compliance with the national desire, and referred to the two important proceedings in regard to education, and to the administration of justice, in which a new Jury Bill would make a most essential change. That this speech was delivered with some view to recantation, I have no doubt. Indeed, it is generally known, that the Cabinet utterly disapproved of Mr. Stanley's opinions on the Irish Church. Lord Althorp had already denied his doctrines on this most momentous of all questions; and he himself probably felt that it was necessary to retrace his steps, and from this motive gave utterance to opinions of which a decided liberalism was the chief feature. It is almost needless to say, that he expressed himself with great perspicuity and vigour. His clear voice sent forth his complete and compact sentences without any halt or faltering; and his acute and stern look, which, although without nobleness, is marked with strenuous thinking and decision of character, lent to his utterance an appropriate accompaniment. On the cause of Reform being proposed, Mr. Macaulay rose. His last admirable speech (but which of his speeches in Parliament does not deserve the designation?) secured for him a tribute of simultaneous cheering. He was not seduced by the applauses with which he was received into a long speech. Indeed, he seemed to studiously restrain himself, and to keep his eloquence under a discreet subordination. He made no effort; and it must be owned, that any one who had then heard him for the first time, would not have easily conjectured that he was the man of whom it is said, whenever he gets up to speak, by the most habitual chatterers in the House, "Stop! let us hear Tom Macaulay." Lord Morpeth spoke on the liberty of the press. This nobleman, whose amiable disposition renders the respect which is paid to his high station so willing and unreluctant, is universally liked; and by those who have opportunities of closely observing his mind, is universally admired. But he falls, in his public speaking, into a mistake, which it were most desirable that he should correct. He thinks it necessary, upon all occasions, to make a display of literature, of acquirement, of diction, and of imagination: and all these excellences he does generally succeed in exhibiting. But, not distinguishing between a trivial occasion, which calls for no sort of effort, and the great circumstances under which only his powers should be put into requisition, he produces a notion that he is nothing more than a practised and graceful declaimer, whereas he is, in reality, infinitely better. "Dic aliquando male" should be the cardinal rule in Lord Morpeth's elocution. Plain things, said in a plain way; a vigorous thought, delivered with an unaffected simplicity; an abrupt exclamation, bursting from lips careless of cadence and fervid with passion; a powerful fact, stated with a vehement brevity; these have

far more effect in a large popular assembly than the most subtle reasoning, the most polished diction, gesture the most graceful, tones the most harmonious. "Dans une grande assemblée, (says Mirabeau,) il faut plutôt frapper fort, que frapper juste."

Mr. Charles Grant was called on to return thanks on a toast which I did not collect. His silence in the House of Commons, and his aspect of apathy on the Treasury Bench, were in singular contrast with his energy and vehemence on this occasion. He spoke with great ardour and impetuosity of gesture.

The circumstance which chiefly struck me in this remarkable assemblage of distinguished men, was, the care with which all minacious mention of the House of Lords was avoided. There was not a single intimation given that the Upper House should yield. I confess that this delicacy appeared to me to be inappropriate to the occasion. In the House of Commons itself, the strongest language is employed in reference to the Lords. It is said that the Reform of the House of Commons is not their concern—that they have no business to interfere, and that their passing of the Bill is but a mere formula of legislation. "Convulsion and revolution" are the topics of almost every speech, and the Fauxbourg St. Germain is ominously brought before the imagination of the titled tenants of Belgrave-square. But when the gentlemen who hold this admonitory language meet in an ovation of conviviality, their tone suddenly becomes moderate, every phrase is measured, and care is taken that the mantling fulness of their patriotism should not overflow. Is this a judicious course? I scarcely think so. It is from the nation that the great impulse must be given to the aristocracy, and when senators fall back, as they do at a public festivity, into the people, when they speak, not in their parliamentary, but individual capacity, they need not falter in the utterance of the plain truth, and have more than an excuse for telling the great Lords of the land that Reform not only "will," but "must" pass into a law. In looking back to this dinner, I do not perceive that any considerable public effect has been produced. The Whigs did not speak out. They must do so, if they desire to carry the Bill. A mere vote in the Commons will not suffice, and it is idle to expect that people will take fire at the rejection of the measure, if they themselves remain inactive and cold. They should summon public assemblies—they should put themselves at the head of the popular mind. In every district of the country they should invite the nation to their aid. Thus they will indeed make themselves and their cause appreciated in the Upper House; but if they stand back, if they appear to be terrified at the likelihood before them, if they intimate that they will pusillanimously acquiesce in any lofty negative from the oligarchs which they have to encounter, other and bolder men will step forward, and snatching the reins out of their hands, will throw them loose, and apply such a spur to the passions of the people, that they will overleap every barrier, and plunge into ruin with a single bound. Let Reform be lost, the Tories will come in first, they will be succeeded by the Radicals, and the reparation of the constitution will be readily undertaken by those great architects of liberty, Mr. William Cobbett and Mr. Henry Hunt.

CORONATION LAYS.

PICKED UP IN THE CROWD.

Poets have almost invariably been remarkable for their loyalty; this is one reason why we are disposed to put faith in the authenticity of the poems ("effusions" is the more modern and accepted word) which we have now to place at the bar of public approval. We cannot precisely say by whom each individual lay was composed, but we think some of them bear intrinsic marks of certain styles and peculiarities, which the world has been for many years well acquainted with. Luckily, however, lest any mistake should have arisen as to authorship, the reader will find a brief description of the writer, in the form of a preface, to each poem. It is evident from this that the "Lays" were originally intended to be published with portraits. By whom they were lost we know not; but we have a suspicion that it must have been by some great patron of literature, who, after taking the trouble to bring the several poets to town, and appointing them to their several stations, had his pocket picked. Thieves are of course more enlightened than they used to be, and commit depredations only on utilitarian principles; consequently the poems were discarded, as matters that fell not within their notions of eligible property. They saw the market for melody overstocked, and ranked their acquisitions accordingly in that very comprehensive class of things, that are of no use to anybody but their owner.

THE LAY OF THE LOST MINSTREL.

[A tall "stalwart figure," with a good-humoured Scotch face, a sturdy-looking stick, and a style of dress indicative of something between the farmer and the philosopher, should be represented seated upon a pile of novels, marked "fiftieth edition," writing, with a pen in each hand, two volumes at once of a new work—at the same time dictating a third to an amanuensis at his elbow. A map of Italy should be lying upon the table, as he intends to make a tour there shortly; the titles of several unwritten Italian romances, and sketches of the plots of them, should be scattered about: mingled with them, might be a few anti-reform pamphlets and petitions.]

I.

Long years have pass'd, since lyre of mine
Awoke the short and easy line
  That now unbidden flows;
Tell, Constable, tell thou, how long
My steps have shunned the halls of Song,
And sent, for sundry reasons strong,
My pages, an uncounted throng,
  To bear the train of Prose!
But now my harp anew is strung;
And eager grows my tuneful tongue,
Like panting steed that paws the earth,
To burst, and tell its tale of mirth.
And visions float, like those that danced
  Before my eyes, when George the Fourth,
Be-tartaned o'er, erewhile advanced
With knightly train, and quite entranced
  The fondly-frantic North.

Again I see such glittering show,
Again such pageants gleam and go,
As well might form the golden theme
Of minstrel-song or morning-dream.

II.

The last excursion formed, I ween,
To charm our gentle King and Queen,
  Was on the tide of Thames;
A sight that few may e'er forget,
That bards, enrapt, are singing yet:
Then all the court, defying wet,
Embarked at House of Somerset;
But now the royal party met
  At Palace of St. James!
Sunny was that September morn;
  And groups grotesque were there;
The beef-eaters—and those who scorn
  To taste such vulgar fare—
And those again who daily mourn,
  Condemned to dine on air.
Highest and lowest of the land
Were met, and saw no vacant stand;
Ladies with white and waving hand,
And troops, a fine mustachio'd band,
  With brandished weapons bare.
And coachmen comely, sleek, and big,
Beneath a curly world of wig;
And pages slim, a countless race,
So dazzlingly disguised in lace,
  So like a line of dukes they stood,
That had their thousand mothers old
Beheld them in those suits of gold,
  They had not known their blood.

III.

Now, now the standard fondlier floats,
The cannons speak with hoarser throats,
And cheek of trumpeter denotes
  The coming of the King!
Each lady now her kerchief throws,
Each exquisite with ardour glows,
Each treads upon his fellow's toes,
And deems he sees the monarch's nose.—
  Ah! no, 'tis no such thing.
Yet hark! now, now in truth he comes,
He comes as sure as drums are drums;
The drums, the guns, the shouts, the cheers,
You hear—or you have lost your ears.
Let all look now, or look no more;
What stands at yonder palace-door?
Gaze, wonderers, gaze; a coach-and-eight
Is passing through that palace-gate—
A coach of gold, with steeds of cream,
It moves, the marvel of a dream.

IV.

With coursers six, are some that bring
The suite and kindred of the King;
  Bold Sussex, honest Duke;

And him, the darling of renown,
A nation's idol, hope and crown,
Great Cumberland—whom yet the town
  Salutes with sharp rebuke.
And not one lazy lacquey there
  But glance of rapture drew,
Like tinselled hero at the fair
  Of old Bartholomew.
Some rode, some walk'd, some trumpets blew,
  Some were with wands and some without;
And all along the line of view
From pavement and from housetop too
  Rose one continual shout;
That Charles the First at Charing-cross
His head, amazed, might seem to toss.
Rang all the Mall with needless noise,
From topmost Sams to Moon and Boys!

THE SHOW IN LONDON.

[Let the design represent a middle-sized and middle-aged poet, habited in blue, with buttons bearing the initials "P. L. U. C." He must be leaning on an anchor, reading the last account of the capture of Warsaw. His books must be numerous and classical, but none bound in Russia, as it reminds him of despotism. Statues of Bacchus and Apollo might be standing near him. A volume of his own poems should be lying before him, opened at "Hohenlinden," as that exquisite composition has evidently suggested the idea of his new one, called "The Show in London."]

In London when the funds are low,
And state-distresses deeper grow,
The rule is this—to have a show,
  Designed with strict economy.

We here this cheapened show have had;
Who now shall deem the nation sad!
Distress was there superbly clad,
  And Sorrow stalked not shabbily.

All, all the troops were out; who choose
To read the list their time may lose;
The gaudy Guards, the Oxford Blues,
  Besides the Surrey Yeomanry.

And many a line of Foot appears,
With drummer-boys and pioneers,
And last, the Loyal Volunteers,
  The drollest of the Infantry.

Not last; for of the New Police
Behold how one, in pure caprice,
The hat knocks off—to keep the peace—
  Of idler, answering snarlingly.

That morn was seen by all the town
King William's brow without a crown;
But ere yon autumn sun went down,
  'Twas circled most expensively.

The Debt still deepens. Could we save
A trifle, Hume might cease to rave.
Waive, Rundell, half your profits waive,
  And charge as low as possible.

Few, few shall gain where many pay;
The people must the cost defray,
And give their guineas too to-day
For seats to see the pageantry.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

[The author of "The Ancient Mariner," which of course means "an illustrious personage," (to use a phrase of the last reign) should be delineated after the poet's definition of him, as "a noticeable man with small grey eyes." A crowd of listeners should be around him, catching up with eagerness and ecstasy every syllable as it falls from his lips; and in a corner of the room there might be one or two persons reading his works, apparently puzzled at times to make out his meaning. On the walls should be representations of a giant devoting his life to catching flies; of a philosopher straying on the seashore to pick up shells, while the sails of the vessel that was to waft him to his home are scarcely to be descried in the distance. An eagle flapping its wings against the wires of a cage, and an astronomer putting on his spectacles to look at the stars, might also be given among the decorations of his study. The notice of the discontinuance of the royal subscription to the Society of Literature should be before him, with a Sonnet to Independence written beneath it.]

The sun it shone on spire and wall,
And loud rang every bell;
Wild music, like a waterfall,
Upon my spirit fell;
But the old grey Abbey was brighter than all,
Each spire was like a spell.

I breathed within that Abbey's bound,
It was a hallowed spot;
The walls they seemed alive with sound,
And hues the sky hath not.
Good lord, my brain was spinning round,
And methought, I knew not what.

Eleven o'clock, eleven o'clock!
My spirit feels a passing shock;
Eleven o'clock—you heard the chime;
Oh! many shall see the King this time.
My very heart it seems to sing,
And it leapeth up to see the King.

What flattering music meets his ear,
What loving voices greet!
He sitteth now in presence here,
With a nation at his feet.
And (joy for him!) he 's not alone;
Yon lady, look—*she* shares his throne.

The bishops a right reverend race,
Bring first, then take away,
Rare things of gold that through the place
Dispense a brighter day.
They robe him next with a robe of grace,
The supertunica.

And many a ring, and staff, and sword,
He takes from many a mumbling lord,

Enwrapt in richest silk and fur;
On head and hand the oil is poured,
And now they touch his foot with a spur,
And crown that Ancyente Marynere!
Soon about the Queen they'll stir,
Crowning William, crowning her.

To kiss the cheek, with aspects meek
Now on their knees the bishops fall;
Oh! every peer must kiss the cheek,
But great Lord Brougham the last of all.
Oh! yes, Lord Harry he came the last,
But the roof it rang as on he passed;
The people laugh, and the peers they stare
For they never had thought to have seen him there.
I guess 'twas curious there to see
A baron so oddly clad as he,
Ludicrous exceedingly.

SONNETS ON THE CORONATION.

BY A LYRIST FROM THE LAKES.

[Our Lyrist of the Lakes must be figured as an "old man eloquent" in all that can interest and elevate our nature. He should be somewhat tall, and somewhat drooping, with a head that scarcely seems to know that there is a halo round it, an expression of quiet dignity and simplicity of character, an unaffected familiarity of demeanour, and a suit of *brown*, properly fitted for one whose studies are sometimes of the same complexion. The white doe, the "solitary doe" of Rylstone, might be playing in the back-ground, and it would not be amiss to have a glimpse of the other "solitary" and immortal quadruped, that Peter Bell encountered in the forest.]

NATIONAL HAPPINESS.

Oh! ardent gazers! happy, happy herd
Of creatures, who your parlours, back or front,
Have left in litters; and in scorn of Hunt
And all who once your darker feelings stirred,
Have risen this morning with the earliest bird—
Breakfastless haply, or with some such thing
As a dry biscuit satisfied; your King
May justly prize the crown this day conferred
Upon him, and for you his power employ.
Was ever love like this! That maiden pale
Was there at seven this morn; of cap and veil
Despoiled, yon matron laughs. Behold that boy
Loyally standing on a spiked rail.
Oh! what can damp a nation's natural joy!

EFFECTS OF RAIN AT A CORONATION.

What, what but Rain! When brightest shines the sun,
Now as the pageant gorgeous back returns,
Down, down it comes! Each honied aspect learns
The sour vexation; all delight is done.
The King is now forgotten. Many run
For shelter, where strange phrases (strange to me)
Of "perkins," "meux," and "barclay," seem to be
Signs of glad welcome and of social fun.

Meanwhile each cloud some cherished comfort mars;
Those, envied, on the roofs, slide down again
Now envying those below. Rheumatic men,
With ague in perspective, curse their stars.
Wives, with their dresses dabbled, mourn the sum
Thus washed away, and wish they had not come.

THE SUBJECT CONTINUED.

The very soldiers fly: with dripping plumes
Depending, the whole staff, at furious pace,
Retreats, most tender of its limbs and lace.
On tiptoe creep the carriage-seeking grooms
Of many who, among the Abbey-tombs,
Had prayed for "a long reign"—but not for showers
Like this that seems disposed to last for hours!
Oh! happy they who, shut within their rooms,
Were disappointed of their seats to-day!
'Tis wisely ordered that——

* * * *

I have forgot what I was going to say.

THE LITTLE ABSENTEE.

[The only illustration to this contribution should be three elegantly ornamented letters (Harvey designs such things inimitably), presenting an appropriate obscurity of outline, to show the difficulty of representing the grace and genius of the original. The design, however, when traced, should form the letters "L. E. L." Through the clouds in the background might be dimly discerned a face, whose expression seems to hover between Romance and Reality—that indicates a spirit bound by every natural tie to the altar of song, yet stealing a side-long look at the shrine of prose, as if inclined to offer up half its worship there. A number of poems, equal in value (if poetry were paid for as it ought to be) to the National Debt, are heaped around; and at the top lie three new volumes of prose, which a thousand hands, some of them very inky and critic-looking, are eagerly endeavouring to seize.]

I see the bright procession wind
"Like a golden snake" along;
And I gaze around the Abbey, lined
With a proud and jewelled throng.

I see fair Lady Harrington;
And rich St. Albans, clad
In gems that drive, though ill put on,
The peeresses half mad.

The little princes too are there,
Those pure and pretty peers;
But oh! the scene, to others fair,
To me is dimmed with tears.

One speck upon this earthly sun,
That soon, alas! must fade,
One little spot, and only one,
Throws on my heart a shade.

Of all the myriads met to-day,
Oh! tell me which is she,
The gentle child I saw at play
By Kensington's green tree.

My eye it rests on every spot,
Ladye and cavalier;
But that fair child, I see her not
Of all the thousands here.

She is not here—the reason why
Is neither there nor here;
At home she heaves the infant sigh,
And dries the childish tear.

The humblest maid will murmur when
Refused its cup of bliss;
How must a princess suffer then,
To lose a sight like this!

Thus, mid the rich magnificence,
A vision sad and wild
Presents unto my inmost sense
An image of that child.

A REFLECTION.

[The author of this "Reflection," who would have given a "Tale of the *Hall*," but that it happened to be closed this Coronation, should be represented by a river side, moralizing on the state of some Crabs that have just been captured, and quite insensible to the increasing tide which is washing over him. He should be figured as a poet prone to consider things "too curiously"—as one who, if he had a centipede to describe, would dissect you every separate leg, and instruct you in its anatomy; who would enlist your sympathies for a beggar by painting the shape and colour of every patch upon his vest, and whose picture of a battle would be merely the Army-List turned into rhyme. A workhouse should be in the centre of the picture, with a prison on one side, and an hospital on the other.]

Turn from the court your eyes, and then explore
Those gloomier courts where dwell the pining poor.
Just think what hungry families might dine
On that laced jacket, framed of superfine.
How large a nation may a little net
Confine—what traps are in those trappings set!
Will the King give, what he has gained, a crown,
To Jones, Clark, Thompson, Jackson, Smith, or Brown?
All penceless pockets theirs—the man with cakes
For them stands still, or eats the tart he makes.
Yet see yon lady; fifty pearls at least
Circle her arms, and might an army feast.
That zone for which a princess might have pined,
Her waist confining, seems to waste consigned.
On those red coats, ten buttons meet the view;
Ten plated buttons; ten divide by two,
It leaves you five, and five we know would do.
These five, if sold, would buy yon lad a hat,
Provide a dinner, and a tea to that.

A MELODY. (MOORISH.)

"The Moor, I know his trumpet!"—Othello.

[A very *small* space will suffice for the present illustration. The poet must be figured at his desk inditing an epistle, commencing

with "My dear Lord." Volumes of poetry that exhibit signs of having been read over and over again are thrown in profusion about him, mingled with which are some biographies that seem to have been cast aside with many of the leaves uncut. Invitations to dinner are piled before him, with some resolutions proposing him as President of the Silver Fork Club.]

There 's a beauty as bright as the sunshine of youth,
Or the halo that beams round the temples of truth ;
An odour like that from the spring-lily thrown
When a breathing from Araby blends with its own.
But the lustre is not on that Peeress's hair,
Though gems and a circlet of gold glisten there ;
And the odour is not by that Exquisite cast,
Though his robe left a scent on the air as he pass'd.

This odour, 'tis not from the Abbey at all,
But breathes round the banquet in Westminster Hall ;
This light, that outsparkles the courtliest class,
Is the dazzling of dishes, the glitter of glass.
Let, let but that lustre encircle me still !
'Tis the true light of love, we may say what we will.
Oh ! give me a breath of that odour sublime,
It is worth all the flowers perfuming my rhyme.

* * * *

No banquet, dear Lansdowne ? no banquet to-day !
You cannot mean *that !*—I 'll appeal then to Grey.
My lord, you have blotted the beauty, while new,
Of the rainbow that rises round Althorpe and you.
Your music should mix with the drawing of corks,
Your glory should gleam in the flashing of forks.
Economy charms me—but first I must dine ;
You may tamper with all constitutions—but mine.

Let Lord What's-his-title exult in his curls,
Let Lady The-other still dote on her pearls ;
What is all this to me, who my loss must deplore
'Till the Dinnerless Administration be o'er !
No dinner !—not even a sandwich——

[The poet was here overcome by his feelings. He was carried off in a carriage decorated with a coronet, and was shortly afterwards set down at a very satisfactory side-table.]

A GLANCE FROM A HOOD.

[Represent a grave and rather anti-pun-like looking person, turning over the leaves of a pronouncing dictionary, and endeavouring to extract a pun from some obstinate and intractable word, that every body else had discovered and abandoned years ago. Now and then he finds something that repays him, not because it is good but because it is new. If unsuccessful, he puts the first word he comes to in *italics*, and leaves the reader to fasten any joke upon it he pleases.]

He comes, he comes ! the news afar
  Is spread by gun and steeple ;
He seems (what many princes are)
  The *Father* of his People.

That echoing cheer—it rises higher
  And seems to reach the stars ;
No Life-Guard escort he requires
  Who meets with such *Huzzas !*

A poet-King; nay, do not scoff;
The Monarch hath his *Mews;*
Like those whose pensions he cuts off,
He's followed by the *Blues.*

Yet some our King and Queen must hate,
For see, besides a star,
Their houses they illuminate
With—"W. A. R!"

He's near the Abbey; on the air
The guns their echoes threw;
And now the bishops make him swear
To mind *their* canons too.

That organ seems on *ours* to play
As if our love to nourish;
Be ruined by reform who may,
Those trumpeters must *flourish.*

A crown is brought, they make him King;
A King! why they mistake;
Two crowns, each child must know the thing,
But *half* a sovereign make.

Well, he is ours; along the way
He hears his people's vow;
And as he goes, he seems to say,
"Your *Bill* is passing now!"

THE LAUREATE'S LAY.

[The Laureate's Lay will of course exist only in a blank page. His lyre hath no chord left. He hath taken out a patent in the court of Apollo, for treating birthdays and coronations with contempt. He basks in the sunshine of idleness—the poetical privilege of doing nothing, except calling at the treasury once a-year. As he could not be conveniently omitted among the contributors to this collection, some emblematic device may be introduced—a camelion, or a rainbow: or you may paint him, if you will, glancing back upon the light of his early years, and paraphrasing the story of "Little Wilhelmine" and the "famous victory:"—

"They say it was a splendid sight,
Such sums were lavished then,
Although the nation at the time
Was full of famished men;
But things like *that,* you know, must be
At every famous pageantry.

"Much praise our gentle Monarch won,
And so did Grey and Brougham;"
"*But what good came of it at last.*"
Quoth simple Mr. Hume.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous pageantry."

THE FALL OF WARSAW, AND ITS EFFECTS UPON ENGLAND.

Nations and their governments, like individuals, are apt to run from one extreme to another, by way of correcting their errors. The British Ministry and people feeling at last the cost and barrenness of the subsidized coalitions which maintained, and the military glory which crowned, the war of the French Revolution, have now a nervous dread not only of foreign war but of frank and manly diplomacy. The English people (for it would be unjust to charge it exclusively upon the despotic councils and sympathies of George III.) entered upon a sort of knight-errant crusade against the French Republic in 1793—kept up the war against the French empire, lavishing their own blood and treasure, and paying other nations for fighting their battles, in their proper cause—and have found that their foreign interference, even though ultimately triumphant, was a foolish and pernicious game. They have become sick of it; and this is unfortunately no longer a secret to the other nations. England is in consequence gradually, but rapidly, losing her European position.

It is true that no proof has been given of the want of resources, or of what may be called physical weakness. But England has nevertheless sunk morally in the opinion of foreign powers. One cause is the knowledge throughout Europe of the extent and effect of her public debt. Another and more powerful cause is the want of energy or consistency in her foreign policy.

The foreign system of the late Ministry was unintelligible. It stigmatized in a speech from the throne that of Mr. Canning,—yet endeavoured to follow it in a manner at once servile and imperfect,—and finding itself inadequate to the crisis not only at home but abroad, retired from the helm, leaving the Sovereign and whole sphere of Executive Government in embarrassment. A new Ministry of opposite principles succeeded. Its councils were essentially and unavoidably directed to domestic matters—in fact, to a single measure—the all-absorbing one of Reform. Upon this its character and stability mainly depended. The question between Holland and Belgium forced itself on the new Ministers—they afforded upon this question some grounds of censure to all but those who were loudest in their complaints—the preceding administration and its friends. Their measures were not only of a more decisive character than those of their predecessors, but on the whole not unworthy of the country.

The sanguinary contest between the Russians and Poles next assumed an aspect which fixed the gaze of Europe upon the parties engaged and upon the Governments of the only two nations which might be expected to interfere, as being the only nations at once powerful and free, viz. England and France.

With the conduct of the French Ministry we have here nothing to do; but it may be observed in passing, that the Ministers of France announced that negociations were pending with a view to the pacification of Poland.

Lord Grey and Lord Palmerston in their respective places deprecated censure or even discussion with reference to the question, and declared that communications were pending from which they expected favourable results. Well, the public judgment was suspended,

and what has followed? Warsaw has fallen—and fallen mainly through the delusive hopes and suggestions of negociation held out to the Poles. This is positively and formally declared to the world by the Polish Government, and the denial of the fact both in France and England is but a discreditable subterfuge. The Poles knew that the sympathy of the English, as of every other generous people, was with them ;—they knew that the British cabinet was formed upon the basis of liberality ;—*they or their envoys and agents in this country heard the leading organs of that cabinet declare in Parliament that the arm of England was amicably interposed* between them and the tyrant who, after oppressing and enslaving them until they embraced the desperate alternatives of death or freedom, threatened them with extermination ;—they knew and heard all this ;—they abandoned the advantages of desperation,—of that reckless energy and preternatural force which it inspires,—for the treacherous glimmering of a distant hope of mediation which has lured them to their destruction—and Warsaw, we repeat, has fallen. The Emperor of Russia declares that he will hear of nothing but unconditional submission ; that this has been his answer to the interference of England and France from the beginning—and the estimation of England, as an European power, has received a severer wound than that which was inflicted by the Bourbon invasion of constitutional Spain.

Communities, it is said, are mere abstractions, without humanity,—without emotions ; it may, therefore, appear idle to expect that a government or people should interfere to prevent an atrocious carnage, and, if possible, still more atrocious injustice on a distant theatre, from considerations of humanity or justice. We will endeavour to show that mediation—vigorous and efficient mediation—between the Poles and Russians was dictated, by sound policy and the most important interests, to the Ministers of this country—that Ministers had not only good grounds, but were under positive obligations to interfere, and that the fall of Poland, (for such we consider that of Warsaw,) threatens the most alarming consequences to the continental influence and naval supremacy of England.

An independent kingdom of Poland, sufficiently powerful for self-defence, is an obvious, natural, and necessary barrier against the incursions of Russian ambition with its hordes and barbarism. This was strongly felt at the Congress of Vienna, in 1815. The independence of the Poles was particularly urged at that time by the English and French Ministers. M. de Talleyrand mingled on the occasion in his usual manner diplomatic finesse with sarcastic insinuation. "The partition," he says, "which destroyed the existence of Poland, was the prelude, in some measure the cause, perhaps even to a certain extent the apology, for the subsequent commotions to which Europe was exposed by the French revolution." In another note, he says—"If justice is to be observed in politics, there should be no discussion about the manner of saving and incorporating Poland, but of restoring its independence, the dissolution of which is regarded by all Europe as the disgrace of the 18th century, which a new century should hasten to efface." This was addressed to the Ministers of the three partitioning powers, and two of them, Austria and Prussia, in their dread of Russian aggrandisement, were willing to make repa-

ration. Lord Castlereagh demanded earnestly in the name of England that Poland should be re-established, not only as an act of justice to a gallant and outraged nation in the eyes of Europe, but as a measure of policy. "It is," said he, "the wish of England to see an independent power established in Poland, as a barrier between the great divisions of Europe." One may here apply to the British Minister what Gibbon says of a forgotten Christian poet—"that the consciousness of a generous sentiment seemed to elevate him, for a moment, above his usual mediocrity." The politician, like the poet, soon descended to his natural level. He was at once intimidated and cajoled by the Emperor of Russia, that magnanimous Alexander whom Napoleon so happily characterised as "a true Greek of the Lower Empire—deceitful, adroit, and hypocritical." An order of the day, addressed to the Poles by his brother in his name, is a *chef d'œuvre* of politic artifice. In it the national and military spirit of the Poles is doubly played upon to delude them into bondage, and intimidate the Ministers of the other powers:—"His Majesty the Emperor Alexander, your powerful protector," says the gentle Constantine, "calls upon you. Rally round your standards. Let your hands be armed for the defence of your country—for the maintenance of your political existence. While this august monarch is occupied with the happiness which he designs for your country, show that you are ready to support his generous endeavours with your blood. The same chiefs who led you for these twenty years to the field of honour will still show you the way." This indirect menace had its effect, especially when the Russian Emperor had the hardihood to say, and Lord Castlereagh the meanness to hear patiently, that if others were not satisfied, "he was prepared to support his pretensions with 500,000 men."

M. de Talleyrand could do little more than "point his epigrams in prose." He was the representative, not of a powerful and independent nation, but of Louis the Eighteenth, the mere creature of the very powers which governed the Congress—he, of course, submitted. The Austrian and Prussian representatives were the more easily reconciled that they were sharers in the spoil. "Lord Castlereagh returned to England, re-appeared in his place in the House of Commons, and upon being asked by Mr. Whitbread what provision had been made at the Congress in favour of Poland, gave the enigmatical or oracular response, "that the Poles should be treated as Poles!"

They were treated as Poles truly, and with a vengeance! It was said by an old Polish general, during the atrocities of Catharine and Suwarrow, upon being offered on some occasion the pledge of Russian honour, that the Russians had no word to express honour in their vocabulary. Yet in spite of this, so completely had the Emperor of Russia imposed upon the most enlightened and virtuous Poles—upon Kosciusko himself—that the nation looked up to him as an angel of deliverance.

It was, however, provided by express compact, under the guarantee of the Congress, that not only the Duchy of Warsaw, which was grasped by Russia, but the smaller spoils of Poland, which fell to Austria and Prussia, should be governed by liberal and national institutions, "conformably," said Alexander, "with the spirit of the age."

The Emperor of Austria and King of Prussia forgot their promises of "liberal institutions," both to the Poles and their hereditary subjects. The Emperor of Russia bestowed upon his kingdom of Poland a constitution, consisting of 165 articles, which was to ensure the felicity and gratitude of the Poles for ever. There were two deliberative Chambers and the Freedom of the Press. He gave them at the same time his brother Constantine for their viceroy. This was ominous. The Liberty of the Press had hardly given some signs of life, by pointing out grievances and suggesting improvements, when Constantine, in the name of Alexander, strangled it one morning in its cradle. The Poles were informed by an Imperial ukase, that they were henceforth to enjoy the Liberty of the Press, subject to the salutary restraints imposed at St. Petersburgh! The Polish Diet, and especially the members of the Lower Chamber, called Deputies, were permitted to discuss, and sometimes to reject the propositions made to them by the Imperial Viceroy; and their discussions were made public. This troublesome publicity was also disposed of by an ukase, which directed that the proceedings should be made public only during the formality of opening and closing the sessions. The press was strangled; the Diet silenced; the tribunals intimidated; and both the national and the political institutions of Poland became a mere mockery. Secret societies—the *foci* of national spirit, vengeance, and conspiracy—were formed at Warsaw, and even in some parts of Russia, among the younger officers who had served with the army of occupation in France. A horrible system of espionage, incarceration, degradation, and insult was practised under Constantine. Upon the death of Alexander, and Constantine's abdication of his right of inheritance, the latter avenged himself for his loss of empire in Russia by every species of despotism in Poland. He ruled at Warsaw by his arbitrary, savage will, without the slightest regard to law or justice. He endeavoured to debase the Poles to the standard, and clothe them in the uniform, of Russian vassalage.

Discomfiture, disgrace, and death overtook him in his career of tyranny.

The struggles of a gallant and generous people for their liberty are and rarely should be despaired of. Upon calm reflection, however, the expectation of Polish success was faint. They were attacked by an overpowering superiority of numbers and resources, and their country has not the facilities of strongholds, either from art or nature. They have no such mountains nor fortresses as Spain, for instance, to carry on a desultory and protracted war.

It was a heartless speculation to calculate upon their being able to work out their own independence. The British Ministry, in concert with that of France, or without it, should have made a humane and manly remonstrance to the Emperor of Russia; and this remonstrance should have been enforced by the British flag in the Baltic and the Black Sea. There assuredly would have been no opposition or alarm on the part of Turkey to the appearance of a British naval force in the latter.

Two questions present themselves; one of right, and one of policy. In the first place, as to the right:—the Russian Viceroy and his

whole force and train, military and civil, had evacuated the territory of Poland. This, it is true, was achieved in the first onset, without protracted war. But still, when a power claiming dominion has been forced to abandon the territory in dispute, without retaining one foot of land, or one adherent within its boundaries, there is the strongest presumptive reason to acknowledge *de jure* an authority constituted *de facto*. Is not the case thus far that of Poland?

Again, the rights of Poland, as a kingdom independent of Russia, and connected with that empire only by having the Russian Emperor for its king, were guaranteed by the Congress. The Emperor of Russia carried things with so high a hand at the time, that so far as the Congress was concerned, he might have made the Poles complete serfs of Russia. But he did not,—because he knew the Poles would have sooner died. He accepted Poland as an independent constitutional kingdom, under the adjudication, and consequently under the guarantee of the Congress of Vienna. Therefore, the powers which acted by their representatives at that Congress, or any one of them having sufficient honesty and force, had a clear right to interfere and adjudicate in the melancholy contest between the Poles and Russians. Lord Grey might have called, and ought to have called upon the Emperor of Russia, not merely to discharge obligations which his predecessor had contracted for him and his heirs, but to renounce a dominion which he had grossly abused, and which he could not recover, if at all, without those excesses of war and carnage, against which the community of civilized governments have a right to raise their voices and their hands in the name of humanity.

There is a recent and clear case in point—that of the Greeks and Turks. It is even a case *à fortiori;* for the Turks had violated no pledges; they had not granted constitutions, and abrogated them; promised security, and practised pillage; pretended to invoke the blessings of Heaven, and dispensed the curses of hell. There was something commendably honest in the barbarity of their oppressions; and without the support which the Greeks received from the other nations of Europe, in men, money, and equipments, direct and indirect, there was every probability of their ultimate, perhaps speedy success. But in spite of all this, the combined governments of Europe conceived that they had the right to interpose, and the right was exercised by the only effectual mode in the Bay of Navarino. Here was a precedent to which Russia was a party, and which she had established against herself.

We will tell Lord Grey what would have happened if the same spirit had recently presided over the councils of England. The united voices of England and France would have been heard at St. Petersburgh as they were heard at Constantinople—the combined fleets of England and France would have appeared in the Baltic and Black Sea, and Russia must have yielded, or met with the chastisement which opened the eyes and convinced the barbarism of Turkey. Russia has great naval pretensions and ambition; and we will allude to this more particularly, by and by: but it will not be said that her naval power could present as bold a front as that of Turkey did at Navarino. What could Russia do by the display or exercise of military means? There are two recent and decisive

proofs of the weakness of Russia as a military power. No doubt can be entertained that the Emperor Nicholas contemplated a crusade against the last year's Revolution of France. He disclosed, not only his sentiments, but his designs. But the Polish insurrection was sufficient to divert his whole attention, and the whole military resources of his empire, and to balance for a time the opinion of Europe as to the issue. The Emperor of Russia could not march a regiment beyond his frontier against England and France united. As to his finding German allies, it is most unlikely. The court of Austria has a clear and strongly felt interest in the weakness of Russia and the independence of Poland: and the King of Prussia, mean and rapacious as he is, could hardly stir without a subsidy, which the Russians cannot afford him. A great opportunity, then, of reducing the ambitious barbarism of Russia within its proper limits has presented itself, and has been thrown away.

We will suppose—for unhappily there is every reason to suppose—that the Russians have regained their grasp of the Poles;—the barrier which was felt to be of so much importance at the settlement of Europe, is lost. Russia presses with her numerous hordes, and her pretensions to aggrandizement, upon south-western Europe. It may be useful to cite the opinion expressed on this subject by Napoleon, at St. Helena. "Napoleon," says he, speaking in the third person, "intended to re-establish the kingdom of Poland, as the only means of opposing a bulwark against that formidable empire which threatened, sooner or later, to overrun Europe. If Alexander does not, after the example of Paul, turn his eyes towards India, in order to acquire riches, and to give employment to his hordes of Cossacks, Calmucks, and other barbarians, who have acquired a taste for luxuries in Germany and France, he can avoid a revolution in Russia only by an irruption into the south of Europe. If he succeeds in completely amalgamating Poland and Russia, all must bend under his yoke. Europe, and *especially England*, will regret having made Poland a Russian province instead of an independent kingdom. But in 1815 the British Ministry was blinded by its hatred of Napoleon." In another part of the dictated fragments called his "Memoirs," he says, that to prevent the power of the Russian empire from pressing upon Europe after his death, he invaded Russia in 1812, with the view of confining its ambition and its hordes beyond the Borysthenes.

But how can the pressure of Russia upon continental Europe particularly affect England? Why should England especially regret the cession of Poland to Russia in 1815; and it may be added, the loss of the opportunity of repairing in 1831 the error of 1815?

For two reasons: Russia would employ her European ascendant with all the inveteracy of Napoleon against not only the naval supremacy of England, but against the principles of maritime law, or right, upon which that supremacy is so dependent. The war-cry of Russia against England would be, and now most probably will be, "the freedom of neutral commerce and of the seas." It has been the Russian policy, from the days of that half-sage, half-savage, called Peter the Great, down to the present time, to possess naval strength and station in the Baltic, the Black Sea, and the Mediterranean. This object has been

sought by Russia in every contest, whether of war or diplomacy, with Sweden, Turkey, and France. That insane or eccentric savage, the Emperor Paul, was not quite so absurd as he was supposed in his pretensions upon Malta; and he was the chief author of the armed neutrality of the northern powers in 1801, which, for a moment. threatened the maritime commerce and superiority of England. That formidable league was broken up only by his death, which happened so opportunely for England, that her enemies, and especially Napoleon, did not scruple to throw upon the English Government the odious and slanderous imputation of being accessary to his assassination. The obnoxious maritime right exercised under the English flag, was perpetually harped upon at the Congress of Vienna. It was the ready retort of the Austrian, Prussian, and Russian Ministers to those of England—to Lord Castlereagh, the Duke of Wellington, and Lord Clancarty—when any observation was made by them on the seizures of Italy, Saxony, or Poland.

Since 1815 the course of events in Europe has been such as to keep this delicate question out of view; but calculating upon the future from the average experience of the past, the existing state of peace and of European relations cannot last much longer. From what quarter but Russia, with her despotism, her ambition, and her barbarism, is danger or aggression to be apprehended? The establishment of Polish independence would have thrown back this danger. Poland erected into an independent state would have served against her as a barrier and bulwark of European defence and security. That barrier in her possession, she has the key of Europe; she looks from a commanding position over not only Austria and Prussia, but over Italy and France. What stronger temptation than this for attacking England in the great source of her European power—her naval ascendancy. It should never be forgotten that the English maritime code, as affecting neutral commerce, is unpopular and obnoxious all over the world. The Emperor of Russia has, moreover, all the naval powers of the north of Europe, Sweden, Denmark, and Prussia, so far as she is a naval power, at his beck. His relations with Holland, our ancient, and it may be said, natural ally, are also more intimate. Such is the position in which the Emperor of Russia has been permitted by the pusillanimity of English councils to secure himself. Thus has peace or war in Europe been made dependent upon his discretion and moderation—a most frail security.

There are persons in this country who use mischievous and despicable endeavours to embroil the Government with that of France. Their motives are various, and all more or less malignant. Some would still cherish the uncharitable and exploded absurdity that France is our natural enemy. France may be the natural rival of England—and this not in a hostile sense, but in arts, science, and ingenuity. The two countries have much more of common than conflicting interests, especially since the recent revolution has created the mutual respect and sympathy of a common freedom. Others would seek a grovelling popularity by flattering popular prejudices which have ceased to exist. An anti-Gallican claptrap would now be hooted by the populace in the galleries of our minor theatres. Some few more would plunge the country into a quarrel with the French from the

same hatred of their recent as of their former Revolution, forgetting or disregarding the streams of British blood and the hundreds of millions of British treasure which have been expended in that memorable contest. There are not in the whole world such rancorous enemies of public liberty as may be found in England. Not only individuals, but political coteries, are affected with this servile and malignant instinct. The present Ministry will not gratify them. Their disposition to cultivate friendly relations and commercial intercourse with the French, proves the wisdom of their policy, as well as the liberality of their sentiments. Parodying the Spanish proverb, we would say "Peace with France and war with the rest of the world." We believe every person who is really acquainted with the French people will believe this to be possible. They have what may be called a predisposition. It is their general wish to esteem and be esteemed by the English. They assuredly have their full share both of enlightened sense and generous emotion.

Russia, we have observed, and we believe shown, is the quarter which most nearly threatens the peace of Europe and the power of England. It would require only a very brief examination of the subject to satisfy any reasonable mind, that the subjugation of the Poles supplies to Russia means of offence incalculably beyond any that France would acquire by the annexation of Belgium. Yet have the British Ministers given days and weeks to diplomatic communications and conferences for the prevention of the latter, whilst they have scarcely put in motion their tongues, their pens, or their diplomatists for the prevention of the former.

They have doubtless been actuated by two leading and obvious motives: the first is their study to prolong the state of peace. A government, or an individual giving but a hint of the appeal to arms, should be ready to take the field, or meet the world's derision. We believe, however, that the threat of war might have been held out to the Emperor of Russia in the shape of a vigorous remonstrance with the fair chances of a pacific result.

But supposing it should have proved otherwise; is it reasonable to conclude that the sacrifice of the Poles will materially prolong the duration of peace? What a bitter comment upon the conduct of Ministers if they should find themselves embroiled with Russian ambition three or six months hence! A war with Russia commanding the military resources of Poland, and the high-way of irruption into civilized Europe, would be serious; but what was there formidable in a war undertaken for the independence of the Poles? It would be on the part of England wholly naval—maintained with her right arm, with that force which constitutes her pride and safety, her permanent, popular, and "cheap defence"—a force which may be increased to any extent without a murmur from the people against the burthens which might be imposed on them, without creating danger or alarm for the constitutional rights and liberties of the country—a force which protects and extends our maritime commerce, from which, as from a vast seminary, it is, in its turn, recruited with practised and complete seamen. Had the same spirit which presided over the British Government and the pacification of Greece when his present Majesty was Lord High Admiral of England, still presided over the

cabinet, the admiralty, and the pacification of Poland, we venture to assert that the Russians would have been brought to reason either by vigorous remonstrance, or if that failed, by a vigorous exercise of naval power—like the Turks. But the foreign policy of the administration has, we repeat, been pusillanimous.

The paramount business of Reform is the second cause which has distracted and enfeebled the administration of foreign affairs. It had the double effect of absorbing the attention of the government and of the people. The successful progress of Reform might be compromised by a war, and the success of the war compromised by the distraction or the monopoly of the public mind in the pursuit of Reform. This is much the more creditable excuse for the foreign policy of Lord Grey. Even this, however, is insufficient.

But the question now is that the great work of repairing the fabric or fortress of the constitution should be completed rapidly. Whilst Reform is pending, England cannot exert all her resources, moral and material, with undivided energy to maintain her place as a European power. Expedition depends upon the people themselves. There is no reason to reproach them with the want of patriotism or activity. At no period indeed have the English people proved more nobly, that noblest quality of national character for which the English are renowned among nations—public spirit. The aristocracy, too, of wealth and rank have given splendid proofs of disinterested and devoted patriotism. Voluntary patriotism has rarely made more generous sacrifices. Pecuniary considerations are, it may be said, the most sordid of any; but are they not also the most powerful? What is more easy than to disguise the pride of riches and the most sordid love of pelf in the envelope of sage counsel, or of honest stupidity? Examples will readily suggest themselves in that class of the aristocracy which dares to dispute with the people their right to be taxed only by a real representation. The usurpation, it is true, has been gradual and long endured, and there is no wrong so palpable, but habit and prescription will turn it into a right in the imagination of the habituated, hardened, profiting wrong-doer. A faction may persist in the system of clogging the advance of Reform, but let them beware of being crushed or trampled.

BLACK WORK.

A CERTAIN Colonel, old, and poor, and lame,
And therefore somewhat choleric and fervent,
Had advertised for a man-servant,
And was employ'd in writing, when there came
Into his room a spruce and dandy footman,
Who scorn'd to be a shoe and boot-man,
And therefore ask'd, as he drew near,
"Pray, Sir, who does the black-work here?"—
"That, Sir, I do myself," the Colonel said,
And threw his inkstand at the fellow's head! H.

A LETTER TO TOM SHACKLEFORD.

"Tragical Melpomone herself will, now and then, put on the comical start-up; sage Apollo laughs once yearly at his own beardless face; the modest Muses have the maddest revels; the darksomest Winter has his gliding streams; and wise men will sometimes play with children's rattles."

My dear Tom:

As all the professions, trades, occupations, and callings of human life are at the present moment so completely overstocked as to offer little or no encouragement to a young man labouring, like yourself, "under an attack of impecuniosity," and as there appears to be something like an opening in the department of dinner-wag, or professed Merry-andrew—most of the old performers being superannuated or used up—I strenuously advise you to turn your attention towards a pursuit which may supply you with five or six good meals during every week of the London season, and, not improbably, procure you a constant invitation to enact the part of Mr. Merryman at some Hall, Park, or Abbey, during the autumn. To one circumstanced like yourself, these are valuable considerations, even if they do not lead to an advantageous marriage, or to the gift of a sinecure or snug appointment from some old laughter-loving, red-faced, white-waistcoated, aristocratical corruptionist. That such benefices will be numerous after the enactment of the Reform Bill, I am not sanguine enough to hope; therefore is it that the privileged classes, who have hitherto had a monopoly of the loaves and fishes, are so bitter against the measure; but some will still remain, and as they have generally been bestowed upon the most idle and worthless young fellows about town, you will obviously stand as good a chance as any other. *Pleasantry apart*—I think you are rather a droll fellow, and possess decided requisites for the part of a Tom Fool, who is invited to banquets because he can honestly "earn the run of his ivories," and say a good thing for every one that he devours. Without flattery, I may assert that you are tolerably good-looking; flippant, if not witty; noisy, if not convivial; able to drink two bottles of wine without inconvenience; possessed of no outward or visible means of subsistence, and gifted with a very valuable effrontery. Enjoying such decided requisites, you ought to command success; and as I feel a most disinterested wish to promote it—for your late inroads upon my dinner-table have been by no means like angel visits, and your appetite is rather an unmerciful one—I proceed to give you such hints and suggestions as my longer observation and experience enable me to offer.

In the first place, never appear to want a dinner, or you may go without one from January to Christmas; for people cram the plethoric and the fat, not the lean and hungry. Make your acceptance of an invitation a great favour—protest that you are engaged three deep: disseminate the notion that it is the fashion to ask you to dinner-parties; and if you can establish this point, your fortune is made. You will be asked on this sole account, without any reference to your merits; and your character being once confirmed as a professed wag, it will be impossible for you to open your mouth, even to utter the most common-place matter-of-fact, without exciting a roar of irrepressible laughter. To those who are understood not to want any thing, the public are invariably generous. The newspapers, there-

fore, and the world at large, will father other people's jokes upon you; all the strays and waifs of waggery will become yours by right of their not belonging to you; and the facetious Tom Shackleford, like his fortunate predecessor, Joe Miller, will become a *depôt* and emporium for *bon-mots* and witticisms. Imagine not that there will be the smallest difficulty in acting up to a reputation which it will be perfectly easy to maintain, although perhaps somewhat difficult to acquire. In this respect, much may be effected by management. Wherever you are going, you must previously endeavour to obtain a list of the parties invited, that you may learn something of their history; prepare yourself to play upon their names; elaborate your impromptus; get your extemporaneous quotations by heart, and work up your off-hand repartees. Sometimes you may find your account in employing a discreet confederate to prepare the train which you are to fire, rewarding him by getting him invited elsewhere; and thus giving him a share of the plunder, as the lion does the jackal. Where you can make the occurrences of the day the basis of your jest, or bring it to bear against any obnoxious personage, it will be more effective; but you will, of course, keep a common-place book, on which you must draw for want of other funds; and it is astonishing how much may be effected by a small capital of this sort, judiciously employed. Novelty is by no means necessary; your reputation will help off an old Joe, where an unacknowledged wag would fail, even with an original *bon môt.*

There is no laying down a general theory for these things: example is better than speech. Suppose, therefore, your dinner-party waiting for some one not yet arrived. You will naturally hesitate to throw away a joke, or even an apposite remark, when your audience is not all assembled; but you may venture to quote Boileau's dictum, that the time a man is waited for, is always spent in discovering his faults; adding that you only quote so trite an observation in order to restore it to its proper author, as it has been attributed to many other writers. At this hungry moment, when most Englishmen, if they are at all in health, are sure to be very much out of temper, you may show your superior good-humour by laughter, and unmeaning rattle of any sort; and if asked why you can be so silly on so serious an occasion, be sure to reply, because you would rather talk nonsense than hear it. Be discreet, however, in your folly, suddenly, and with a feeling tone, expressing your fear that the brave Poles will eventually be overpowered by the Russians, although the justice of their cause would seem to entitle them to the assistance of Heaven; exclaiming, with a shrug of the shoulders—"Mais pour ça, je suis d'accord avec le Duc de la Ferté, que le bon Dieu est toujours du coté des gros bataillons." Flippant as it is, this remark will pass muster in French, and will enable you to introduce some cut and dry criticism upon the memoir-writers of that nation. Should any one express his surprise that you are so good a critic as well as wag, fail not to reply, "My dear Sir, one cannot be always jesting; and I am quite of Lord Chesterfield's opinion, that a wise man should live quite as much within his wit as his income." You may now express a hope that the individual for whom the party are waiting may meet with his *desert* by coming after dinner, and verify the monkish rule—*pro tarde venienti-*

bus ossa. Thus will you have sported criticism, French, and Latin—all very proper and *telling* before dinner, though they might not be so appropriate *at*, and still less *after* that meal. Lay it down as a general rule that the jokes the most highly relished during dinner are those which have reference to eating, as if they were suggested by the viands before you: and that you may diminish the supply of wit and observance of decorum as the consumption of wine increases. After the first few bottles, laughter becomes contagious and involuntary, your sorriest and most hacknied jests serving the purpose as well as your newest and happiest hits. Such noisy cachinnations are but the ascending fumes of the champagne, and when you find that a drunken fool can excite them as successfully as a sober jester, you would do well to retire, and not waste your stock of facetiæ upon undiscerning Bacchanals.

Dinner being served, you may launch such of your soup-jokes as you happen to recollect. Remind the company that when Birch, the pastry-cook, commanded one of the City regiments, he obtained the *soubriquet* of Field-marshal Tureen; say something smart about his forced-meat balls, and pleasantly remark that the syllabubs of that artist are sure to be unrivalled, since every schoolboy must be aware that *Birch* makes the best *whips*. Upon the subject of fish, innumerable good things may be sported; and even the sauce will afford fair excuse for ladling out some of your own, as you will, of course, allude to the ambassador from Louis Quatorze, who, in his first despatches from London, complained heavily that he had been sent among a barbarous people, who had twenty-seven different religions and only three fish-sauces. When a moment of favourable silence occurs, you may quote James Smith's happy epigram upon Harvey's Sauce, and his namesake the moralist—

"Two Harveys had an equal wish
To shine in separate stations,
The one invented sauce for fish,
The other—Meditations:—

"Each has his pungent power applied
To aid the dead and dying;
This relishes a sole when fried,
That saves a soul from frying."

If there be a hare at table, and it is under-done, as is generally the case, you may jocosely protest that you would not have dressed for dinner, had you been aware that the dinner was not to be dressed for you, and declare, with an offended look, that the cook ought, in common justice, to undergo the fate of Guatemozin. Some perhaps may be puzzled, but it is well to appear a little dark at times; they who understand the allusion will approve it; they who do not, will give you credit for erudition or extensive reading.—(Tom Shackleford a deep reader! Heaven bless the mark!) After this, you must assume your waggish look—for a smirk on a jester's face is sure to beget an anticipatory titter—and continuing your allusion to the cook, exclaim, "Poor woman! I don't know why she should be roasted, though she cannot roast; for she was hired as a cook, not as a hair-dresser!" Upon this, and upon all occasions, whether you fail or succeed, you

must ride home upon your own horse-laugh; for a roar is catching, though wit be not.

Old anecdotes will acquire a sort of novelty if you confidently swear that they occurred to yourself. Boldly affirm, therefore, that when you were lately dining with a merchant in the city, and he tossed the carving knife over the bannisters, because it was blunt, you rose up and threw the leg of mutton after it; and that when asked the cause of this singular proceeding, you calmly replied—"My dear Sir, I thought you were going to dine down stairs!" *Apropos* to leg of mutton, tell the story of Mallebranche, who had so excited his imagination that he fancied this joint to be perpetually hanging to his nose, and could not be cured of his delusion till a doctor, concealing a leg of mutton beneath his cloak, pinched the patient's nose till it bled, and then letting the joint fall at his feet, persuaded him that he had performed a marvellous operation. *Apropos* to noses; quote from Grammont's Memoirs.—"'Where could I get this nose?' said Madame D'Albert, observing a slight tendency to redness in that feature.—'At the sideboard, Madame,' answered Cotta." You may now quote from de Grammont *ad libitum*, or pillage the Greek anthology for jokes upon noses; or returning to legs of mutton, make some pleasant allusion to the *gigots* of the ladies, and express your opinion that their sleeves are fashioned so preposterously large, in order that there may be sufficient room *in* them to laugh *at* them; not forgetting to insinuate, that female dresses are made like tinder in order to catch the sparks, and be all ready for a good match, &c. &c. In cutting a slice of tongue, you may allude to the strange fancy of Silenus, when he tells the Cyclop that if he eats the tongue of Ulysses he will acquire all his eloquence; or express a malicious hope that your censorious friend Sir Reginald will not bite his own tongue, as he would infallibly be poisoned. If your host asks how you like the Madeira, exclaim—"My good friend, it is sweeter than the wine which Maron, the son of Bacchus, gave to Ulysses, or than that which occasioned Silenus to ejaculate so fervently Papaiapœx! Babai!" Pronounce this with a mock solemnity, as if quizzing your own pedantry, and it will astonish the women and the groundlings, who will whisper to one another, "Tom Shackleford, with all his waggery, is a scholar and a man of reading." Follow up this classical hit by observing, that if we were to judge by present appearances in Europe, we might exclaim—

> "Prospicimus modo quod durabunt tempore longo
> Fœdera, nec patriæ pax citò diffugiet:"

but that in a few months we may have to read everything backwards, and that then the lines will run—

> "Diffugiet citò pax patriæ, nec fœdera longo
> Tempore durabunt quod modo prospicimus."

This, if cleverly managed, and copies furnished to the admiring guests, ought to make your fortune for a whole season, besides procuring you a prodigious reputation for Latin and learning with all those who are ignorant of both. During the second course you may tell the story of the silly French Marquis, who being asked by his

cook how he would have the wild ducks dressed, desired that they might be made into *Bœuf à la mode;* or you may observe of the green goose, if it happen to be tough, that you suspect it wants to make a convert of you, as it seems to belong to the old *Propaganda* Society. Omit not to notice that Peter Pindar called spruce beer—deal-board broth; that Hook has denounced scolloped oysters as children's ears in sawdust, and brill as poor-house turbot; and that Bentley declared, with his usual dogmatism—"Sir, if you drink ale, you'll think ale."

But it is useless, my dear Tom, to multiply examples when your own good taste, (I speak literally of your palate), will suggest to you the properest means for maintaining your reputation, and procuring numerous *invites* from all parties. To secure this object you must not belong to any political faction, or rather you must be cosmopolitan in your views, and ingratiate yourself with all. Flat, and flippant, and stale as may appear some of these facetiæ upon paper, they will go off with good *eclat* when assisted by sympathy and champagne. After the second bottle you need take very little pains; anything will do; a bad pun is sure of a good shriek, and nothing better, therefore, should be disbursed, or rather dismouthed. Verbum sat: I shall be delighted, my dear Tom, to find that you follow these instructions strictly and successfully, for by eating other people's dinners you will spare mine, and if you become a sufficient favourite with the public to repay me the hundred pounds I lent you last spring, you will become a greater favourite than ever with your affectionate and disinterested uncle,

NIC. SHACKLEFORD.

THE TWO MAIDENS.

YE, two lovely, graceful things,
Like young angels without wings,
Rich in beauty, ye were sent
For joy, and yet how different;
Like the rose and lily's growth!—
God in Heaven made you both!

Lilien Byrne, that laughing child,
Sports within the forest wild;
Dances by the valley-spring,
She's a happy, elfin thing!
Like the eagle's, her dark eye
Flashes as she passes by;
Like a breeze, her curling hair
Flutters o'er her shoulders bare;
Like the fawn, she frolics bold,
Bounding o'er the mountains old;
Like the lark's, her joyful tone:—
Hath she sin and sorrow known?—
Like the lark's, her carol high
Ringeth to the clear, blue sky.

Graceful Lady Adeline!
Glorious is her beauty's sheen;
Large, and deeply blue her eyes,
As the summer noon-day's skies;
Golden is her braided hair;
Fair is she, sweet maiden, fair!
Sculptors, from her form, have thrown
Grace upon the marble stone,
And great painters from her face,
Caught the mind's ethereal grace.

Lilien Byrne is born to toil;
She 's a daughter of the soil;
Reads no books the learned read;
Meets not beauty's flattering meed;
Born for hardship and for care,
Much to do and much to bear;
Born to share the peasant's lot,
Yet for this she murmurs not;
Does the work her parents tell,
Tends the sheep upon the fell,
And draws the water from the well.

Noble Lady Adeline!
She among the proud is seen,
And, the King his hand has laid
On her beautiful, young head.
She is decked with gold and pearl,
Daughter to an English Earl,
And her gentle foot ne'er trod
Aught rougher than the garden sod,
And her gentle fingers fall
On the light keys musical.
She may sit with studious look,
Reading many a glorious book,
For, all poetry hath penned,
Her sweet soul can comprehend,
And all science hath revealed,
Is to her a fount unsealed.

Happy Lilien, who can see
A young, lovely thing like thee,
Nor thank God, that he has sent
Beauty to thee with content,
And a simple pride of heart,
To keep thee spotless as thou art?

And sweet Lady Adeline,
Such as thou are rarely seen!
And seen but to raise the mind
To spiritual beauty high and kind;
That darkened yet ethereal grace,
God's image in the human race!

M. H.

SWITZERLAND IN 1831.

Politics are becoming a veritable nuisance. Like waters too long pent up in a narrow and unnatural space—in the heads of borough-mongers, if you will, and high-born statesmen—they have, in bursting their bounds, at once overspread and devastated the surface and remaining interests of society. Literature and quiet life, for instance, they have destroyed at home. In France, they have drowned, not only all such light matter, but have stifled the substantial also. There commerce itself is forsaken, and at a stand. The wheel of the manufacturer hath ceased until the tongue of the politician shall rest, too, in something like decision. Think of this flood, this moral cholera of politics, having passed over the mountains, and invaded the remote valleys of Switzerland! Even the picturesque, that last retreat of the musing and the tranquil, the seeker of health and thought, has not escaped. Its source, too, is muddied, if not pol luted, and its bright sky clouded by the exhalations of political discussion.

At Chamouni, some years since, visitors spoke of glaciers and *chalets* and the *mer de glace*. Now, Mont Blanc himself is forgotten. You meet at the *table d'hôte* the *Marquis un tel*, a Carlist, voyaging from disgust. Next him you find a wanderer of a different colour, and the Revolution of July soon absorbs the converse. At Yverdun, I wanted to re-hire my former guide. "Oh! Sir, he is taken by the conscription, and become a soldier." "Soldier! are the Swiss at war, then?" "Oh! yes, Sir, we have sent a contingent into the Vallais to oppose the march of the Austrians; and they say another must march to keep peace amongst the Bâlois." Do you get a guide—he has forgotten the names of the very Alps, and asks you of the Poles, and of their fate. The very arts are infected: the young shepherd no longer thunders out the *Ranz des Vaches*, but the *Parisienne*—(fact! I heard it in the Grindelwald;) and the sketch-book contains representations, no longer of the glaciers, but of the *trois jours*.

Seriously speaking, Switzerland is in as great a turmoil as its neighbours, and the pernicious consequences to industry and its classes are the same. Each canton has had its revolution, and some are already threatened with a second. One of the chief causes of this is the total separation of interests betwixt the townsman and the peasant. As land brings in universally but small profits, the wealthy retire into towns, and place their fortunes in foreign funds, in those of France or England; the farmer tills the soil, or rather mows it, cheese being the chief production; and for this he procures purchasers in Italy chiefly, or in foreign lands. Hence the peasant finds not even a market in the town, nor a consumer in its inhabitant; and this solitary and most natural link betwixt them exists not. Yet of the townsmen is necessarily composed the municipal council, &c. &c.; and hence the jealousy entertained by the peasant against the burgess, with whom he has no connexion, to whom he has no obligation. Some Cantons form an exception to this. Neufchatel is one—Neufchatel, where subsisting families, of noble birth, have lands and country mansions, and hold to them. After all, an aristocracy, not

overgrown, forms the true and beneficial link betwixt town and country.

The most exasperated amongst the Swiss, those foremost in the *mouvement*, as the love of political novelty is called, are certainly the Vaudois. There are good reasons for this;—their having been so long a state subject and secondary to Berne, for instance. Their speaking French is not sufficient cause, for the Neufchatelese speak French too, yet have that honest, neighbourly hatred towards France, such as becomes a frontier province. In this they are the opposite of the Vaudois, who are furious Gallicians. The Vaud is, indeed, in the Swiss Federation, precisely what France is in Europe, the most restless and vivacious child of the family—such a child as quiet parents pack to school, in order at once to tame and get rid of him. Some months ago, reports were circulated on Change and in newspaper columns, that the Austrians were about to march into Piedmont. The Vaudois were instantly in arms, without calculating even the expense—a most un-Swiss-like oblivion—they raised a force, and occupied the Vallais. They have since, indeed, evacuated it; but their army remains on the war footing. There are Generals and Staff, *etat majors*, in every town, and certainly a sufficient number of officers to drill and lead the whole force of the Alps. But the military ardour is already evaporating, and the townsfolk begin to exclaim against the expense.

Despite of the common-placing about the picturesque, and the hundred-and-one tours which record the search for it in these regions, it is, as a spot to visit, a region wherein to kill agreeably a summer, that Switzerland most interests us. And one advantage of this country is certainly, that neither pen nor pencil can convey any idea of its aspect, of its beauties, and sublimities. Tourists cannot vulgarise, nor lithographs degrade it. One must come and see; and a very few days suffice, so deep and everlasting is the impression made, and, at the same time, so monotonous and little varied is the character of the country. The most apt and befitting entrance to the Alpine land, is certainly that by St. Croix, over the highest range of the Jura, a walk, the wildness of which well repays the traveller. The descent affords a splendid view, preferable to that which opens suddenly over the Lake of Geneva; for here this Lake is visible in the distance, whilst that of Neufchatel extends beneath, and half Switzerland, to the glaciers is clearly seen.

Pestalozzi and his method have successively expired at Yverdun. The survival of a system of education, requiring the continued presidence of a man of genius, cannot reasonably be hoped. From Yverdun to Berne the road passes by the field of Morat. The Ossuary, containing the bones of the slain Burgundians, destroyed and scattered by the French, has been replaced by a column. The inscription is ingenious: it contains the name of neither France nor Burgundy, and merely says, *Novo signat lapide*,—"With a new building commemorates" the battle fought in such a year. The Canton of Freyburg, in which this stands, has been attached to France, that is, to Catholic and Ultra-France. It has proved a retreat to the Jesuits of that country, and to their friends, the Carlist emigrants. Freyburg is thronged with them, as is, indeed, its name-sake in the

Brisgau. Every country-house is occupied by partisans of the fallen family; and this new Coblentz can even boast its Gazette, edited by the Count, Baron, or Chevalier Omahoni.

Travellers in general remark, that they immediately become aware of the transition from a Protestant to a Catholic Canton; from the Vaud, for example, into the Vallais, or into Freyburg, by the instant decrease of cleanliness and neatness. There is certainly truth in the fact; as any one who ever passed the bridge of St. Maurice, with industry and neat cottages on one side, Monks and filth on the other, must allow. But the consequence too obviously drawn, that Catholicism implies laziness and want of cleanliness, is not so just. The facts are these. When the ideas of religious Reformation penetrated into Switzerland, the agricultural cantons in general embraced them: thus did Zurich, Berne, Geneva, and the Vaud. The pastoral regions, more remote from intercourse and civilization, held—such is the characteristic of a pastoral people—to old traditions. Now, a shepherd race are always filthy, despite of poetical ideas,—in general poor. They live with their cattle rather than with fellow men: they are scattered. The women, those ministers of cleanliness, are too busied in heavy drudgery to attend to more than the indispensable neatness of the milk vessels. These, indeed, are seen resplendently white, in chalets, of which the filth and smoke are not to be rivalled in dear Ireland. Thus, if Protestantism and cleanliness have become united, it is not owing to any abstergent qualities in the creed of the former.

Berne is a most original city in its appearance. It has, at least, that merit:—singular, that one of the most modern capitals in Europe should, nevertheless, wear the most ancient aspect. Indeed, this holds true of all Switzerland. The country that first shook off the tyranny of the middle ages, is the country which preserves latest the external characteristics of that epoch. This is especially the case in the churches of the Catholic cantons. Where, in Europe, is there a monastery calculated to bring back the imagination to old times, in comparison with that of Einsiedelin. Those of Italy are mere modern barracks compared with it. The sacred respect with which costume, in all its primitive oddness, beauty, and diversity is preserved in Switzerland, calls forth precisely the same remark. Berne has other advantages: a vicinity and promenades, superior to those of any other city, and certainly the finest view of the higher range of Alps. Even that from the top of the Righi is not to be compared with it. Indeed, without viewing the great chain from Berne, it is impossible to comprehend or have an idea of the geography of this stupendous ridge.

Nature has kindly framed for the lover of her most sublime scenes a path to and along the foot of her most stupendous elevations. This way lies first across the lovely Lake of Thorn, from the end of which two valleys diverge in ascending, one to the foot of the Yungfrau, the other to that of the Eiger. The first is that of Lanterbrunner, famed by tourists for its loveliness. The torrents of the 9th of August last, however, have laid the whole vale in ruin, swept away the houses, effaced the road, and converted the entire breadth of the valley into the bed of a tempestuous river. They played all kinds of

wicked freaks. One that I remarked, was to transplant a tremendous tree, bearing its roots and trunk a furlong down, and fixing it in a boiling gulf of water, where, when I saw it, a fortnight after the catastrophe, it vegetated with all the *sang froid* imaginable.

The fall of the Staubbach, at Lanterbrunner, is the beautiful of Swiss cascades, as that of the Aar, at Handeck, is the sublime. The former, although it has acquired its fame as falling from the greatest height, has nought of the terrific. Though a full river rushed over the precipice, nevertheless the character of the fall was gentleness. The waters burst into foam from collision merely with the air, and seemed as if they would not harm a lady's cheek. I never saw any sight so exquisitely beautiful. It was like woman's rage, which, when it meets with nought whereon to wreak itself, bursts and dissolves in tears.

At Lanterbrunner one is at the foot of the highest of the Bernese Alps. The Yungfrau—less deserving of the name than of old, since some half dozen climbers have reached the top within these few years—terminates the valley. And the pedestrian's path to Grindelwald winds over a secondary Alp, (the Wengern,) which juts out towards the great queen of glaciers, displaying fully its peaks and dread recesses, whilst an intervening vale takes away all peril from the attempt. The mountains are here grouped together: they form not a chain, but a knot, with snow and glaciers filling up the intervals, so as to defy all approach. The Finster Aar-horn is the central peak, whilst the Yungfrau and Eiger form the outer limit towards the north. Those, in consequence, are fully visible and examinable on this side; but, unfortunately, it is to the southward, that the many and great avalanches fall, down steeps where mortal eye cannot observe or wonder at their course. More rarely the avalanches fall on the northern side; but the continual roar of them from the other is even more appalling than the sight. Here, at least, earth has its thunders to rival those of Heaven.

Whilst the Yungfrau rises gradually, and by successive elevations, to its majestic height, the Eigar, which is the next in the chain, presents an almost perpendicular front to the north. No snow can rest there. It consequently forms no glacier, and precipitates no avalanche. The valley beneath is inhabited in safety. A beautiful valley it is, the Grindelwald, rendered more curious by two glaciers protruded into it, not menacingly, but beautifully, from clefts in the chain, and descending from the unexplored recesses of the Finster Aar-horn. Around the great Alpine groupe the road continues to wind over another secondary mountain (the Scheideck,) turning the Wetterhorn, which forms the salient angle on this side of nature's most stupendous fortress.

It is to be feared, or hoped, just as the reader pleases, that the awful sacro-sanctity of these regions will gradually diminish before the boldness of man. Not a century back, the valley of Chamouni, at the foot of the Mont Blanc, was unknown and unexplored. It now contains a town, and sends annual visitors to the very top of the monarch of mountains. The less obvious recesses of the Oberland are threatened with similar freedoms. The Yungfrau, as observed, has already lost its, or her, right to the appellation of Maiden. A flag-staff on the summit records, that four men of the Unterwalden

reached the spot about three years since. The Gemmi, over which lies the once-dreaded passage to the Baths of Lonesch, affords now the common road. And as to the Grinsel, it is child's play to climb it. Fair hands, wielding poles, are to be seen perched on every cliff. Even the most remote and inaccessible Alp, the Finster Aar-horn, is threatened with a *coup de main*, the success of which the unfavourable summer has, perhaps, alone prevented. There exists in the country a tradition, that a practicable path once lay across this glacier into the Vallais. To survey the country now, or its map, you would suppose that this spot of all others afforded the most difficult, and, indeed, unattemptable passage. But the mountaineers are positive as to the tradition, that, in the time of the Romans, as they call the olden time, a path existed. It certainly must be the shortest. And from the accounts of Chamois hunters and mineral-seekers, success is expected. This said tradition is passing strange. It would be singular, if proved, that the clime of France, for instance, should have been improved, as it undoubtedly has, from the frigid to the more than temperate, whilst the region of the higher Alps, so near to it, has experienced an increase of rigour and of snow.

But a hundred pens have traced these paths, and my purpose was only to record what is new ; and this certainly we met at Amsteg in the valley of the Reuss. We had followed this beautiful stream, which runs through the loveliest succession of scenes from the foot of the St. Gothard to the Lake of Lucerne. The road, lately finished by the Canton of Uri, for the sake of the communication betwixt Germany and Italy, is as fine as any of Napoleon's achievements in this kind. At a sudden turn in this valley stood the little village of Amsteg. We looked out for it and its comfortable inn ; but lo ! on arriving at the spot, whence it ought to have been visible, no Amsteg appeared. An immense wreck of earth and stones covered its site : farther down the stream were seen the wrecks of the houses. Bridges were to be seen nowhere, the river everywhere, and the population, fortunately scanty, were to be seen wandering amongst the ruins, bivouacking or begging, or digging for their property. It was on the 9th of August last, that the catastrophe took place ; the swollen water of the Maderanen stream having loosened its banks, brought down with them such a mass of earth, that the river was forced from its bed, the little towns inundated, more than half of its houses carried away, and the rest completely ruined. One English family were surprised at Amsteg by the inundation. The innkeeper saved their horses and equipage, and unfortunately lost his own, all his offices being carried away. When the question was asked, would not the Government of the Cantons come to the aid of the sufferers ? It was answered, that the Government had more than exhausted its funds in the St. Gothard road ; that, however, at any other period, an appeal to the other Cantons and to the Diet, would have certainly not proved ineffectual, but that at present when revolution was abroad, and every thing in turmoil, each Canton and individual looked to itself, and that aught like charity or sympathy was not to be hoped for. This put me in mind of an old and not untrue maxim, viz. :—that philanthropy in the gross, and philanthropy in the little, were not made for each other's company.

Y.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW OF THE NOVELS AND ROMANCES OF THE YEAR.

We do live in a terrible hurry, that is a fact no one can deny—rather an extraordinary destiny for a fact now-a-days. We fly over the land some breathless ten miles an hour, thanks to mail-coaches and Macadam; we fly over the water, thanks to water itself. Fashions, books, opinions, men, and measures, follow each other with such rapidity of change, that whether there be those periods of time called the past and present really admits of a doubt; Young Rapid of the farce seems the Brahma of the times, the incarnation of the spirit of the world, and "keep moving" the great doctrine of the hour. Now, as Abernethy most justly observes, being hurried is the worst thing in the world for the digestion; and to that we will add, hurry is as bad for the mind as it is for the body. We really beg leave to take a little breath; also, by way of a novelty, to look back. Janus, in our times, has certainly lost one of his faces, the one turned to the receding months; nevertheless, we intend looking in that direction. Do not be alarmed, gentle reader, we are going to recal none of your difficulties, whether political or pecuniary; we are going no farther than the circulating library. If you have read the works, whose merits we are about to investigate, you will be obliged to us for recalling some pleasant half hours,—we dare not venture on supposing you have spent more,—and if you have not, you ought to be grateful to us for making you aware how much industry and how much talent has been given to the mere amusement of your idleness. We select the works mentioned at the head of this page from philanthropy; we have selected an ill-used branch of "the written troubles of the brain."

Addison's elegant allegory of Truth calling in the assistance of Fiction, can never be more applicable than it is to novels; sometimes, we must confess, Fiction, like a false ally, has gone over to the other side, and the talents which should have redeemed, have sometimes profaned the fascinations of literature; but generally the principles given, and the example embodied, have dealt rather in the exaggeration of excellence. The majority of writers have been most given to making their examples "too excellently good," and letting vice be punished and virtue rewarded, has become almost a necessary termination to a romance. To support our proposition, let us take a brief survey of the history of English fiction, as developed in the form of a novel, which will amply bear us out in our assertion, that their tendency has been decidedly to the side of moral excellence. The first romance which our language possesses is the "Arcadia;" what are the lessons inculcated in its pages? the most generous courage, the purest love, and the highest sense of honour. No one can deny that prose fictions began well; it is singular that a work so popular, and so fashionable, (for Court favour then was what fashion is now,) invested with so much extraneous interest, both from the fine qualities and the early death of its author, should not have produced imitators, or at least, some farther incursions into the realms of prose. It did not, however, and a long interregnum occurs, broken only by some short and licentious tales in Charles's time, taken from French models; and French taste has always exercised a most deteriorating effect on our imaginative literature. To this however there were two striking exceptions, two of the most original, and two of the most popular works in any language, we allude to the "Pilgrim's Progress" of John Bunyan, and the "Robinson Crusoe" of Defoe. But for these from the "Arcadia" we step at once to the days of Fielding and Smollett: now, while we admit the grossness of these productions, we deny their immorality: they observed, in their end, the old rule of poetical justice, and distributed their rewards and punishments according as they judged of good and of evil. As to their license of language and delineation, it was the fault of their age; take the private letters, still preserved, of females of the highest rank, and the most irreproachable conduct, and we meet with expressions which scarcely the lowest, or the most degraded, would use in the present day. Take Richardson, the most moral writer of his time, whose works were "frequently recommended from the pulpit," to use the language of a contemporary, and how much is there that would now meet with universal reprobation? A writer, who at present should dare use their language must necessarily be vicious, be-

cause he does not take the tone of society such as it now is, but wilfully sins against the decorum he finds established, in the worst possible taste. The elder writers might say, "We paint as we find, we repeat what we hear;" they outraged no admitted boundary; and it is from thus viewing the question that we cannot admit that their grossness constitutes immorality. The next two names we find on the list of novel writers are as unexceptionable as they are admirable. The moral investigation, the profound thought, the magnificent style of Rasselas, make the Happy Valley one of the high places of our literature. As much its opposite as its equal, the "Vicar of Wakefield" appeared about the same time: as if fiction were resolved on an antithesis, and pourtrayed philosophy, first in the persons of the Abyssinian Prince and Sage, weighing the destinies of all "things earthly;" and next in the country clergyman, thinking and acting in all the beautiful humility and benevolence of the Christianity of which he was the minister. The soil of fiction, once broken up, innumerable were the labourers in the field. To particularise within our limits is impossible; but we need only refer to the ideal perfection with which hero and heroine were invested, till the expression has become quite proverbial—and the judgments always awarded in the last chapter, to support our assertion. We must say, though, that the intention was better than the execution, for one short but expressive word will designate the whole horde—trash. Making a solitary exception in favour of Dr. Moore's striking and original "Zeluco," as an evidence of masculine, and another in favour of feminine talent, Miss Edgeworth; we should not lose much on the road by stepping at once to Sir Walter Scott, or, as he has been happily termed, the "Luther of literature." Since then

> "Star after star has risen from the deep,
> Shedding their glory o'er the face of night."

Never was the standard of taste, in fictitious writing, raised to so high a level as it is in the present day—there is scarce a species of talent that has not been employed on the novel. Take the most popular among our authors, those whose names are the most familiar to the memory, and whose works are the most frequently mentioned in conversation; and we shall find them among those whose talents have been devoted to fictitious narratives.

This is a writing age; formerly it was a personal distinction to have written a book, now it is almost a distinction not to have written one. This crowd of competitors, mediocre as are their powers, makes of course distinction a greater difficulty: where a few years ago a book would have been universally talked of and read, the chances now are, that it is lost in the crowd; and many a reputation, that some years ago was held as a triumph, now only excites wonder that ever it obtained even an ovation. But genius is like water, it makes its own way, whether with a silent and gradual course, or the sweep of a mountain-torrent. Still the average of entertainment is not afforded by first-rate talent; there is a great mass of pleasant and intelligent reading laid open to the many; and it is the general proportion, rather than the brilliant exception, which we now propose to analyse. Only that it were bad taste to begin by following a worn out fashion, we should commence our analysis by a compliment to ourselves on our independence; but verily independence, nerves, and fine feelings, have been of late hacked to death. True, the article we have written is for the pages of Messrs. Colburn and Bentley's Magazine; true also that Messrs. Colburn and Bentley publish the greater proportion of novels; but to use an old homely English phrase, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating;" and the proof of our impartiality will be found in the fact, that we must condemn (as we have heretofore and often condemned) works of Messrs. Colburn and Bentley, while we cordially praise (as we have heretofore and often praised) works published by other booksellers. Some silly personages have thought proper, occasionally, to infer that an Editor cannot be an honest critic, because his publishers happen to publish and sell books; and have thought proper to speak or to write accordingly. We may take advantage of the present opportunity to inform all such ignorant or evil-disposed persons that it is not fitting to try others by the standard of their own small minds. We repeat what we have before asserted, that the Publishers of the New Monthly Magazine exercise as little influence or control over the criticisms

which appear in that Journal, as they do over the weather or the tides. We have hitherto discharged our duty honestly and fearlessly, and trust to our reader's candour to suppose that as we have begun so shall we continue.

We have always considered novels as a kind of younger brothers, a race of beings in literature, as in life, looked upon as something superfluous, to say nothing worse of them. One younger brother after another may "achieve greatness;" but whatever he may do for himself, he does nothing for his kind, they are still considered the useless and the detrimental: one novel-writer may force his way into public favour (*i. e.* it may be said, what a pity such a clever man should write only novels); but his will be the exception, not the rule, and the stigma will still remain on the species. Like the Bohemians, the novel trenches on every region, but is allowed to be a denizen of none. The poet, guarding the world of imagination, affects disdain at the novelist's aerial flight; the historian feels his dignity intruded upon, when the events of past days are called into requisition; the philosopher protests against his moral theories being put into action; nay, the very traveller assumes superiority, on the ground that his pages contain such useful information. The critic who abuses them, does it as if he were performing a bounden duty; and the critic who praises takes an apologetic tone, as if he were defending his first love, his domestic submission, or any other instance of human weakness. A prejudice is an opinion whose grounds of formation have passed away, and which yet remains an opinion still; and novels, like people who inherit such appellations as Smith, Thomson, Perkins, &c. have still to answer for the sins of their grandfathers and grandmothers. But we are not going now to take shelter under the great names which have adorned this branch of composition; we will leave first-rate genius quite out of the question, and will merely take the run of the tomes, which give us much amusement and more information than we are quite willing to allow; and in a passing analysis of the late works of fiction, remind our readers for how much interesting and lively talent they have to be grateful. It so happens that none of our great and established writers have published any work during this season, and the field has therefore been taken, either by writers yet in the youth of their reputation, or who have yet reputations to make. The following is the list of the novels of the season:

"Mothers and Daughters;" "The Temple of Melekartha;" "The Incognita;" "The Turf;" "Crochet Castle;" "The Thuileries;" "The Premier;" "Destiny;" "The Young Duke;" "Haverhill;" "Atherton;" "Philip Augustus;" 'Paris and London;" "Pin-money;" "The Staff Officer;" "The Dutchman's Fire-side;" "The Soldier Boy;" "Allan Mac Allistor;" "Gerald Fitzgerald;" "The Smugglers."

Certainly in this list there is sufficient variety of entertainment for any reader, and, we must add, sufficient variety of merit for any critic. As it is impossible, within our limits, to analyze each, we propose classing them after their kind—a literary Linnean system—give a brief, general view, and then an individual specimen: and now, like children, to the beginning—the beginning meaning the easiest.

"The Soldier Boy;" "Allan Mac Allistor;" "Gerald Fitzgerald."

It seems almost disrespectful to our grandmothers to express our opinion of these productions, for to a former age do they entirely belong. Turning over their pages seems to us something like turning over a wardrobe of antiquated finery; there 's the high-heeled and sharp-pointed shoe; the stiff silk; the wadded petticoat; the powder, and the fly-cap, with wings extended like the Spread Eagle in Piccadilly: the ancient proprietress assures us that these, in her day, were the panoply of irresistible attraction; but we find it impossible to believe in their becomingness. A few fixed principles will explain the whole process of a novel of the old school. A handsome hero; a beautiful heroine; elopements, and abductions *ad libitum*, titles *ad infinitum*. M. de Villele, when in want of a majority, was not more profuse of his peerages; and wealth—your ancient novelist was the veritable alchemist after all. But our conscience reproaches us, we are speaking of the dead.

"The day of their destiny 's over,
The star of their fate has declined."

"Mothers and Daughters;" "The Young Duke;" "Pin-money."

From ancient to modern "Fashionable Novels" is indeed a wide step, so rapid has been the progress of civilization. Let any reader just compare Surr's "Winter in London," or any of the various "Winters" passed at Bath, Brighton, &c. or "Six Weeks at Long's," with any or each of the above-mentioned tomes, and he cannot but admit the exterior of London has not been more improved than these views into its interior. A graceful and flowing style, lively sketches of actual life, and a display of much and various information—these merits alone might place them immeasurably above their predecessors, whose language was as inelegant, as the stories so narrated were far-fetched and absurd. No young lady, now-a-days, would be deluded by the novel into a romantic fancy that every man she sees is, or may be, a lover and a nobleman in disguise; certainly, in affairs of sentiment especially, they give the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; which truth may be divided into two parts, convenience and ambition. Another advantage of the more actual scenes now exhibited, is, that the troubles, anxieties, and ridicules thus pointed out in the lot of the very highest classes, act as so many correctives to the judgment; we are too apt to forget, when

> "Gaily shines the fairy-land,
> That all is glittering show,
> Like the idle gleam that December's beam
> Can fling o'er ice and snow."

Now, merely sentimental miseries are so very interesting, that no one hardly would object to suffer from them; but it is very different with the small annoyance which provokes, and the petty mortification which degrades, which we see those whose lot seems so sparkling writhing in reality, under these and similar inflictions; if the view does not amount to absolute satisfaction, it does much towards mitigating our discontent. By the by, this desire of equality in suffering, if not the most amiable, is one of the most universal feelings in human nature. But to leave this general parallel between the past and present, and to be "particular in our attentions," we will commence with "Mothers and Daughters," the first, and, in our opinion, the best novel of the season. A contemporary, who is usually not very scrupulous in first assuming a fact, and then reasoning, or, we should rather say, railing from it, asserts that "Mothers and Daughters" is from the pen of the author of "Pin-money," from internal evidence: the accuracy of which judgment we beg leave to dispute. Internal evidence of an author must be in similarity of style and of thought, or in a tone of mind and feeling resembling some other production. This likeness we beg to deny. Mrs. Charles Gore's style is lively and pleasant, but it has not the severe grammatical correctness of "Mothers and Daughters," the language of which is singularly polished. The general tone, too, of morality is higher, and that of feeling deeper, while the portion of knowledge displayed is greater: there is also a finer sense of natural beauty, and more extensive reading, evinced in "Mothers and Daughters;" perhaps we can sum up our judgment by saying it impressed us as a masculine production. We are also confirmed in our belief that this novel is written by a man, from the certainty that no woman could have been hard-hearted enough to leave two of her heroines unmarried at the end, and no one but a man would have thought Sir Comyn Wallace, who is described as "lank and lean," and as having "acquired a languid-blase, smoke-dried look," and also as fretted with the consciousness of a wasted and idle life, as a fitting husband for the "dove-eyed Lucy Barrinhurst." These arguments are with us conclusive. All we can say is, that if Mrs. Charles Gore is the author, she is cleverer than we even thought (though our estimate of her talents is only saved from being compliment by its truth); for we hold that there is no task so difficult to authors as that of disguising themselves. Giving, as it does, the most accurate picture of society—for marriage is the pivot round which our actions revolve, whether in its influence as a hope or as a certainty—the novel before us is just a panorama of the West. The narrative turns on the hopes and efforts of a worldly-minded woman, first to secure her own establishment, and then her daughters'. It is quite impossible for us to trace the many delineations of character,

"warm from the life," but we must mention the Duke of Lisborough and his "all-absolute duchess." The indulged, flattered, selfish man, suddenly reduced to a state of vassalage to a seemingly milk-and-water wife, but who has just sense enough to be sullen and resolution enough to be obstinate, is an admirable exemplification of the old riddle—

> "What many a man, who has a wife,
> Submits to for a quiet life?"

To which the answer is—any thing! We conclude with two extracts, chosen for the sake of contrast: the first is an exquisite landscape:—

"They had only reached the middle of May, and the cool, green shrubberies were still brightened by the golden streams of the laburnums, with intermingling clusters of lilacs and gueldres-roses, cystuses, and rododendrons. The frail shoots of many of the later trees and shrubs were still pale with their tender varieties of verdure; and the fresh and promising smile of spring-tide was yet untinged by the luxurious and luxuriant ripeness of summer. The meadows, too, presented that varied tapestry of exclusively English growth, which enamels their level verdure with a thousand idle but exquisite weeds—with countless varieties of every bright reflex of the rainbow; showing like the blossomed haunts of Fairy-land, and overshadowed by spiral clusters of chesnut bloom, by the quivering lime-trees, and by the bright blue sky, smiling in joyful lustre above them all. The woods, diversified with their countless variety of early foliage, were feathered down towards the lake, whose margin was in some places fringed with thickets of gorse and broom, now sheeted with blossoms, in order to afford shelter to the water-fowl. At intervals, these brooding solitaries might be heard wailing among the rushes; while here and there a majestic swan led forth its callow train of cygnets, as if proud of her premature maternity. Clustered round the tiny islands dotted over the waves, plotted the broad and glossy leaves of the water-lilies, appearing to support the opening glory of their crisp and snowy blossoms."

The next is an instance, a nice instance, of those contrarieties which form what is called a character. It is of a certain Dowager Lady Monteagle, who has been instrumental in breaking off a match, and throwing the distance of the Atlantic between Minnie and her grandson:—

"Accordingly the crafty Dowager was not without some certain qualms of conscience respecting her own evil dealings towards 'a neighbour's child,' and a creature so fair, so sweet, so unoffending as Minnie Willingham—a creature, too, whom she had herself seen nestling in her cradle, and whom many predicted she would now live to see in her death-shroud—and laid there, too, by the premature sufferings of a broken heart! There often mingles a curious sort of mental restlessness with the sins of threescore years and ten. Elderly people are apt to wrestle with the long-indulged suggestions of their frailer nature with self-reproving feebleness; clinging to the vanities of a world on which they feel their tenure to be slight indeed, and attempting to steer a middle course between mortal and immortal aspirations, they dare the destiny of all other trimmers, even that of being despised on one side and rejected on the other. Lady Monteagle was beginning to be really uneasy about the health of her supposed victim; she seldom visited Heddiston Court without a packet of 'genuine extract of Quinine, prepared by the celebrated Majendie himself;' and even went the liberal length of enriching Sir Joseph's cellar with some fine old Malaga for the benefit of the invalid. She would have done any thing, in short, for the daughter of her old neighbour, Lady Maria, and her late esteemed friend Sir Charles, excepting bestow a nuptial benediction upon her union with Lord Stapylford. Montague was really such a fine young man, and still so young, that he had every hope of retrieving his fortunes by a prudent marriage; and to have him throw himself away on a pretty girl without a shilling, was a sacrifice she could not conscientiously bring herself to sanction."

"The Young Duke" came next, best characterised as a Romance of Fashion, told in prose epigrams, while the keen worldliness of the remark is singularly contrasted with the wild richness of the invention. The idea of the work itself is excellent; it is the history of a young man, as highly gifted with every earthly advantage as if the fairies had showered their golden gifts over his cradle, but who has to learn the bitter lessons time ever teaches, how money may be spent, youth wasted, and happiness farther off than ever. The original tone of Mr. d'Israeli's mind is that of wild and imaginative poetry, such as revels in the rich

arabesque of Oriental creation; but living in an artificial and highly-civilized state, all the social influences exercised upon that mind have been opposed to its own first nature, and hence the curbed fancy only displays itself in occasional extravagance of ornament, and inbreaks here and there upon its inherent luxuriance. We think Mr. d'Israeli's mind may be best described by a simile: it is like a town built on a romantic site; there is the regular street, the ornamental architecture, signs of man's labour and man's art—but ever and anon the eye is caught by some fantastic fragment of old grey rock, the gush of a silver spring, or the green shadow of some old and stately tree. The occasional oddness of his similes are very characteristic; for example, he compares the pretty foot of one of his heroines in its scarlet slipper to "the red and pointed tongue of a serpent." Mr. d'Israeli's style is very brilliant; the acute remark, the neat antithesis, the pointed sentence, sparkle over every page; we think of Marlow's fine line—

"A frosty night, when Heaven is lined with stars."

Note the two ensuing passages, the first of which embodies the knowledge given by experience, the second, that taught by the feelings hardened into thought—

"When the fairy-flights of youth
Fold up their sunny pinions, and darken into truth."

"St. James was of opinion that he had obtained great knowledge of mankind. He was mistaken: travel is not, as is imagined, the best school for that sort of science. Knowledge of mankind, is knowledge of their passions. The traveller is looked upon as a bird of passage, whose visit is short, and which the vanity of the visited wishes to make agreeable. All is show, all is false, and all made up. Coterie succeeds coterie, equally smiling—the explosions take place in his absence. Even a grand passion, which teaches a man more, perhaps, than any thing else, is not very easily excited by the traveller. The women know, sooner or later, he must disappear; and though this is the case with all lovers, the sweet souls do not like to miss the possibility of delusion. Thus the heroines keep in the back-ground, and the visitor, who is always in a hurry, falls into the net of the first flirtation that offers."

The second passage we have noted is as follows:—

"Fame has eagle wings, and yet she mounts not high as man's desires. When all is gained, how little there is won, and yet to gain that little how much is lost! Could we but drag the purple from the hero's heart, could we but tear the laurel from the poet's throbbing brain, and read their doubts, their danger, their despair, we might learn a greater lesson than we shall ever acquire by musing over their exploits, or their inspiration. Think of unrecognised Cæsar, with his wasting youth, weeping over the Macedonian's young career! Could Pharsalia compensate for these withering pangs? View the obscure Napoleon starving in the streets of Paris! What was St. Helena to the bitterness of such existence? The visions of past glory might illumine even that dark imprisonment, but to be conscious that his supernatural energies might die away without creating their miracles, can the wheel, the rack, rival the torture of such a suspicion?"

We now come to the most animated and most varied female author of the day: put Mrs. Charles Gore's works together, and we shall be forced to admit "she has no rival in the field." Few have contributed more largely to the amusement of their contemporaries; none have painted their fashions and follies with a livelier pencil. We cannot accord her that high imagination in whose depths genius forms its starry world, but she carries tact and talent to their perfection; she does not create, but she embodies inimitably. Her pictures are taken from the life, and to the life, and her caricatures are only such because people will caricature themselves: her works put one in mind of going to a pleasant *fête*, (such a thing does sometimes occur,) you drive lightly over an easy road, the villa and its grounds are looking their best, some ridiculous things happen, and some agreeable ones, there is an elasticity in the air which enables you to enjoy both, chance interests you in some adventure with just a *nuance de sentiment*: you have seen some pretty faces, and some gay dresses; your dinner is satisfac-

tory and served up with sauce; you end the day as you close the book in the best possible of humours; almost inclined to be witty yourself. "Pin-money" is a novel quite belonging to the new order of things: what writer a few years ago would have thought of marrying his heroine at the commencement of his book, unless he meant to be rather immoral as in Glenarvon, which appeals to our feelings; or very moral indeed as in Patience and Perseverance, which is addressed to our principles. And yet a pleasant chronicle of the times is drawn from the difficulties and distresses of the young bride who finds that money may be spent, and difficulties incurred before even their possibility was suspected. Lady Olivia Tadcaster, busy, meddling, and bargain-buying, is one of those sketches in which Mrs. Gore excels; it is like one of Mrs. Glover's personifications on the stage—our first exclamation is "how natural!" We must extract one of those lively touches of satire which emanate from everyday experience. It occurs while speaking of falling in love in a large family

"Which has six unmarried daughters; one of those large, lively, good-humoured, singing, dancing, riding, chatting families, where a young man seeking a wife is apt to fall in love with the joint stock merits and animation of the group; and to feel quite astonished on discovering, after his union with Harriet, or Jane, how moderate a proportion he has received in his lawful sixth, of the music, information, accomplishments, and good-humoured gossiping of the whole tribe."

We had intended to make a few remarks on "Scenes at Home and Abroad;" "Society;" "Wedded Life in the upper Ranks;" "The Incognita;" but we cannot, for the best reason in the world—we can find nothing to say of such nonentities: nothing can come of nothing.

"The Premier;" "The Turf;" "Paris and London;" "The Staff Officer."

Is it possible that 1831 can be on these title pages; that people, in an age which piques itself on its decency and common sense, should be found to write such works, or a bookseller to publish them. Uniting the faults of the past and the present, the flippancy of to-day without its wit, its personality without its point; the coarseness of yesterday without its strength, and its grossness without its humour. No one thinks of denying that the licentious delineation, and the freedom of expression used by a former age are such as to exclude them from general circulation; and what must be the vitiation of that taste which would voluntarily go back upon faults so completely exploded. It is easy to talk of cant, and of "assuming a virtue when we have it not." But if, as Rochefoucauld justly observes, "Hypocrisy is the homage vice pays to virtue," it at least shows that the sense of right has the ascendancy, or else the homage would not be paid. One brief phrase apiece will amply characterize these productions. "The Premier" is the dullest, but the least offensive; "The Turf" the silliest; "Paris and London" the most vapid and conceited; "The Staff Officer" the grossest, though verily it may divide that palm with its predecessor. But why waste time on works whose germ of corruption developes itself in themselves? they are perishing, and we have no taste for enacting the part of literary resurrectionists.

"Destiny;" "The Temple of Melekartha;" "Crochet Castle."

We class these works together on the principle of opposition, being three as opposite productions as could well be found, and all three remarkable for their originality. Miss Ferrier might have sent a copy of her work to the antiquarian society, on the plea of the state of excellent preservation in which she had kept that "rare curiosity" her Highland Chief. Retaining all his assumption, and much of his authority; for habit is the support of command; but utterly divested of all that was poetical or picturesque in his character of mountain chieftain, Glenroy is a new acquaintance and equally amusing and original. The rest of the *dramatis personæ* are amiable nobodies only known by their name, or else caricatures—but such caricatures, new, humorous, richly coloured, quaint, such as Cruikshank could draw, and Farren act. But Mrs. Macauley, the guileless, the affectionate, whose actions when stimulated by attachment would be heroic but for their extreme simplicity, it is impossible not to like the

author downright for having conceived such a character. A brief dialogue, however, will give the essence of Miss Ferrier's style more than a page of criticism. Our extract terminates a discourse between the Chieftain and Mrs. Macauley who has put forth a little unconscious bit of morality, whose humility excites Glenroy's displeasure.

" ' I would,' exclaims Mrs. Macauley, ' lay down the hair of my head for you and your childer, but I cannot give up my principles.' ' Who 's meddling with you and your principles?' demanded Glenroy, again softened at the sight of her distress. ' Well, I thought it was not like you to do it; you who have such good principles of your own.' ' It 's my opinion,' said Glenroy, ' you know nothing about principles—I don't believe you know what they are; are they flesh and blood, or are they skin and bone?' ' Oh, Glenroy,' I wonder to hear you, who have so much good sense, speak that way, when you know what respectable things principles are, and what poor craatures we should be without them. No, Glenroy, when I die, I shall leave other things behind me; but I expect to carry my principles along with me, for no doubt they will be of use to me in the next world.' ' That 's very true,' said Benhowie, waking out of a doze: ' on my conscience we should keep all we can.' "

" Crochet Castle" we scarcely dare begin upon, for we own it is one of those especial favourites which make quotation really a temptation. Mr. Peacock has the most quaint, original, out-of-the-way species of wit of any writer of our time; his absurdities are abstract ideas; he personifies systems, and individualises doctrines; his characters are opinions developed in individuals, and he takes the philosophic and scientific ridicules as his own peculiar property. His definitions are inimitable, witness his " Political Economy."

" My principles, Sir, in these things are, to take as much as I can get, and pay no more than I can help. These are every man's principles, whether they be the right principles or no. There, Sir, is political economy in a nutshell."

" What respectable things principles are!" Again, take his representative of Utility:

" Mr. Mac Quedy, the modern Athenian, who lays down the law about every thing and therefore may be taken to understand every thing. He turns all the affairs of this world into questions of buying and selling. He is the spirit of the Frozen Ocean to every thing like romance and sentiment. He condenses their volume of steam into a drop of cold water in a moment."

We close with the close of his conversational projects for perfectibility.

" The schemes for the world's regeneration died away in a tumult of voices."

" The Temple of Melekartha" is one of those extraordinary performances of which a brief notice can give no idea. It is a political romance, but worked up with the colours of poetry, and the richness of oriental imagery. To the reader for amusement it is deficient in that great attraction, an interesting narrative; the story is both dry and incoherent; and the characters, when brought into action, mere phantasmagoria. But it is the thought in these pages that render them valuable, and make us feel that in the work before us no ordinary mind has developed its resources. We quote the following brief fragments and ask, is the quarry from which they are dug not worth the trouble of research.

" It is a capital error to imagine that the prosperity of a mercantile community can securely rest on the exclusive possession of any secret in art. With or without secrets, wealth and national importance will infallibly belong to the possessors of intelligence, industry, good government, and natural advantages of produce and position. Nothing but internal treason can reduce a people so favoured to poverty and dependence."

" Nothing is often more difficult than to effect inconsiderable changes in the usages of a people; nothing often more easy than to achieve surprising revolutions in their political condition. Mankind is pertinacious and adhesive in whatever is trivial, fickle and fond of change in whatever is momentous."

" Arthur of Brittany;" " The Thuileries;" " Philip Augustus;" " The King's Secret;" " Jaqueline of Holland;" " Atherton."

If we except the first, of which our old proverb is the best criticism, " Least said soonest mended," we can give a very favourable estimate of these volumes.

The story of Atherton is ill-arranged and improbable, but some of the characters, that of the "London Bookseller" in particular, are drawn with great talent, and a shrewd spirit of observation runs through the whole. The time too, which is in the reign of George III., though historical ground, is sufficiently new not yet to have been hacknied, and sufficiently new to be old. The "King's Secret" is perhaps the best constructed. "Philip Augustus" the most remarkable for historical research, and flowing and graceful style. Mr. Grattan the most fortunate in entirely untrodden ground, and yet with whose habits and localities he is so especially familiar; while Mrs. Gore's "Thuileries" possesses more of individual interest, and a more feminine tone of sentiment. We cannot but say one word in favour of historical novels; they are pleasant links between past and present; and the reader who will be contented to sit down without farther information on the period in which his ancestors have just seemed so attractive, would have been contented without any information at all. Scott has done more to rouse a spirit of even antiquarian research than any man living or dead. There is not one of the works mentioned above that would not enlarge the knowledge and cultivate the mind of any young person; and what is good for the young, often extends its advantages into maturer years. Take the generality of readers, they are both amused and informed by historical romance. We have in this instance given no extract; no short passage can illustrate works which depend on the interest of narrative, and the accuracy of historical painting.

"Bogle Corbet," "Sketches of Irish Character," "Haverhill," "The Dutchman's Fireside," "The Smuggler."

These novels may be classed together, as being given peculiarly to the painting of national manners; a species of composition, by the by, for which the novel seems peculiarly adapted. Character is developed by being put in action; descriptions tell better by having something of human interest attached to their scenes; customs may be better understood by being viewed in their effect, while the progress of the tale keeps the reader's attention alive. Fiction, to use Addison's beautiful allegory, is here, especially, used by truth as its attraction, and the tale is rather the vehicle than the object of the journey. As in courtesy bound, we give our first attention to the strangers. "Haverhill," and the "Dutchman's Fireside," are both American productions. The first volume of Haverhill would have made a delightful tale by itself, but the author (Mr. Jones) wanders in a most desultory style through all parts of the globe, and through an improbable and protracted narrative during the two remaining tomes, though with some graphic descriptions, and some highly wrought scenes. The boat driven out to sea, and the brothers dying off after each other, till only one is left, is terrible in its reality.

In works of this kind especially, one or two characteristic touches give an idea of the whole, so we choose a specimen or so. An American October.

"Then for the pleasures of October: list to the troop of disorderly urchins on the alert for the walnut and chesnut forest, or bending beneath their rich prize, a basket of half ripe grapes, the while shouting most obstreperously. The happy shooter, cap in hand, his dog at his heels, creeping upon the unsuspecting wild duck, or, happier still, returning with two or three brace, sometimes a dozen, which he has killed flying (the great boast of an American duck shooter), unutterably proud of the feat, and happier than a courtier to whom majesty has nodded. October is in America emphatically called 'the sportsman's month,' and thence its approach is hailed with a lively joy by all who love duck shooting—in other words, nine in ten of those who dwell on the margin of the Atlantic ocean. For the space of four or five leagues, the coast is clothed with small lakes or ponds of greater or less extent; and these in October, and during the whole of the autumn, till the rigours of winter shut them up, are the resorts of immense flocks of wild fowl. They are pursued with a singleness of purpose which leads to so much poverty and wretchedness, that the best argument ever brought forward to prove the expediency and benefit of the English game laws, is the evil consequence of an unrestrained exercise, in America, of the liberty they abridged in England."

"The Dutchman's Fireside" is by Mr. Paulding, who, in his own country, is held as only second to Cooper. It is the history of a young man, brave

and intelligent, but with that over-sensitiveness which peculiarly belongs to keen feelings nursed in solitude, and wanting that just self-appreciation which is only to be acquired in society. There are some very acute remarks scattered through these pages, and the Indian scenes are written with great spirit. Sir William Johnson, who seems to have entered with the passion of a poet into "the high life of a hunter," and whose powerful influence over the Indians was founded on mental supremacy, supported by natural gifts, is one of the prominent and most interesting characters; his sketch alone is worth the book. We, however, enter our protest against the feeling so unfavourable to the English which runs through the work; the two British officers are just coarse caricatures. "Bogle Corbet" having been so recently reviewed at full length in these pages, we shall do no more than allude to the useful information which Mr. Galt has made its third volume the medium of conveying to Canadian emigrants. Our next exhibitor in this national picture gallery is a female, whose colours are drawn with all the delicacy of feminine touch, and all the truth of feminine tact; we allude to the "Sketches of Irish Character" by Mrs. S. C. Hall. Without dwelling "delightedly on darkness," she good humouredly points out the faults and failings of her countrymen, but it is in juxtaposition with their good qualities. Their thoughtlessness is balanced by their kindliness; their profusion by their generosity; their impetuosity by their general good temper; their indolence by their readiness to oblige. Mrs. Hall neither represents Ireland as a sort of Surrey theatre for all sorts of melo-dramatic horrors, neither does she exactly paint it as the

"First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea;"

but she points existing evils and apposite remedies, and all within the reach of daily existence.

Some of her specimens of the poetical imagery and exaggeration in which the Irish indulge, are most amusingly given. We are ourselves greatly taken by the figure of speech with which Larry Moore ushers in his matrimonial grievances. "My wife turns at me as wicked as a weasel." One great charm in these pages, whether in their gaiety or their gravity, is their womanliness; by which we mean a mixture of mirth, malice, mischief, and pathos, only to be blended by that "interesting riddle," as some old author calls her—a woman. "The Smuggler" is our last. Of this work, we have only space to say it has all the marks which distinguish Mr. Banim's children—powerful, but coarse, vivid though exaggerated, with some most life-like peasants, and one or two puppets as heroes and heroines. Mr. Banim is the Walter Scott of the Irish peasantry; but we must add, that in his English pictures, he has studied effect much more than truth; his vices and miseries come "deeper and deeper still." We will terminate our remarks by reminding him that lights are quite as necessary to a composition as shadows.

L'Envoi.

We have now given a general and we think fair view of the novels of the present season. Our parting word of advice both to readers and publishers is —judicious selection. That some of the works might well have been omitted, no one can in common honesty deny; but take the majority, and it must be equally admitted that a large and varied fund of entertainment has been provided for the public, and that the average of talent is such as to meet the belief of the upholders of perfectibility, rather than of those who lean to that of deterioration. We conclude with the anecdote of an elderly gentleman who introduced a marrying friend of his to his fourteen nieces with—"Well, it will be very hard if out of them all you can't find one to suit your taste."

LIVING LITERARY CHARACTERS, NO. X.

Miss Mitford.

(With an engraved Likeness.)

Mary Russell Mitford is the only child of Dr. Mitford, a gentleman who in early life received a Diploma as a Physician, but who many years ago retired from practice, and has since devoted a large portion of his time to the discharge of his duties as a Magistrate for Berkshire, to which those of a Magistrate for Wiltshire have been recently added. As Chairman of the most important and populous division of Berks, that which includes Reading, he has distinguished himself not only by his activity, but by those rarer qualities, a cordial sympathy with the pleasures and the sufferings of the labourers, and a disposition to make just allowance for their frailties. Miss Mitford's mother, whom she lost at the beginning of last year, was a lady of ancient family, and of singularly amiable manners. The greater part of her life has been spent with her parents in or near Three Mile Cross, a village so called from its being situate just three miles from Reading, and which by virtue of one of the happiest prerogatives of genius, has become classic ground. It straggles prettily up a gentle hill, on the road from Reading to Southampton, and is often pointed out to the traveller, as the scene of those pictures of rural life which have so often multiplied the enjoyments of country people and given the feeling of the fresh air to citizens.

In childhood, Miss Mitford was found to possess fine powers of observation and reflection; and, when scarcely on the verge of womanhood, she was persuaded into print; yet her first publication contained little whence either the vigour of her prose-writings or the richness of her tragic vein could be suspected. It was a volume of poems, of which the principal was a romantic tale in the octosylabic verse, after the poetic manner of Scott, entitled "Christine, or the Maid of the South Seas," engagingly conceived and neatly versified, but manifesting nothing beyond an elegance of mind and graceful facility of expression. Was it that "fear and niceness, the handmaids of woman," restrained her from striking at once into an untried path, and induced her modestly to take refuge in the imitation of a style to which fashion and a great name had given currency? Or was it that her genius was lulled into an enchanted slumber by the same antique witcheries which had bound up that free spirit who used them to fascinate others, and was awakened like his from its golden dreams to seek for the forms of beauty in the realities of the material world and for the symbols of passion in the authentic history of the human heart? Be this as it may, it was a fortunate hour for her own fame and for us, when she ventured in good plain prose to set down what she saw every day about her. The success was such as to leave no doubt of her graphic power; pictures succeeded sketches, volume followed volume in rapid succession; and the result is a series of works, under the unassuming title of "Our Village," which resemble nothing that preceded them in literature, and yet are as true likenesses of the most familiar objects in the world as an imagination of reasonable honesty can be desired to mirror!

Perhaps the great distinction of these works is, that they are—not only in style and subject, but in manner and tone—essentially and idiomatically *English.* There are no writings, since the novels of Fielding, which we should so readily present to a foreigner, in order to show him what, in the most characteristic points, English scenery, habits, and virtues are. The descriptions of the country are all individual—they set, or seem to set, the very place before us by a few masterly touches, almost as few and as vivid as those of Mr. Cobbett himself; and then the places are such as belong only to England. They are not *show places*, which seem to extort admiration, till the very eye is weary, but quiet unpretending scenes;—the warm homestead; the dark pond covered with water-lilies, and edged with hazels; the stubble upland, cheered by the ploughboy's jocund whistle or the ploughman's song; the village green all alive and heroic with cricketers; the winding lane running unsuspected among the hedge-row woods; the shady bank where the violets cluster thickest in early spring—these are the scenes which she loves to set in no artificial lustre, but in the sweetest lights of common day. We may, perhaps, like Miss Mitford, be partial—but there is no county which seems to us so full of pictures, which speak to the heart of home, as Berkshire—so touching in their quiet, so unpretending in their loveliness; so fitted for pensive and happy thought to those, at least, whose slender imagination does not aspire to make friends of mountains, and whom the grander forms of matter oppress and chill; and these are the scenes which will ever "look green" in her prose. That her rustic pictures are from a lady's hand is rather felt from the tact to discover the graceful, and the absence of all that could offend, than from any want of power or of courage. She dares do all that may become a woman. Her country lads are not young gentlemen in masquerade; their cudgels are no playthings; their eating and drinking are no joke; her sportsmen do not rest on their guns; her lovers "do not sigh gratis," but "the lady speaks her mind freely"—happily without any blank verse to halt for it. Her Mayings and dances would content a servant girl of eighteen; and her cricket matches are such as an Eaton boy would not disdain to play or to praise. Her in-door scenes of higher life have the same verisimilitude and ease, resembling, in so small degree, those of Miss Austin; but they betray the female hand more than the rustic sketches, as there is more of the personal mingled with them. But all alike seem written to make the reader happy. Among the incidents there are few that are not agreeable; her characters are always redeemed by some virtue or genial frailty; and with what zest she dwells on the bright passages of humble life, from the joy shed into the modest bosom by the unhoped-for avowal, down to the gratification of blameless vanity at a village Maying! There is, no doubt, a mannerism about these works; but the sameness is only in the frame, while the pictures within are infinitely various, full of striking contrasts and delicate gradations, always true, almost always happy.

It is a rare lot for the same author, whether man or woman, to found such a village class of composition, and also to bear off the tragic honours of the stage. There are many instances of versatility

which are merely apparent—as the farce of a tragic actor who has only to exaggerate the picture a little, or to reverse it; but to pass from a style which depends on the minuteness and vivacity of its details, to one of which the essence is condensation, is to be versatile indeed! In the drama, however, Miss Mitford's course has been parallel to that which she has holden in the narrative and descriptive; for as her powers, in the latter, seem to have been spell-bound by the fascination of Sir Walter Scott, so in the former they were at first enfeebled by the more potent art of Beaumont and Fletcher. These great poets, whose works are replete with beauty "which the sense aches at," are to a young dramatist the most pernicious of studies. They have a world of their own; a goodly and glorious world; but it is the mere fairy-land of tragedy. Their persons are like heroic ghosts, acting all the noble game of honour on an Elysian stage, where life and death are "shapes of a dream." Virtue and vice are their playthings—the one cannot be too atrocious for their shade, nor the other too glossy and ethereal for their light; and at a breath, the one shall change places with the other, and only the beautiful be lasting! Their persons do not overcome the fear of death by some absorbing passion or high resolve—they only play a pretty game at living and dying as the chance may fall, and care but for the grace and glitter of the attitude. Look at the "Two Noble Kinsmen" for example, which some have fancied to bear in itself the impress of Shakspeare; and in one sense it may be worthy of him, but it is more unlike him than the coldest ideal of Sophocles! The heroic indifference to life, and all the aërial pageantry which attend upon it, are not only *untragic*, but destructive of the essence of tragedy, whose bloody issues depend for their importance on the value of conscious being. Shakspeare's heroes, (save that grand exception Master Barnardine who proves the rule,) take the most vivid interest in life; they may be raised or reduced to think it glory or happiness to die; but this is only a last resort, more affecting by the contrast, and signifying the greatest extremity of sacrifice which resigns all that is dear, or of wretchedness which shakes the yoke of inauspicious stars from the world-weaned flesh. Yet the world of Beaumont and Fletcher — in which the vice is as shadowy as the goodness is angelical—may well dazzle the innocent and fair; and it did, as we think, enfeeble the earlier creations of Miss Mitford's dramatic genius. The first play which she produced, "Julian," and which may be considered as her first complete tragedy, though the outline of Foscari had been previously traced, bore marks of the beauty and the weakness of these great writers. The whole character of the boy-king Alphonso is thus sky-tinctured, which might be well as a variety; but the hero himself is compounded too much of the same "glossy essence," and his death, talking "of white flowers, nothing but white," is in accordance with the poetic smoothness of his life. This play has, besides its glossiness, the grievous fault of two plots, slenderly connected; yet it is rich in beauty; and for mere beauty—such as Fletcher would delight in—it surpasses all else that Miss Mitford has ever written. The opening scene, exquisitely wrought upon a mere hint in the Orestes, which she had seen delightfully spoken and acted in the original by

Dr. Valpy's pupils, raises expectation to a pitch which the story scarcely gratifies; yet there is no flagging; the whole play, as Mr. Hazlitt said when he saw it, "bowls on like a chariot," and the last act, though faulty in construction, is redeemed by passages not unworthy of Fletcher. In "Foscari," Miss Mitford almost accomplished her deliverance from the fetters she had worn so gracefully; yet here their traces remained; for of her heroes, Francesco is only too great and good a boy, and Cosmo alternately too weak and violent for a man; but the Doge is admirably conceived and sustained throughout, and his conduct at the trial of his son and at his death is more affecting than we ever dare to think of. This play is in the highest degree interesting, and except in the feeling which we have that Francesco is absurdly condemned, and that, at the last, he might as well have been made happy, and we sent *un*weeping to our beds—is excellently conducted. But it was in the composition of "Rienzi" that Miss Mitford attained the entire command of her tragic powers, that she comprized a history in five acts without confusion—that she exhibited the short-lived triumphs of glorious enthusiasm, nurtured in the love of freedom, clutching the phantoms of royalty, and fading by its own essential weakness—that she brought together, in deathly grapple, the representatives of popular tyranny and of power consecrated by time, in persons nearly and desperately connected, and intertwined the whole with a thread of dramatic interest, binding it together in one, and beating throughout as a pulse.

Besides the plays which have been represented, Miss Mitford has written two tragedies, one on the catastrophe of Charles the First, the other on the well-known story of Ignez de Castro, each of which we are credibly informed is worthy of her fame. The first was not acted because Mr. Colman, under the *regime* of Montrose, fancied the subject dangerous, though it has been represented in more fastidious times than these; the other has been twice in rehearsal, and has only been deferred in consequence of theatrical accidents, to which the authoress yielded without repining, but which, we hope, will not always prevent its representation. Besides her original works, she has edited two sets of American Tales, one for children, and one for readers of all ages, the last of which is strikingly illustrative of transatlantic character and manners, and rich in descriptions of scenery. There is yet one work which we trust she will one day give us, because it would call forth all her powers and accomplishments—a true English Novel. Here the lighter graces of her style, her delicate humour, her womanly fineness of observation, the tone of the elegant society which she adorns—would have fitting play, and scenes of lofty purpose and fervid passion, and meek suffering might give scope for the force and pathos which have rendered her tragedies vital. That she is capable of such a work no one can doubt; for though the power to produce a novel by no means implies the ability to succeed in the drama, the converse is almost obvious; and that she will one day produce it must be the wish of all who duly appreciate those indications of various power which are scattered through her diversified productions.

THE VENDEAN'S SON. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ENGLISH IN ITALY."

Of all the towns of Lower Normandy, Granville is, perhaps, the least interesting. From whatever side it is reached, indeed, whether from Coutanies and its magnificent cathedral to the north, from that lovely little paradise, Mortain, inland and east of it, or from Avranches, the traveller is generally disappointed. Not always however —a gay dance of sailor lads and Norman lasses on the barren heights above the town, together with tents and colours, music, gingerbread, and other appendages of a *fête*, gave to the bleak coast of Granville a charm, that might well supply the picturesque. Nor was this, after all, wanting. There was the wide ocean lit by a gay summer even, the sullen hills of Brittany bounding it on one side, whilst on the other the gilded line of the horizon was broken by the island of Jersey, from whence some tiny volumes of smoke were seen to rise in graceful curls, giving that pleasing effect of motion in extreme and placid distance. This proceeded, we were told, from weeds burning. Chaussee, an islet belonging to France, formed also an interesting speck on the sea's surface. Immediately beneath, the port of Granville was unusually crowded with masts of boats, nay even ships, with a variety of tiny flags flying. From the dark town were issuing crowds to the *fête*, whilst a bedusted carriage disgorged its freight of travellers, who, however wearied, could not but pause to mingle in the scene of mirth. It was one of those fatigue-repaying moments of travel, when the eye is enchanted, and the imagination gets upon a tip-toe for an adventure.

No need of describing the peasant beauty of the Normans, though here certainly less marked than in the more northern parts of the province. There was a little group of Jersey women of the middling rank, dressed in white, with fair English complexions, and English cottage bonnets too, which curiously contrasted with the head-dresses of their French neighbours, and excited much the attention and astonishment of the latter.

"What *fête* or holiday is this?" asked a stranger. "In honour of what Saint may these rejoicings be?"

"Saint!" exclaimed the questioned person with a grin; "none that I know of, except cod-fish. You may call it the *fête de la morue*."

He afterwards explained the droll expression and idea by telling us that on the morrow all the *grand batiments*, in other words, *the great ships and brigs* of Granville were setting forth on their annual cod-fishing expedition to some marine region in the neighbourhood of Newfoundland. This at once accounted for the merry-making, for the attentions which the sailor lads paid to the lasses from whom they were about to part, and for the interest excited in the fluttering breasts and features of the latter for youths about to enter upon a voyage of distance, if not peril. There was indeed a world of wooing, nor did I ever see the verb *love* conjugated at once through so many of its moods and tenses. Some were sad and Werther-like, others with spirits *sky-high*, with heart and heels ever on the rebound.

All suffrages united in awarding the palm of beauty to one girl,

the queen of the *fête*, and the daughter of one of the ship-owners of the morrow's expedition. This sturdy mariner had made a brief appearance on the hill, but had departed to attend to some operation or steerage on board his vessel. His daughter, Louise, remained the cynosure of every eye. She was a dark, delicate, proud maiden, not loth to enjoy a triumph; and in this she was fully gratified, not only by the universal regard, but by the close attentions of more than one anxious suitor. The frank seaman, her sire, had declared, that he should consider the most active, expert, and steady fisher of his crew as best entitled to his daughter and her dower, a promise, considered not so disinterested as it may at first seem, since it ensured a choice band of sailors, and with such a bait an over-teeming hold of stock-fish.

Anon, the equanimity of the *fête* was disturbed by a quarrel amongst the pretenders to Mademoiselle Louise. Pique was taken and high words arose. One youth called another "a lubber, born to hold the tail of a plough, not the helm of a vessel." And the gentleman thus vituperated, retorted on his insulter, as "a cursed Vendean and a *Marquis*." Now, whoever knows aught of French, must know that the most dire term of reproach in the land's vocabulary is the word *Marquis*—strange as this may seem to our aristocratic ears. Beyond it there remains nought, save an appeal to the sword. This was not wanting in the present case, but the *fête* and the crowd, and the morrow's departure, prevented such an extreme mode of settling the strife, which evaporated, much against the will of the rivals, in bloodless frowns and words.

Who was he accused of being a *Marquis*, and who had so resented the appellation? A handsome youth, named Pierre Paul, the favoured lover of Louise. No finer, nor gayer aspect shone at the *fête* under a sailor's glazed hat, nor was there either in Granville or on board the brig of Louise's sire, a more clever hooker, emboweller, or salter of stock-fish. But how a *Marquis?*

It was in the year seventeen hundred and ninety-somewhat, that the insurrectionary army of Vendeans were moved by fatuity to quit their own close and covered country of the *Bocage*. They crossed the Loire, advanced into an unknown and open province, in order to make themselves masters of a sea-port opposite to the English shores and convenient for receiving succours thence. Granville struck them as the most desirable place of the kind. They marched towards it, and attacked it with all their wonted valour. The Vendeans, however, like the Goths of old, were formidable indeed in the field, but powerless against stone-walls and fortifications; and in consequence they were repulsed from even the insignificant town of Granville to the great disappointment of Lord Moira, who was in the neighbouring seas with an auxiliary force. Their repulse at Granville proved fatal to the Vendeans; they from thence retreated homewards; few recrossed the Loire; and the Royalist insurrection expired. The wives and families of the Vendeans followed their armies, the camp being their only safe refuge. Hence the hurried retreat from Granville proved most disastrous to the wives and infants of the Vendeans, the more helpless portion of their families. These were found on the roads and in the ditches dead with famine and fatigue. On the road betwixt Granville and Avranche was on that occasion found an

ass with a pair of panniers, in one of which was stowed an infant. This infant was the present Pierre Paul. As a lost orphan from the ranks of the Royalists and aristocrats, he was stigmatized, by those who had occasion to hate, or wish to vex him, as a *Marquis*. The name became first affixed to him at school, and it was the cause of much mortification, buffeting, and blood—from the nose. The stigma added to his hardihood and superiority, by calling forth all his pride and pugnacity. But it had with him the singular effect of reversing all received ideas of rank and worth. Thus noble or gentle birth—and such from the contents of the pannier most probably were his—which all mankind and all romance-writers so justly and prodigiously esteem, came to appear to the eye of Pierre Paul, as the most signal disgrace that could befall him. This may seem impossible in any other country; but in France it not only may be true, but is very general. Nothing so common there, as to glory in being plebeian; and why should not pride grow cheap, as well as other virtues and commodities? I see not.

On the morrow after the *fête* above described, took place a solemnity, or scene, still more interesting; indeed, if circumstances favour it, as interesting as may well be witnessed. The ships had all put out, or were putting to sea; their sails extended, and the shouts of the sailors seemed to court and to invoke the breeze. The morn was lovely as the previous eve. Jersey and the Breton mountains shone in the sea; yet despite the fair promise of the heavens, those left on shore showed their mistrust of the fickle element, at whose mercy were now to be, for months, so many husbands, lovers, parents. The female population of Granville, old and young, were clustered around a large crucifix erected on the shore, some imploring, some weeping, whilst others with fixed regards, watched the retreating vessels. Kerchiefs were waving; and the hair of maidens, loosened by the wind, formed a still more touching token of adieu. All this affection, evinced at the foot of the cross, placing itself, its ties, and fortunes, under the protection of that sacred symbol, presented a sweet and solemn spectacle, that had the effect of hallowing Granville in the recollection of at least one spectator.

Louise was amidst the group. How unlike the gay, triumphant beauty of the preceding evening! Then, vanity mingled with the purest and tenderest sentiment, but slightly, and not ungracefully perhaps, alloying them. But now her heart was all given to sorrow; a thousand anxieties preyed upon it. He might perish, or he might change; might be *maladroit* by misfortune, and not attract her father's preference. In short, she ran round all the adverse points of Fortune's compass, and, as usual, passed over the only one from which the unlucky wind was to blow.

Summer months rolled on; ships and crews had reached their far shore of destination, and were busily engaged in fulfilling the purpose of their voyage. Granville was tranquil, and many a little calendar told that half the time of absence had expired for the fishing expedition, when rumour came that some strange personages had taken up their abode at the chief hotel of the town. What was their errand? They were not mere travellers; such never stopped at Granville—nor were they going to Jersey—nor yet were they *connois-voyageurs*.

The said hotel is about the filthiest in the civilized world. What tempted, then, these strangers to tarry there?—Curiosity, and more than simple curiosity; for they brought out the elders of the place and questioned them touching the time of the Vendean attack and repulse, and respecting certain waifs, in valuables and children, left by the fugitives on that occasion. Whom could these inquiries affect, except Pierre Paul? Probably, him indeed. But the said inquiries were vague. They told nought, but of a child lost on the disastrous occasion of the rout. But as to the circumstances, the ass, the panniers, or what these might have contained, the curious knew nought, till they had been informed by the Granvillites. This, however, they accounted for by observing that the parents had perished, and they acted for merely distant relatives, who were not upon the scene of action, and were only acquainted with the mere circumstance of the loss.

Wonders and adventures carry conviction with them to a large class of mankind, whilst they are invariably denied by the minority of mooters, scarce more wise. All Granville enlisted itself in the former category. The nickname of Pierre Paul was declared to be verified, and less than a veritable *Marquis* none would allow him to be. There was great joy at the discovery. It was considered to honour the town, and to prove its discrimination in saving a patrician jewel amongst so much plebeian rubbish. Pierre Paul might turn out a great man; and Heaven knew what he might not do for Granville!—give it packets—make it a naval or military *depôt*—at least, raise it to an equality with its rival, St. Maloes.

There was one, however, who did not share in this joy and congratulation—this was Louise. She was struck with dismay at the splendid gleam of fortune thrown upon her humble lover, and trembled, with considerable reason, for its effect. How she regretted her caprices, her momentary pride, her coquetry. The record of her little follies rose up to upbraid her; and never was innocent put into a more cruel, or more salutary state of purgatory. The poor thing made a second vow to her saint—she had already made one for the safe return of her father's vessel, and of all whom it contained, and she now doubled the gift and enlarged the request. The Curate was the richer for this; for despite the indifference of the land in religious matters, the piety of the fishing population has never been shaken. Fortunate is their pastor—he has tithe as well as pension—nor mackerel, nor stock-fish, are known to fail in his habitation.

Well, at length, to many an anxious eye, three—six—a dozen sails appeared in the horizon. It was the fishing-fleet. There shone an universal face of joy. The heights were covered with lookers-out, and the port crowded with expectants—but poor Louise was with neither. She shrunk from meeting her lover, or receiving his joyous salutation, until he was informed of his probable good-fortune, until he had time to reflect upon it, and to consider how far it marred or squared with his previous vows and intentions. Full of these thoughts, Louise bent her steps from the town, alone, along the narrow beach. She watched the nearing vessels, but beckoned not to them. Of a sudden, boats were put out; the breeze was considered too sluggish for some of the impatient mari-

ners, who proceeded to row to shore. This movement, too, Louise espied: nor was she herself, she thought, a stranger to the motive which inspired it. Those who had taken to the boats appeared, however, to be foiled in their aim. The tide was setting northwards, and the rowers, despite their exertions, were drifted with it, and in vain endeavoured to make the port. What was Louise's dismay, and pleasure, and confusion, to observe at length the boats abandon their destination, and put straight for shore. Somewhat overcome by this contrariety, the maiden sate down upon a rock, sheltered by it from view. In the first boat, as it pushed ashore, she could plainly perceive, not only Pierre Paul, but his rival. They leaped out, and were followed by one or two others; these bore cutlasses, and the truth instantly flashed on the girl's mind. The quarrel on her account had, instead of dying away, been aggravated. On board, the old Captain's vigilance had forbidden and prevented a rencontre; and now the first opportunity was seized by them for indulging their mutual animosity, and deciding their inveterate quarrel.

"Let it be, first blood drawn ends the battle," exclaimed one of the friends.

"No, no! let him who would give over, cry 'Grace!' and let that mean, that he gives up all pretension to Louise."

"It would be honester and wiser for you both to walk boldly into town, and ask the girl herself to choose betwixt you."

Pierre Paul seemed not unwilling to abide by such decision, but his antagonist preferred the arbitration of the sword. Each shook his weapon, but there was not time to cross them when the object of dispute appeared, as if by enchantment, and wearing such an air of indignant command that no fisherman, at least, touched in heart, could disobey.

"Holy thunder! if here be not the Louise de Paix herself!" exclaimed the pacifically-inclined tar, who acted as friend or second.

The weapons dropped, though with some reluctance from the hand of the less-favoured combatant. Pierre Paul was at the feet of Louise in an instant, and would have claimed the privilege of a long-absent lover, had not a frown of dark ill-humour from the girl dashed all his confidence.

"Come, Louise, at least you must decide betwixt us, once and for ever; and let the quarrel after, be for spite, not love."

"My decision is quickly given, Messieurs," cried the fair arbiter; "and this it is—I will have neither of you for my *bon ami*. As to you, Sir, you are too blood-thirsty." This was addressed to the rival. "And Monsieur Pierre Paul, here——"

"A Monsieur to me, Louise!" interrupted he.

"Oh! Monseigneur then, if you please—you are too——"

"Too what?" exclaimed the impatient youth.

But the word was lost, for Louise was in a flood of tears.

"There has been some one maligning me in my absence," cried Pierre Paul, savage with anger, as he pressed Louise with a volley of questions. But she had recovered herself, and relapsed into sullen pride; not contradicting his suspicion that some one had taken away his character in his absence. At length, after a scene that would have proved most amusing to any witness that happened to be in the

secret, Pierre Paul sprung off for the town of Granville, followed more leisurely by his mistress and the rest of the party.

Let us accompany the hero of our brief tale. His speed soon enabled him to reach the town, which he no sooner entered, than he was recognized and saluted with the shrill children's cry of—

"Ha! here 's the *Marquis* come back from the cod-fishing. He 's a truer *Marquis* than ever."

With difficulty he refrained from seizing the urchins, and flinging them into the harbour. At length some acquaintances unriddled the riddle to him as clearly as their information and his impatience would permit. And straight Pierre Paul flew to the *auberge*, where had re-arrived, expectant of the fishing squadron's return, the person charged to reclaim the lost boy. He imagined that he came upon a welcomed errand, and was greatly surprised to find in his long-sought *protegé* a rude young fellow, overflowing with a sense of insult and injury, and almost menacing instant vengeance with a drawn cutlass, unless what he considered the derogatory report was contradicted.

Despite his confusion and alarm, the *avoué* or man of business reasoned with the mad boy, and although he could not content nor pacify him, he at least talked down his threats of immediate vengeance, and brought him to listen to an account of his fortune, deem it good or bad, as he might. Poor Pierre Paul returned home that night as addled in brain, as if he had fallen from the shrouds of a vessel. He attempted to cross the threshold of Louise, but the old Captain barred the entrance.

"No, boy—no *ci-devants* enter here. I am glad of your fortune, but a fisherman's cabin is no place to come to show it in."

"You are wrong, *mon Capitaine*, I am still but Pierre Paul, the sailor, and never will be anything else—may be richer.—"

"That 's no harm," quoth the Captain.

"But the devil a nobler."

"You promise?" rejoined the old tar.

"I do."

The Captain was about to strike his hand into that of his young sailor, when he suddenly checked himself, and coolly observed:—"Let us see, first. Good night!"

Pierre Paul heaved a sigh, as the door closed against him. His own abode was thronged with a levee of noisy congratulators, with whom he kept his temper for a certain time, when it altogether gave way, and the poor boy was soon set down by his rudely dismissed friends, as being already "spoiled by fortune."

La nuit porte conseil—night brings counsel, saith the French proverb. On his pillow, Pierre Paul arranged his ideas, and proceeded the next day to develope them to his new friend of the inn. The young sailor wore a brighter face, and instantly began by observing, that he had no objection to riches;—"If there were sufficient to buy him a lugger, he would be happy; but if a brig, a very prince."

The man of affairs hemmed twice or thrice in answer to this tar-like view of fortune, and proceeded with some preliminary circumlocution to give Pierre Paul a clear view of circumstances. *Imprimis*, he could be proved of gentle race, the son of Maurice de Feniss, a gallant officer, and though neither Marquis nor Baron, yet a Chevalier

of St. Louis. Pierre Paul's countenance brightened at this excessively. Dugay Trouin, and other heroes of the French navy, had been Chevaliers, and Louise herself might have no objection to the title. The *homme d'affaires* explained, however, that it was not hereditary.

"But the wealth, the estate, the chateau!"

None of these things existed. They had gone with the goods of other rebels to the Revolution; been sold and lost. What brought the man of business with promises of fortune? Simply this, the latter was to be made, by the Vendean's son making his appearance at court, having first undergone a preparatory polishing in some school of land language and polite manners. This conduct, the crafty man promised, would forthwith procure some comfortable little situation in the household, until the time, not long distant, should arrive, when the properties of Royalists and emigrants were to be restored. For the accomplishment of these schemes money was not wanting. The requisite advance would be made by him who employed the agent, an old friend and comrade of the unfortunate Vendean and his family.

The countenance of poor Pierre Paul was overthrown. He had counted upon wealth at least as a compensation for the queer reports circulated of him. But here was the evil without aught to counterbalance it. He was to be stigmatised as a *ci-devant*, yet left a beggar as before.

The commerce of Granville and other fishing towns in the north of France is carried on in this way. The ships proceed in the summer to the North Seas to fish. They return in autumn for a short time, but not to unload their cargo, with which in a few days they again set sail for some port in the south of Bourdeaux, or for Marseilles. There they dispose of their stock-fish to a right Catholic, Lent-keeping population, and return home once more, laden with the wines and oils and other luxuries of those regions. According to this routine, the brig of Louise's sire hoisted sail in about ten days; and Pierre Paul flinging himself from the pier-head swam aboard of her:—the Captain had previously refused to admit a *Marquis* as a sailor. But the latter thus compelled his admission, and proved himself determined to be a sailor and no courtier. Louise heard of the feat, and saw the resolve, which dictated it. The good-humour and gaiety of the girl thereupon returned. The self-denial of the sailor was vaunted in Granville, even more than his previous fortune, and the original course of reprobation became for him a source of universal esteem. On board, Pierre Paul won definitively the good graces of the Captain, and on the second return of the brig, Louise met him, and suffered a lover's salute, which in a few brief Sundays was converted by the old Curate into a husband's.

Such is the story, which I heard at Granville of the fortunes of my friend, Pierre Paul Feniss. He discarded the *De*. The first years of his married life were as humble and as hard-working, as those of his bachelordom. His gleam of fortune seemed to have evaporated. What was the surprise of the writer then, in 1826, to find him in a slated two-storied house, surrounded with all the comforts of Dugay

Trouin himself. Could all this have been acquired by stock-fish? No, verily. His friend, the *homme d'affaires*, had not all abandoned the Vendean's offspring, and Pierre Paul received one hundred thousand francs, as his share of the indemnity to emigrants. Part of the money was to build the slated house, and part to fit out the Louise of Granville, an inscription to be observed in golden letters on the helm of a goodly brig, on the deck of which, moreover, was oft to be seen a sturdy boy, a second Pierre Paul, in the capacity of *mousse*, mopping said deck, or mending the vessel's cordage.

The prosperity of our tar was not, however, without alloy. Betimes, when he sat himself in the ever-memorable hotel, or *auberge*, to enjoy with a comrade a game of dominos and a *choppine* of Bourdeaux, a wicked urchin would peep in at the door, and yell out the nick-name of *Marquis*. The sensibility of Pierre Paul was never proof against the insult. But on the other hand, mighty was the esteem which Feniss enjoyed in the town and port. And by and by, when the honest cod-fisher shall be laid in his grave, his story will be told and magnified and adorned into a legend, far surpassing the simple and true narrative preserved in the New Monthly Magazine for October eighteen hundred and thirty-one.

THE MAINOTE MOTHER.

Who has not heard that not a tear
  The Spartan mother deign'd to shed,
But, sternly smiling, met the bier
  Where all she loved untimely bled?

Sparta has fall'n—and with her sleep
  Proud thoughts that Nature's self defied;
The Mainote mother *now* may weep,
  When Death demands her bosom's pride!

Yet *she* can give, with Spartan joy,
  For Freedom's cause, at Glory's call,
Not this or that devoted boy—
  But weep, and pray, and yield them all!

Thus did Glyara, who to Greece
  A widow's three sole blessings gave;
The mother's heart had whisper'd peace,
  But ah! the wife's *had* wept the brave!

These, too, were brave—and though her ear
  Seem'd in the sound to hear their knell,
What mother would forego the tear
  That on the neck of heroes fell?

They parted—and with lingering trace
  Of stoic feelings, half allied
To the stern bearing of her race,
  Glyara strove her tears to hide;

And feign'd with callous ear to turn
From tidings of the dubious strife;
Of glory's meed she fear'd to learn,
Yet dreaded more inglorious life.

Vain care!—the soul thou durst not hail
The maddening shout of victory won—
Too surely caught the funeral wail
That told her she had lost a son!

A son!—and which?—oh! none could tell;
It matter'd not, when all were dear;
She only knew that he who fell
Would claim a mother's bitterest tear.

That tear in ignorance was shed,
And deep she mourn'd she knew not whom,
When "Cease!" they cried, "to weep the dead—
The living come to chase thy gloom!"

Oh, Death! how strangely thou canst twine
The ties that lightest bound before!
Thou never bad'st us aught resign
But in thy grasp we loved it more!

So felt she, when with anguish wild
She vainly strove her eyes to turn,
By gazing on each living child,
The dearer *lost* one's name to learn.

Her first-born came—in whom revived
A gallant father's martial fame—
She scarce blest Heaven that *he* survived,
And shriek'd her youngest darling's name.

That son of love was spared to fly
And bid her clasp her favourite boy;
One glance, and then her closing eye
Spoke grief triumphant over joy.

The *least* beloved was now as one
Whose like she ne'er again might see
To *her*, who in each living son
Saw but a source of agony.

"Farewell!" she cried—"at Duty's call,
Again ye quit a mother's side—
The tears I shed must flow for all,
Nor cease till all alike have died!

But be it so!—for Greece to die,
Is for her sons the fairest lot—
And realms there are beyond the sky
Where death and sorrow enter not!"

ANTI-INNOVATOR.

Plague take the world! why cannot it stand still, and go on as it used to do when I was a boy? What do the people mean by the progress of events and the march of intellect? What good ever came by changes? How is it possible that any man can be wiser than his father? Where can a man get his wisdom from, but from his father? and his father cannot give him more than he has got to give. Ah dear! ah dear! I remember the time when the parish beadle was a man of some consequence, when a lord was a thing to be stared at and a sight to be talked about—and the King!—Why no man in his senses ever thought of the King, but with the profoundest respect. Every day after dinner as soon as my father had said grace, he poured out a bumper of port and drank "Church and King." It did one's heart good to see and hear him; it was as good as a sermon. The wine itself seemed conscious of the glory of its destination to be swallowed not unblest, and it looked bright in the glass and seemed to dance with eagerness to meet his lips. But now o' days if I venture to toast Church and King, I am forced to do it in a hurried irreligious sort of a way, with a kind of a sneer, as much as to say, it 's all my eye; or my boy Tom will laugh at me and drink the Majesty of the People. The majesty of the people indeed! I should like to see it. There used to be some reverence shown to lords in former times, but how are they treated now! Snubbed at by the newspapers, elbowed in the streets, quizzed in epigrams, peppered with pamphlets, shown up in novels, robbed of their boroughs, and threatened with annihilation. People call that the march of intellect —I call it the march of insolence. When I was a boy, all the books we had in the house were the Bible and Prayer-Book and the Court Calendar; the first two contained our religion and the last our politics: as for literature, what did we want with it? It is only the means of turning the world upside down, and putting notions into people's heads, that would never get there without.

All the evil that is in the world came by innovation; and there is no part of the world free from innovation, neither the heavens above, nor the earth beneath, nor the waters that are under the earth. What business have men up in the air in balloons? What good can they get there? What do they go there for, but merely to come down, and perhaps break their necks? They would be much safer on dry ground. Our ancestors used to be content with the sun, and moon, and stars, and four or five planets, now forsooth the impertinent ones must be poking their telescopes up to the sky and discovering new planets almost every night, as if we had not got as many planets already as we know what to do with. Comets too! Why fifty years ago there used not to be above one in a century, and now they are as thick as hops and as abundant as esquires. Now with their abominable telescopes,—I wish they were all broke,—the astronomers are peering about and making their calculations about comets that are to come and burn us all up. Plague take them, I do not believe them, but they frighten one out of one's wits too.

Steam Engines—I do not think we should ever have heard a word about Parliamentary Reform, if it had not been for steam engines. I

hope Mr. Colburn will not have his magazine with this article printed with a steam press, for if he does, I shall not dare to read it for fear of being blown up. What did we want with steam engines? Did not we beat the French without steam engines? There were no steam engines at the battle of Agincourt. Did not we drive out Popery without the help of steam engines? To be sure we did. I hate innovations. I should just like to know what is to become of all the hackney coach horses, if we are to have steam carriages. The poor beasts look half starved as it is; they will be ten times worse if they are turned out to make room for steam engines: and what shall we do for dog's meat if there are no horses to cut up? Then we must have Macadamized roads too! our ancestors did very well without Macadamized roads. They took their time in travelling from one place to another, and if they happened to be too late for the stage, they had nothing to do but to run after it and catch it. Let them try to do so now.

Buildings too! did ever any mortal see such an overgrown place as London is now? There is not a dirty ditch within five miles of London that has not got some Paradise Row, or Mount Pleasant, or Prospect Place stuck into it. Why can't the citizens live in the city as they used to do, and stick to their shops? There is no such place as the country now, it is all come to London. And what sort of houses do they build! Look at them—a bundle of matches for the timbers and a basket of bricks for the walls.

Rail-roads—a pretty contrivance, forsooth! to pick the pockets of the good old waggon horses, and the regular legitimate coach horses that had stood the test of ages. Pray what is to become of the farmers if there are no horses to eat their oats? And how are the rents to be paid, and the taxes, and the tithes, and the poor rates? and who is to pay the interest of the national debt? and what will become of the Church if horses do not eat oats to enable the farmers to pay their tithes and feed the clergy? Manchester and Liverpool were quite near enough without the assistance of rail roads, and if the building mania goes on much longer there will be no need of a road from one to the other, for they will both join, and the people may be in both places at once. People are talking now of rail roads superseding canals, the good old canals, half of which are already three-quarters full of duck weed and dead cats.

What did the Wellington ministry mean by opening beer shops? Why could not they let the good old gin-shops alone and stick to the regular legitimate public-houses? Our ancestors could get as drunk as heart could wish at the genuine licensed old-fashioned pot-houses.

Look at the population too! People go on increasing and multiplying as if they never intended to leave off. Hundreds and hundreds of people are coming into the world who have no right to be born. The world is as full as it can hold already; there is positively no room for any more. There was nothing like the number of children to be seen about the streets, when I was a boy, as there is now. I have sometimes half a mind to ask those lubberly boys that I see about the street, what right they had to be born; but perhaps they would make me some impertinent answer, for they swagger about as if they thought that they had as good right to be born as any one

else. I wish they would read Malthus's Essay on Population, they would then be convinced that they have no right to be born, and they would be ashamed of themselves for existing to the manifest inconvenience of gentlemen and ladies to whom they are exceedingly annoying.

Look at the Reform Bill, that sink of innovation, to speak metaphorically; that climax of novelty, that abominable poke in the ribs of our Constitution, that destroyer of all that is venerable. Its opponents have been accused of talking nonsense against it. Very likely they have talked nonsense, for they have been so flabbergusted at the innovation, that they have not known what they have been saying. The Constitution is gone—quite gone! Lord John Russell has purged it to death.

If things go on changing at this rate for the next hundred years as they have done of late, we shall scarcely have a relic of the good old times left. The weather is not what it used to be when I was a boy. Oh! those were glorious old times, when we had sunshine all through the summer, and hard frosts all through the winter; when for one half the year we could bathe every day, and for the other half could skaite every day. There is nothing of that sort now. If a man buys a pair of skaites in the winter, it is sure to thaw next day; and if a boy buys a pair of corks one day, there is sure to be a hard frost next morning. There is nothing but wet weather all through the winter, and no dry weather all through the summer. Formerly we used to have an eclipse or two in the course of the year, and we used to look at it through smoked glass, and very good fun it was, only it used to make our noses black, if we did not take care to hold the glass properly. If we look into the almanack for an eclipse, we are sure to see that it is invisible in these parts; and even if it is visible we can never see it, for there is always cloudy weather. I scarcely know anything that is now as it used to be when I was a boy. Day and night have not quite changed places, but night and morning have. What used to be Sunday morning when I was a little boy, has now by a strange mutation become Saturday night. I wonder why people cannot dine at dinner-time as they used to do; but everything is in disorder; a wild spirit of innovation has seized men's minds, and they will do nothing as they used to do, and as they ought to do. Things went on well enough when I was a boy; we had not half the miseries and calamities that one sees and hears of now. What an absurd and ridiculous invention is that nasty, filthy, stinking gas! The buildings where it is made look like prisons withoutside, and like infernal regions within; and there always is some accident or other happening with it; people have their houses blown up with it, and it serves them right, for they have no business to encourage such newfangled trumpery. The streets used to be lighted well enough with the good old-fashioned oil lamps, which were quite good enough for our ancestors, and I think they might have done for us; but anything for innovation! I must confess I liked to see the good old greasy lamp-lighters and their nice flaring torches, they were fifty times better than the modern gas-light men with their little hand lamps like so many Guy Fawkes'.

And what harm have the poor old watchmen done, I wonder, that

they must be dismissed to make room for a set of new police-men and blue coats? The regular old legitimate watchmen were the proper and constitutional defenders of the streets, just as regularly as the King is the defender of the faith. A more harmless set of men than the watchmen never existed; they would not hurt a fly. Things went on well enough when they had the care of the streets.

But innovations are not confined to land; they have even encroached upon the water. Were not London, Blackfriars, and Westminster bridges quite enough in all conscience? What occasion was there for Waterloo bridge, a great overgrown granite monster that cost ten times more than it is worth? And what occasion for Southwark bridge and Vauxhall bridge? Our ancestors could go to Vauxhall over Westminster or Blackfriars bridge. But of all the abominable innovations none ever equalled the impudence of New London bridge. It was not at all wanted. I have been over the old one hundreds and hundreds of times. It is a good old bridge that has stood the test of ages, and it ought to have been treated with respect for very antiquity's sake. As for people being drowned in going under the bridge, nonsense! they would never have been drowned if they had done as I did—I always made a point of never going under it: and besides, if people are to be drowned, they will be drowned elsewhere, if they are not drowned there.

Talk of innovations, what can be a more outrageous innovation than steam-boats? they have frightened the fish out of the river already, and if they go on increasing as they have done of late, they will frighten the fish out of the sea too; and I should like to know where all the fishes are to go to, then. We shall be in a pretty mess if they all come ashore. Besides, the sea is obviously made to sail upon, or else what is the use of the wind? And if we have nothing but steam-boats, what will become of the sail-makers? People in these revolutionary times care nothing about vested interests. I hate innovation. I hate every thing that is new. I hate new shoes, they pinch my feet; I hate new hats, they pinch my forehead; I hate new coats, they put me in mind of tailors' bills. I hate every thing new, except the New Monthly Magazine, and I shall hate that if the Editor rejects my article.

ANTI-INNOVATOR.

MONSIEUR LE BRUN.

MONSIEUR LE BRUN, (who must not be confused
With the great painter) jointly cultivated
Apollo's laurel and the grape of Bacchus,
And into *mediocre* verse translated,
Or rather, as the French would say, *traduced,*
The Odes of Flaccus.
The work, I must confess, was badly done,
For poor Le Brun,
Still scribbling, and unable still to win
A living for himself and wife,
Was like a ropemaker, condemn'd to spin
Long lines, yet still go backward all his life.

Le Brun asserted that an author loses
By quaffing with the water-drinking Muses,
Wherefore he held in small account
Castalia's fount,
And not a solitary sip he
Ever quaff'd from Aganippe,
Maintaining that champagne and other wine,
With, now and then, a draught of liquor
Produced an inspiration quicker,
As well as more delightful and divine.
If to his cups his couplets he had suited,
They *must* have sparkled—and 'tis strange to me
That want of life should ever be imputed
To poetry inspired by *Eau de vie.*

But so it was—his poems, every one,
Were like a flintless gun,
Which wont go off for want of fire;
And poor Le Brun, who took to deeper drinking,
Instead of thinking,
Sunk daily deeper in Oblivion's mire.
While swallowing compound spirits, still the faster
He lost his own, till he became a prey
To hypochondria; and one disaster
Another following, his health gave way.
His stomach, it was said, had lost its coat,
Or thrown it off, perhaps, from being hot;
For his old trick he never had forgot,
Of pouring ardent spirits down his throat;
Which daily system of potation,
Most deleterious,
Brought fever first, then inflammation,
When his poor wife, so much his aspect shock'd her,
Call'd in the Doctor,
And now the case grew serious.

Bolus, a man of fees, not feeling,
Finding his purse was low, though high his fever,
Bolted, but sent a priest, who kneeling,
Thus comforted the Bibulous believer—
"My son, 'tis clear you have not long to live,
So you must quickly use this unction,
Confess your sins with due compunction,
And freely all your enemies forgive—
Bestowing on them, if they 're nigh,
The kiss of peace before you die!"

"Kiss what I hated most—my deadliest foes!
Surely, good Father, you impose
A penance too revolting to be just,
'Tis ten times worse than fasts, hair shirts, and whips;
However, if I must, I must
So put a glass of water to my lips!" H.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Professor Pattison and the London University.—In a former number we alluded to the question between Professor Pattison and the Council of the London University. We did not follow up our remarks in the succeeding publication because we thought it possible that some proceedings, then in contemplation, might bring to light new facts which might modify or alter our opinion of the affair. The whole case is now before us, and our first impression is completely confirmed.

The short statement of the matter is this: the Council broke down the authority of the Professor, and dismissed him because he had lost his authority. We say that the Council broke down the authority of the Professor, because the refusal of the governing body to support it, when support was claimed, had the effect of most completely destroying it. Professor Pattison had not the rare fortune to please his pupils; the young gentlemen did not approve of his method of lecturing upon anatomy; they accordingly entered into a cabal against him which was headed by persons who have not the apology of youth for such disgraceful conduct; they impeached the qualifications of the Professor, of which the Council had had abundant assurance on his appointment; they called for his dismissal; the Council treated their impudent applications with a degree of respect that must have been vastly encouraging, and the Professor's appeals and remonstrances on the other hand with insulting indifference. An officer who is not supported in his just and necessary authority is surrendered up to mutiny. He is in a worse condition than a man who depends only upon his own character and conduct to command respect, for the governing body to which he appeals, in failing to support him, disgraces him with all the weight of influence and authority which it could and should have lent to his service. Of all rubs a neglected is the sorest.

We pass over the quarrel between Professor Pattison and his demonstrator Mr. Bennett, and the question whether the demonstrator should have been independent of the lecturer—as it was so ordered in the London University, we think it probable that it should *not* have been so, for the genius of misrule seems to preside in this institution. We shall take up the history where the young gentlemen commence their seemly proceedings.

A Mr. Eisdell, a student, addressed a letter to the Council declaring that Mr. Pattison was, in his opinion, incompetent to teach anatomy, and that he ought to be dismissed! Mr. Pattison asks what proceedings would have been adopted in any other academical institution in the world, had such a letter been received? The question is not difficult; but the proceeding which would have been consistent on the part of the Council of the London University, would have been the placing of the Chair of Anatomy at the disposal of Mr. Eisdell. As he was competent to pronounce an opinion on the qualifications of the Professor, he was competent to fill his office, or at least to appoint to it a person properly skilled, "*in his opinion.*" The Council, however, did not pursue this course. They answered that they could not institute an examination into the conduct of a professor upon the representation of *one* pupil. This being interpreted, signified get more to join; in other words, "beat up for mutineers." A memorial, signed by fifteen, was thence got up, and answered, apparently, satisfactorily by Professor Pattison before the Council. Here, then, the Council was sitting as a high court of appeal on the science of anatomy. The student, Mr. Eisdell, pronounced the incompetence of Professor Pattison, and the Council judged at once of the criticism of Mr. Eisdell and his fourteen fellow-complainants, and of the skill of Professor Pattison. This was a beautiful reversal of the scale of judgment. Mr. Eisdell knew more of anatomy than the Council, and Professor Pattison than Mr. Eisdell, but the Council sat in judgment both on the strictures of the one and the fitness of the other. After this trial, a communication was made by the warden, Mr. Horner, to each of the memorialists, desiring that any additional charges or complaints which the parties had to prefer should be sent in. Mr. Pattison states that the addenda thus obtained were of charming va-

riety, one student complaining of minuteness, and another of diffuseness. To such idle matter the Professor was however compelled to reply, and the Council came to the conclusion that he had completed his vindication.

At this stage of the affair they ought to have dismissed their Professor, if at all; that is to say, supposing the feelings and sympathies of gentlemen had been seconded by a sufficient portion of intelligence. They should then have perceived that they had utterly broken down the authority of the Professor, that they had sanctioned the presumption of his pupils, or to use the apter word, of his critics; and had shown a readiness to render him up to insulting inquiries and vexations which would not fail to encourage the petulance and forwardness of youth to fresh attacks. The sport of badgering the Professor was set on foot, and sure to be followed up to the death. This then was the period when the Council should have taken their last step of injustice. They had destroyed the utility of the Professor, they had stripped him of his respect, and to spare him the consequent mortifications, they should have made his dismissal accompany as nearly as possible the causes of his dismissal. Humanity would have dictated that when the incapacity was created it should have been punished. When the creature is ham-strung, put the knife to its throat, in mercy, and don't wait the certain demonstration that it cannot walk or provide for its safety.

But thus the Council did not act, because though they had the power to do mischief, they had not the sagacity to see its immediate consequence. As a specimen of the spirit they had engendered, we may mention a memorial of students addressed to them at this stage of the affair, in which the following decorous language is held :—

"Should you neglect our prayer, we warn you, that we shall publish this very appeal —shall lay bare the deep and unanswered malignity of the mis-statements attested by Dr. Birkbeck—the mean, party-spirited, wilful duplicity, by which he, as the supporter of Mr. Pattison, tried to make the proprietors believe that one student only charged that gentleman, and that an ignorant student. Could Dr. Birkbeck, a member of the Council, a canvasser for Mr. Pattison, the head of the party against our Warden, and the cultivator of these cabals—could he say that he was ignorant of the seventeen pupils, including the great majority of the medalists, who, in a phalanx, charge Mr. Pattison with a palpable dereliction of duty, and urge his dismissal? If so, why is he retained in the Council? Did he know of these facts, why did he hide them? Because he had an end to serve. Why, then, we boldly ask, is he retained a proprietor of the institution? Why have his mis-statements regarding Eisdell's ignorance—an insult which we all consider personal to ourselves—not been officially contradicted," &c. &c.

The ignorance of this is on a level with its impudence, and consistently, be it observed, the critics of Professor Pattison's fitness modestly require the *removal of the proprietor* Dr. Birkbeck! He doubtless was just as unqualified to be a proprietor as was Mr. Pattison to be a lecturer. If we may judge from events, this demand, however, for the dismissal of a Proprietor was not altogether without effect on the Council; for though they could not conveniently proceed to cashier Doctor Birkbeck, or any other shareholder, they have undoubtedly done their best to disband the whole body of subscribers.

An order had been issued for the exclusion of a refractory student from the University. Mr. Horner, the warden, in defiance of it, directed that the gentleman should be admitted, and gave him a license to enter Professor Pattison's theatre. The mutiny did not languish under these circumstances. Mr. Pattison made vain efforts to establish his authority and the proper discipline. Among other convenient regulations, he required that the students should take their seats in the body of the theatre—an arrangement accordant with a decent disposition to attention. The mutineers sat aloof on back seats, and contemptuously refused obedience to the rule. The Professor appealed to the Council, who approved of the regulation, and required him to insist on compliance. Mr. Bingham Baring indeed directed Mr. Pattison to call in the beadles of the Institution, and cause them to drag down the persons who refused to take their places in the body of the theatre. Mr. Bingham Baring has signalized his disposition to dragging, and it is not a little curious that the mild gentleman who recommend-

ed recourse to this extreme of violence against the students, was the very person ultimately to move the dismissal of the Professor, whose authority had been so shamefully defied. Mr. Pattison did not avail himself of the constabulary force thus placed at his disposal. He pursued the gentler course of stating the directions of the Council, and taking down the names, instead of dragging down the bodies, of those who persisted in disobedience. The delinquents were excluded from the class. A special Council was held shortly afterwards, and after a deliberation of two hours the Professor was informed "that the students who had been suspended should be again admitted to his lectures on the condition of their making an apology to——" Whom? the insulted Professor?—No—"Mr. Horner the warden!" The youths whose riotous conduct had in the opinion of the gentle Mr. Bingham Baring warranted the rough handling of the beadle, were again loosed into the Lecture-room without even the condition of an apology to the insulted gentleman whose hard duty it was to preside in it. Have we not already abundantly proved our statement, that the Council broke down the authority of Professor Pattison, and then dismissed him for having lost the authority essential to his utility? But we are not half-way in the recital of the conduct of that despicable body—a body that seems to have been alike destitute of sense, spirit, and gentlemanly feeling, and which, yet strange to say, is composed of individuals distinguished for the possession of one or other of these qualities. But thus it often is, that in bodies of men, the good properties of component parts are lost or neutralized, and unsuspected vices are developed. To timidity all the errors, the cruelty, and injustice of this Council are referable. Mr. Bingham Baring's invocation of the beadle, illustrates the extremities to which the Council tended from want of firmness. It was easier to betray the Professor than to coerce the boys, and therefore the Professor was betrayed.

Mr. Pattison had annexed certain conditions to the granting of certificates of attendance—that is to say, he required attendance for the certificate of it, and the submission to weekly examinations as proof of study. One of the students, who had not complied with the rule, demanded a certificate; it was refused; he followed the Professor into his private room, and said to him, "You are no gentleman;" then returned to the class-room, and, in answer to inquiries, proclaimed that he had told Pattison he was no gentleman, but that he did not resent it. For any establishment above the vilest pot-house, this was pretty strong in indecency, and let us see how it was treated. The facts were reported to the Council, and it was at first determined that the party and his abettors should be expelled; but Mr. Warburton—Mr. Warburton, of all men in the world, the much-professing, nothing-doing Mr. Warburton, succeeded in getting the expulsion postponed on a point of form, and afterwards urged in palliation of the offence, that the student had told the Professor he was no gentleman, in his private room, and not in the class-room. This sapient distinction prevailed, and the offender was merely interdicted from attending the lectures for the remainder of the season. In this review of a tissue of disgraceful conduct we must here stop to declare that Mr. Warburton's part is pre-eminently distinguished. In his interference with the only just resolution which the Council had formed, there was every sort of error—error of judgment, and error of feeling. It is said of a retired Northumbrian Advocate, that he never but once spoke a sentence of correct grammar at the Bar, and that he immediately went over it again, and disordered the construction. The Council of the London University seem, in the whole course of this affair, to have arrived only at one proper judgment, and at the instance of the sage patriot, Mr. Warburton, they retracted that slip into rectitude, and recovered their consistency in wrong. After the doctrine of Mr. Warburton had been broached, our only surprise is, that the Professor escaped with simple ruin,—with the loss of his bread only—we are astonished that he was not made a foot-ball of—*in his private room:* that he was not kicked and whipped, and that his nose was not wrung by his pupils when he had the misfortune to give them dissatisfaction. Certainly the malcontents must have had more gentlemanly feeling in refraining from indulging in the outrages to which they seem to have been all but invited, than Mr. Warburton had in finding a

quibbling palliation of an insult to a gentleman, whose character, conduct, station, and circumstances, all alike entitled him to the most scrupulous protection, It was not, however, Mr. Pattison only who was concerned, the discipline, and with it the prosperity of the Institution, was bound up in his quarrel. The sentence of his insulters (the exclusion from the lecture-room for the session), forbearingly observes Mr. Pattison,

"Was a moderate one for the offence; but the Council seemed to consider it too severe, and about a week afterwards, having sent for Messrs. Bree and Peart, and having induced them to offer a sort of apology *to the Council*, an order was sent to my beadle for their re-admission to my lectures. The intimation which conveyed the information to me, contained a direction to grant Mr. Peart his certificate, to which his attendance did not entitle him, and to force me to give him which, he had told me I was no gentleman, and had a writ served on me in the University, and which writ has never been withdrawn.

"This last act of the Council, as it was easy to foresee, gave a complete *coup de grace* to any little authority which might have remained to me as a Professor, and the scenes which followed in my class-room were so outrageous and disgraceful as to defy description. A Committee of the insubordinate pupils, who had, previously to this last act of the Council, met irregularly, now held their sittings daily in the University, and decided every day whether the Professor of Anatomy and Surgery should, or should not, be allowed to lecture.

"On the next lecture-day, after the order had been issued for the re-admission of Messrs. Bree and Peart, when I entered my class-room I found the pupils divided into two parties. The larger body, consisting of the well-disposed, were ranged below, and the insubordinates, who had received every encouragement from the acts of the Council, had taken possession of the forbidden bench, and were, in part, seated on it, and in part ranged on the space behind it. The last party were accompanied by a considerable number of the young gentlemen of the general school, who came, as they themselves expressed it, to 'see the fun'—the fun of seeing a Professor of the University of London insulted! I was greeted with the most discordant yells. My friends below were loud in their expression of approbation, and my enemies above were equally vociferous in their howlings and cries of 'Off, off! you won't be permitted to lecture.' After attempting, in vain, for about ten minutes to proceed with the lecture, I paused until a partial silence was restored; but, on again making the attempt, the hisses and yells commenced, and one of the pupils in the back bench got up and bawled out, 'If you wish to lecture, you must make an apology to the students.' As I was not disposed to do so, the clamour continued, and I was, at last, obliged to retire without being able to lecture."

These decent facts were reported to the Council, and a commission was appointed, consisting of Lord King, Mr. Macauley, and Mr. Sturch, to visit the Anatomical Theatre and compel discipline. We shall see how they fulfilled their mission. The account is from the Medical Gazette:—

"On Mr. Pattison making his appearance, he was received by those present with sounds of the most opposite description. His friends were ranged below, his foes above, and a regular contest for the mastery ensued. The former applauded, the latter hissed; and for a moment the cheering seemed to preponderate, till the opponents of the Professor, abandoning their inarticulate mode of denunciation, began to utter cries of 'Off, off! no lecture,' &c.; when their superiority over his supporters soon became manifest, both as to numbers and zeal. A more extraordinary performance than that which followed, was, probably, never before witnessed within the walls of any establishment devoted to science. The Professor bowed, and was about to commence his lecture, but 'Off! off!' resounded from all sides, and his voice was drowned in the din. The 'subject' for demonstration was then brought in; but the dead and the living were treated with equal disrespect, and it seemed as if nothing could have increased the uproar, till at length a side-door opened, and Mr. Horner, the warden, entered. His office having for its especial object the maintenance of order, he proceeded, in the discharge of his duty, to address the students. It was now confusion worse confounded; the noise and clamour, and determined purpose of overwhelming his voice, became deafening. He attempted by every means to gain a hearing; but the attempt was in vain; the opposition to him appeared, if possible, more violent than that directed against Mr. Pattison. The drama was not yet ended; for behold! the door opened once again, when three members of the Council, headed by Lord King, presented

themselves. *His Lordship, with looks and gestures, as indicative of humble entreaty as those practised by John Kemble during the O. P. rows at Covent Garden, now came forward, and, laying his hand upon his heart, in dum show supplicated a hearing.* For some time it was doubtful whether he would succeed any better than the Warden; but at length, having obtained a moment's pause, his Lordship put it to the students, as men of honour and feeling, *to suffer the lecturer to proceed;* assuring them that any representation they might send to the Council would be immediately attended to. Here his assertion was met by a declaration from one of the pupils, who instantly rose and stated, that the class had already sent in a remonstrance, which had not met with attention. Lord King asseverated that this should not occur again; but the thread of his discourse, once broken, was not so easily resumed. Clamour again prevailed, and his Lordship, with the whole of his party, *were ultimately obliged to retire, leaving the pupils triumphant, and affording an excellent illustration of collegiate discipline.* To make the matter complete, the lectures were suspended; and we understand that a *verbatim* copy of the former paper was sent in to the Council by the pupils, who have thus taken Lord King at his word.

"On Monday last the theatre was opened again, when it was stated, by one of the pupils, that the 'Committee' had agreed that there should be no farther expression of disapprobation manifested towards Mr. Pattison at present,—an announcement obviously comprehending an acknowledgment that the previous disturbance and interruption of the lectures had been the result of an organized plan. The Professor soon after entered, and in a subdued tone, and with the appearance of a man oppressed by deep emotion, said, that after the interruptions which the course had met with, it became impossible for him to resume the thread of his discourse at the point at which it had been broken: he should, therefore, direct their attention to a new subject. He then proceeded to demonstrate the surgical anatomy of the arteries of the lower extremity; and we must say, went through his task without betraying any of that confusion, carelessness, or inaccuracy, of which he has been accused."

No man of common sagacity and unprejudiced mind can fail to perceive in these riots and mutinous organizations the necessary consequences of the misconduct of the Council. Every thing had been done to degrade the Professor and to demonstrate that he was unsupported; and each unpunished disobedience and outrage of the refractory students had been a step of encouragement, leading up to the last climax of riot.

The mutineers now very naturally considered themselves an authorised body, and formed a standing committee, as we learn from Mr. Pattison, for the sufferance or interruption of the lectures, according to the pleasure of the body. Mr. Pattison adds, that the Council were not only cognizant of the existence of this governing cabal, but actually in official communication with it!

As evidence of his qualification, or disqualification, the Professor applied for a reporter to take down his lectures. This was refused by the Council, on the ground that they had no doubt of his abilities and fitness to discharge his duties.

"*After* this decision," observes Mr. Pattison, "will it be believed, that a Committee, composed of Lord King, Mr. William Marshall, and Mr. Merrivale, were in session for several weeks in the very same room where the Council had, a few days before, decided not to appoint a Reporter, because my talents and capacity for the discharge of the duties of my office were not to be questioned, examining into the question of my competency on the charges of my pupils?

"The injustice of the acts of this Committee is only exceeded by their absurdity. Without taking the pains to ascertain whether I had really committed the errors with which I was charged, they proceeded to investigate whether the charges made did or did not contain anatomical blunders.

"Lord King, Mr. William Marshall, and Mr. Merrivale, not one of whom knew a nerve from an artery, constituted themselves the judges of my anatomical pretensions! The proceedings of this Committee became too ridiculous for even the students to stand it. The anatomical engravings belonging to the medical library were carried into the Council Room; and with these before them, and with the assistance of anatomical dictionaries to explain technical terms, these gentlemen gravely deliberated on the amount and correctness of the anatomical knowledge possessed by the Professor of Anatomy!

"I have never been able to learn precisely what was the result of the deliberations of this Committee. I believe they could not make out a single charge, and getting tired, in about three weeks of the study of anatomy, they terminated their labours."

Can any thing exceed the absurdity of this, and the pertinacity in injustice and impolicy which it denotes? Cruikshanks should make a picture of Lord King, Messrs. Marshall and Merrivale, studying anatomy for the nonce, for the decoration of the University, in whose hall it should hang for warning, till a perseverance in the same course of folly brings the Institution to the ground.

The next step of the Council was a recommendation to Mr. Pattison to retire from his professorship. He was invited to give way to a cabal—to discredit and ruin himself. A pittance of 200*l.* a-year, for five years, was promised, on condition of his compliance; but no security for the payment was tendered, and after the experience Mr. Pattison had had of the fairness and justice of the Council, he would have been the weakest of men had he placed any reliance on any engagement with them, the performance of which was not secured by the strictest terms of law.

It was afterwards resolved in committee that the continuance of Mr. Pattison was incompatible with the welfare of the University. If such had been the case, the fact would have been referable to the conduct of the Council, who had given the Professor up to mutiny, and in various ways disgraced him in the eyes of the students. In communicating the resolution of the Committee to Mr. Pattison, Mr. Greenough coolly invited him to propose any suggestion he had to offer which might promote the interests of the University, and the Committee would be happy to hear it, though they would not listen to any thing he had to say in his own defence! Was this a cruel insult to the unfortunate gentleman?—unfortunate, indeed, in being subjected to the authority of such persons—in having his reputation, his feelings, and his bread placed at the mercy of men who seem to have been throughout alike insensible to the claims of justice and the gentlemanly proprieties. Was it, we repeat, an insult, or was it another of the stupidities, so many of which appear in this strange case in the conduct of persons of reputed worth and understanding?

Professor Pattison's answer to Mr. Greenough's well-timed solicitation should have been—"For the promotion of the interests of the University, nay, for its honour and safety, I have to suggest the instant resignation of the Council, and to recommend that the members play the fool with closed doors in their own houses."

The finishing stroke was consistently given by Mr. Bingham Baring, of Deacle celebrity, who moved the dismissal of the Professor, perhaps because he had omitted to call constables, to handle his refractory students after the Bingham Baring fashion of action and advice.

The notification of the dismissal was accompanied by a resolution, that in taking this step, the Council felt it due to Professor Pattison to declare that nothing which had come to their knowledge with respect to his conduct, had in any way tended to impeach either his general character or his professional skill and knowledge. They, in truth, dismissed him because they had damaged his authority in the University, and had not the honesty and the manhood to endeavour to repair the mischief, or to render into other hands the controlling power for the just exercise of which they had proved themselves incapable.

Mr. Pattison was unblamed and ruined by the Council, whose injustice was a matter of resolution; but had he been in fact imperfectly qualified for his office, from the moment that insolent and mutinous spirit of the students was displayed, it was the duty of the governing body to uphold him, and to bear down, with all their weight of influence and authority, a presumptuous, dictatorial disposition, incompatible with the discipline of any academic institution. The pupils should have been taught, if not modesty, submission. Had there been serious doubts of Mr. Pattison's abilities, the abandonment of him to a contest with a faction of youths would have been shameful and unwise; for the policy of maintaining his authority would have consisted with the possession on his part of the slenderest share of qualification. But the case was widely different; his testimonials were of far greater force than the crude criticisms of students, whose conduct betrayed the quality of their judgment to be below that which might have been expected of their years; yet he was given up to be worried by the

cabals, and to wait the fortune of baiting. We say of baiting, because we observe throughout this affair an exact similarity to that savage sport, in measures, spirit, and consequences. When an animal is turned in among the dogs, they are as aware, as though they were mutinous boys, that he is given up to their teeth, and that there is neither the intention to defend him on the part of the men, nor any wish that he should be spared. Animated by the sympathies of the spectators, they then set on him without fear and without mercy. After he has been worried till the riot has become shameful, the arbiters resolve that he shall be dismissed from his torments or dispatched; and he is accordingly knocked on the head as useless, in consequence of his injuries and lacerations. In the case of a brute, this is termed the *coup de grace*, or putting him out of his pain; in that of a professor, it is termed dismissal, or putting him out of his place. The first is mercifully made to die—the second turned adrift to starve.

There are three members of the Council who are not only clear of the disgrace which attaches to that body, but entitled to praise and honour for their parts in this affair—they are, Mr. Mill, Captain Gowan, and Dr. Birkbeck, the proprietor whose dismissal Mr. Eisdell and his fellow-memorialists so peremptorily demanded. Those three gentlemen saw the justice and policy of supporting the Professor.

The London University has, in our opinion, received a blow from which it will not easily recover. All the other professors of any note have sympathised with Mr. Pattison, and feel their own respectability to be compromised in his wrongs. Their zeal cannot but be cooled; they cannot but mistrust the Institution with which they are connected, and see how precarious is the tenure of their offices, though the duties be unimpeachably performed. Proprietors, also, can hope for no good result from an Institution so offensively and impoliticly managed. The theatre of a glaring injustice is not the school of instruction which parents would desire for their sons. An University in which the sport of "making fun of a professor" was permitted, is not one whose academic exercises and disciplines will be approved by those who know the importance of cultivating the modesties, and preserving the mind of youth from irreverend and petulant indulgences.

It is clear that during the whole of this struggle the University was in the hands of the boys, and this fact confirms an observation we have long made, that in all institutions nominally governed by idle gentlemen, the power is sure to fall into the hands of the servants or lowest members. Hospitals are, in fact, ruled by the pupils, who are in constant possession of the ground. Clubs are carried on by the authority of the secretary, for the benefit of the steward and servants. The members, who idly imagine that the establishment is for their convenience because they pay for it, wonder that they want comforts and advantages easily to be had, if they were not crossed by jobs in which their attendants are interested; and fail to perceive that they are contributors to an income laid out to the best advantage of secretary, deputy-secretary, steward, housekeeper, butler, &c. in due order of place and profit, down to the lowest scullion in the kitchen. As with greater institutions, as with governments, all ends in the benefit of the ministers. Members of clubs have only to look about them, and to see the evidence of this all but universal truth. Next to the positive pleasure of jobbing is the negative one of avoiding trouble, and in a London University there was obviously less trouble in abandoning one professor than in coercing a score or two of mutinous youths; therefore the students had matters their own way. The price of Mr. Pattison's ruin was the present ease of the Council.

Ministerial Patronage.—The country rings with complaints of the extraordinary conduct of Government in neglecting its friends and conferring favours on its enemies. Throughout the country, Tories have been preferred to places of honour, trust, and power. How is this fact to be explained? Do Ministers apprehend that they are too strongly fixed in their seats; or do they wish to commit political suicide? The Whigs have ever been charged with building up walls to knock their heads against, and in this masonry they have, in truth, been most busy from the moment that the materials were placed at their disposal.

The Ministry cannot claim generosity for such conduct, nor can it even plead timidity; for the Premier has shown himself to be the most greedy Minister of our time, and he has bestowed offices and appointments on every member of his family with prodigious boldness and defiance of public disgust. There are few men capable of such audacious depotism; and a tithe of the courage he evinced in providing for his own, would have sufficed for the just and fearless distribution of patronage throughout the United Kingdoms.

It may be pretended, that Ministers are superior to personal partialities (Lord Grey and family excepted); but are they also superior to principles? and principles are largely concerned in the question. If the Whigs really suppose that their principles are better than the principles of the Tories, why do they not connect them with power wherever the opportunity offers; and why, on the contrary, do they give power to persons who hold the pernicious principles which will render it an instrument of evil to society? If Ministers will say that they have played with principles as counters, and are now careless what they do with them, as they have secured the stakes, their conduct is, in some degree, explained; but even in that case, we have to learn why they have shown an actual partiality for the adverse cause. They have not bestowed their patronage indifferently or impartially: they have favoured the foes of the people by whom they are supported, as if they really designed a mischief to the cause they are, perhaps, weary of advocating, and secretly adverse to advancing. Like the giant in the fairy tale, the Government would seem to be tying its legs, lest it should get on too fast towards a goal which it has no great desire to attain.

In London, little is thought of undue preferment and the promotion of the hostile and the undeserving; but in the country, the effect is most galling, and immediately felt in the depression of the friends of the good cause, and the paralyzation of their exertions. Where there are Whigs and Tories of, we will say, equal personal merits, does not the Government which passes by its friends and confers its favours on its foes, degrade the former in the opinion of those about them, and give a triumph to their adversaries? Is not the reasoning, "Oh! these men must be comparatively very unworthy persons; for see, the Ministers whom they support, and whose politics they profess, pass them by, and are obliged to give the preference to the others, who can have no claim upon them but that of conspicuously superior fitness." This is a natural interpretation, which slighted persons do not love; and they are not reconciled to it by considering that the Minister who extends neither favour nor justice to them, is he who showed such indecent gluttony in grasping the good things for his own family and connexions. But the evil is not merely one of personal injustice and vexation to individuals: it is a great public mischief to deposit the powers of the country in hands which will wield them to thwart or defeat the good objects to which the Government is pledged. Does the Ministry find itself troubled with plethora? Is it so strong as to lack excuses for leaving undone what it ought to do? Does it wish to create incapacities for useful action, to raise up barriers to obstruct the accomplishment of beneficial measures? Does it desire to take the merit of popular professions, and to keep the benefit of Tory abuses? Certainly, it seems to be preparing tools for the spoiling of its own work.

The public will watch and suspect this conduct, and know what to think of the pleas of difficulties in the way of good objects, which difficulties have been planted and cultivated by those whose course is stopped by them. We question, however, whether we shall come to this *denouement;* for whether the motives have been pusillanimity, truckling, or *tracasserie,* the effect will probably be the wreck of the Ministry within twelve months. Nothing has saved it but the Reform, and the Reform safe, there is an end of their safety. The Reform Bill, the single solitary wise thing they have intended, and which they have deformed with every possible blemish that could be crammed within its good outline—the Reform Bill, so foully blotted, and so blunderingly carried on, has been the stalking-horse behind which Ministers have crawled and sneaked, and committed meanness and folly.

Absurd Curiosity.—No people in the world ever arrived at such perfection in the art of making much ado about nothing as the English. A circumstance out of the regular course is remarked; all the prints are instantly at work with all conceivable conjectures and statements. After about ten days of speculation, during which the public mind is heated by the disputations one hundred degrees above the temperature of sane interest on such a matter, it turns out that there was nothing out of the common tenor in the appearance which had been debated into such irrational importance. The mountain in labour is with us an occurrence of every day. The Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria did not attend the Coronation. As Mathews says, "Here was a circumstance!" "The Times" thundered most awfully; hinted at things too terrible to be spoken; talked of the prudence of taking the guardianship of the Princess from a mother who had been guilty of the unmentionable conduct, proving her unfitness for her charge. Of course all sorts of extravagant conjectures were formed on this mysterious attack. It was naturally supposed that the part of the Duchess must bear some proportion in violence and atrocity to the indignation of the Editor of "The Times." Was she caballing against our popular Monarch?—was she about to set the Princess at the head of the Anti-Reformers in rebellion for the present seizure of the throne?—what conduct, in short, could be worthy of such serious censures and fierce menaces? The defenders of the Duchess had to take up their ground of vindication, but hardly knew where, for the attack was thunder *in nubibus*. One paper, which should be superior to such pretences, averred that the Duchess and her daughter were particularly engaged in reading the Bible on the day of the coronation: another partly explained that she was scrupulous with regard to the associations of the Princess, and avoided the Court company: another intimated that the place appointed had not pleased: another, that something in the manner of offering it had offended. The versions were as various as the prints. At last, when curiosity was wearied of the theme, and it was only agreed that the King and the Duchess were on the very worst terms, and that the flag of rebellion was all but flying from Kensington Palace, out comes the truth—that there had been a complete understanding as to the non-attendance of the Duchess and her daughter, and that convenience and health had been the ruling considerations. Thus, according to "The Times," the mother was unworthy of the guardianship of her daughter because she thought the air and quiet of the country were better for a delicate child than a journey and a tedious ceremony of state.

The moral of this seems to us to be, that the public, or its best possible instructors, should not be so inordinately anxious to have the why and wherefore for every appearance or arrangement in certain circles. Though the objects are elevated in station, the curiosity is very low, and the habit of indulging it and investing it with importance extremely debasing. A just sense of it will be conveyed, by imagining how these personages must laugh at the little world that draws fearful shapes out of their indifferent actions. Royalty, which finds its own importance so inordinately exaggerated, is taught to despise the public who commit the folly.

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

At the recommencement of the Publishing Season—we seize the opportunity presented to us of addressing our Readers. In this momentous and critical period, it is well for all men appearing before the Public, either in Literature or in Politics, to be fully understood by their tribunal. No occasion that enables them the better to secure this advantage is to be lost.

Every man, however mediocre in genius, who writes without prejudice and without fear, is at this moment possessed of some portion of that magnificent power, the power of influencing Public Opinion. And never, since England "plumed her wings" against the usurpations of Charles Stuart, was there a moment when he who holds such power ought to pause more cautiously before he exerts it—to strike more boldly when the decision is made. Whatever have been the divisions of Parliament, thank God—the Press which at present atones to the people for Parliamentary weakness and Parliamentary impurities — THE PRESS have done their duty! The Press have had no interest counter to the interest of the People—they have had no boroughs to protect—no sinecures to defend:—in general abuses they have had no sectarian advantages—from the expenditure of a nation's wealth they have filled no individual coffers. With the People has been their interest; with the People has been their battle; with the People have they shared the slander and the assault; with the People they shall gain the acquittal and enjoy the triumph.

Of that Press, thus identified, and thus directed, we are proud to form, however humble, a part. A dark and troubled period lies before us. We have nerved ourselves to meet it. We have engaged new allies; we have provided ourselves with new resources; we have spared no exertions that may render the Advocate worthy of the Cause. What is that Cause? Peace, Order, and the People! whatever enlightens, whatever humanizes, whatever directs—these are the objects of Literature, and of Politics no less. These objects are ours! In general Politics we shall bring before the Public whatever seems to us to require reform, or to need protection. The great questions, which one question greater than all at present conceals,—shall all and each, in due season, when the Public mind is prepared to discuss them, meet with a full and impartial examination. In that narrower sphere of Politics, more relating to persons—politics more individual, and more belonging to the day, we are disposed to regard, not with the blind zeal of partisans, but with the prudent confidence of independent men, a Ministry, who, for the first time in English History, have braved the privileged order in support of the general mass; who have attempted to disrobe themselves of the hereditary livery of corruption, and to convert, by one generous act of legislation, the divisions of an incensed, to the loyalty of a contented, people.

This is a time when, if no expense, no exertion be spared, to secure contributors of equal eminence and equal ability, the political part of a Monthly ought to rise into greater importance than that of

a Quarterly, Journal. The rapidity, the stir, the variety, the change of late events—is a work, appearing at intervals of three months, suited to embrace, to vivify, to pourtray these? Is not a Quarterly Journal forced sometimes to forego much that was important at the moment, but is now passed away, or sometimes to dilate over what *was* important, and is now forgotten? In a word, are not these rare and grave apparitions of Literature suited to the old tardiness and monotony of affairs; and what a Quarterly Review once was to the Annual Register, may not a Monthly Miscellany shortly become to a Quarterly Review?

But Politics do not make the principal, though they may make the guiding portion of our Journal. Even in the angriest times there is an under-current of peaceful literature, which, more than ever, it shall be our aim to watch and to divert to our pages. Perhaps of direct and grave Politics we shall give less than we hitherto have done; and as the season advances, or as public affairs subside into a more calm and legitimate channel, we shall increase our attention to the politer letters. There seems to us to be a wide and vacant field in criticism, which we are disposed to enter upon. The more important of our contemporaries are occupied with formal treatises and party disputes, and we look round in vain for those beautiful and not prolix criticisms, which gave to the two elder Quarterly Journals the chief reputation of their youth. Something of that criticism we invite our contributors to restore; and we promise and pledge to their efforts in these pages a space free, at least, from individual jealousies or individual interests.

Things that occur daily, the common records of the month, in times like the present, have an ulterior and deep interest, which the light observer does not readily perceive; and to seize and select these—the straws that betray the wind—we shall redouble our vigilance and care: hoping, perhaps, to breathe into them and into the general spirit of our Periodical, a more steady and uniform purpose, a more complete singleness of design than it has, as yet, been the fortune of the Magazine to effect.

With these intentions and this ambition, we greet our readers at the onset of a new campaign. Prosperous and successful may be that campaign! Our objects—the objects of men who seek in the career of letters a private, blended with the general, interest—are the objects of a nation. It is ours to wish and to strive for restored tranquillity to England, fresh tributes to her literature, new impulse to her trade, farther benefits from her Statesmen, reform to her laws, and unanimity to her People!

Note.—In the arrangement of our Magazine we defer one or two meditated improvements till the commencement of the new year.

HOW WILL THE PEERS BE GAINED?

"PLEASANT lounging," said the soldier of Toulouse, as he stretched himself to sleep, after a hard day's work, upon a barrel of gunpowder. We enjoy the same luxurious repose as the soldier of Toulouse. We have shut up our Parliament—we have signed a truce—we have suspended hostilities; and after severe battle and prolonged hardship we have stretched ourselves to sleep upon a barrel of gunpowder.

Seriously, the state of the country is fraught with grounds for solemn and deep alarm. Look around!—Winter is fast approaching—it is at hand. In the calmest times winter produces distress, and therefore discontent. You have the experience of last year fresh in your memories: an experience fraught with the desperation of men, ignorant and therefore fierce—struggling for bread, and therefore deaf to reason;—an experience fraught with conflagration and riot—with excesses in which the least danger was in the present, the greatest in the threats of future, offence, and the whole dark and shadowy assembly of evils and menace subsiding at last, but sullenly and scarcely for a permanence, into commissions of punishment and death—the treacherous security of the gaol and hulks—the dread expedient of a gibbet, erected for the purposes of terror rather than justice, and striking into the hearts of those it was to warn—a silence that has, indeed, something of fear,—and—something also of revenge. You cannot imagine that the state of the agricultural districts is one of quiet. You have not yet removed from the peasants a single one of the true causes of disaffection. Are wages higher? Are tithes lower? Are the poor-rates better administered? Are the minds of the labourers better cultivated? Not at all. You have, then, the seeds of the same violence that you encountered last year;—they may be hidden in most parts—they are crushed in none.

Do not flatter yourself, you who live in London, in the midst of indolent and aristocratic traders, that you know any thing of the unallayed and angry spirit that is abroad among the rural population—abroad in Kent, in Sussex, in Norfolk. Mount your horse—go down among that population—talk to yon grim and sturdy labourer who has got his notions of politics from some itinerant demagogue hot with strange mixtures of Owen and Paine;—he, once a follower of others, is now perhaps the leader of men—who, however originally honest, are necessarily soon misguided. How can it be otherwise with men to whom the Parish is the chief support, and Discontent is the only tutor? Men of this sort do not greatly want a Parliamentary Reform. Their hatred is not to property in boroughs so much

as to property in general. But these poor and misjudging creatures are not yet dangerous in the aggregate;—the aggregate, thank Heaven! wants a head, an organization, a single and developed purpose. Tremble—yes, Lords and Commons, high and low, rich and poor, one with another—let us tremble lest so large a mass of men, easily led and easily inflamed, ever obtain that head—that organization—that purpose. How can they obtain these? Look at Birmingham—at Sheffield. The answer is clear;—By an union with the greater enlightenment, the more systemized brotherhood of the manufacturing towns. How could that union be brought to pass? By Reform despaired of. How would its possibility be averted at once? By Reform obtained! The agricultural labourer, I mean he who is ill off and discontented—the labourer of Norfolk and Kent—does not zealously require Reform;—the manufacturer does. But the agricultural labourer of that tribe wants disturbance—and the manufacturer will brave disturbance if he can get reform by no other means. Here, then, is the chain of alliance. Had the Lords passed the Bill, that chain would have been broken;—silently, but not less strongly, have its links been now riveted. The sole evil to the manufacturer is, not that the Bill should be lost—it is an evil to him that the Bill should be delayed. He may stifle now—can he stifle for long his discontent at the increasing and fearful stagnation of trade which that delay produces? Will there not to other stimuli soon be added the stimulus of want? The worse men's present condition, the greater their desire of change. You may compound matters safely with stern politicians, but not with a despairing poor.

This, then, is the state of the country. Public business arrested—trade stagnant—the manufacturing towns silent—intent—disciplined—prepared;—the agricultural districts, burthened with a population of fierce paupers, to whom we cannot give the work that would occupy their minds, and whom we have denied the education that might soften;—the two Houses of Parliament in a real and hostile collision;—a vague and unsatisfied apprehension as to the result in the minds of both parties;—the eyes of the nation fixed on the Ministers—trusting their intentions, and suspicious of their power.

Forty-one Peers make the majority in the House of Lords, say the people to the Government: "You must gain that majority in order to pass the Bill; have you made one step towards it? Where the Peers you have created—where the Bishops you have neutralized—is a particle of that balance that was against us, transferred as yet to our account?"

This is now the great question—the universal question—let us examine it. What are the Ministers about?—How will they gain their majority?—nay, will they attempt to gain it? or will they once more

suffer the Bill to go up to the Lords, and once more be rejected. There are many who think this may be their policy;—they go upon false data,—they fancy, that because other Bills insisted upon by the Commons have been twice or thrice rejected by the Lords, (the Ministers nevertheless retaining office,) and after such repeated rejection, passed at length,—they fancy that a similar course of patience—of iteration—"of holding out to tire each other down," may be pursued in regard to this Bill;—Fools!—this is the true legislation of the Boudoir—this is the true politics of drawing-rooms and dinner-tables. What had other Bills analogous to this?—another law rejected—was but a good deferred; the rejection of this Bill is an evil prolonged; it is, in other words, the maintenance of distress, excitement, and disaffection; the widening of a dark and soon, perhaps, a lasting gulf between the Lords and the Commons, between the People and their Institutions. If the Ministers once more bring forward Reform, and once more suffer it knowingly to be rejected—THEN they can only excuse themselves from folly by pleading dishonesty; or from dishonesty by the apologies of folly—for not to know pretty nearly the numbers for and against the proposed measure in the House of Lords, when that new measure is once made public, would be an ignorance of which no moderately shrewd and accurate calculator—no man to be trusted with the guidance of public affairs could be guilty.—A great deal may be said for the first Rejection—an exact calculation of haughty and independent men was not easily to be made, before that test which we now have, of opinion, a vote recorded on the subject. But what could be said to convince the Country, if a second rejection occur, that the Ministers were not prepared for it—viz: that they knew they were encouraging false hopes, and leading to dangerous disappointment, through a long and barren interval of interrupted commerce and unwholesome excitement. Resign, if a second rejection occur—resign they must!—if anticipating resignation then, how far better and wiser to resign now!—resign with the gratitude, not the loathing—with the confidence, not the scorn of the Country;—resign—to be brought back on the shoulders, not trampled beneath the feet, of the People—resign as the baffled friends of a Country, not the dupes of an Aristocracy—resign as a triumph and not as a disgrace. Of this they must be sensible;—they are men, (at least the more prominent,) who are proud of high character, and have given us the guarantee of long consistence. Lord Althorpe confesses, or rather boasts, with Cicero and with Fox, that he loves popularity—Lord Grey, not enamoured of popularity, is proverbially tenacious of honour. Either tendency in a statesman is like pride in a woman—the corroborative of virtue or the substitute. I confide, then, in Ministers—I believe they have made up their minds that the

next Reform Bill MUST be carried through the Lords—I believe they have made up their minds that all the necessary measures shall be taken.—What, then, you cry again, will they make fifty or sixty Peers immediately? are they taking advantage of this recess to look out for them? are the patents preparing?—nay, prepared? No—I do not believe this at present will be the Ministerial measure:—What then, will they be able to neutralize the Bishops,—and will they buy over, by the base lures of place and power, some of the Peers?—I do not think they will have great success here, either;—I think scarce one vote will be won from the Bishops, nor two votes silenced:—and I think that among all the lay Peers, mere sordid inducement will not at this moment, with the lynx-eye of the Public and the stern Inquisition of the Press directed to that body—obtain the barter of three votes;—what is more, the corruption they strive to efface from the Commons, I doubt greatly whether Ministers could gracefully or wisely exercise in the Lords. What, then, will be done?—How will the majority be gained? To answer this question, let us glance for a moment at the spirit that distinguishes the House of Lords from the House of Commons.

In the former—a glaring truth strikes upon us at once—there is not the same strong demarcation of two parties. The habits of Members of the Upper House are essentially different from those of the Lower. They are not so constantly brought together—they are not animated by the same warm, daily, eager contests in which men grow attached to their leaders, and merge individual opinions in zeal for one general cause. They are more broken up into small knots and petty sects—they are more acted upon by separate opinions, or the influence of the *few* associates with whom they mix. Thus individuals are more easily detached from the mass than they are among the Commons: and, as shades of political sentiment are among them more fine and more numerous, so, either small changes in a particular measure, or minute differences in the mode of treating it, or slight variations in the temper of the times in which it is brought forward, act upon their conduct, and always have so acted—to a far greater degree, than with the Members of the Lower House;—to a degree, indeed, that without remembering the above cause, we should be often at a loss to account for. Keeping this fact in mind—glance for a moment over the spirit which pervaded the late discussions in the Upper House! Put aside natural resentment and natural prejudice, and you must confess that, for the main part, the opposition to the Reform Bill was conducted in a liberal and enlarged temper. The principle of Obstinate Anti-reform that was so visible in the Commons, was scarcely recognized among the Peers. All, or nearly all, acknowledged the necessity of Reform—of not moderate—

no! of considerable Reform. Many Peers in public—many more I have heard in private, object not to the extent of the proposed Reform, but to isolated defects in its plan;—for, let us be ingenuous, some who oppose this Reform *are* yet strong Reformers. There are Vivians in the Upper House as in the Lower; men who would go to the democratic extent of a district representation, and there are few who do not acknowledge at once the two vital principles of the Bill—the disfranchisement of close Boroughs—the enfranchisement of large communities. Well, then, we have among the opposing Peers, not all stubborn Anti-reformers, who cannot be converted, but some warm, nay, if you please, reluctant Reformers, who may be conciliated:—deviations from the old Bill—that we, the people, would not only yield, but consider amendments, may satisfy at least some three or four—some four or five out of the hostile majority. One or two more, (we can readily conceive this number) haughty, not illiberal noblemen; not adverse to concession, but chafed by seeming intimidation, and seduced by the cry of a faction to consider the warnings of the press, or the cautions of the Lower House, or an indiscreet vehemence in petitions, as a general attempt to substitute menace for reasoning, may have wished to show a firmness in a first refusal, but may have the wisdom not to show obstinacy in a second. A third sect of individuals, of more unpopular tenets, have been taught to consider the cry for Reform a momentary ebullition. Every month of perseverance—patient, steady, unrelaxing perseverance on the part of the people, is an incontrovertible proof of the fallacy of this conception; they can no longer hug this belief, when the People and the Bill appear a second time before them. There is a fourth, and far more numerous party, among the majority, who will recognize the wide difference between rejecting the Bill once, and rejecting it twice. And this is, indeed, a most serious, a most important consideration; a second rejection will do all that the Anti-reformers' most sanguine apprehensions of the Reform could prophesy in the future,—that is to say, it will place the Lords and Commons in one prolonged, determined, angry collision, to which there could be administered no remedy, and there could be contemplated no end;—no end but one—the ultimate and entire concession of the Peers, when concession can no longer appease resentment,—and what might have been the grace of Power has become the necessity of Weakness. I say this with the most respectful desire to avoid menace. I appeal to experience,—have not the Lords always, in any similar contest, yielded to the Commons? The second appeal to the Lords is also different from the first—inasmuch as the stagnation of business will be greater and discontent deeper. It will no longer be a subscription to a great popular experiment—it will be the only remedy for great national embarrassment. There

are yet a fifth class of noble politicians who will perceive a consequence of the second rejection which was not to be the consequence of the first. Many a deep and sagacious tactician, the moment it was understood that Ministers were not to resign if the Bill were lost, perceived that the danger that otherwise would follow rejection was averted. The people would not give vent to general and systematic disturbance. Why? because such disturbance would involve them in a conflict with the powers of Government. What was that Government? the leaders of their own party and the friends of their own cause. This reflection was the bridle to excess. But if again defeated, the Ministers must resign—a Tory Cabinet must come in; and I have not yet met the Tory who did not acknowledge that such a change would be the signal for commotion—the signal for violent men to act and moderate men to despair.

I expect, then, that influenced by the one or the other of these motives, several Peers who voted against the late Bill, will fall away from the hostile party, and won, not by sordid, but wise and honest feelings, be found among the friends of quiet, and of the people, in the next division on the subject of Reform. There is this advantage in converting the present Peers rather than creating new: a Peer created counts as but one vote gained; a Peer converted counts as two.* And it will be remembered, as a proof and a consequence of that feebler and less united spirit of party that distinguishes the Peers from the Commons, that to converts among the Lords there never has attached that blame of inconsistency or tergiversation which there has to Members of the Lower House, who have committed themselves more decisively not only to measures, the wisdom of which necessarily fluctuates, but to the guidance of persons whom it has been considered by the spirit of party a yet greater crime to desert. Thus, in the converts on the Catholic question, the weight of Tory indignation fell on every Commoner so converted, and singled out but one or two Peers among the majority in the Lords.

It is, I cannot but imagine, to these individual changes—honourable, not degrading—that Ministers now look for the success of the New Bill. Actuated by this expectation, I believe that they delay a

* Moreover, there is a difficulty in finding sixty proper persons for Peers, which does not sufficiently strike the public. Elder sons of Peers are not as abundant as blackberries; and very few among them would consent to figure in so numerous a creation. Nor would the haughty race of great country gentlemen, from whom Peers are usually made, like, especially in these critical times, to accept an equivocal, and with the Peers an obnoxious, title; the occasion and the number of the creations taking away all individual honour in the promotion. I know that this difficulty *does* exist. To this it will be answered by the Country,—"If you cannot find proper persons for Peers, take improper persons, rather than expose us to the chance of revolution." Very well—certainly, if necessary—but it would be better, *if possible*, to pass the Bill without it.

numerous creation, which may be unnecessary. Perhaps a few new Peers may be made soon; and certainly a few, sooner or later, may at all events be inevitable. But within at furthest a fortnight after the introduction of the New Bill in the Lower House, Ministers must decisively know their exact strength in the Upper—if then it should be found that new allies among old foes are not to be gained, that a large creation of Peers is necessary, we may rely upon it that that creation will be made. On the probable chance of that creation the Ministers must have counted when they brought in the Bill, and when they adhered to office after its loss. On that chance the King also must have counted, when he retained his reforming Ministers, and prorogued his reforming Commons. The Ministers and the King must then have resolved on that creation if necessary. To execute any measure, men want but two things—the wish and the power. We have from the King the most open assurance—we have from the Ministers the most solemn pledges—of their common wish. The power they have. What then is wanting? — No — WE MAY CONSIDER THE BILL AS ALREADY PASSED! WITHOUT A NUMEROUS CREATION OF PEERS, IN ALL LIKELIHOOD—WITH THAT CREATION, IF INDISPENSABLE. IN EITHER EVENT SUCCESS IS CERTAIN, BECAUSE IT IS CONSTITUTIONAL.

But the creation of sixty new Peers, if necessary, to carry this Bill, will be, you say, a vital blow to the Peerage. A second rejection of the Reform Bill will be a blow far more vital!—It is well remarked by the sagacious and wise writer, to whom we are indebted for the valuable article that enriches this Number—"On the discussions on the French Peerage,"—'that an Aristocracy must be popular with the country in which it exists in order to last—that all history proclaims this truth.' The infusion of sixty men, who are the echoes of a grave and settled opinion, into a legislative chamber, which at present has no effective sympathy in that opinion, may perhaps be a far wiser course for the preservation of the Aristocracy than a superficial observer may readily perceive. It may tend exactly to effect that congeniality of sentiment which must always, even in countries the most despotic, exist between the governors and the governed. Mr. Pitt's Peers echoed the public opinion of that day, which, on the whole, influenced by a system of terrorism, was anti-liberal. To create Peers, that, by now echoing public opinion, may represent in the House of Lords the due change of public opinion, may be a shock at first to that body,—but a shock, like some that are recommended by wise physicians to the physical frame, operating rather as a restorative than an injury, and giving a new elasticity and youth to the grand principle of its existence.

A REFORMING MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

WHY MAY WE BLAME THE BISHOPS?

VERY severe—and very general have been the attacks on the Bench of Bishops for their vote on Reform. Let us consider for one moment fairly and dispassionately, whether or not the attacks have been just. If we regard the vote as merely given against a political measure, however salutary and wise we might have thought that measure—our censure has been neither just nor liberal. But that is not the true light to consider the question. The Reform Bill was not only a great political measure—but it was a remedy to great moral disease,—it was levelled against a system of gross and organized bribery—constant perjury—and acknowledged jobbing and dishonesty,—it was to this system of immorality that the guardians of state morals gave their support. And it is for this that we have an undoubted, an undeniable right, seriously to lament—solemnly to arraign—and unforgettingly to treasure up their decision. For the votes of the Lay Peers is an evident excuse; there is a school of statesmen, and a wise, though we think a mistaken school, that consider corruption and guilt the necessary tools of the State. These legislators shrug up their shoulders, smile, and say to our proofs of moral deterioration, "All this is very true, but we are men of the world, can things be managed otherwise?" This defence of dishonesty on the plea of necessity may be argued by Statesmen, but is it to be allowed by Churchmen? Do we pamper the pastoral hierarchs for this method of tending the virtue of their flock? No!—the moment we can show them a system that generates vice—(and no one in this acquits the present system)—we have a right to call on those whom we exalt as the enemies of vice, for their most zealous assistance in removing the system.

We are friends to an established church; we think that Hume's argument in favour of one has never yet been satisfactorily answered. But whether or not, the political power we have given to the heads of that church has been so administered as to justify the enormous pecuniary sacrifice we make to it,—whether their conduct is such as to strengthen the established church by confirming its foundation in the people's love,—whether, by permitting them to record votes on behalf of vice on temporal matters, we do not, on the contrary, create disaffection to their spiritual authority—is a matter on which, as friends to religion—as supporters of the church—as fathers of a family—as contributors to the public burthens, we ought most gravely to deliberate—and most resolutely to decide.

THE ROOM IN WHICH CANNING DIED.

Almost every one living within the bounds of the great world knows something of that small, but beautiful villa—a palace in miniature—which now belongs to the Duke of Devonshire, and was, when first built, the object of so much satire against its original possessor. At Chiswick, there stands that classical, yet singular building, whose walls once echoed to the gaieties of the most brilliant circle which one Englishwoman ever drew around her. The wit, the licence, the luxury, may have been equalled in the reign of Charles the Second, but not the variety, the refinement, or the genius. We should be under a great mistake if we supposed that the tone of society, in the time of the dissolute monarch we have just quoted, possessed any thing of what we should now call elegance in debauchery, or refinement in excess. It was radically and universally coarse; the conversation of the Court was the lowest ribaldry of the stews; the lampoons and the wooings, the attacks on the King, or the courtships of a mistress, were alike filthy and obscene, often fraught with indisputable and rare wit, but never with the wit of the gentleman or the pleasantry of the saloon. The rakehell, brocaded yet vulgar, with strong animal spirits and a great capacity of drink—whose adventures lay in swindling, and whose loves ended in disease, was the real wit, courtier, and fine gentleman of that period. We have but to read the plays, the poetry, the correspondence in England of the time, and then think of the plays, poetry and correspondence which, under Louis the Fourteenth, were shedding so bright a lustre on France, to see how poor and base was the state of courtly society in the former country, compared to that in the latter. What Louis the Fourteenth was to Charles the Second, the society of France was to the society in England. It is a mistake, then, to suppose there was any thing of grace in the licentiousness of that day—the Venus of Charles the Second wore no cestus; and if compared with the "reunions" which the Duchess of Devonshire assembled, the circle of Charles the Second wanted in lightness, in vivacity, and polish—it certainly wanted far more in that genius which hallows where it visits. The broad mind of Fox—the buoyant elasticity of Sheridan—these are not to find parallels in the smutty caricatura of Rochester, the wittiest—or even the light philosophy of St. Evremond, the sagest perhaps, of the whole group, to whom Old Rowley gossiped of the pleasures he had outlived, in the stories which it had saved him many a sharp jest at his "damnable iteration" if he had outlived also. Who has not heard of the thousand and one stories of the beautiful Duchess? Who, when he recalls those who made the habitants of her circle, cannot at once conceive a just notion of the spirit of the place?—a spirit that borrowed only from Rank its flattering gentleness of manner, and from Wealth its capacities to charm, and was in all else the mere spirit of the poetry, and the eloquence, and the vivacity, and the power of the day;—focus at once of arts and of politics—of conversation and action—of pleasure, and of learning. Fancy, then, in that suite of rooms—in which the sole decorations are in works of art, the bronze or the picture—nothing more splendid than the walls or more simple than the furniture—fancy in that suite of rooms assembled all those who are now some the things of history—some of scandal, which is Fashion's history!—

Fancy there the restless eye and satyr-lip of Sheridan—the bland countenance of Fox—the flattered and flattering complacency of him, the prince among fops, and the fop among princes—the laughing face of poor —— ——, then a child at "my Aunt Devonshire's" knee —the beauty of Lady Elizabeth M——; the jest of———; the compliment of ——. Fancy this scene, so light and so frivolous, and then drop the curtain for a few years;—raise it once more—the stage is cleared—a new scene succeeds! In that room, so plain, so unadorned, so barren of all luxury, the most gifted and the most ambitious of adventurers breathes his last. It is a small, low chamber at Chiswick, in which Canning died. He chose it himself; it had formerly, we believe, been a sort of nursery; and the present Duke of Devonshire having accidently slept there just before Canning took up his residence at the villa, it was considered more likely to be aired, and free from damp, than any other and costlier apartment. It has not even a cheerful view from the window, but overlooks a wing of the house, as it were, like a back yard. Nothing can be more common than the paper of the walls or the furniture of the apartment. On one side of the fire-place are ranged a few books, chiefly of a light character—such as the "Novelists' Magazine," "Rousseau," (the "Heloise," we think,) "Camilla," &c. Opposite the foot of the bed is the fire-place, and on the low chimney-piece stands a small bronze clock. How often to that clock must have turned the eyes of that restless and ardent being, during his short and painful progress through disease to death!—with how bitter a monotony must its ticking sound have fallen on his ear! Nothing on earth is so wearing to the fretful nerve of sickness as that low, regular, perpetual voice in which Time speaks its warnings. He was just a week ill. On Wednesday a party of diplomatists dined with the Prime Minister—on the Wednesday following—

"Pass'd away
The haughty spirit from that humble clay!"

For the last three days, he was somewhat relieved from the excruciating pain he had before suffered. Not that it is true, as was said in the newspapers at the time, that his cries could be heard at some considerable distance from the house—during one day, however, they were heard by the servants below. He was frequently insensible; and during that time, the words, "Spain—Portugal," were constantly on his lips. During those six days of agony and trial, his wife was with him, and, we believe, neither took rest in bed, nor undressed, throughout the whole time. Her distress and despair, when all was over, was equal to her devotion during the struggle. It is said that the physicians declared it necessary for her life, or reason, that she should obtain the relief of tears; for she had not wept once, either before or after his death—and this relief came to her when she saw her son. At eleven o'clock at night, she left that house of mourning and went to the Duke of Portland's, in Cavendish-square. I never pass that dull and melancholy building, known as Harcourt House, with its dead wall and gloomy court-yard, without figuring to myself the scene of that night, when the heavy gates opened to receive the widow of one whom Genius had so gifted and Ambition had so betrayed.

For some time before he died, Canning's countenance had betrayed the signs of the toil and exhaustion he had undergone. But after death these had vanished—and that beautiful and eloquent

countenance seemed in the coffin unutterably serene and hushed. That house is memorable for the death of *two* statesmen. Below, in a little dark chamber, covered with tapestry, Charles Fox breathed his last!—the greatest pupil of his great rival, after tacitly veering towards the main foundations of the same principles Fox had professed, came to the same roof to receive the last lesson Ambition can bestow—

"Mors sola fatetur
Quantula sint hominum corpuscula!"

It was impossible to stand in that quiet, and even humble room, and not glance back to the contrasts which the life, that there had become extinct, afforded to retrospection. In April 1827, it was announced to a Parliament, crowded beyond precedent, that George Canning had accepted the office of First Commissioner of his Majesty's Treasury—*id est*, the office of Prime Minister. The announcement was received with bursts of the loudest, the most prolonged cheers—cheers that made themselves scarce less audible along the neighbouring streets than within the House. What followed?—resignations the next day from his oldest and staunchest adherents—the retirement of a host from his side—the breaking-up of the party of a life's forming—the suspicion, the rage of friends whom he might never regain—the strange alliance with foes, whom he could never hope to conciliate but by becoming the stepping-stone to their objects—objects which, if he continued to reject, he would have been lost for the future—if he accepted, he must have belied the whole tenour of the past. Then came persecution, attack, doubt, scorn—the wrath of the Peers, (that fatal House, whose power has never of late been exerted, but in opposition to the popular spirit it once fostered)—the schisms of the Commons—"the current slander and the echoed lie!"—and all this fell on a frame already breaking, and in need of rest. In April, Canning was announced Prime Minister of England, amongst the loudest exultation of a triumphant and seemingly resistless party. In August, his corpse was carried to its grave!—and within three months from that time, his party, that of late seemed so strong, so permanent, was, to use the strong phrase justly applied to them—"scattered to the winds!" Never did a man, possessing so vast a personal influence in life, bequeath so little influence in death. And why?—because it was the influence of talent, not principles—it was not the great doctrines round which men rallied, but the commanding genius;—the genius extinct, the party was extinct.*

What he might have done for these times, who shall say? What side, Reform or Anti-reform, he would have espoused, who can predicate? Aristocrat as he was, the Aristocracy never forgave him, the moment he ceased to be their tool. The House of Peers—to conciliate whom—to blend with whom—to match with whom—he had stooped the wings of a genius and the pride of a heart, that should have scorned the ambition of a Bexley or the aims of a Jenkinson—the House of Peers he never could have gained, he never could have

* His powers of personal conciliation, too, were very great. The late King was won over from his dislike to him as by magic. The lady of an ambassador entering the King's apartments, when Canning was there on his second visit, and anticipating the evidence of much formality, saw the Monarch and his Minister seated together, with one of Canning's grandchildren on the King's knee, in the most familiar manner imaginable.

reconciled. The darlings *they* select from the people have but little licence to be popular. Low birth—the equivocal station, are forgotten in the Tory; but let the Tory turn Whig, and the blood of the titled *bourgeois* (for how few of the Peers have any thing to boast of in pedigree!) runs Norman-like in a trice! They never pardon the thing of a Lord when he aspires to be the Man of the People!—and to fear of what he is, they add their disdain for what he was.

The character of Canning will hereafter be remembered as the illustration of a system. He was the creature of the close boroughs —a genius devoted to objects below itself—a mind that could see, that naturally inclined to, what was popular, yet had been turned unwholesomely away from all sympathy with the people. His ambition and his fate are no less instructive than his career. Hereafter, the advocates for the system which formed and marred him, will point to his genius as an argument on their behalf. The people, acknowledging the genius, will weigh in comparison with it the deeds. What he was! we confess. But "what has he done?"—there lies the question that a Nation puts to the dead! No man of equal talents, returned from the first to Parliament through the popular and legitimate channels, could have done so little—could have passed so brilliant a career with so scanty a reward—could have obtained an authority so wide one moment and so evanescent the next—or, above all, could have thrown into scales of so startling a disparity of weight, the tokens of his genius and the proofs of its utility! C. C. C.

PANDEMONIUM POLITICS.

Some evenings since, a brilliant party met
At the Pitt's Head, in Pandemonium,
To celebrate—but softly, that 's to come.
More noisy far, more numerous, was the set
Than ever upon earth assembled yet;
More actively opposed to all sobriety,
Than any English Temperance Society;
More redolent of jokes Satanic;—
In fact they 'd just recovered from a panic.
For ever since
(All devils being Tories, as is known)
William the Conqueror—the Fourth, we mean—
Mounted the throne,
The imp-inhabitants of H— had been
In wild alarm, petitioning their Prince;
Shewing with arguments profound
That he and they on earth were losing ground;
And praying him to make
For mischief's sake
An English, not an Eden-expedition,
To aid his dear allies, the Opposition.

Now all these prayers the Brimstone King epelled,
Deeming it pleasanter to stay below
Till all the Tory turbulents were quelled;
He also judged it would be foolish—very,
To risk a rivalship with Londonderry.

Like Charles the Obstinate his course he held;
And so
His imps rebelled.
Many seditious speeches now were spoken,
Inflammatory breath that raised a rout;
And many torturing-machines were broken;
Some went about,
To kindle fires?—Oh! no, to put them out!
But while the war was raging most severe,
Just as the mob of imps had fixed a mark
On Moloch-house, and Belial-park,
Saluting the select with groans,
Clawfuls of sulphur and phosphoric stones—
Rare news arrived—and ran through all the place
With lightning pace.
The rebel-imps, now ceasing to destroy,
All danced for joy.
Infernal raptures flashed from every face;
Illuminations blazed, which somewhat rack'd
(Sure they were mad) their limbs, already warm;
But still they bore it all as if 'twere frost!
In fact,
(This was the rainbow that had lulled the storm)
The Lords that morning had refused Reform—
The Bill, the Bill was lost!

Dinners of course were given, and cards were sent
Begging the aristocracy to dine
In celebration of the black event;
And all the wicked went.
The company began to meet at nine;
And millions mustered, up to midnight, there,
When Belzebub arrived, and took the chair.
Of due supporters he was not bereft;
For Mr. P.,
To whom the nation owes, until this day,
A Debt it never can defray,
Was on his right hand fixed; while Viscount C.,
Marquis of Six-Acts, to complete the three
Sat on his left.
And many persons, much renowned on earth
For noble birth,
Shared in the feast and mingled with the brood.

The cloth removed, the Chairman gravely rose,
And with him rose a shout—(here the reporter
Retired for an hour and a quarter,
The shout was then just drawing to a close;)
His Ugliness commenced, in happy style,
By saying, "he had something to propose."
"To see," he said, "a meeting such as this
Gives me peculiar bliss;
So many Friends of Mischief met together;
Fiends of a feather,
Ne'er from the ruling passion to be weaned.
need not long detain you, but I call
On you, my devotees, who throng this hall—
(I 'm much chagrined
That many in this crowd must sit on thorns,
With scarcely room to stir their tails or horns!)

I call on you both near and far
To show our friends above, that we are all
Anti-reformers, to a fiend!"
(Demoniac cries of "Yes, we are, we are!")
It is my business, therefore, just to hint,
What's stated here in print,
That forty-one bold hands—which by and by
We hope to shake—have rooted up a Bill,
That, like the Vulture's in a certain liver,
Seemed fixed in us for ever.
Brethren in evil, friends to strife, you will,
I know, protect those peers by whom we live;
And join with me, in shouts that reach the sun,
As here I give
'The glorious memory of the Forty-one!'"

In draughts of sulphur-wine,
The toast was drunk, midst cheering never done,
With forty-one times forty-one.
When Mr. P., first glancing down the ranks,
Rose to return his thanks.
"*I* rise," said he; "for what is theirs is mine.
I claim a moiety of this your praise;
For of the Nobles that opposed the Bill,
I made one hundred, in as many days,
Quite at my will."
Continuing his oration, he averred
That he had been the Pilot of the storm;
And proved that every species of Reform
Was most absurd.
And then, in terms that spoke his rhetoric's wealth,
Proposed the Chairman's health.
Clapping of claws,
With other marks of flattering applause,
Followed the word.
Lord C. then gave in accents sweet as figs,
A toast that should be traced on every pannel;
"May fortune's fire soon cease to light the Whigs,
And flow again into its proper channel!"
At this the base,
Ungentlemanly imps began to titter,
Which broke up order. Then commenced a race
Of song and riot; war soon shewed her face,
And some were carried home upon a litter.
It was high noon as Belzebub retired,
When lo!—a sound from earth—a gun was fired!
Loud shouts "The King, the King!"
Told that his Majesty was just declaring,
How a new Bill, that should be just the thing,
Was then preparing!

CONVERSATIONS WITH AN AMBITIOUS STUDENT IN ILL HEALTH, NO. VI.

Conversation the Seventh.

It is with a melancholy pleasure that I have been made sensible of the interest that these conversations have excited in the gentler and more thoughtful of the tribe of readers. I have received more anonymous letters than I care to name, complaining of the long silence I have preserved, and urging me to renew Dialogues, already so often repeated, that I might well imagine (knowing how impatient the readers of a periodical generally are of subjects continued in a series) that they had sufficiently exhausted the indulgence of the public. To me individually, there is little that is flattering in any interest these papers may have created. I am but the echo of another; or, to use an old, yet still graceful metaphor, I only furnish the string which keeps the flowers together. The reasons of my silence have been twofold. Amidst the strife and ferment of passing events, the thoughts and feelings, the mental history, of an individual seemed to fade into insignificance; and I deemed it fairer justice to L—— to reserve that history to calmer opportunities. If I must name another motive, I will frankly add, that I have not of late had the heart to proceed. Never more now—but no—I will not anticipate a story which, so far as events and incidents create interest, has so little to recommend it. The reader need fear no farther interruption. All that remains to relate is already prepared, and I have but to send it, portion by portion, to the press, until the whole is concluded,

"And the spell closes with its silent seal."

The reader may recollect, that it was in May that I last addressed him. It is in November that I appear before him again. He must go back with me a little.

"I know not," said *L*——, "what the presentiment of certain death may effect in changing the thoughts and the feelings of other men; but in me the change was instantaneous and complete. Sometimes, in the evening, we see a cloud, on which the setting sun has rested, and has coloured it with gold and vermeil: we look again some minutes afterwards, and the glory is gone; all is cold and grey. That cloud was to me the image of life. The bright delusion that one moment had made the vapour so lovely, vanished the next; and I now cared not how soon it might melt away into air—oh! might I rather say into heaven!

"With a sigh I closed my more worldly studies. I abandoned at once the labours destined never to know completion, and I surrendered my whole heart to the contemplation of *that* futurity which was not denied me. Yet even here, one thought startled me: it aroused the doubt, and I bent myself sternly to wrestle with what it roused. And whom has that doubt not startled? Who, at least, in whom faith is the creature of reason, and who has applied himself dispassionately and seriously to consider the elements of his nature and the causes of his hope? You guess what I refer to; we have often conversed on it!

A. The existence of evil in the world, the crime triumphant, and the virtue dejected?

L. Exactly. This has been, in all ages, the chief cause of scepticism—to such sceptics as are both reflective and sincere. Yet, while I was sadly revolving this truth, a light seemed to break from the heart of the cloud, and in this very source of discontent below, I saw a proof of futurity beyond.

A. Indeed: that will be a new step in theological science.

L. I will explain shortly: but you must give me your whole attention. I come first to an old problem. This world is. It must, therefore, have been created, or it must always have existed. If created, it must have been created either by chance or by design. Now which of these three conjectures is the most probable? First, that the world always existed; secondly, that it was formed by chance; or thirdly, that it was created by design? You know the old argument of Clarke, in proof that matter cannot be eternal, and that the world, therefore, could not always have existed; but, unhappily, no metaphysician ever read that argument without detecting its fallacies. Fortunately, however, we do not require metaphysics to prove that the world has not always existed. That truth is proved by physical science. Geology makes it probable; astronomy makes it certain. There must come a time when, in the ordinary course of nature, light alone would destroy the world.* If there is a time when it must end, there must have been a time when it begun. And we come then to the two next suppositions,—if the world has not always existed, was it commenced by chance, or created by design? Which is the more probable conjecture? Let us take the daily evidence of our senses. Does chance, in what we see around us, ever create one uniform, harmonious, unchangeable system? If we see a clock; if we see a house, and we are told the house and the clock were made by chance, by a concurrence of atoms, by nothing intelligent, or contriving in itself, should we not cry out, "This is a ridiculous fable; every thing that our experience affords as testimony contradicts it." Is the universe less pregnant with art and design than the clock or the house? Is there less harmony in the changes of the season, in the life of the tides, in the mechanism of nature, than in the handywork of man, which, however skilful, however wondrous, an accident deranges, a blow destroys? But, what ever stops—what convulsion, what incident ever arrests the august regularity of creation, the motion of the stars, the appointed progress of vegetable life? Wherever we look on external nature, we see developed in perfection all that answers to our fullest conception of the word "design." And is it not, then, an easy and an irresistible conjecture, that by design the world was created? But design at once necessarily implies something, active, intelligent, and living. And lo! this is our elementary notion of a God!

Having proceeded so far, the rest of my argument is simple. This Being, or this Power *is*, then! What are its unavoidable attributes?

---

* Singularly enough, the "Edinburgh Review," in its last number, has taken up exactly this view of the question. This paper was written months before that Review appeared.

Let us dismiss the word "infinite:" it puzzles, and is not necessary; but That which created this universe must be, according to all our notions of wisdom, greatly wise—wise, above all dream of comparison, beyond the wisest of us, who spend our lives in examining Its works, and can only discover new harmonies without piercing to the cause. According to the same notions, it must likewise be greatly powerful—powerful in the same ratio beyond the power of humanity. This Being, then, is greatly wise and greatly powerful! Is It benevolent? Let us hear what Paley says. He is great on this point. Perhaps it is one of the best passages in a work, rarely indeed profound, but always clear. I have never heard even a plausible answer to it.

"Contrivance proves design, and the predominant tendency of the contrivance indicates the disposition of the designer. The world abounds with contrivances; and all the contrivances which we are acquainted with are directed to beneficial purposes. Evil no doubt exists; but is never, that we can perceive, the object of contrivance. Teeth are contrived to eat, not to ache: their aching now and then is incidental to the contrivance; perhaps inseparable from it; or even, if you will, let it be called a defect in the contrivance; but it is not the object of it. This is a distinction which well deserves to be attended to. In describing implements of husbandry, you would hardly say of a sickle, that it is made to cut the reaper's fingers, though, from the construction of the instrument, and the manner of using it, this mischief often happens. But if you had occasion to describe instruments of torture, or execution, this engine, you would say, is to extend the sinews; this to dislocate the joints; this to break the bones; this to scorch the soles of the feet. Here pain and misery are the very objects of the contrivance. Now nothing of this sort is to be found in the works of nature. We never discover a train of contrivance to bring about an evil purpose. No anatomist ever discovered a system of organization calculated to produce pain and disease; or, in explaining the parts of the human body, ever said, this is to irritate; this is to inflame; this duct is to convey the gravel to the kidneys; this gland to secrete the humour which forms the gout. If, by chance, he come at a part of which he knows not the use, the most he can say of it is, that it is useless; no one ever suspects that it is put there to incommode, to annoy, or torment."

The general contrivance, then, is benevolent; and the benevolence of the Unseen Being is thus proved. Now, then, we have the three attributes; wisdom, power, benevolence. So far I have said little that is new: now for my corollary. If a being be greatly wise, greatly powerful, and also benevolent, it *must* be just. For injustice springs only from three causes; either because we have not the wisdom to perceive what is just, or the power to enforce it, or the benevolence to will it. Neither of these causes for injustice can be found in a Being wise, powerful, benevolent; and thus justice is unavoidably a fourth attribute of its nature. But the justice is not visible in *this world.* We bow to the wisdom; we revere the power; we acknowledge the benevolence; the justice alone we cannot recognize. The lowest vices are often the most triumphant, and sorrow and bitterness are the portions of virtue. Look at the beasts as well as mankind; *they* offend not; yet what disease and misery! Again. How implicitly are we the creatures of circumstance! What can be more unjust than such an ordination;—to be trained to crime from our childhood, as the sons of offenders often are, and to suffer its penalties from following an education we could not resist. How incompatible with all that we know of justice! It is in vain to answer,

that this is not a very general rule; that, in the majority of human instances, virtue and self-interest are one. This is quite sufficient argument for the foundation of human codes and an earthly morality: but it is not a sufficient argument for the justice, in this world, of a being so much greater and wiser than ourselves. It is the *misfortune* of mankind, that we must adopt general rules, and disregard individual cases. And why? Because *our* wisdom and *our* power cannot be so consummate, so complete, as to embrace individual cases. Not so with a Being whose wisdom and whose power are not measured by our low standards. The justice is not visible here in the same proportion as the other attributes. But we have proved, nevertheless, that justice *must* exist: if not visible here, it must be visible elsewhere. What is that elsewhere?—AN HEREAFTER!

A. Your deductions are ingenious enough, and I believe new. But recollect, the same argument from which you would deduce an hereafter to man, is equally applicable to the brute tribe. For, as you rightly observe, injustice and the power of evil are no less visibly displayed in their lot upon earth than they are in the fate of mankind.

"I was about to come to that point, and" (continued L——, with that beautiful and touching smile which I never saw upon any other human countenance; a smile full of the softness, the love, the benevolence, the visionary, the dreaming benevolence of his character—a benevolence that often betrays—but with how tender a grace! the progress of his judgment,)—and, (continued L——,) for my part, I often please myself with fancying that the "Poor Indian,"

> "Who thinks, admitted to the equal sky,
> His faithful dog shall bear him company,"

is not so "untutored" by the great truths and presentiments of Nature as we imagine. It does not revolt my reason, no nor my pride, to believe that there may be an Eden in the future as well as in the past—a garden where the lion may lie down with the lamb; and there may be at last a blessed suspension of the Universal Law, that holds this world together—the Law that all things shall prey upon each other;—the Law that makes earth one stupendous slaughter-house, and unites the countless tribes of creation in one family of violence and death. But when we see what evil reigns among the wild things of Nature—not a fish that swims, not a bird that flies, not an insect that springs to life one hour, and perishes the next—that is not subject to the most complicated and often the most agonizing variety of disease; when we see some whole tribes only marked for sustenance to others, and a life of perpetual fear, the most dreadful of all curses, consummated by a violent and torturing death;—why should we think it incompatible with the nature of God, that if reparation is due to *us*, reparation should be due also to *them?* I own I find nothing irrational in the supposition! Among the many mansions of our fathers' house, there is room for all his creatures. And often when I consider how many noble and endearing traits, even in a dog, we may call forth by kindness, which with all things is the best sort of education, I am at a loss to know why we should give to the human clod the germ of an immortality which we would deny to creatures subject to the same passions, rich in the same instincts, condemned often to

greater miseries, open to fewer pleasures, and yet capable of all of good or useful, that their physical organization will permit. No! wherever there is evil, there should from the hands of a just Being be reparation also; and, if this be true, all that partake of life in this world have some sort of claim to another."

Conversation the Eighth.

I have not omitted what, in the eyes of many, will not redound much to the credit of L——'s understanding; but the general reader will not be sorry to find in that character even weakness, so long as the weakness may be amiable and endearing; and, after all, I am not drawing the portraiture of one singular only for his genius. When Johnson believed in ghosts, it may be pardonable for an obscure scholar to believe in a more kindly exertion of the Supreme Power than pride willingly allows; and though I cannot say I share in all L——'s opinions, I am certainly at a loss to decide whether, in looking to the great attributes of God, it is more easy to believe that there is certain damnation for the Deist, or possible atonement to the poor creatures of the field and air.

And now I saw L—— daily, for his disease increased rapidly upon him, and I would not willingly have lost any rays of that sun that was so soon to set for ever. Nothing creates within us so many confused and strange sentiments as a conversation on those great and lofty topics of life or nature, which are rarely pleasing, except to Wisdom which contemplates, and Genius which imagines;—a conversation on such topics with one whose lips are about to be closed for an eternity. This thought impresses even common words with a certain sanctity; what, then, must it breathe into matters which, even in ordinary times, are consecrated to our most high-wrought emotions and our profoundest hopes? It is this which gives to the Phædo of Plato such extraordinary beauty. The thoughts of the wisest of the Heathens on the immortality of the soul must always have been full of interest; but uttered in a prison, at the eve of death,—the light of another world already reposes on them!

I saw, then, L—— daily, and daily he grew more resigned to his fate; yet I cannot deny that there were moments when his old ambition would break forth—when the stir of the living world around him —when action, enterprise, and fame—spoke loudly to his heart;—moments when he wished to live on, and the deep quiet of the grave seemed to him chilling and untimely; and—reflect,—while we were conversing on these calm and unearthly matters, what was the great world about? Strife and agitation—the stern wrestle between things that have been and the things to come—the vast upheavings of society —the revolution of mind that was abroad—was not this felt, even to the solitary heart of that retirement in which the lamp of a bright and keen existence was wasting itself away!

"I remember," said L——, one evening, when we sate conversing in his study; the sofa wheeled round; the curtains drawn; the table set, and the night's sedentary preparations made; "I remember hearing the particulars of the last hours of an old acquaintance of mine, a lawyer, rising into great eminence in his profession—a resolute, hard-minded, scheming, ambitious man. He was attacked in the

prime of life with a sudden illness; mortification ensued; there was no hope; he had some six or seven hours of life before him, and no more. He was perfectly sensible of his fate, and wholly unreconciled to it. 'Come hither,' he said to the physician, holding out his arm (he was a man of remarkable physical strength); 'Look at these muscles; they are not wasted by illness; I am still at this moment in the full vigour of manhood, and you tell me I must die!' He ground his teeth as he spoke. 'Mark, I am not resigned; I will battle with this enemy;' and he raised himself up, called for food and wine, and died with the same dark struggles and fiery resistance that he would have offered in battle to some embodied and palpable foe. Can you not enter into his feelings? I can most thoroughly.—Yes," L—— renewed, after a short pause, "I ought to be deeply grateful that my mind has been filed down and conciliated to what is inevitable by the gradual decay of my physical powers; the spiritual habitant is not abruptly and violently expelled from its mansion; but the mansion itself becomes ruinous, and the inmate has had time to prepare itself for another. Yet when I see you all about me, strong for the race and eager for the battle—when, in the dead of a long and sleepless night, images of all I might have done, had the common date of life been mine, start up before me, I feel as a man must feel who sees himself suddenly arrested in the midst of a journey, of which all the variety of scene, the glow of enterprise, the triumph of discovery were yet to come. It is like the traveller who dies in sight of the very land that he has sacrificed the ease of youth and the pleasures of manhood to reach. But these are not the reflections I ought to indulge—let me avoid them. And where can I find a better refuge for my thoughts than in talking to you of this poem, which, long ago, we said we would attempt to criticize, and which of all modern works, gloomy and monotonous as it seems to men in the flush of life, offers the calmest and most sacred consolation to those whom Life's objects should no longer interest?"

A. You speak of "The Night Thoughts?" Ay, we were to have examined that curious poem, which has so many purchasers, and has been honoured with so few critics. Certainly, when we remember the day in which it appeared, and the poetry by which it has been succeeded, it is worthy of a more ample criticism than, with one exception, it has received.

"It is very remarkable," said L——, willingly suffering himself to sink into a more common-place vein, "how great a difference the spirit of poetry in the last century assumes, when breathed through the medium of blank verse, and in that of rhyme. In rhyme, the fashion of poetry was decidedly French, and artificial; polish, smoothness, point, and epigram are its prevailing characteristics; but in blank-verse, that noble metre, introduced by Surrey, and perfected by Shakspeare, the old genius of English poetry seems to have made a stubborn and resolute stand. In the same year that Pope produced 'The Dunciad,' appeared the 'Summer' of James Thomson. Two years prior to that, viz. 1726, the first published of the Seasons, 'Winter,' had been added to the wealth of English poetry, unnoticed at first, but singled out happily by perhaps the best critic of the day, Whately, and recommended by his, to more vulgar,

admiration. 'The Seasons' is a thoroughly national poem, thoroughly English: not that Thomson, or that any English poet of great name, has entirely escaped the affectation of classical models; that affectation is indeed to be found not the least frequently among those poets the most purely national. Nicholas Grimoald, the second English poet in blank verse after Surrey—a translator as well as poet—is a curious instance of the English spirit blended with the Latin school. Thus, in his poem on Friendship, the lines—

'Of all the heavenly gifts, that mortal men commend
What trusty treasure in the world can countervail a friend!
Our health is soon decayed, goods casual, light, and vain,
Broke have we seen the force of power, and honour suffer stain!'

These lines, I say, are soon afterwards followed by references to Scipio and Lælius, and Cicero and Atticus; and, by the way, Theseus and Pirithous, or, as he is pleased to abbreviate the latter name, *Pirith*, are thus made the vehicle to one of those shrewd hits of quaint, odd satire which the old poets so loved to introduce—

'Down Theseus went to hell,
Perith, his friend, to find;
Oh that the wives, in these our days,
Were to their mates as kind!'

"So, in short, through all the long series of English poets—through those preceding Elizabeth—Vaux, Sackville—even the homely Tusser, in his 'Five Hundreth poyntes of good Husbandrie,' (certainly as English and as rural a poem as possible,)—fly with peculiar avidity to ancient times for ornaments and allusions the most unseasonable and ostentatious. The grace and elegance of Elizabeth's age were no preventives to the same perversion of taste; Christianity and Mythology, knight-errantry and stoicism, Gothic qualities and Roman names, all unite together in the most exulting defiance of reason and common-sense;—'The Arcadia,' (a poem, if Telemachus has rightly been called a poem,) of the polished Sidney, is the most arabesque of all these mixtures of poetical architecture;—Shakspeare does not escape the mania; Marlowe plunges into it; Ben Jonson, with all his deep learning, and certainly correct taste, pictures his own age most faithfully, but covers the dress with Roman jewellery. The *taste* continued; the sanctity of Milton's theme, and the rigidity of his religious sect, sufficed not to exclude from his venerable page—

'Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train.'

The gods of old are translated to sees in the modern Hell—

'Titan, heaven's first-born,
With his enormous brood and birthright seized
By younger Saturn, he from mightier Jove
His own and Rhea's son, like measure found:
So Jove usurping reigned—these first in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the snowy top
Of cold Olympus ruled!'

Even in the Hebrew Paradise—

'The universal Pan
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance
Leads on the eternal Spring!'

The climax of beauty in Raphael's appearance, is that—

'Like Maia's son he stood.'

And "the Eternal" himself borrows Homer's scales, to decide upon the engagement between fiend and angel—

'Golden scales yet seen
Betwixt Astræa and the Scorpion sign."

We all know how much the same classic adulterations mingle with the English Helicon at a later period; how little even the wits of the time of Charles the Second escape the hereditary taint. Sedley's mistresses are all Uranias and Phillis's. Now he borrows a moral from Lycophron, and next he assures us, in one of the prettiest of his songs that—

"Love still has something of the sea
From whence his mother rose."

Dryden, whose excellence never lay greatly in an accurate taste, though in his admirable prose writings he proves that he knew the theory while he neglected the practice, is less painfully classical and unseasonably mythological than might have been expected; and as from his time the school of poetry became more systematically copied from a classical model, so it became less eccentric in its classical admixtures. Pope is at once the most Roman of all our poets, and the least offensive in his Romanism. I mention all this to prove, that when we find much that is borrowed, and often awkwardly borrowed, from ancient stores, ancient names, and ancient fables, in those poets of the last century, whom I shall take the licence to call pre-eminently English, we must not suppose that they are, from that fault, the less national; nay, that very aptitude to borrow, that very leaning to confuse their present theme with the incongruous ornaments of a country wholly opposite from our own, are almost, on the contrary, a testimony how deeply they were imbued with that spirit which belonged to the most genuine of their predecessors.

"Among the chief characteristics of our English poetry, are great minuteness and fidelity in rural description—a deep melancholy in moral reflection, coupled with a strong and racy aptitude to enjoy the sweets of life as well as to repine at the bitters—a glowing richness, a daring courage of expression, and a curious love of abrupt change in thought and diction; so that the epigrammatic and the sublime; the humorous and the grave; the solemn and the quaint, are found in a juxta-position the most singular and startling; as much the reverse of the severe simplicity of the true ancient schools as possible, and having its resemblance, and that but occasionally, and in this point alone, in the Italian.*

"In the middle of the last century, the three greatest of the poets in blank-verse are Akenside, Thomson, and Young. Of these three, the last I consider the *most* thoroughly English in his muse; but with the exception of that extreme love of blending extremes, which I have noted before, the two former are largely possessed of the great

* Critics not acquainted with our early literature have imagined this mixture of grave and gay the offspring of late years, nay, some have actually attributed its origin in England to Byron's imitations from the Italian.

features of their national tribe. Pope's pastorals were written at so early an age that it would not be fair to set them in comparison to 'Thomson's Seasons' if Pope's descriptions of scenery had ever undergone any change in their spirit and conception, in proportion as he added to the correct ear of his youth—the bold turn, the exquisite taste, the incomparable epigram, and even (witness the prologue to 'Cato') the noble thought and the august image, which adorn the poetry of his maturer years; but however Pope improved in all else, his idea, his notion of rural description always remained pretty nearly the same—viz. as trite as it could be. And this, an individual failing, was the failing also of his school—the eminent failing of the French school to this very day. Well then, Pope having fixed upon Autumn as the season of a short pastoral, chooses 'tuneful Hylas' for his songster, and telling us first, that—

> 'Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
> And fleecy clouds were strewed with purple light.'

"'Tuneful Hylas' then, thus

> 'Taught rocks to weep and made the mountains groan.'

> 'Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
> Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
> And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
> Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove,
> Just gods! shall all things yield returns but love?'

Now these lines are very smooth, and for the age at which they were composed, surprisingly correct. They are as good, perhaps, as any thing in 'Les Jardins' of Delille, but there is not a vestige of *English* poetry in them — not a vestige. Thomson would not have written them at any age, and Pope would only have polished them more had he written them when he published the 'Dunciad,' *i. e.* as I said before, in the same year in which Thomson published the 'Summer.' But thus begins the poet of the 'Seasons' with *his* 'Autumn.'

> 'Crowned with the sickle, and the wheaten sheaf,
> While Autumn nodding o'er the yellow plain,
> Comes jovial on ——
> * * * * *
> —— broad, brown, below
> Extensive harvests hang the heavy head,
> *Rich, silent, deep they stand!* for not a gale
> Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain,
> *A calm of plenty!*' ——

Again, how fine what follows! Wordsworth is not more true to Nature. He speaks of the Autumn fogs—

> —— 'Expanding far
> The huge dusk, gradual, swallows up the plain,
> Vanish the woods—the dim seen river seems
> Sullen and slow to roll the misty wave,
> Even in the height of noon opprest, the sun
> Sheds weak ——
> —— Indistinct on earth,
> Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
> Objects appear; and wildered o'er the waste

> The shepherd stalks gigantic—till at last
> Wreathed dun around, in deeper circles still
> Successive, closing sits the general fog
> Unbounded o'er the world, and mingling thick,
> A formless grey confusion covers all.'

This is *description!*—and this is national!—this is English!—albeit it was the Tweed,

> ' Whose pastoral banks first heard *that* Doric reed.'

"Again too, in another vein—that inclination to stoop from the grave to the low—which, as I have hinted is less frequently displayed in Thomson than in Young (in Akenside, it is scarcely, if at all, noticeable) this is English. A fox-hunter's debauch,—

> ' Set ardent in
> For serious drinking, ——
> * * * * *
> —— confused above
> Glasses and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
> As if the table even itself was drunk,
> Lie a wet broken scene, and wide below
> Is heaped the social slaughter, where astride
> The lubber power in filthy triumph sits, —— &c.
> Perhaps some doctor *of tremendous paunch*
> Aweful and deep, *a black abyss of drink*,
> Outlives them all!' &c.

"These are passages which would be rarely found in the same poem in any other language than ours—and the spirit that pervades blank verse, such as this, is altogether different from that which reigned over the contemporaneous rhymes of the day. It breathes of life, of action, of the open air, of the contemplative walk in the fields at eve, or the social hearth at night. But the genius of rhyme lived in London—talked with courtiers—made love and witticisms in a breath —' babbled about green fields ' in a dusty closet—and when it walked into print it was never without a bag-wig and a sword.

"The ' Seasons ' were completed in 1730. Fourteen years afterwards appeared Akenside's ' Pleasures of Imagination :' it is a great poem ; but Akenside's habits and profession and education all conspired to rob it of the freshness and zest that the subject claimed. He was a physician, a warm political controversialist, an elegant scholar ; (his Latin is better than much which is more celebrated) and above all, he was a pedant in the Greek philosophy. All this tended to unanglicise his poem and make it infinitely too scholastic, and certainly neither in vigour or richness of expression, in close description, in sublimity, in terseness, in avoidance of cold generalities, is he to be put on a par with Thomson or Young. But still if you compare his blank verse with his own rhyme, or with that of Johnson's ' London,' (which, though I do not remember the exact date it was published, must have appeared somewhere about that period), you find the native muse more visible, more at liberty in the blank verse, than the other and more crippled metre. I mention Johnson in particular, for the genius of both was scholastic and didactic. Both thought of the Antients—the one copied from Juvenal, the other imagined from Lucretius. The passages I shall quote from each are

strictly classical. But one is of the old English race of classical description—it breathes of Spenser and of Milton—the other was the anti-national, the new, the borrowed, the diluted, the classical description, which steals the triteness of old, without its richness. One takes the dress—the other the jewels. Thus Johnson :—

'Could'st thou resign the park and play, content,
For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;
There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,
Some hireling senator's deserted seat,
And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,
For less than rent the dungeons of the Strand;
There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flowers,
Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bowers,
And while thy grounds a cheap repast afford,
Despise the dainties of a venal lord;
There every bush with nature's music rings,
There every breeze bears health upon its wings:
On all thy hours security shall smile,
And bless thine evening walk, and morning toil.'

"Now then for Akenside. He has burst into an apostrophe on Beauty (with Johnson it would have been Venus!) and after asking whether She will fly—

'With laughing Autumn to the atlantic isles.'

The poet adds—

'Or wilt thou rather stoop thy vagrant plume
Where gliding through his daughter's honoured shades
The smooth Peneus from his glassy flood
Reflects purpureal Tempe's pleasant scene—
Fair Tempe!—haunt beloved of sylvan powers
Of Nymphs and Fauns, where in the golden age
They played in secret on the shady brink
With antient Pan. While round their *choral* steps
Young hours and genial gales with constant hand
Showered blossoms, odours, showered ambrosial dews,
And Spring's elysian bloom!'

"Here all is classic—antique—Grecian—it might be a translation from Euripides. But how different the life in this page, to the cold resuscitation of dry bones in Johnson. Johnson who despised the fine ballads which make the germ of all that is vivid and noble in our poetry, could not have comprehended the difference between the genuine antique and the mock. They both have filled their vases from the old fountain '*splendidior vitro*;' but the vase of one is the Etruscan shape—and that of the other is a yellow-ware utensil from Fleet Street. But now, having somewhat prepared ourselves by the short survey—retrospective and contemporaneous—that we have thus taken of English poetry, we come at once to Young—a man whose grandeur of thought, whose sublimity of expression, whose wonderful power of condensing volumes into a line, place him, in my opinion, wholly beyond the reach of any of his contemporaries, and enable him to combine the various and loftiest characteristics of prose and verse; —enable him to equal now a Milton in the imperial pomp of his imagery, and now a Tacitus in the iron grasp of his reflection."

(To be continued in our next.)

THE WORLD AS IT IS. A TALE.

"WHAT a delightful thing the world is! Lady Lennox's ball, last night—how charming it was!—every one so kind, and Charlotte looking so pretty—the nicest girl I ever saw! But I must dress now. Balfour is to be here at twelve with the horse he wants to sell me. How lucky I am to have such a friend as Balfour!—so entertaining—so good-natured—so devilish clever too—and such an excellent heart! Ah! how unlucky! it rains a little; but never mind, it will clear up; and if it don't—why, there's billiards. What a delightful thing the world is!"

So soliloquized Charles Nugent, a man of twenty-one—a philanthropist—an optimist. Our young gentleman was an orphan, of good family and large fortune; brave, generous, confiding, and open-hearted. His ability was above the ordinary standard, and he had a warm love and a pure taste for letters. He had even bent a knee to Philosophy, but the calm and cold graces with which the goddess receives her servants had soon discontented the young votary with the worship. "Away!" cried he, one morning, flinging aside the volume of La Rochefoucault, which he had fancied he understood; "Away with this selfish and debasing code!—men are not the mean things they are here described—be it mine to think exultingly of my species!" My dear Experience, with how many fine sentiments do you intend to play the devil? It is not without reason that Goëthe tells us, that though Fate is an excellent, she is also a very expensive schoolmistress.

"Ha! my dear Nugent, how are you?" and Captain Balfour enters the room; a fine dark, handsome fellow, with something of pretension in his air and a great deal of frankness. "And here is the horse. Come to the window. Does not he step finely? What action! Do you remark his forehand? How he carries his tail! Gad, I don't think you shall have him, after all!"

"Nay, my dear fellow, you may well be sorry to part with him. He is superb! Quite sound—eh?"

"Have him examined."

"Do you think I would not take your word for it? The price?"

"Fix it yourself. Prince Paul once offered me a hundred-and-eighty; but to you——"

"You shall have it."

"No, Nugent—say, a hundred-and-fifty."

"I won't be outdone—there's a draft for the 180*l*."

"Upon my soul, I'm ashamed; but you are such a rich fellow. John, take the horse to Mr. Nugent's stables. Where will you dine to-day?—at the Cocoa-tree?"

"With all my heart."

The young men rode together. Nugent was delighted with his new purchase. They dined at the Cocoa-tree. Balfour ordered some early peaches. Nugent paid the Bill. They went to the Opera.

"Do you see that *danseuse*, Florine?" asked Balfour. "Pretty ancle—eh?"

"Yes, *comme ça*--but dances awkwardly—not handsome."

"What! not handsome? Come and talk to her. She's more admired than any girl on the stage."

They went behind the scenes, and Balfour convinced his friend that he ought to be enchanted with Florine. Before the week was out the *danseuse* kept her carriage, and in return, Nugent supped with her twice a-week.

Nugent had written a tale for "The Keepsake;" it was his first literary effort; it was tolerably good, and exceedingly popular. One day he was lounging over his breakfast, and a tall, thin gentleman, in black, was announced, by the name of Mr. Gilpin.

Mr. Gilpin made a most respectful bow, and heaved a peculiarly profound sigh. Nugent was instantly seized with a lively interest in the stranger. "Sir, it is with great regret," faltered forth Mr. Gilpin, "that I seek you. I—I—I—" A low, consumptive cough checked his speech. Nugent offered him a cup of tea. The civility was refused, and the story continued.

Mr. Gilpin's narration is soon told, when he himself is not the narrator. An unfortunate literary man—once in affluent circumstances—security for a treacherous friend—friend absconded—pressure of unforeseen circumstances—angel wife and four cherub children—a book coming out next season—deep distress at present—horror at being forced to beg—generous sentiments expressed in the tale written by Mr. Nugent forcibly struck him—a ray of hope broke on his mind—and *voila* the causes of Mr. Gilpin's distress and Mr. Gilpin's visit. Never was there a more interesting personification of the afflicted man of letters than Gregory Gilpin. He looked pale, patient, and respectable; he coughed frequently, and he was dressed in deep mourning. Nugent's heart swelled—he placed a bank-note in Mr. Gilpin's hands—he promised more effectual relief, and Mr. Gilpin retired, overpowered with his own gratitude and Mr. Nugent's respectful compassion.

"How happy I am to be rich!" said the generous young philanthropist, throwing open his chest.

Nugent went to a *conversazione* at Lady Lennox's. Her Ladyship was a widow, and a charming woman. She was a little of the blue, and a little of the fine lady, and a little of the beauty, and a little of the coquette, and a great deal of the sentimentalist. She had one daughter, without a shilling; she had taken a warm interest in a young man of the remarkable talents and amiability of Charles Nugent. He sate next her—they talked of the heartlessness of the world—it is a subject on which men of twenty-one and ladies of forty-five are especially eloquent. Lady Lennox complained, Mr. Nugent defended. "One does not talk much of innocence," it is said, or something like it is said, somewhere in Madame d'Epinay's Memoirs, "without being sadly corrupted;" and nothing brings out the goodness of our own hearts more than a charge against the heartlessness of others.

"An excellent woman!" thought Nugent; "what warm feelings!—how pretty her daughter is! Oh! a charming family!"

Charlotte Lennox played an affecting air; Nugent leaned over the piano; they talked about music, poetry, going on the water, senti-

ment, and Richmond Hill. They made up a party of pleasure. Nugent did not sleep well that night—he was certainly in love.

When he rose the next morning, the day was bright and fine; Balfour, the best of friends, was to be with him in an hour; Balfour's horse, the best of horses, was to convey him to Richmond; and at Richmond he was to meet Lady Lennox, the most agreeable of mothers—and Charlotte, the most enchanting of daughters. The *danseuse* had always been a bore—she was now forgotten. "It certainly is a delightful world!" repeated Nugent, as he tied his neckcloth.

It was some time—we will not say how long—after the date of this happy day; Nugent was alone in his apartment, and walking to and fro—his arms folded, and a frown upon his brow. "What a rascal! what a mean wretch!—and the horse was lame when he sold it—not worth ten pounds!—and I so confiding—damn my folly! *That*, however, I should not mind; but to have saddled me with his cast-off mistress!—to make me the laughing-stock of the world! By heavens, he shall repent it! Borrowed money of me, then made a jest of my good-nature!—introduced me to his club, in order to pillage me!—but, thank God, thank God, I can shoot him yet! Ha! Colonel; this is kind!"

Colonel Nelmore, an elderly gentleman, well known in society, with a fine forehead, a shrewd, contemplative eye, and an agreeable address, entered the room. To him Nugent poured forth the long list of his grievances, and concluded by begging him to convey a challenge to the best of friends—Captain Balfour. The Colonel raised his eyebrows.

"But,—my dear Sir,—this gentleman has certainly behaved ill to you, I allow it—but for what specific offence d' you mean to challenge him?"

"For his conduct in general."

The Colonel laughed.

"For saying yesterday, then, that I was grown a d—d bore, and he should cut me in future. He told Selwyn so in the bow-window at White's."

The Colonel took snuff.

"My good young friend," said he, "I see you don't know the world. Come and dine with me to-day—a punctual seven. We'll talk over these matters. Meanwhile, you can't challenge a man for calling you a bore."

"Not challenge him!—what should I do then?"

"Laugh—shake your head at him, and say—'Ah! Balfour, you're a sad fellow!'"

The Colonel succeeded in preventing the challenge, but Nugent's indignation at the best of friends remained as warm as ever. He declined the Colonel's invitation—he was to dine with the Lennox's. Meanwhile, he went to the shady part of Kensington Gardens to indulge his reflections.

He sat himself down in an arbour, and looked moralizingly over the initials, the dates, and the witticisms, that hands, long since mouldering, have consigned to the admiration of posterity.

A gay party were strolling by this retreat—their laughter and voices preceded them. "Yes," said a sharp, dry voice, which Nugent recognised as belonging to one of the wits of the day—"Yes, I saw you, Lady Lennox, talking sentiment to Nugent—fie! how could you waste your time so unprofitably!"

"Ah! poor young man! he is certainly *bien bête*, with his fine phrases and so forth: but 'tis a good creature on the whole, and exceedingly useful!"

"Useful!"

"Yes; fills up a vacant place at one's table, at a day's warning; lends me his carriage-horses when mine have caught cold; subscribes to my charities for me; and supplies the drawing-room with flowers. In a word, if he were more sensible, he would be less agreeable: his sole charm is his foibles."

Proh, Jupiter! what a description from the most sentimental of mothers of the most talented, the most interesting of young men. Nugent was thunderstruck; the party swept by; he was undiscovered.

He raved, he swore, he was furious. He go to the dinner to-day! No, he would write such a letter to the lady—it should speak daggers! But the daughter: Charlotte was not of the party. Charlotte—oh! Charlotte was quite a different creature from her mother—the most natural, the most simple of human beings, and evidently loved him. He could not be mistaken, there. Yes, for her sake he would go to the dinner; he would smother his just resentment.

He went to Lady Lennox's. It was a large party. The young Marquis of Austerly had just returned from his travels. He was sitting next to the most lovely of daughters. Nugent was forgotten.

After dinner, however, he found an opportunity to say a few words in a whisper to Charlotte. He hinted a tender reproach, and he begged her to sing "*We met; 'twas in a crowd.*" Charlotte was hoarse—had caught cold. Charlotte could not sing. Nugent left the room. When he got to the end of the street, he discovered that he had left his cane behind. He went back for it, glad (for he was really in love) of an excuse for darting an angry glance at the most simple, the most natural of human beings, that should prevent her sleeping the whole night. He ascended the drawing-room; and Charlotte was delighting the Marquis of Austerly, who leaned over her chair, with "*We met; 'twas in a crowd.*"

Charlotte Lennox was young, lovely, and artful. Lord Austerly was young, inexperienced, and vain. In less than a month, he proposed, and was accepted.

"Well, well!" said poor Nugent one morning, breaking from a reverie; "betrayed in my friendship, deceived in my love, the pleasure of doing good is still left to me. Friendship quits us at the first stage of life, Love at the second, Benevolence lasts till death! Poor Gilpin! how grateful he is: I must see if I can get him that place abroad." To amuse his thoughts, he took up a new magazine. He opened the page at a violent attack on himself—on his beautiful tale in the "Keepsake." The satire was not confined to the work; it extended to the author. He was a fop, a coxcomb, a ninny, an intellectual dwarf, a miserable creature, and an abortion. These are pleasant studies for a man out of spirits, especially before he is used

to them. Nugent had just flung the magazine to the other end of the room, when his lawyer came to arrange matters about a mortgage, which the generous Nugent had already been forced to raise on his estates. The lawyer was a pleasant, entertaining man of the world, accustomed to the society, for he was accustomed to the wants of young men. He perceived Nugent was a little out of humour. He attributed the cause, naturally enough, to the mortgage; and to divert his thoughts, he entered first on a general conversation.

"What rogues there are in the world!" said he. Nugent groaned. "This morning, for instance, before I came to you, I was engaged in a curious piece of business enough. A gentleman gave his son-in-law a qualification to stand for a borough: the son-in-law kept the deed, and so cheated the good gentleman out of more than 300*l.* a-year. Yesterday I was employed against a fraudulent bankrupt—such an instance of long, premeditated, cold-hearted, deliberate rascality! And when I leave you, I must see what is to be done with a literary swindler, who, on the strength of a consumptive cough, and a suit of black, has been respectably living on compassion for the last two years."

"Ha!"

"He has just committed the most nefarious fraud—a forgery, in short, on his own uncle, who has twice seriously distressed himself to save the rogue of a nephew, and who must now submit to this loss, or proclaim, by a criminal prosecution, the disgrace of his own family. The nephew proceeded, of course, on his knowledge of my client's goodness of heart; and thus a man suffers in proportion to his amiability."

"Is his name Gil—Gil—Gilpin!" stammered Nugent.

"The same! O-ho! have you been bit, too, Mr. Nugent?"

Before our hero could answer, a letter was brought to him. Nugent tore the seal: it was from the editor of the magazine in which he has just read his own condemnation. It ran thus:—

"Sir,—Having been absent from London on unavoidable business for the last month, and the care of the —— Magazine having thereby devolved on another, who has very ill discharged its duties, I had the surprise and mortification of perceiving, on my return this day, that a most unwarrantable and personal attack upon you has been admitted in the number for this month. I cannot sufficiently express my regret, the more especially on finding that the article in question was written by a mere mercenary in letters. To convince you of my concern, and my resolution to guard against such unworthy proceedings in future, I enclose you another, and yet severer attack, which was sent to us for our next number, and for which, I grieve to say, the unprincipled author has already succeeded in obtaining from the proprietors—a remuneration," &c. &c. &c.

Nugent's eyes fell on the enclosed paper: it was in the hand-writing of Mr. Gregory Gilpin, the most grateful of distressed literary men.

"You seem melancholy to-day, my dear Nugent," said Colonel Nelmore, as he met his young friend walking with downcast eyes on the old mall of St. James's Park.

"I am unhappy, I am discontented; the gloss is faded from life," answered Nugent, sighing.

"I love meeting with a pensive man," said the Colonel: "let me

join you, and let us dine together, *tête-à-tête*, at my bachelor's house. You refused me some time ago; may I be more fortunate now?"

"I shall be but poor company," rejoined Nugent; "but I am very much obliged to you, and I accept your invitation with pleasure."

Colonel Nelmore was a man who had told some fifty years. He had known misfortune in his day, and he had seen a great deal of the harsh realities of life. But he had not suffered nor lived in vain. He was no theorist, and did not affect the philosopher; but he was contented with a small fortune, popular with retired habits, observant with a love for study, and, above all, he did a great deal of general good, exactly because he embraced no particular system.

"Yes," said Nugent, as they sat together after dinner, and the younger man had unbosomed to the elder, who had been his father's most intimate friend, all that had seemed to him the most unexampled of misfortunes—after he had repeated the perfidies of Balfour, the faithlessness of Charlotte, and the rascalities of Gilpin—"Yes," said he, "I now see my error; I no longer love my species; I no longer place reliance in the love, friendship, sincerity, or virtue of the world; I will no longer trust myself open-hearted in this vast community of knaves; I will not fly mankind, but I will despise them."

The Colonel smiled. "You shall put on your hat, my young friend, and pay a little visit with me:—nay, no excuse; it is only an old lady, who has given me permission to drink tea with her." Nugent demurred, but consented. The two gentlemen walked to a small house in the Regent's Park. They were admitted to a drawing-room, where they found a blind old lady, of a cheerful countenance and prepossessing manners.

"And how does your son do?" asked the Colonel, after the first salutations were over, "have you seen him lately?"

"Seen him lately! why you know he rarely lets a day pass without calling on or writing to me. Since the affliction which visited me with blindness, though he has nothing to hope from me, though from my jointure I must necessarily be a burthen to one of his limited income and mixing so much with the world as he does; yet had I been the richest mother in England, and every thing at my own disposal, he could not have been more attentive, more kind to me. He will cheerfully give up the gayest party to come and read to me, if I am the least unwell, or the least out of spirits; and he sold his horses to pay Miss Blandly, since I could not afford from my own income to pay the salary, so accomplished a musician asked to become my companion. Music, you know, is now my chief luxury. Oh, he is a paragon of sons—the world think him dissipated and heartless; but if they could see how tender he is to me!" exclaimed the mother, clasping her hands, as the tears gushed from her eyes. Nugent was charmed: the Colonel encouraged the lady to proceed; and Nugent thought he had never passed a more agreeable hour than in listening to her maternal praises of her affectionate son.

"Ah, Colonel!" said he, as they left the house, "how much wiser have you been than myself; you have selected your friends with discretion. What would not I give to possess such a friend as that good son must be! But you never told me the lady's name."

"Patience," said the Colonel, taking snuff, "I have another visit to pay."

Nelmore turned down a little alley, and knocked at a small cottage. A woman with a child at her breast opened the door; and Nugent stood in one of those scenes of cheerful poverty which it so satisfies the complacency of the rich to behold.

"Aha!" said Nelmore, looking round, "you seem comfortable enough now; your benefactor has not done his work by halves."

"Blessings on his heart, no! Oh, Sir, when I think how distressed he is himself, how often he has been put to it for money, how calumniated he is by the world, I cannot express how grateful I am, how grateful I ought to be. He has robbed himself to feed us, and merely because he knew my husband in youth."

The Colonel permitted the woman to run on. Nugent wiped his eyes, and left his purse behind him. "Who is this admirable, this self-denying man?" cried he, when they were once more in the street. "He is in distress himself—would I could relieve him! Ah, you already reconcile me to the world. I acknowledge your motive, in leading me hither; there are good men as well as bad. All are not Balfours and Gilpins! But the name—the name of these poor people's benefactor!"

"Stay," said the Colonel, as they now entered Oxford-street; "this is lucky indeed, I see a good lady whom I wish to accost." "Well, Mrs. Johnson," addressing a stout, comely, middle-aged woman of respectable appearance, who, with a basket on her arm, was coming out of an oil-shop; "so you have been labouring in your vocation I see—making household purchases. And how is your young lady?"

"Very well, Sir, I am happy to say," replied the woman, curtseying. "And you are well too, I hope, Sir."

"Yes, considering the dissipation of the long season, pretty well, thank you. But I suppose your young mistress is as gay and heartless as ever—a mere fashionable wife, eh!"

"Sir!" said the woman, bridling up, "there is not a better lady in the world than my young lady; I have known her since she was that high!"

"What, she's good-tempered, I suppose?" said the Colonel sneering.

"Good-tempered—I believe it is impossible for her to say a harsh word to any one. There never was so mild, so even-like a temper."

"What, and not heartless, eh! this is too good!"

"Heartless! she nursed me herself when I broke my leg coming up-stairs; and every night before she went to bed would come into my room with her sweet smile, and see if I wanted anything."

"And you fancy, Mrs. Johnson, that she'll make a good wife: why she was not much in love when she married."

"I don't know as to that, Sir, whether she was or not; but I'm sure she is always studying my Lord's wishes, and I heard him myself say this very morning to his brother—'Arthur, if you knew what a treasure I possess.'"

"You are very right," said the Colonel, resuming his natural man-

ner; "and I only spoke for the pleasure of seeing how well and how justly you could defend your mistress: she is, truly, an excellent lady—good evening to you."

"I have seen that woman before," said Nugent, "but I can't think where; she has the appearance of being a housekeeper in some family."

"She is so."

"How pleasant it is to hear of female excellence in the great world," continued Nugent, sighing; "it was evident to see the honest servant was sincere in her praise. Happy husband, whoever he may be!"

They were now at the Colonel's house. "Just let me read this passage," said Nelmore, opening the pages of a French Philosopher, and as I do not pronounce French like a native, I will translate as I proceed.

"In order to love mankind—expect but little from them; in order to view their faults, without bitterness, we must *accustom* ourselves to pardon them, and to perceive that indulgence is a justice which frail humanity has a right to demand from wisdom. Now nothing tends more to dispose us to indulgence, to close our hearts against hatred, to open them to the principles of a humane and soft morality, than a profound knowledge of the human heart—that knowledge which La Rochefoucault possessed. Accordingly, the wisest men have always been the most indulgent," &c.

And now prepare to be surprised. That good son whom you admired so much—whom you wished you could obtain as a friend, is Captain Balfour—that generous, self-denying man, whom you desired yourself so nobly to relieve, is Mr. Gilpin—that young lady who in the flush of health, beauty, dissipation, and conquest, could attend the sick chamber of her servant, and whom her husband discovers to be a treasure, is Charlotte Lennox!"

"Good Heavens!" cried Nugent, "what then am I to believe? has some juggling been practised on my understanding, and are Balfour, Gilpin, and Miss Lennox, after all, patterns of perfection?"

"No, indeed, very far from it: Balfour is a dissipated, reckless man—of loose morality and a low standard of honour; he saw you were destined to purchase experience—he saw you were destined to be plundered by some one—he thought he might as well be a candidate for the profit. He laughed afterwards at your expense—not because he despised you; on the contrary, I believe that he liked you very much in his way, but because in the world he lives in, every man enjoys a laugh at his acquaintance. Charlotte Lennox saw in you a desirable match; nay, I believe she had a positive regard for you; but she had been taught all her life to think equipage, wealth, and station better than love. She could not resist the temptation of being Marchioness of Austerly—not one girl in twenty could; yet she is not on that account the less good-tempered, good-natured, or less likely to be a good mistress and a tolerable wife. Gilpin is the worst instance of the three. Gilpin is an evident scoundrel; but Gilpin is in evident distress. He was in all probability very sorry to attack you who had benefited him so largely; but perhaps, as he is a dull dog, the only thing the Magazines would buy of him

was abuse. You must not think he maligned you out of malice, out of ingratitude, out of wantonness; he maligned you for ten guineas. Yet Gilpin is a man, who, having swindled his father out of ten guineas, would in the joy of the moment give five to a beggar. In the present case he was actuated by a better feeling; he was serving the friend of his childhood—few men forget those youthful ties, however they trample on others. Your mistake was not the single mistake of supposing the worst people the best—it was the double mistake of supposing common-place people—now the best—now the worst;—in making what might have been a pleasant acquaintance an intimate friend; in believing a man in distress must necessarily be a man of merit; in thinking a good-tempered, pretty girl, was an exalted specimen of Human Nature. You were then about to fall into the opposite extreme—and to be as indiscriminating in suspicion as you were in credulity. Would that I could flatter myself that I had saved you from that—the more dangerous—error of the two!"

"You have—my dear Nelmore; and now lend me your Philosopher!"

"With pleasure; but one short maxim is as good as all Philosophers can teach you, for Philosophers can only enlarge on it—it is simple—it is this—'TAKE THE WORLD AS IT IS.'"

MITIO.

SONNET.—THE KING.

No courtly servant I; yet I admire
The brightness which our free King's soul revealeth.
Let the *paid* poet twang his harp for hire;
Man and "His Rights" for me! Time's cloud concealeth
All, save the present, from the millions' eyes;
But on *our* sleep THE ARMED FUTURE stealeth,
Known by its trampling sounds and awful cries,
Which, while blind earth upon her axis wheeleth,
Talk of another dawn—of changeful, hopeful skies!

Macte virtute! If stern times should come,
And all men stand by merit, Patriot King!
Thou—(unlike those who now their dark deeds rue)—
Thou shalt be foremost still. Trumpet and drum
Shall but call up thy friends, the people true,
And fence thy virtues with a brazen ring.

C. L.

THE TEMPER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. BY A MEMBER IN FIVE PARLIAMENTS.

If, not being a Member, you have from time to time attended the debates of the House of Commons; if from the gallery, or the more snug retreats beneath it, you have looked along the narrow and dingy room, with its lounging, whispering, inattentive audience; nay, if you have listened to the best of the orators and the ablest of the reasoners whom the assembly possesses, but in moments when they were not excited to any extraordinary display; and if you have *attempted* to listen to the common and motley herd of debaters, it is ten to one but that you have formed a very moderate opinion of the talents and knowledge of the Representative body. And yet, supposing accident, interest, or money were to send you to that Assembly as one of its members, it is more than a hundred to one but that, ere you had well been one month old in your seat, you would find your sentiments of the collective wisdom had undergone an astonishing alteration for the better. Canning was accustomed to say that the taste of the House of Commons was better than that of the individual within it whose taste might be considered the best. Certainly there is an astonishing quickness, delicacy, and in the long run, soundness of judgment in the opinion of the House. As correct taste is the great prevailing character of the assembly, so correct taste is the best qualification for a fair repute that any aspirant can possess. This is unfortunate, perhaps, but it is true. The tone of the House is pre-eminently that of gentlemen, and has the corresponding faults and merits. It shows great favour to inexperience; it shows great indignation at presumption; appearance, manner, chasteness of elocution, grace of expression, have there a greater weight than in any other public assembly in England, (the House of Lords scarcely excepted); and the respect paid to character even without talent is far more constant and far more courteous than that which talent without character can ever obtain.

You often hear men out of the House say—"Oh, So and So cannot have much weight in Parliament, he declaims too much." Now it is utterly wrong to suppose that the House is averse to declamation. With a full and excited House declamation is incomparably more successful than reasoning; it is only in a thin House, on a question of business, that the correct taste we have referred to revolts instantly at all unnecessary ornament or unseasonable warmth.

"Remember," said an old and highly distinguished member to a young debutant of promise, "the character of the House is this: it is an assembly of men who have seen much; who have read sparingly. Address them not as deep thinkers, not as keen inquirers, not as ingenious speculators, not as ardent politicians; address them as men of the world." And here is one great reason why success in general is the work of years. To please men of the world, you must be a man of the world yourself, and this the young politician from Oxford or his travels must live longer in order to become. Intense study masters all other knowledge, but long experience only gives knowledge of the world.

It is too much the fashion for men out of the House to say—

'Great information is sure of success!" Great information, if of the highest and most varied order, requires the nicest, the rarest skill in its management. Nothing the House so little forgives as a display of superiority greater than the occasion demands. Nothing it so despises as refined and new truths; it has a great dislike to philosophy; a great leaning to a bold common-place ingeniously put; to a well-graced truism which a man of large information would be too apt to disdain. You are far more easily pardoned for falling below, than for soaring beyond the intellect of the House. When Mrs. Siddons was reading in her finest manner one of the finest passages in Milton to a delighted audience above, the footman below yawned forth—"What the old woman's at it again!" The feeling, almost the words, of the footman are applied to the man once felt to be too great for ordinary usage. The very perfection of what a statesman's speech *ought* theoretically to be on a great occasion was Sir James Macintosh's on the second reading of the Reform Bill—luminous, elaborate, thoughtful, but thoroughly ineffective. A series of such speeches, and the cholera morbus would not clear the House more completely.

The favourite tone of parliamentary oratory is essentially conversational: the House has a great love for the extempore, a great abhorrence of the prepared. Yet this is a schoolboy feeling, and a preference of the smart and clever to the profound and legislative. Information deeply hoarded, lucidly arranged, and carefully and logically bodied forth, may not show so much readiness in the speaker as a sharp personal repartee; but it is infinitely more creditable to the talents of the speaker, infinitely more honourable to the character of a deliberative assembly, and above all, infinitely more useful to the country. There is a great feeling in favour of a man who speaks not his own opinions only but that of some particular class. Thus, when Hunt came into the House "the Representative of the unrepresented," there was a decided inclination to hear him, not only as the orator, but also as the organ, of the mob. With a better education and a little more ability, he might have obtained, from that reason, a very remarkable station in the House. But he is vapidity itself. Never was there so miserable a twaddler. Yet from the mere habit of making men laugh; from the mere habit of relieving a grave and dry discussion with a cock-and-a-bull story about the Times newspaper, or his early life, or his wife's maidservant, or his driving about London bridge in a one-horse chaise, he is looked upon as a sort of relief from wisdom; and what is despised as buffoonery is welcomed as change.

One of the most remarkable things that excite the surprise of a new member, is the great difference between a reputation in the House and a reputation out of it. Many men receive the closest attention, nay, the most respectful deference in the House, who have managed to be utterly unappreciated and even obscure in the country. A new member is surprised to hear the compliments lavished on Mr. Baring, the respect paid to Mr. Wynne, the praises accorded to Mr. Atwood. He would be yet more surprised if he heard the speakers for the first time, and before he himself was imbued with the spirit of the House. But it is not the one speech, it is the ge-

neral character of many speeches that obtain for such members the ear of the House; a knowledge of detail, a shrewd astuteness of reply, a particular tact, or a particular appearance of sincerity—all these often evinced, insensibly create a reputation with which the Public, judging only by single speeches, often ill-delivered, and therefore ill reported, are thoroughly unable to sympathise. But the most remarkable instance of this difference between distinction in Parliament and celebrity in the country, is Sir Robert Peel. Indubitably and confessedly no man so thoroughly moulds and plays with the House. He rises—every one is hushed. He begins "Mr. Speaker," and in his first sentence you perceive you are surrendering your attention to a master among the rulers. And, in truth, it is scarcely possible to conceive so finished, so consummate a debater. His elocution is incomparably clear and distinct; his tones of persuasion, of candid avowal, or serious expostulation, would be surprisingly effective even on the stage. His method of reply, his art of winding into the weak parts of his adversaries' argument, of bringing detail to work against a principle, and a principle against a detail; his habit of stating a truth on which he affects to ground his case, and then of spinning from the truth the most disguised, the most ingenious of sophisms, are all the very perfection of parliamentary adroitness, and out of Parliament could never have been acquired. And Peel is one of the few men in the House of Commons who have taken great pains with themselves. If not all, at least most of what you admire in him is the result of amazing practice and earnest study. His action, his tones of voice, his smile, the wave of his hand, are as thoroughly the fruit of preparation as those of any actor even in France, where acting is a science as well as an art. He is never theatrical but always dramatic. He is to the House what Young is to the Stage!

We have implied that few members of the House take much pains with the arts of their profession. The fact is, that partly from the conversational tone of the House, partly from the dread of ridicule, partly from the fact that the generality of speakers have entered the House too old for study, men commonly content themselves with expressing opinions in what they think the plainest, which in reality is often the most slovenly, manner; they speak rather for their constituents than for fame. Then, too, how great an obstacle to improvement is the common gift of fluency! Persons of a certain station in life, and a certain age, and a certain knowledge of their subject, are seldom at a loss for mere words. Thus every one in the House is fluent, and that is the reason why many never care to be more than fluent. They find they express their sentiments without embarrassment, and think therefore they cannot be better expressed.

Every day there are complaints of unfairness in reporting, and certainly there is all the difference in the world between a speech as reported and a speech as read; yet, on the whole, it is rather, in general, the fault of the speaker than the reporter—very few indeed are the voices which distinctly reach the benches of the gallery. It requires great slowness of speech, great distinctness of enunciation, great practice in the management of the voice, to force the sound into the remote corners of a room peculiarly ill-constructed for hearing,

though not extensive in itself. Thus, it is nearly always the oldest speakers who speak most distinctly. Young members, however strong or musical their natural voices, are seldom perfectly articulate in the galleries. Every one has observed the peculiar twang of the old members, the raising of the voice very sharply and jerkingly at the last words of a sentence. That fault, unmusical when near, is incurred in order to prevent the greater fault of being unheard at a distance. The tendency of most young speakers is to drop the voice towards the end of a period: the reporter hears the beginning, and is at a loss for the termination.*

Some men are celebrated as orators. There is a humbler ambition—some men are distinguished as cheerers. There was one gentleman in the early part of the last Sessions whose cheer was something ineffable; he was a Tory, and his house had suffered, we believe, by a mob in the late election. The ebullition of his aristocratic indignation, denied egress in language, rushed into the most prolonged, the most sonorous, the most unseasonable of human cheers. You traced the bricklayer's bill in every one of them.

It is in Opposition that men cheer; a Ministerial majority are singularly cold. Speeches that would rouse the ex-party to thunder, fall in a numbing silence on the ears of the party that are in. On the Ministerial side, moreover, every one looks on his neighbour as a rival for Ministerial favours; he is, therefore, by no means charmed with the oratorical displays that he considers made at his own expense. A party in opposition are at least free from these petty jealousies and individual rivalships, and a name is therefore much easier made amongst the benches to the left of the Speaker, than those to the right. "But commend me," we remember hearing Fox once say—"Commend me to the cheer of an Irish member!" And certainly there is a generous warmth, a hearty self-abandonment, an exhilarating honesty in the Irish cheer, that is easily distinguishable from the cold, half-choked, half-whispered ejaculation of the Englishman.

The Irishman, too, is more alive to the merits, and more indulgent to the faults, of the young speaker. Let the maiden orator count those who come up smilingly to shake hands, and say something kind of his first attempt, and we will wager he will find two Irish to one English man. We have often observed, especially for the last few years, how much louder the applauses—how much keener the enthusiasm—how much broader, too, be it said, in justice, are the principles—how much more heartfelt seems the language on Monday nights, when Irish questions are commonly discussed, and the House is pretty thin of English members, than on any other nights in the week. In fact, the Irishman always throws his heart into whatever he attempts; and now-a-days, when intelligence is growing a matter of easy acquirement, energy to execute will become a more rare quality than intellect to devise. "In our times," said the great Frederick, "ignorance does more mischief than vice." In *our* times, it is not so much ignorance as indifference.

---

* Yet at a moment, as of late, when party runs high, it must be owned, that the less popular party might be more fairly reported. We wish they were so. Truth ought never to deteriorate from her opponents.

It is not often that men of literary merit succeed in the House, and one reason is that they are commonly too fastidious. They who have been studying the niceties of language all their lives, dislike to rush into the bold current of extemporaneous speaking—of incurring the half-finished sentence—the confused grammar—the bald English, into which even the best of Parliamentary debaters are often driven. Another cause of their want of success is, that they are often too refined in their reasonings. An experienced orator, who desires a cheer at some particular moment, will plunge voluntarily into some popular common-place, which in his heart he despises, in order to obtain it. It is seldom that the philosophical, fastidious, contemplative man of letters descends to these arts; seldom that you hear from him about "the corrupt Boroughmongers" on the one hand, or "the downfall of our sacred institutions" on the other. But these are minor obstacles to success, which a little resolution and a little versatility easily overcome. The greatest obstacle the man of letters has to contend with, is too great a susceptibility to failure. "Is not that a great speech?" said a member to Charles Fox, of the present Lord D——'s maiden effort—"Yes," answered Fox; "but before I judge of the speaker, I must see him fail."

And literary men, above all others, are apt to become disgusted with a career which involves necessarily so many stumbles. One gives it up in despondency, another in disdain; a third is stifled by a sneer, and a fourth is rendered for ever dumb by a complimentary exposition of a blunder. Literary men, too, have an arch enemy to encounter in their own reputation—a great deal is expected from them on their first *debut.* Now, every one who knows any thing of public speaking, knows that, of all talents, it is the one which requires the most study and the longest practice. With exceptions so few that they may be dismissed at once, no orators permanently great, are great at the beginning. Few literary men have had any previous practice, when they enter the House; the thousand tricks and mysteries of oratory are utterly unknown to them; they make what would have been an excellent speech in an unknown member, but which, perhaps, from a mere diffidence, a mere want of address in delivery, is considered a failure for them; and that failure, perhaps, which ought to excite their energy, only induces their despair. It is a common thing to say, "Men find their level in the House." It is an unjust observation; the mind does not always find its level—the tongue does. There is a great difference between the two.

Yet, on the whole, though any very clever man may fail repeatedly, if he have but the hardness of mind to persevere, he *is sure* of success at last: there is scarcely an instance to the contrary. A happy fact happily stated—a broad view—a noble sentiment—even a felicitous expression, will suddenly redeem a series of failures, and chain the House into attention; and with men of real talent and determined courage, though one opportunity may be lost, many opportunities never are. The misfortune is, that great genius and great hardness of mind are not so commonly united as they ought to be.

There is a very remarkable feature, and a very encouraging characteristic of the House of Commons—*one* speech will make a reputation—one failure will never lose it. It requires at least six failures

to obliterate the impression of one success. The worst speeches in taste, tact, temper, and even common sense, ever made in the House, were some of Brougham's.

Of all literary men, the one who has the most thoroughly triumphed over every obstacle is Mr. Macaulay. With his great reputation,—entering the House in a signal manner, as a marked and chosen champion of a party, so much was expected from him that nothing was forgiven. His first speeches were, it is true, cheered and praised at the moment, but they were cavilled at the next day. Some called them essays, others declamations. Now they were mere words, and now they were too elaborate in matter. It is only within the last few months, only from his speeches on Reform, that he has fairly battled his way to a reluctant admission to the high and proud eminence his brilliant genius—his profound and various knowledge—his grasp of mind—his generous and noble views—his broad, practical vigour of common sense demanded from the first. But then, Mr. Macaulay was more than the literary man—he was a thoroughly-practised and a long-experienced orator before he entered the House.

The common characteristic—and strange as it may seem to those unacquainted with the tone of the House, the great drawback to the effect they produce—of men who both write and speak, is too good a choice of words. It gives the mob of the House the excuse, eagerly grasped at, of talking of pedantry and premeditation. So with the Lord Advocate—his first speech was thought the result of at least a month's written labour. Those intimate with that distinguished man, know that he never so laboured at any speech in his life. He could get up after dinner, and "speak off" an essay, not only with the same classical language, but in the same logical arrangement that the file and the foul copy alone give to minds of a slower order. His first failure the Lord Advocate has now redeemed: the reason is, that his first failure was *an essay*—his last success was *a speech*.

I could say a great deal about Shiel. He has it in his power to be a magnificent orator—to be more, a most effective member; but he must sternly dismiss his present style; there is not one occasion in fifty in which it suits the House of Commons. Declamation succeeds—declamation of the stern order, the vehement order, the passionate order—but never the florid order. The man who could compose the speech, spoken or not spoken at Penenden Heath, has in him the real and solid elements of greatness. Let him only do justice to himself?

Of all species of oratory, the oratory of conciliation is the most successful in the long run. In the excitement of party, the violent speaker may be enthusiastically welcomed for the moment: but every cheer he receives is often a seal on the fate of his permanent reputation. The epithet "statesman-like" is generally applied to the moderate tone. The House never long forgets that it is an assembly of men accustomed to good-breeding; and courtesy wins its way to favour in that public circle no less than it would do in a private. Had Brougham been the leader of the House of Commons, instead of Lord Althorpe, the Reform Bill would have been at least six weeks longer in the Committee. To be sure, every night there would have been much finer speaking: there would have been "bitter words, Master Shallow;" much excellent invective

and crushing irony; and the Reformers would have gone to bed in higher spirits; and the newspapers next day would have been full of eulogy on "Mr. Brougham's most cutting attack." But when the Bill again went into the Committee, the Anti-Reformers would have flocked down with new amendments, new retorts, new speeches, new delays. They could easily have been stung into the most vexatious opposition by a great orator. They were literally shamed into discretion by a mild and good-tempered man of sense. This is what out of the House can scarcely be understood, but it is very easy of comprehension to any experienced member in it. This spirit of conciliation, this rhetoric of temper, was eminently possessed by Lord Castlereagh. It was by this, despite his bad reasoning and bad grammar, that he governed his assembly, and was confessedly one of the adroitest and most admirable leaders that the House ever knew. This, the talent of leading, is one in which the Country can never sympathise with the House. The outward and visible signs of sense, knowledge, and eloquence are what the Country can alone judge its representatives by. The fine, subtle, almost imperceptible arts of guiding the House and harmonizing a party, are only for the House and for a party to appreciate. This is one main reason why the House and the Country are so often at variance respecting the degree of consideration to be paid to individual members. Few great orators make great leaders. The art of eloquence, so invaluable in attack, is often dangerous in defence. In opposition, the art is to expose your antagonist: in office, the danger is lest you should expose yourself.

The life of the regular House of Commons man is not a bed of roses. It is scarcely possible, at the first sight, to conceive any existence more wearisome. At half past three he goes down to prayers; he takes his seat among cold, desolate benches; petitions come on; long unseasonable speeches ensue; then, perhaps, the question is hunted down into the corner of a detail, where it is worried, mouthed, mumbled for three or four hours, and finally escapes, at last, to be hunted again at the next convenient opportunity. At seven, perhaps, our assiduous senator escapes up-stairs to a plate of cold meat and a glass of brandy and water: and in half an hour afterwards, he is fairly re-seated till two, nay three, o'clock in the morning. And perhaps this laborious gentleman never speaks himself; has no particular interest in the subjects discussed; has no ambition to gratify; no purpose to answer. Perhaps for him all the pleasures and luxuries of life await; cheerful society, music, books, wine, love, all that riches can purchase and youth enjoy. What induces the choice he has preferred? Heaven only knows! And yet the more wearisome a pursuit at the beginning, the more seductive it often becomes at the end. Business grows upon men more than pleasure: only, indeed, to men who do not enter into it themselves, the daily work of the House of Commons is scarcely business: —"totius negotii caput ac fontem ignorant." But it may be observed, that of all pursuits, those which lead to public speaking generally engross and tyrannize over the mind the most. At the Universities, the members of a speaking club rarely think of any thing else but the club. On the stage how invariably actors herd together; how invariably their conversation turns on the art and its professors. So

in regard to the House. A party of members, met at dinner, fly at once to "that interesting debate"—"Mr. Stanley," "Sir Charles Wetherell," "the sugar refineries," and the indomitable "Bill." This it is that makes the society of members dull to the gay world, and insipid to women in particular. Few ladies, however ambitious in general, long preserve much sympathy with the Parliamentary ambition of their husbands. And here is a marked difference between the French and the English woman. The rewards which social distinction bestows in France are much more gratifying than those which it can grant in England: yet in France, women value public reputation and political honours much higher than the honours of the *salon;* and it would be well for England if here it were the same.*

Talking of France, perhaps there is no instance in which the different character of the two nations is more manifest than in the National Assemblies. The French people, only lately aroused to deep thought, love to indulge in broad, grand, general truths. The attention of the English, turned by their National Debt and their enormous taxation to matters of practical business, is but coldly inclined to the nobler and larger truths, and fastens at once upon the minutiæ of arithmetic and the petty utilities of detail. Madame de Stael observes rather profoundly, (we think in L'Allemagne,) that one cause of the excesses in the French Revolution, was the admission of strangers into the Deliberative Assembly. At first the orators, for the sake of effect, sacrificed truths to words. Whatever was most violent soon grew most showy, and then the orators sacrificed men instead of truths. In England, this terrible effect of vanity could never occur. Through *their* representatives, the reporters, the whole people of England are looking on the debates in the House of Commons; and not one man in ten, when he speaks, ever thinks about the reporters at all. It is curious to note how seldom the eye of the orator turns to the galleries; and Colonel Sibthorpe and Mr. Hunt seem the only persons keenly alive to the desire that full justice the next morning may be done to their eloquence and wisdom at night.

It was a deep and true remark said to have been made by one of the most distinguished of living orators, that "The House of Commons, so faulty a representation of the *opinions*, would never have endured so long, if it had not represented so faithfully the *character* of the English people!" And this has, at certain periods of history, made it what Lord John Russell has called it in his last work, (erroneously, without doubt, if he intended it generally to apply,) viz. "an *admirable* assembly." Happy will be that day when *both* the opinions and character are reflected in the national councils! Perhaps, when that time shall arrive, and when the difficulties of our financial system shall no longer encumber and fritter down the genius of a profound and wise people, the more magnificent and enlarged of human truths may obtain that due and warm reception denied them at present. Statesmen may arise, who will at first meet with the impatience, but will finally chain the hearts, of their audience. The science of legis-

---

* See what our able correspondent H. says more at large on this head in his article on "Society."—Ed.

lation may succeed to the arts of debate; and what is now clever may then be wise!

And what effect will Reform—Reform delayed only to be more certain than ever—produce on the *temper* of the House of Commons? What will be the *manners* of the Parliament of 1835? Its main features, in this respect, will always continue the same; always, at least, while the country itself continues great and flourishing. As was remarked by Mr. Edward Bulwer,* in answer to the cant assertion that the people will choose their representatives from the lower orders—"'The Roman people,' said Machiavel, 'obtained the right to choose Plebeians and they chose Patricians;' and this," added Mr. Bulwer, "must always be the case so long as mankind feel a respect for those greatly above them, but a jealousy for those only a *little* elevated beyond themselves!" The assembly will always (always, even if the monarchy of England were changed to a Republic,)—always, so long as the commerce of England overflows the world, and its arts, its sciences, its wealth endure, be an assembly of men of education and birth. It will be characterised by the same courtesy of demeanour, the same correctness of taste, the same aristocratic manners, but not the same aristocratic principles. The people will choose their representatives from the higher or wealthier order; but they will *make* those representatives express popular opinions. They will demand that their oracles should be heard; but in order to give them the greater solemnity and the more effectual voice, they will suffer those oracles, as at Dodona, to be uttered from the *loftiest* trees! Z. Z.

Library of the House of Commons, 1831.

ARISTOCRACY IN RELIGION.

What hath all this pomp and pride—these Bishopricks and Archbishopricks to do with the religion of Christ—with any religion whatsoever? What man of ordinary sense or ordinary meekness will not confess that in him who affects to approach God the nearest, (and in established churches the higher the grade on earth, the nearer the supposed approach to Heaven—'The Saint in crape is twice a Saint in lawn') the first requisite virtue is humility. So sensible is even the Musselman of this truth that he never ventures to approach his God in sumptuous apparel. The pomps and vanities of the world are scarcely to be assumed to its Creator. Nor is THERE ANY HAUGHTINESS SO REVOLTING AS THAT HAUGHTINESS OF PRIESTCRAFT WHICH DARES TO PLAY THE ARISTOCRAT TO THE OMNIPOTENT!

Brachys.

---

* Our correspondent must pardon us for omitting what he has in another part of this paper been pleased to say about the gentleman quoted. We have reasons for omitting our correspondent's favourable predictions; but we are sure that, in the due quarter, his admonitions will be gratefully remembered.—Ed.

SOCIETY.

The French philosophers of the eighteenth century, who, as one of their startling conclusions, were peculiarly fond of deriving the moral and political state of a country from its climate, used to represent it as so impossible for the inhabitants of this island to be tolerably cheerful and happy amidst the frost and fog that surrounds them, that they attributed the freedom of our institutions, as well as the somewhat morose expression of our countenances to a perpetual spirit of discontent, a native of the soil, which was continually urging us to benefit our miserable condition. That a northern climate, by which we are deprived of that indolent enjoyment of being, which frequently satisfies the inhabitant of more sunny parts of the world, has its effect upon us, we do not attempt to deny: still, we can hardly ascribe to it the full extent of our liberty and our ill-humour, as we remember that the ancient Greek was not a slave; that the modern Turk is far from lively; and that at Vienna, while we write, the Government is despotic, and the people, at all epochs save those of the cholera, are remarkable for their gaiety. There was a time, moreover, as Mr. Cobbet reminds us, when England was called the "merry England," since which period, very little change of climate, we are apt to conclude, has taken place here.

In the lower and middling classes of society there is a very satisfactory reason, or perhaps a very unsatisfactory reason, for the hurry and the gloom which fixes itself on an Englishman's features. The unfortunate wretch at the moment of his birth feels the weight of his proportionate share of "the Debt" upon his shoulders. Away he starts, endeavouring by every shift and struggle to get rid of his burthen. There is no repose for him: if he stops, he is lost; and thus we meet him at every twist and turning of life with the same sad countenance and quick step, until he contrives to shake off the intolerability of his load, or is weighed down by it into the workhouse. In the country the peasant toils and frets for the most barren subsistence, frequently in vain. Go into the town! the sole end or aim of Messrs. Tomkins and Co's existence is—to supply the revenue, in consuming its taxed tea and sugar, and to meet the tax-gatherer himself with a bold and undaunted countenance when he makes his quarterly visit. This is the thought which rouses up the partners of that frugal and respectable house at five o'clock in the morning, and hurries them to bed at the first sign of a necessity for a candle. Hear the scorn with which they speak of a man less punctual than themselves in their fiscal disbursements. Let us confess the truth! the pride and pleasure of an English tradesman's life is, to *pay his taxes*, and he really has not time for any more hilarious amusement.

Again, if we mount a step higher, and speak of those gentlemen whose dark, dirty, and eager countenances glance across us on week days at the exchange, or are seen at church on a Sunday, as melancholy and prim as the clipped trees before their villas at Clapham, it is quite easy to understand that our islandlike habits of commerce, by which are engendered an abstract love of excitement and speculation, should breed a certain class of persons, who deeply engrossed in the price of cotton, indigo, and consols, in the art and action of making

wealth, should not have the time to derive any happiness from its employment. All this is quite natural and conceivable. That even the farmer, up-gazing upon so vicissitudinous a sky, dreading rain for his wheat and drought for his turnips, should jog along with a harassed and unquiet aspect; that the parson, haunted by visions of rising Methodist chapels and dissenting schools, should have something like gloom and fear depicted on his puritanical face, as he orders his neighbour's cattle to be driven to the pound, and wrings the hard-earned penny from the pockets of the poor, is not a marvel, thank God! to those who have read the last number of Moore's almanack, and pretend to know any thing of the signs of the times. But there are other classes, the "nati et natæ consumere fruges;" the select, the élite, the aristocratic, the lounging enjoyers of the *gentle* privilege of idleness. That that polished horde ycleped "Society" should consist of two tribes only "the bores and bored;"—that those who take the end of King Pyrrhus's life as the sole object of their own; who set heartily and earnestly to work about amusing themselves, determined to be gay, and inspire gaiety, should be so exquisitely melancholy and dull in all their festive proceedings;—that the ball and the rout, and the conversazione, which the imaginative writer of a fashionable novel would depicture from his dingy chambers in the Temple, as an exhibition of elegant festivity, of bustling joyfulness, of electrical bon-mots, should in reality be each and all the most common-place, tame, and incorrigibly stupid *reunions* of insipid drivellers, which it was ever the fate of a glad-hearted sensible being to encounter;—that all this should be true—does, we confess it, appear a strong argument in favour of that proposition which we set out by contending against. Nor is this all: there are few of the unhappy persons thus huddled ceremoniously together, who, if we chance to meet them in Italy or in France, (in that medley of intriguing abbés, entertaining travellers, spiritual coquettes, polished diplomatists, uncleanly savans, &c., which usually form an Englishman's foreign society,) do not make a very different figure. Each one there has a more original and individual tone. The blue talks of conchology; the innamorata of Lamartine; the naturalist of Vesuvius; the antiquary of Herculaneum; the politician of the unfortunate Poles; while those who have neither learning, feeling, science nor humanity, indulge at least in the licence of laying claim to them all. But the singular circumstance relative to society in England is, that everybody talks, and even endeavours to look, alike. The tone of the elderly and serious is the same as that of the juvenile and gay; a statesman of seventy wrinkles his features into a smile, as he addresses a beauty; and a beldame of sixty makes an effort to simper, if she is spoken to by a beau. Nor does a wit attempt to be less stupid than his neighbours. It would be "bad taste" if he did. All must adapt their manners to those of a certain age, and suit their conversation to the scale of a certain intellect: your literary lady prattles of a ball, and your poets spout about a horse-race, and are, therefore, more dull and disagreeable than a Miss in her first season, or a member of the Jockey club.

Much of this we deem owing to our institutions—the result of a grave and thoughtful character—which singularly enough has pro-

duced a vapid frivolity of manners. We need hardly observe that modern society takes its tone from those times in which the female sex distributed the rewards which the sovereign granted to valour, the virtue of the period; the smiles of royalty and of beauty were then bestowed together. The feat for which the Prince conferred the glittering badge of his esteem, usually procured the knight the rose-coloured scarf of his mistress. A new era succeeded, when the pursuits of the court became in themselves a career; the monarch was still the dispenser of honours, and women were kind to those who obtained them. As long as the King's power was the first in the State, his antichambers were crowded with men of talent and ambition, who cultivated the graces most in vogue there; but as our representative system developed itself, the fountains of royal favour were gradually dried up; a richer prize was to be gained in more soul-stirring and exciting scenes. In it was sought those scenes: and as the details of public business, and consequently the labour of a parliamentary life increased, it became impossible to unite the profession of politics with those charms of manner, those graces and assiduities by which women had accustomed themselves to be won. Men, continually occupied with their interests, wanted that politeness which proceeds from little to do. "L'époque de la politesse des Romains est la même que celle de l'établissement du pouvoir arbitraire. Le Gouvernement absolu produit l'oisiveté, et l'oisiveté produit la politesse." At the same time, the orator, or the statesman, feeling his superiority elsewhere, was disgusted at competing in the drawing-room with an ordinary coxcomb who frequently proved a successful rival. A kind of separation therefore gradually took place between those in the one sex who devoted themselves to serious pursuits, and those of the other whose lives were given up exclusively to pleasure. "Dans une nation," says Montesquieu, whom we have just quoted above, "dans une nation où tout homme à sa manière prendrait part à l'administration de l'état, les femmes ne devraient guère vivre avec les hommes." We do not subscribe to this doctrine as a necessity; we admit however as a fact that the men in this country whose time is passed in female society are not those persons whom Montesquieu had in view. Who are these men? who are the men the most *à la mode?* Are they distinguished by their ready wit, their literary attainments, their zeal for the public welfare? Who are the men most *à la mode?* Messrs. —— and ——, who will not consider it disrespectful, nay, who will consider it complimentary in us to say that their most conspicuous merit is that of their whiskers. But the ambition of women usually centres in a desire to please. As Messrs. —— and —— are at the head of their class, we must presume their followers have the same minds and tastes. No woman who wished to please these gentlemen would speak to them of the charms of letters, or the welfare of their country. Her hair would be well arranged, her dress in perfect taste, her tournure correct and elegant, and her conversation as frivolous as possible. In Sophie's letters to Mirabeau we see her mind mount with that of her lover; the energies of his soul, the elegance of his perceptions, the exquisite beauties of his style infuse themselves into hers. But in the most intimate relation that can subsist between a woman of fashion and a man of the same

caste, is it possible for the former to acquire one single new idea? Is it possible for her faculties to be in the slightest degree strengthened or embellished by the friend she has chosen? And this acts reciprocally. The young men who enter society, and who find that they will be rather admired for their persons, than their minds, neglect the one in order to adorn, and, if possible, improve the other. The greatest dandy in the time of Queen Anne prepared himself for a season in town by a private tutor and hard study; a dandy of the present day would take a tailor into his house, and employ himself sedulously in choosing the colour of his waistcoats, and carefully modelling the shape of his summer trousers. Of all nations in the world, England confessedly boasts the best-dressed men. The larger part of "Society," therefore, is composed of idle coxcombs and silly women, and its tone is naturally that best suited to these two descriptions of persons. Do any of the Lady Patronesses assembled at Willis's ever inquire—in those interesting debates which take place respecting proper and improper people—do they ever inquire if Mr. So-and-so is a man of talent or good principles? The questions are—Is he well dressed? Is he good-looking? "He is a handsome and gentlemanlike person," is a recommendation that procures him his ticket without a murmur. Even the old-fashioned notions about "family" are worn away. We rejoice that they are—only regretting that a silly prejudice was not destroyed by a more happy means than an increasing depravity of taste. In the same manner, and for the same reasons, beauty is the best passport for a girl into those circles vulgarly termed "the most select." Those who invite handsome young men to please themselves, also invite pretty young women to please the handsome young men. If Miss Emily, or Lady Mary had been awkward and ugly, we may venture to predict that she would never have been chronicled in the Court Journal, or advertised in the pages of the Morning Post. We do not know anything more astonishing to foreigners than the mixed and uncertain nature of what they imagine to be our aristocracy, i. e. that portion of the community who are called "Society" (for we must frequently return to that term) in this country. They may have happened to meet on the continent an English gentleman whose family acquired lands at the Conquest, and whose ancestors served in the Holy-land. If they come over to England and inquire after their old friend, it is a hundred to one, particularly if he live in a distant county, but that they are told that nobody knows him—that he is not in society—from which they of course conclude that he has no right to be in it.

We remember there was a certain Monsieur Cavois, in the time of St. Simon, a gentleman of tolerably good birth, gentlemanlike exterior, and ordinary talents, but not possessed in an eminent degree of any of the advantages of birth, exterior, or talent. The noble memorialist expresses his astonishment at so insignificant a personage having crept by any chance into the same salon as himself. Were his descendant now to visit England, the first persons whom he would see, and see everywhere, are a Mr. Percy Thomson, a Mr. Villiers Smith, a Mr. Gordon Brown, young gentlemen in the Guards or the Treasury, living on the credit of 200*l.* a-year, whose fathers were

army agents, or quack doctors, and whose grandfathers never existed. Let him inquire who these distinguished individuals are, whom he finds invited, as a matter of course, to every *soirée*, and considered necessary to every ball. He hears that they dance tolerably well, that they dress tolerably well, that the one was the lover of Lady E. and that the other goes to the Duke of D's. If that interesting "Stranger," so frequently promenaded through the House of Commons, should be introduced to the drawing-room, and asked to discover some fixed rule by which it would be possible to say whether the person at his elbow be a gentleman or a roturier, he would be obliged to declare that he cannot find one. It is not wealth, it is not birth, it is not talent, that gives station in the world. God and Mr. Croker know what an immense difference there is in the rank of two sisters, one of whom lives in Russell Square, the other in Hill-street. These are distinctions which could only exist in the minds of triflers and women. There is not a sensible man who would not consider them insignificant and absurd; a proof in itself that the lawgivers of our society are triflers and women. At the time when society was at the height of intellectual and social perfection in France, it was the arena on which every man of genius and ambition was forced to contend. It was sought for the purposes of pleasure, but it was also considered the path to power. Instead of preparing a speech for the House of Commons, the aspirant to place conned over a compliment to a Prince's mistress. As such persons made society their sphere, they breathed into it a kind of atmosphere which it was impossible for the dullest not to inhale. Besides, as the women sought the applause and the courtship of those who were most applauded and courted, they in their turn cultivated the same means of success. From the time of the celebrated Madame de Longueville, (the period of the *Fronde*,) of whom the first courtier and cavalier of the day, said—

> "Pour obtenir son cœur, pour plaire à ses beaux yeux,
> J'ai fait la guerre aux rois, je l'aurais faite aux Dieux;"

to the youthful days of Madame de Coigny, the last of that race which still lingers in the Faubourg St. Germain, "Les dames du chateau," were frequently as much distinguished by their mental as their personal graces; nor would it be easy to point out a remarkable beauty (during that interval) whose wit was not also celebrated: every body knows or ought to know of Madame de Sevigné's elegant and touching account of Marshal Turenne's death, one of the most exquisite pieces of modern eloquence; the vigorous mind of Madame de Tencin guided the cabinet of Cardinal Dubois; the everlasting Ninon herself derived much of the celebrity of her charms from the piquant style of her discourse; Madame de Maintenon was educated in the spiritual school of old Scarron. But for the most perfect picture of a French woman of fashion, we must read the Memoirs of Mademoiselle Delaunay: nothing can compete with her description of the arrival of Madame du Châtelet, Voltaire's Madame du Châtelet, at the Duchesse du Maine's. This lady (Madame du Châtelet) was the best dressed and the most scientific woman of her time. Poor Mademoiselle Delaunay, a bel esprit herself, had the arrangement of her apartment. Painfully she

depicts the difficulty of finding places for the disposal of the hats and gowns, which were not to be soiled or rumpled for the world; and then for the globes, and papers, and mathematical instruments which were equally dear and indispensable to the learned coquette. These were the women who lived with amiable and well-instructed men, and were educated to please such companions. French is the best conversational language, because all the ablest and cleverest persons of both sexes endeavoured to distinguish themselves by their conversation. Nor was the turn for epigram and satire which this species of society introduced, without its moral and political value: the bon-mot was the weapon by which intelligence combated power, or, as a French lady once said to us—"Les conversations des salons tenaient lieu de la liberté de la presse." When a peculiar impulse has been given to a people, it takes some time to check or to change it. While the elegant exiles of the Faubourg St. Germain were starving in a garret in London, or wandering through the wilds of North America, Barras reigned by his *soirées*, and Madame de Staël was banished for an epigram.

Of late years, however, a kind of juvenility and vapidity has been creeping into the circles of Paris. Wits are growing scarce, and dandies frequent. But still the deep-rooted social disposition of the people in general, and the long devotion of forty years to society, hitherto paid by those who made politics their ultimate pursuit, and more especially the happy and ingenious turns of that language, lately much altered, but created under the auspices of other times, have retained something of their ancient spirituality and elegance in the *salons* of Paris. But the thing is changing. The de la Rochefoucaulds of the day are no longer men of fashion. A higher and nobler career is open to the ambition of France than the success of a *soirée* or a *petit souper*. By and by, as the objects of a man's ambition diverge from the circle of female influence, the women of France will probably be left as the women of England now are by the talented and ambitious to the frivolous and the idle—by the frivolous and the idle their tastes will be formed, and so grow into the *ton* of society in general—unless an entire revolution in the social follows that which has taken place in the political system.

We have said that that society in which the ambition of the cabinet was disguised beneath the graces of the drawing-room, in which the ablest men and the most beautiful women were brought into perpetual contact, while both sexes, each by the means of the other, struggled for praise and power, was the society which surrounded a despotic monarch—the clever and profligate society of the Trianon and the Tuileries;—no one can deny its gaiety and wit: a hollow craft, however, an undisguised debauchery, an insolent mockery, a dirty servility, were inseparable from those in whom the highest ability was but the parent of the most intriguing obsequiousness. It is not for the bold and august tone of true philosophy to be soothed into a lisp or pointed into a joke. The doctrines of philanthropy were little likely to be urged when the interests of the individual did not depend on serving the intelligent mass, but in "flattering the dull cold ear" of a capricious master. There was a rottenness in the core of this species of civilization. Its brilliant gleams of talent were the lights

that play about putridity; but even that false kind of illumination was better than utter darkness. When court favour is worth little, few people worth any thing will dispute for it. All who have any esteem for themselves will turn to better things: the crowd who remain influenced by the servility of old, will be free from the grace and genius of their predecessors, and what was once the brilliant courtier will degenerate into the drawling coxcomb or the fawning placeman.

The fact is, that the whole frame of society should undergo a change, similar to that change which has taken place in European institutions, and as those institutions are better than formerly, so is it possible to give a better tone to the social organization which should accompany them. If we wish to rescue society from its dullness, we must make it fit for men of talent, which we can only do by interesting the female sex in the pursuits of such men. Let our readers converse with any one who remembers society in Ireland from the year 1780 to the period of the Union. Dissolute and to a certain degree depraved it was. Is there anything in that unfortunate country over which the trail of the serpent has not been? But for wit, for gaiety, for classical elegance, was there ever a society under a representative Government to be compared with it? Where shall we match those who are still the living history of that time—of that time when the first orators were the ornaments of the drawing-room, the most celebrated beauties the constant attendants at the bar and at the House of Commons. So, in England, why is it that to this day we look back with so earnest a regret to that circle which the brilliant Duchess of Devonshire created, and in which the Graces were found gathered round their old appropriate God—the God of wit, and eloquence, and song? The reason both at the Viceregal Court and at Devonshire House, why society was so dazzling in its spirit and intellectual in its tone, is this: *the women were capable of appreciating the genius of men.* That genius was the highest recommendation that could be brought to society; and all the homage now granted to youth, to rank, to fortune, to dress, was then granted in a tenfold degree to *the mind.* Unhappily in both the circles we refer to, a profligate, an open licentiousness prevailed, and we are tempted to cry out in the old sarcasm—"Les mœurs en souffrent lorsque le bon goût se perfectionne." But this licentiousness was not necessary to the brilliancy of the circle. And we know at least that the dullness of our age has not preserved us from its vices.

Perhaps, as the human intellect spreads its discoveries, it may yet be possible to unite the more solid excellencies of the present century with the more amiable manners of the last. In the mean time, let us urge, as a truth which cannot too forcibly or frequently be repeated, the great moral lever by which, and by which alone, the present tone of society can be exalted while it is refined, is *a proper system of female education.* H.

OURSELVES, OUR CORRESPONDENTS, AND THE PUBLIC.

"They talk like a Justice of Peace, of a thousand matters."—*Old Play.*

SCENE—THE EDITORS' ROOM.

* * * * * *and* † † † † *Co-editors.*

TIME—AFTER DINNER.

Editor * * * * *

An excellent paper this on "Windham:" it shall appear very shortly. Eh?

Editor † † † †

Nothing can be better. It is not one of those characters that perpetual anecdotes have worn threadbare. Have you seen his Diary in Amyot's possession?—a strange work.

Editor * * * * *.

Ay, so I hear: we are to have it one of these days, when the scandal it contains will not offend the living. But what is this letter? —A clergyman—humph! A very touching communication—offers us, Reminiscences of the Cambridge Union.—Knew it in its zenith, when Rosser, Macaulay, Austin, Praed, were making Night eloquent. Have we not real politics enough now? The times are too stirring and actual for mimic fights. Ah! those were happy days

——"When thou and I,
Dear Fred. Golightly, trod those boards of yore:"

Pleasant enough is it to recall our public patriotism and our private squabbles—the intrigues against the President, and our noisy supper at O——'s when the debate was over. But *tout finit dans l'éblouissement*, as Montaigne says. What is the Union now—with the Bar to some of us, and the House of Commons to others? But let us hear from our Clergyman again—let him send us something in a higher vein, and we will accept it kindly, or reject it sorrowfully. It is a hard task, that of rejection.

Editor † † † †

Till one's used to it.

Editor * * * * *

True! that custom is the universal blunter. How well I can sympathise with the young contributor: his maiden verse—so neatly copied—the letter so timorously written, with a dash of hypocritical confidence in it too—the hope, the fear—the hasty walk down to the bookseller, to look at that dingy, dull-looking spot in the wrapper, where, in this magazine at least, our enterprising friends are so unceremoniously thrust;—a villainous, uncivil, hole-and-corner method of communication, that, please Minos and Rhadamanthus, we must amend one of these days. Then, the rapid glance—the quickened pulse—the pang of disappointment—the flush of mortified vanity—the sense of wrong, and the salutary indignation against that prejudiced ass, the Editor. Well, well! it's all very affecting. Here, now, is a young gentleman, not twenty, and whose assurance we have that "the enclosed pieces are original,—perhaps too original—and have never appeared before!" He adds—dangerous inquiry!—"I should feel particularly obliged if you would mention in your answer, if you think I should persist in attempting to write poetry."—My

dear young gentleman, your verses are by no means bad; nay, they show genius—but recollect, Mrs. Hemans's poetry scarcely covers the expenses of printing; Wordsworth's are not marketable, and Murray has in his hands a poem of Crabbe's that he cannot venture to publish. Who, then, can advise you to persist? No, Apollo himself had other professions besides that of the poet—he was a doctor and an orator as well—how else could he have kept so large an establishment? Nine Muses indeed! Imitate him, my dear G——; study physic, or be called to the Bar, and, now and then, you may afford to pay a visit to Helicon. This is sound advice—

"And may you better reck the rede
Than ever did the adviser."

Editor † † † †

What's this?—"My Native Land, from the German."

Editor * * * * *

"My Native Land, Good Night!"

Editor † † † †

It is very pretty. But we are Germanized to death already. I have nine translations from Körner, four critical reviews on Goëthe, fifteen metaphysical essays on Kant, and tales without number about Number Nip.

Editor * * * * *

Best thanks to them all. We have a gentleman at Highgate, who monopolizes the German department. Hey-day! soul of Hannah More, what is this?—"The following stanzas were written on the seduction of a young woman."—Upon my word, Sir!—But stay—"*Not* by the writer; of *that* crime he has not to accuse himself."—Then really, Mr. Fexjohvtu,—so you sign yourself—you have cut yourself off from the sole excuse that you had for dabbling with such a subject. What the deuce, immortalize other men's errors on this head! Catterwawl for pusses in general! Go to! I tell you what, my dear † † † †, there is a pernicious love of false sentimentality lingering about this age, which we must cut up, root and branch: this young man, Mr. Fexjohvtu, has genius too—let him put it to its proper uses—make love for himself, and that honestly, and he'll write very different stuff from this "rollicking rhodomontade" about parched skins and maddening fiends. As for the young lady, versifying won't make her better. The more stanzas one writes in recommendation of penitence, the more provocatives we give to sin; like the Italian contemporaries of Cæsar Borgia, the poison is wrapped up in an elegy.

Editor † † † †.

Here is a very different vein—"an Ercles' vein"—"They met in Heaven."

Editor * * * * *

A noble poem!—a noble poem!—it shall appear in our next number—we have something to say about the writer. Our criticisms in our present number embrace so much poetry, that we must reluctantly defer till then a contribution, such as no other poet now, "in this dim sphere which men call earth," could give us—meanwhile, let us open this packet from America; a communication we owe to our friend Willis Clarke, a brother editor, and a young poet

of considerable merit.—Newspapers!—Ehem!—What! the House of Commons—the Reform Bill again!—Newton Barry—Irish Yeomanry—Lord John Russell—Mr. Hunt—O'Connell—Wetherell!—why, half the papers in the New England are filled with our proceedings in the Old!—this, too, in a country that we are told looks upon us with so much dislike—or, God wot!—disdain. Now, is it not impossible for a man with three grains of candour and one of common sense, to read these, his daily journals, and not see how fondly our good brother Jonathan interests himself in all that relates to us—our literature—our politics — our police reports—(Sir Richard Birnie, God bless him! as large as life, in New York!)—our great men—nay, our fine ladies and court beauties?—why, here 's a long paragraph about Lady Charlotte Bury, and the beauty of her sisters! Come, we must try and make this fraternal interest and affection mutual; not by long, dry political articles, and vehement declamations about equality and republics, which only shock our national preconceptions, but by amusing sketches of the manners, and customs, and scenery, and literature of our worthy brother. We must see to this forthwith. Talking of literature, it is too bad for a score of booby editors on this side the Atlantic telling us very gravely, that America has not a single poet. Let us make room for these pretty verses upon—

"AUGUST.

"BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

"The quiet August noon is come;
A slumberous silence fills the sky;
The fields are still, the woods are dumb,
In glassy sleep the waters lie.
O, how unlike those merry hours
In sunny June, when earth laughs out;
When the fresh winds make love to flowers,
And woodlands sing and waters shout!—
When in the grass sweet waters talk,
And strains of tiny music swell
From every moss-cup of the rock,
From every nameless blossom's bell!
But now a joy too deep for sound,
A peace no other season knows,
Hushes the heavens, and wraps the ground—
The blessing of supreme repose.
Away! I will not be, to-day,
The only slave of toil and care;
Away from desk and dust, away!
I 'll be as idle as the air.
Beneath the open sky abroad,
Among the plants and breathing things,
The sinless, peaceful works of God,
I 'll share the calm the season brings.
Come thou, in whose soft eyes I see
The gentle meaning of the heart,
One day amid the woods with thee,
From men and all their cares apart;
And where, upon the meadow's breast,
The shadow of the thicket lies,
The blue wild flowers thou gatherest
Shall glow yet deeper near thine eyes.

Come—and when 'mid the calm profound,
I turn those gentle eyes to seek,
They, like the lovely landscape round,
Of innocence and peace shall speak.
Rest here, beneath the unmoving shade,
And on the silent valleys gaze,
Winding and widening till they fade
In yon soft ring of summer haze.
The village trees their summits rear
Still as its spire; and yonder flock,
At rest in those calm fields, appear
As chiselled from the lifeless rock.
One tranquil mount the scene o'erlooks,
Where the hushed winds their sabbath keep,
While a near hum, from bees and brooks,
Comes faintly like the breath of sleep.
Well might the gazer deem, that when,
Worn with the struggle and the strife,
And heart-sick at the sons of men,
The good forsake the scenes of life,—
Like the deep quiet, that awhile
Lingers the lovely landscape o'er,
Shall be the peace whose holy smile
Welcomes them to a happier shore."

The time is fast coming when America and France will be the two countries, above all others, whose friendship England must cultivate, and whose manners and institutions she must the most accurately know. We will try to familiarize her already with that knowledge.

Editor † † † †

G—— could give us some papers on Jonathan, at once racy and true.

Editor * * * * *

Ay, no man is better acquainted with what he writes about than G——; a shrewd, a deep, a rare observer. So Boston has started the "New England Magazine." American criticism is very fast improving in its principles. The "Southern Review" puts forth an excellent review of Byron's "Manfred."

Editor † † † †

What think you of our own Quarterlies in their last appearance—the "Edinburgh" and the "Westminster?"

Editor * * * * *

The Westminster falls into one vital error. Somebody said, long ago, it was too dull; and it now seeks to obviate the fault by three reviews on three several novels. This is not of a piece with the rest of the work, nor at all calculated to lighten the Review. The fact is, that books of a class so numerous as novels, ought to be reviewed sparingly by a Quarterly Journal. A notice of a novel in the "Westminster Review" ought to direct to that novel the eyes of all its readers: but to review novels by dozens, cheek by jowl, with the gravest of earthly matters, is like putting a collection of laws in the same case with a collection of butterflies. Dr. Bowring should consider this point. He has done wonders for the Review, and for his own broad and stern principles; but in criticism, as yet—genuine scientific criticism—the "Westminster Review" is palpably de-

ficient. The best critical article it ever put forth was by Peacock, the Author of "Crotchet Castle," upon Moore's "Epicurean," albeit the criticism was much too harsh and sweeping; but then how much of true wisdom and true learning it embodied! But in these days, this fine and sturdy publication is about something better even than literary criticism. Its unbending principles, its staunch adherence to primitive truths, are suited to this age and this crisis. Men, especially in the lower and the middle orders—men of the people, among whom the "Westminster Review" chiefly circulates, want to have one steady point on which to fix their desires, and one *peaceable* line of conduct chalked out, by which they may attain them. Here, on the one hand, they have the broad politics of the "Westminster Review;" there, on the other, the philosophy, at once resolute and bloodless. Well said *Boullanger*, "Ce sont les fanatiques, les prêtres, et les ignorans qui font les révolutions; les personnes éclairées, désintéressées et sensées sont toujours amies du repos."

Good Heavens! to compare the difference in tone between the solemn warnings of the "Westminster Review," and the Claverhouse suggestions, flippant in murther, of "Blackwood's Magazine." Observe, for instance, this extract from the latter, noticed in the present number of the "Westminster Review!" It is worth quoting again for its cool ferocity:—"By that time (the time when the Reform Bill is lost, and Peel 'makes up a cabinet,') the horrible stagnation in every branch of internal trade, for which the nation has to thank Lord Grey"—(oh! indeed; there was no excitement about Reform, the father to the said stagnation, before Lord Grey came in! How chanced it, then, that the Duke of Wellington is not still Premier?—oh! indeed, the *delayed* Reform, and therefore the continued stagnation of trade, is that owing to my Lord Grey, or to the gentlemen on the other side of the question, who procrastinate—defeat they cannot—the Reform?)—"will have come to such a pass as to command attention on all quarters to something much more interesting, as well as important, than *any* Reform!!! By that time, there will be no Peers in France, &c., and there will be war by land and war by sea; and *there will be a bit of a dust in Manchester, or elsewhere, and it will be laid in blood, and the new Parliament will be chosen in peace and jollity, &c.*" Gracious God! and it is in this strain that the organs of the Tories, the defenders of the Bishops, the *soi-disant* upholders of Church and State, can talk of a conflict between the military and their fellow-subjects! "*A bit of a dust in Manchester, or elsewhere, laid in blood, and a new Parliament chosen in peace and jollity!*" This is the way the Carbonari legislate! *They* "make a bit of a dust, laid with blood," at Terracina, or elsewhere, and share the popular plunder "in peace and jollity." And this stuff comes from men who cry out on the Reformers as the destroyers of peace and lovers of the sword! Will our humane and honest countrymen suffer this language?—will clergymen cherish a work that breathes such doctrines?—will men who love their neighbours and honour their God, tell us that these are the principles to propagate in a time awful and hazardous beyond precedent? One thing, however, this fire-and-sword indiscretion teaches us—the Tories know, the

Tories confess, that if an efficient Reform be really and permanently rejected, if Peel do "make up a Cabinet" to succeed the present, there *will* be "a bit of a dust at Manchester, or ELSEWHERE, that must be laid with blood." Yes, but on which side shall the blood be most profusely, the most unavailingly shed?—a whole people on one side, a handful of fanatics on the other!

But a truce to fears and to threats, that will not, we trust, be realized. The "Westminster Review" has put forward an article of considerable talent—(but I doubt whether conceived in that large and passionless spirit with which a man, who practically knows the world, treats of human character)—upon Huskisson and Canning. It is absurd to the highest degree to tell us "that Canning, as an orator and a statesman, never reached beyond mediocrity." Pshaw! what the deuce does the man mean by mediocrity? Is Brougham a mediocre orator?—and how many times has Canning, front to front, and foot to foot, excelled and eclipsed Brougham? Let every one who heard, answer! Canning was an adventurer, but a brilliant one—an intriguer, but possessed noble and kindly qualities. He was not, though he might have been, a man of the people—and the people do right to reject, but not to malign him. As to Huskisson, we intend, some day or other, to let the world know the gross errors, the blunders, at once so puerile and so dangerous, into which that puling economist, feeble politician, and truckling senator, has seduced his party. But enough of him now! For the rest, the present number of the "Westminster" is good and various; it only wants to imbibe the indulgent spirit of Bentham, and the profound worldly knowledge and graceful taste of Helvetius, as well as such of the principles of both as are far more easily acquired, in order to be worthy of its wise school and accomplished editor.

Editor † † † †

The present "Edinburgh" contains one especially fine piece of criticism,—and of late it has rarely contained more than one fine piece of criticism in each number,—shining exceedingly, "like a good deed in a naughty world!"

Editor * * * * *

The "Edinburgh Review" in its best days has never put forth an article equal in point, in brilliancy, in critical genius, to that on Croker's edition of Boswell, and though most unmitigated in its severity, the severity is exceedingly just: I could not think it *was* just when I first saw the review. I imagined there must be some want of candour in blame so unaccompanied by praise. I thought the faults might be fairly satirized, but I doubted whether the merits had not been unfairly forgotten. I sent forthwith for the book; I have looked it through;—there it is on the table, and by the shade of Dr. Busby, I think the reviewer has been only too merciful in applying the scourge;—such an ostentation of slip-slop—such a pomposity of twaddle, as the editor has added in the way of notes, no man with a tithe of Mr. Croker's talent, ever before dreamt of obtruding into print. If anything could spoil so entertaining a book as Boswell, it is the impertinence of having one's attention suddenly jerked to the bottom of the page by a little fool of an asterisk that has nothing better to say than what the reader shall now judge of.

Text.

"About the same time of life, Meeke was left behind at Oxford to feed on a fellowship, and I went to London to get my living. Now, Sir, see the difference of our literary characters!"

Note.

"*Curis acuens mortalia corda.* Poverty was the stimulus which made Johnson exert a genius naturally, it may be supposed, more vigorous than Meeke's, and he was now beginning to enjoy the fame of which so many years of distress and penury had laid the foundation. Meeke had lived an easy life of decent competence; and on the whole perhaps as little envied Johnson as Johnson him. The goodness and justice of Providence equalize to a degree not always visible at first sight, the happiness of mankind, "nec vixit malè qui natus moriensque fefellit.'"

And now, after all this wisdom, with the two scraps of Latin to boot, what the deuce is there in that note that excuses its appearance? "Any thing new, Mr. Higgs?" "No, but the 'poticary is shaking his head quite gravely-like. He's a mighty learned man."

Now really lugging us out of the text to the margin at every inopportune opportunity, (and scarce a page in this edition passes without some such gratuitous impertinence) is exactly like Teague calling his master out of his easy-chair by the warm fire into the hall, and then whispering him with prodigious importance—"Augh, Sir, and the cat's kitted at last!" Before we dismiss this slovenly book—the abortion of so many years' labour—this collection of "solemn inaccuracies" and pharisaical nothings, we must make two remarks: the first is the fact that the sillier the man who meddles with Johnson's life, the greater success he seems to have. Croker is not, as any one would suppose in reading this book, a heavy, prosing, tasteless, stupid fellow; but a man ready, bold, intellectual, happy as a wit, caustic as a critic, adroit, nay eloquent as a speaker—and yet, but just read that work—that's all! The second thing worthy of remark is, that glaringly inaccurate and elaborately empty as Mr. Croker's labours have been, the Edinburgh Reviewer is the first critic who has shown them to be so. Everywhere else he has been eulogised to the skies for the very qualities in which he is most conspicuously deficient. In monthly—in quarterly Reviews, is this pardonable? What a melancholy proof of the spirit and state of existing criticism!

Editor † † † †

It is very true. In existing criticism praise is generally the result of private acquaintance, and no one thinks it necessary that a knowledge of the subject should precede a judgment on a book.

Editor * * * * *

It shall not be so with us; but let us now, dismissing this fine and striking criticism in the Edinburgh, which stands quite apart from the rest of the Review, glance for a moment over the Review itself. We do so for this reason. In another part of this number, viz. in our Address, we have hinted that these are not the times for a Quarterly Review—affecting at least to unite literature and politics. We call in as a witness to that fact, the contents of the present number of the Edinburgh. Consider the character of the period, the

stormy events, the fiery and intent excitement, the rapid varieties that colour existent affairs, and then read the list of subjects in the Edinburgh Review.

ART. I. The Life of Samuel Johnson, &c.
II. Remarks on the supposed Dionysius Gorginus, &c.
III. Attempts, in verse, by John Jones, an old servant, with some account of the writer, &c. By Robert Southey, Esq.
IV. An Essay on the distribution of Wealth and the Sources of Taxation.
V. The Drama brought to the test of Scripture and found wanting.
VI. Moore's Life of Lord E. Fitzgerald.
VII. Natural Theology.
VIII. The Life and Writings of Fuseli.
IX. Traité du droit penal.
X. The State of Protestantism in Germany.
XI. What will the Lords do?

Here then Art. XI. is the sole paper that treats on the present times! being somewhere about twenty pages out of two hundred and seventy-five! And in this very paper, the subject treated of—"What will the Lords do?"—is already in the tomb of the Capulets, was dead, and was buried, within a day or two of the very time that the article sprung to life! So here stands the unfortunate politician for the next three months prophesying, and declaiming, and moralizing, and ratiocinating about a matter that all the rest of the world have already settled.

Mob. Bring out the dog, Monsieur Chabot.
Monsieur Chabot. Gentlemens, de dog is dead!

Now this is the fault not of the editor—who better adapted to his arduous office than Mr. Napier? Not of the writers—who ever writes half so well as Mr. Macaulay? It is the fault of the plan. The Edinburgh Review, in fine, is a quarterly collection of Essays,—sometimes of admirable Essays,—but, (save by a lucky confluence of incidents, and *then* only in one, or at most two articles, *i. e.* scarcely a fifth part of the whole,) has no more to do with the times to which it plays the monitor, than the Seven Sleepers had to do with what was going on while they were buried in their memorable repose.

Editor † † † †

It is singular how many works in a high and valuable department are silently and noiselessly springing forth, even amidst all the excitement of politics. We have here two little works not for sale, one by Mr. Hayward, the accomplished and able editor of the Law Magazine—a translation from the German of Frederick von Savigny, "On the vocation of our age for Legislation and Jurisprudence." It is a work, no doubt, of considerable interest to those who enter into the subject of general law; for my own part, viewing it as an unprofessional reader, it seems in the original to want succinctness and clearness. But the spirit of it is broad and inquisitive. The next is a little pamphlet by Lord Mahon, "On the History of the Holy Cross." It shows considerable reading, a graceful mastery of language, and is well worthy of the author of Belisarius: a remarkable work for so young a man.

Editor * * * * *

Ay, Lord Mahon is a very accomplished nobleman in spite of his politics, and ought to make a figure one of these days; indeed I hope one great benefit of the Reform will be that men like Lord Mahon and Lord Porchester (who, by the way, made a most eloquent first speech on the second reading of the bill,) will be brought more in contact with the people, and that thus prejudices on both sides may be rubbed off;—that the people may perceive the aristocracy are not altogether the ignorant, sordid, presumptuous set of fellows they are taught to believe them, and that men of the real genius and acquirements of Lord Porchester, or Lord Mahon, may discover how readily an enlightened people can distinguish the gold from the tinsel, and appreciate those talents which at present their possessors fancy can only be thoroughly understood by noble patrons, and the worthy burgesses of Wootton Bassett:—men like these ought not to fear the people; let them leave that apprehension to fools! What is this?—Songs of Almack's by F. W. N. Bayley. Surely that is not *the* Bayly, the author of Isabel; surely *he* is not encouraging that low desire to pry into the frivolities, and celebrate, not dissect, the vices of great people.

Editor † † † †

No, let the public beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad. This is another Bayley. All who carry the Thyrsus, says the Greek proverb, are not inspired by Bacchus; and it is not enough to bear the name of Bayly in order to win the inspiration of the poet; and Haynes Bayly is a true—a rare poet.

Editor * * * * *

Of the pure English mould. His simplicity is honest and deep. Who now living ever equals it? his love? his pathos? his hearty, genuine tide of human affections;—recollect these, and say where is the song-writer, save Burns alone, that is greater. Moore is assuredly more dazzling—more inventive—more eloquent; but does he, even *he*, bring the tears into your eyes as often as Bayly? *that* is the test of true genius in the ballad! How great must be the merit of the poet whom it is superfluous to quote. Everyone knows *our* Bayly by heart. "Isabel," "Oh no, we never mention her," "The Neglected Child,"—let *them* once touch the heart, and the heart keeps them there for ever. They are for every rank in life—the highest, the lowest; they cling to every chord—the finest, the rudest; the harp in your drawing-room, the hurdy-gurdy beneath your windows. And why? because they are *nature*. In an age like this, when poets are so many and so great, it shows what elements a man has in him who becomes popular even to surfeit. I consider that man utterly vitiated by the bombast and glitter of the new schools who attempts to decry Bayly—the true Bayly, who tells you that he only writes about butterflies—that he is merely pretty—that he is a frivolous songster. To all this the deep heart of the living world gives the lie. Rail as you please, but can you rail his lines out of your memory?

Editor † † † † †

Enough of praise. We have here a work and an author that require very different mention.

Editor * * * * *

Curb thy brave spirit for awhile, brother; we lack time for thy purpose at present. But severity keeps better than praise. And now one word to our correspondents in general. Here we have a whole chest full of excellent papers, that if we reject, we shall reject with great pain. But they are not enough to the day! The world is awake and up: WE must not lie a-bed, dreaming of old saws and mouldering fancies. In the lighter criticism we are willing to give a wide range. Letters, like the Laws in the Greek chorus, never grow old;—the interest that clings to literary men never departs.

> "In them the God is great: nor fears
> The withering waste of years."
>
> POTTER'S SOPHOCLES.

But on graver matters our friends must not be wise in the wisdom of an hundred years ago. They must grapple with the time:—existing errors, living abuses—*these* are our enemies—strike them in the face! Again: to those literary communications that are merely frivolous, that mistake loose writing for light reading—sketches without meaning, and essays without point, we shall be more sturdy than the negative gentleman in Lord Normanby's novel. An object, and a purpose, we have in all things:—

> "The bee proffers honey, but bears a sting;—"

to heighten, while we place on a proper basis, the moral standard of our countrymen,—that is the true object of a periodical work, to which Letters, Criticism, Politics, Manners are the ministers and aliment. It was for this that our first great predecessors, who, even in Anne's time—times like our own for fiery excitement and party controversy—brought Wisdom to the domestic circle and private hearth; to the solitary morning and the social eve;—it was for this that they wrote, and it was this that they effected. *We*, too, will be animated with the same zeal—a zeal that shall attract to our page the abilities of those who share the same sentiments. A bold front to the foes of truth, and a warm hand for her friends; a quick eye to all that passes around us; a door open to genius in every grade; an honest enthusiasm to warm, and a lofty end to guide us—these, please Heaven, while I, at least, have an influence in this work, shall become our attributes and distinction. Here, then, on a new field, we pitch our camp, and give our flag to the winds:—be that flag the rallying point to all who think in our principles and will assist in our cause.

THE ANNUALS FOR 1832.

Nebuchadnezzar's idol, whose head was of gold, and whose feet were of clay, is the exact image of our literature. The table before us exhibits at this moment a curious contrast. Twopenny tracts, and penny newspapers, whose appearance, at least, is wretched, are lying side by side with tomes clad in shining apparel, and combining every species of literary luxury. Annuals are the apotheosis of pocket-books. Some philosopher says, that to do a subject justice, we ought to look at its past, present, and future. The past of the Annuals is greatly in their favour. What an improvement are they on their poor little predecessors, with their Vauxhall poetry, six silly songs, and some sillier riddles; a view, perhaps, of Charing Cross, something like Dick Tinto's lion, under which it was necessary to write the name; and four stiff figures of fashions, below, if possible, the medium of the Royal Lady's Magazine. Annuals are now the receptacles for our lighter literature. On the same principle with the Family and the National, they might be called the Imaginative Library; for it is in their pages all the shorter works of imagination find place. They are a monopoly of miscellanies. Our young writers seem yet to be scarcely aware that the Annuals have entirely destroyed the demand for single volumes of poetry or tales, and all that we want of graceful relaxation or light amusement, is to be found in their more attractive and varied successors. This, too, may account for their containing so much that ill deserves such glittering abodes: the vanity of composition will find a loop-hole for display. We decidedly think that their general influence is adverse to a high order of poetry. They have three faults; first, they administer too much to the vanity of small successes; secondly, they give too great facilities to a public appearance—there is safety in many other multitudes besides those of physicians; and thirdly, they make poetry too much an object of barter. The poet who has said within his soul, "What shall I get?" has taken one great and irrevocable step back from real greatness. We shall mention two facts in support of our hypothesis, (for we are ready to confess it is no more): first, the demand for, and the tone of, imaginative literature has decreased since the appearance of the Annuals; and next, the facilities of publication afforded by their pages has yet produced no extraordinary effort. No young and unknown writer has risen into fame through their pages. Writers already established have, in many instances, well supported their reputation; but all the *debutants* have been second rate. So much for their influence on literature. Now for their influence on art.

No one can deny that the numbers of exquisite engravings dispersed through the kingdom by the various Annuals will do wonders in exciting and refining the taste for art. The eye requires to be cultivated as much as the ear. The discovery of engraving is like that of printing, it extends *ad infinitum* the productions of the artist. If only taken in one point of view, the effect is immense: we mean the demand created for pictures in order to engrave them. We are thus familiarised with the finest productions. But the influence which elevates taste deteriorates art. Too great a supply is needed of merely pretty and second-rate pictures, to give proper encouragement to first-rate works. Enthusiasm is too little nourished in the present day. Every man is, more or less, a man of business; and the artist who finds a ready mart for (we must repeat our words) merely pretty and second-rate pictures, will be very little likely to devote years to the ideal of excellence. With regard to the engravings themselves: haste and demand are inimical to a process which, purely mechanical, requires both time and labour. An engraver has now eight or ten engravings to complete in a year where he formerly had but one. The perfection of high finish is, in the generality, impossible: hence the scale of excellence becomes lower. Another remark is, that of great pictures, the copies are engraved, often by inferior artists: hence some inevitable loss of beauty. The conclusion which forces itself upon the judgment is, that the Annuals elevate taste, but deteriorate art.

The truth is, they are moulded to the fashion of the time—a time especially

engrossing and self-seeking. We think too much of the present, and too little of the future. That generous onlooking to "days unborn," which once haunted noble minds, "like a passion," is daily being merged more and more into a calculation of actual advantage; and fame degenerates into vanity. We forget how much we owe to posterity; for we were once posterity ourselves. Had our ancestors not had "a farther looking hope," which took the reward for granted of futurity, how much of glory and beauty would vanish from our earth!

But it were too much to visit the besetting sin of their generation on these "lilies of the field which toil not;" though it must be confessed they do spin,—witness the "lengthened yarn" of their numbers. Three years before any of them appeared, Messrs. Rodwell and Martin and Mr. T. Boosey proposed trying how far one would be likely to find favour with a British public. The expenses were calculated at a thousand pounds; and it was thought no chance existed of a sale likely to repay the speculation. Ackermann, however, ventured, and how his attempt was rewarded is best proved by his horde of imitators; for imitation is one of the peculiarities of the day. Whatever succeeds, something or other resembling it is immediately produced. We doubt the advantage of this eager rivalry. It is as possible to have too many, as too much; and a commercial people, like ourselves, must know the disadvantages of an overstocked market. We have said, that 1000*l.* was, at first, thought too great a risk; but it is now well known that the sum expended upon "getting up" these volumes averages about 3000*l.* each; and to the lovers of utility and labour it may be sufficient to state, that employment is thus given to upwards of two thousand persons during the greater part of the year. The sum from each individual is trifling; but the capital thus disseminated is large and beneficial.

But now to particularise, amid "this bright array." We shall begin with the eldest:—

Ackermann's "Forget Me Not."

The worst of Martin's frontispiece is, that till we look at it closely, it seems just like the one of last year; the same length of sweeping columns, the same innumerable crowd. Take it singly, it is a glorious conception: take it with its predecessors, it participates too much in the pleasures of memory. The same remark may be made on the poem which accompanies it. We could swear we had read it before. Croly (his name is not given, but it is impossible to mistake his "purple pomp of poetry") indulges too much in similarity of phraseology. His style is not as varied as his talents: of their variety this volume bears ample proof. "The Beauty lessoned into Love," is a delightful extravagance, and tells the history of Lawrence's exquisite "Mariana." A dark handkerchief is bound amid yet darker hair, which it almost conceals; and the face is thus left to the attraction of its own sweet outline and feature. "The Stage-struck Hero" is very clever; and "The Sorrows of the Play-mad Tailor" are told as Hood only can tell:—

> "———— "the sad mistake
> Of him who tried at once to make
> Both Romeo and Coates."

There is a tale by Galt, as much beneath his genius as his tales usually are, when he affects metaphysics. A good and wonderful Christmas tale is told by Mary Howitt. The rest of the book is filled on the same principle with Catalani's husband's idea of filling up an opera—"My wife and a few puppets." The majority of the book is filled by Croly; and the ingenuity of his various illustrations, together with our being able to identify them, is proof of our estimate respecting his variety of talent and mannerism of style. He has thrown away some clever verses on Richter's "Uncle Toby and the Widow." My Uncle is coarse and fat, and the Widow is coarse and ugly. We like least his verses affixed to the very sweet picture of "Juan and Haidee," our favourite next to the thunderstorm. But where on earth does he find his companions, Messrs. Nicholas Michell, R. F. Houseman, G. L. Swift, Captains E. Parry and Calder, Campbell, and Leontine? We do verily believe Mr. Ackermann keeps his contributors, as

the genius of old did his wife, in a glass-case, and lets them out once a-year for an airing.

"Friendship's Offering."

The fair lady in the frontispiece being still in existence, we shall make no remark on the portrait, excepting that it is sweetly engraved. "The Fairy of the Lake" is a beautiful female figure poised upon a cloud, gazing on her mirrored shadow,

> "Drooping her beauty o'er the watery clearness,
> Wooing her own fair image into nearness."

The luxuriant hair has a singular richness of effect; but the left arm is bent too stiffly. We do not like the next picture, which represents

> "When, where yon beech-tree broke the summer ray,
> Wrapt in rich dreams of light, young Milton lay."

The landscape is pretty, which is more than we can say for the lady. It were a pity to break the poet's dream for such a reality. The interesting story of "The Orphan," by Mrs. Norton, gives name to a print of what would rather seem two lovely sisters. "Expectation" resembles Parris's "Bridesmaid," even to imitation. Dressed after the old English fashion, that most picturesque of costumes; fruit and wine on a table at her side, a lady is seated at an open casement, with a watch in her hand,

> "Telling too true a tale of the slow hours."

"The Greek Mother" is also gazing from a window, keeping no "gentle watching," but with the fixed look of terrible observation. The attitude of the two children is admirable. The boy is clasped convulsively, but he is looking out eagerly on the scene below; while the girl is gazing up at her mother, as if that told all she wanted to know. It is a most effective group. We do not admire either "Myrrhina" or "Myrto," yet the general effect of the print is good,—more than we can say of the story which illustrates it. Two rich architectural landscapes are all that remain for praise. As for "The Prediction," it has the usual fate of prophecies,—we could have dispensed with it.

As to the literary contents, none of the poetry aspires to a higher praise than that of prettiness; and even that is saying much more of it than it deserves. Mary Howitt's "Dismal Story" is such an adventure as Ruth might have had, had she crossed the sea with her soldier-husband: Wordsworth's touching ballad has evidently here been the inspiration. We ought to mention, however, a very graceful introduction by T. Haynes Bayly. The prose stories are some of them excellent. "The Temptation of the Capuchins," by Derwent Conway, is a clever piece of *diablerie;* "The Incognita of Munich," as romantic a love-story as any young lady could desire, while "The Adventures of a Queen Anne's Sixpence" embodies some lively and original satire. Of Mr. Banim's two stories, "The Substitute" is by far the best, and full of French life and nature:—by-the-by, Sir Walter Scott's Conachar has made cowards quite fashionable. "The Churchyard Watch" begins well, but the end is extravagant. Charles Tayler's essay on "Green Grass" is haunted with the beauty of flowers; we must say of the volume, all in all, that there are few friends but what may think themselves well off in receiving such an offering.

"The Amulet."

This work is obviously out of the pale of our criticism.* The Editor states, that "he has endeavoured to fill his volume with a larger proportion of articles of permanent interest and value than heretofore." How he has succeeded, the public must decide; to win whose favour "The Amulet" has now served a seven years' apprenticeship. The names of Lawrence, Pickersgill, Stanfield, Haydon, are among the artists; and those of Dr. Walsh, Mrs. Hemans, the Author of "Darnley," Miss Landon, Miss Mitford, Barry Cornwall, Allan Cunningham,

---

* The Editor of the Amulet being also one of the Editors of the New Monthly Magazine.

Mrs. Norton, and Mrs. Hall among the contributors, by whom "The Amulet" for 1832 has been formed.

"The Winter's Wreath."

A very elegant volume, *et voilà tout*. It wants vigour, variety, and originality. Its pages give the idea of cultivated mind and refined taste, rather than talent. A Mr. J. R. Chorley is the cleverest writer of the set. His tale of "The Persecuted" is very lively and new; and we like his "Last Interview." "The German Jew," by W. Howitt, also deserves peculiar mention, as both wild and striking. Of the rest, we can only say, that the productions are just those of literary leisure, taking water-coloured copies of original pictures. Among the illustrations there are rather too many landscapes: but "The Wreck," by Williamson, is "terribly beautiful," and is a good contrast to the glad and sunny view of Naples. There are two pictures of Liverseege, full of imagination; but it is a moral duty to make maidens in such picturesque attitudes pretty,—a compliment we cannot pay to either of the ladies. "The Village Suitor" is a lively and characteristic group.

"The Humorist."

We know that people are very easily amused; they may, therefore, be amused by this volume. The tail-pieces, many of which are quaint and odd, are better than the prints, which are often both coarse and far-fetched. Of the literary department we can only observe, that it is a very dull thing to be merry through a whole volume. To select an example, what a ponderous specimen of pleasantry is "The Cares of Corpulence."

"The Juvenile Forget Me Not."

Oh! that we were young again, in blue trowsers and shining sugar-loaf buttons; or even in a white frock and red sash, were it only for the feeling of consequence that would (almost) enlarge our stature, to know that so pretty a volume was destined for our especial pleasure. Mrs. Hall's talents as a writer for children do not need our commendation; and her assistants have most pleasantly assisted her. Miss Leslie's stories of America are quite delightful—such a freshness and novelty about them. The little "History of Birds" will be a favourite with youthful readers.

"The Literary Souvenir."

"A lovely female face of seventeen," looking more arch than romantic, despite the guitar she is touching with her most fairy-like fingers, opens the volume; and we all know the old proverb "a fair face is a letter of recommendation;" perhaps it is on this principle that so many of the annuals of this year commence with portraits. It was the fashion some years since, after the preacher had finished his most eloquent appeal to the feelings, for some half dozen ladies to hold the plates, which were to receive the various offerings of those who were convinced of the blessings of education, and the hearts that had remained hardened in spite of the sermon, were softened at once by the sweet smiles of the personified charities at the portal. The ancient cry of the heralds to the knights was "*laissez aller*; brave knights, bright eyes behold you," the *laissez aller* now-a-days, however, is addressed not to the spear but the purse. The same conviction of the irresistibility of female fascination is in these frontispieces, and we must say, they are annual temptations. The next picture is delicious; it is a scene from Boccaccio, and called a "supper by the fountain," whose silvery waters are playing "in gentle and continued rain" over its marble basin. The scene is lighted

"By waxen tapers struggling with the moon,"

and a group of dames and cavaliers are assembled round a wine and fruit covered board; overhead the cypresses "winnow the warm night air," and the soft grass beneath their feet must be filled with fragrance and flowers. The Marchioness of Salisbury gives us the opportunity of remarking what we have long thought, that these titled portraits are far better kept to *La Belle Assemblée* with its gallery of the female nobility; no interest to the generality can at-

tach to such a picture, and nothing can be written of it but some few lines of coarse flattery. The subjects for a work like this ought to be of a more imaginative character. We never saw a picture of Howard's which we liked so little as this of Numa and Egeria :—Egeria is positively bull-necked ; it has a beautiful poem attached to it by Harvey. Neither, for all the magic of her name, can we like Lady Jane Grey, and the friar and the executioner are both of them caricatures. Vespers is one of the very sweetest things we ever saw of Boxall's, such a subdued, gentle face as he has painted bending over her breviary! "so meek a prayer must surely rise to heaven ;" it is not, however, well engraved. Of the productions by the French artists we cannot speak very highly. Going to Mass is our favourite, the face of the young peasant supporting her grandmother is very sweet. "The Derevia Family" is theatrical and affected ; people in fine clothes, to which they are evidently not accustomed, and standing to be looked at; but we do admire the fine old staircase, down which they are descending. The accessories in "The Artist" are very richly painted : the principal figure too, is good ; but the weak, vague-looking face of the female seems painted expressly to illustrate the proverb of "frightened out of her wits." The first poem to which we must direct our attention, is a "Literary Squib" by the Editor, a sort of "Retaliation," where the guests and dishes are served up with vinegar and cayenne pepper as the very mildest of their condiments. We are very ready to grant that Mr. Watts has had "his provocations;" the personal and sneering tone of criticism adopted by Frazer's magazine is offensive to decency, obnoxious to good taste, and degrading to literature. But to reply to abuse so contemptible is at best but injudicious. Authors overrate their consequence most unreasonably, when they expect the public to take part in all their petty bickerings and jealousy. What on earth can the generality of readers care to know that Mr. Watts has been railed upon by a Dr. Maginn, whom he designates as a reckless drunkard ? how indifferent must they be to the fact, that the said Doctor's coarseness is imitated, and his ribald jests retailed by a Mr. Frazer, whose name no one ever heard of before ! Really, in a little time, we foresee that every man must be his own periodical, and the pages of "each gentle Euphues" be filled with small quarrels and angry rejoinders. We infinitely prefer the poems written in the fly-leaves of Mr. Watts's favourite authors. The Souvenir opens with a spirited tale by Leitch Ritchie. This is followed by a rather over supply of inferior poetry, and we neither like the Indian nor the Scotch tale, nor do we very much admire the Bride of the Nile. Mrs. Watts has been far from equalling her exquisite piece of last year, one of the most touching poems we ever read ; but we like her paper on "The Friends" very much. The Souvenir has had a new dress since last year, it is now attired in dark green morocco.

"The Comic Offering."

Miss Sheridan has evidently taken pains to be as merry as possible, and there are some amusing bits in this prettily attired volume. The two best tales are "Odds and Ends," and "Some Passages in the Life of Timothy Blushmore." Some of the prints have, we think, mistaken mere hideousness for humour ; there is nothing so very entertaining in an ugly face. We must also animadvert on the strange taste for physical deformities, wooden legs, and loss of arms ; these give us at least an impression of disgust. One of the best prints is called "Short and Sweet ;" a bunch of grapes hangs up quite out of the reach of a poor, little, white-frocked creature, at that happy age when cakes and fruit are a treat indeed.

"The Amethyst."

A serious annual from the North, and very serious it is. Its only illustration is a pretty vignette of Cain and Abel sacrificing. This volume is really a neatly bound up collection of religious essays and sermons, together with some sacred poetry ; but will doubtless be very acceptable to the more sober class.

"The Keepsake."

"How very lovely ! beautiful ! exquisitely finished !" Such were the exclamations with which we greeted the first three pages of the Keepsake. We understand, in gazing on the sweet face in the frontispiece, why the fairies in

olden time always endowed their favourite princesses with beauty, "that gift divine." With such a face as that, one's looking-glass must be a source of perpetual felicity. Next in our admiration is "The repentance of Nineveh," one of Martin's most glorious conceptions; the sky, heavy with the thunder-cloud, and irradiated by the lightning, is full of magnificent poetry. It is a curious fact, that this picture was originally called "The opening of the Sibylline books at Rome," when the appellation was altered to suit the poem with which Mr. Bernal has illustrated it. It would certainly suit the one scene as well as the other, but for an unlucky pillar, on whose summit is a sculptured group of the wolf suckling the Roman twins. Now Romulus and Remus had nothing to do at Nineveh.—Lord Byron's dream is a fine oriental landscape; almost as fine in the engraving as in the poem.—"Good Angels" is a superb allegory, most admirably executed.—"The Zwinger Palace," with its rich architecture, is fit to be the interior of one of Martin's; we cannot praise it more. "Constance," and "Do you remember it?" have somewhat too much of family resemblance; both represent females seated pensively "under the shade of old umbrageous trees," and the ladies in face are exceedingly alike; the landscapes in both are very pretty, and the attitude and sentiment highly graceful. Parts of "The Wedding" are good; but however it might mar the ceremony, it would greatly improve the picture if the bridegroom were omitted. Let him return to the counters of Compton-street, from whence he certainly came. The female figure in "The Champion" is very picturesque, and the drapery is remarkably well managed. "Scandal" is absolutely alarming; the child holding the ball to the little dog is a positive relief to the two ferocious dames, who are the ideal of Pope's line,

"And at each word a reputation dies."

"The Countess at her toilette" is the only picture we dislike. A bold-looking, over-dressed woman is standing in a most unfeminine attitude, and displaying, to its fullest extent, a foot and ankle such as Atlas might leave as a family feature to one of his daughters: we have heard of the physiognomy of the feet, and on the strength of that call a foot a feature. We must say we do not admire the specimens of French art in our Annuals this year; they have just the attitude of the green-room, and the imagination of an Easter piece. Mr. Knowles has very ingeniously contrived a story to this picture; it begins oddly, goes on unexpectedly, and ends dramatically. The back-ground of "Caroline Dammerel" is very cleverly painted; we like the arm-chairs, the statue of the armed knight, the old woman, the attitude of the young one and all but her face. Two sweetly engraved landscapes complete the list, of which we can only say,

"—He were indeed in love with discontent
Who found not pleasure here."

Now for the literary department. When we first glanced at the table of contents, truly we thought we had opened the Peerage by mistake. In spite of the Reform Bill, the English do dearly love a title, and to have lords and countesses pressed "to do them service" gratifies the small leaven of equality to be found in their hearts. Why, we ourselves are not quite steeled to the fascination; who could be very ungentle on a poem written by a "Ladye Emmeline." Altogether it is a very pleasant volume; the tales are various, and several likely to be favourites. Lord Mulgrave need not have apologised for his "Bridesmaid." This is quite a matrimonial volume, for "The Wedding" is a very pretty story, and we must mention with especial praise "Lady Eleanor Saville's Three Trials," and "The Young King." Hook has an actual pleasure in unveiling the undercurrent of deformities, that make

"The human heart seem hideous."

"The Dream" is a very original idea, so is that of "The Star of the Pacific;" but the last wants concentration, it is too long in telling. Query, what will the Board of Physicians say to the extraordinary cure performed in it;—a blind man restored to sight by a flash of lightning? The autobiography of a baby who lived four-and-twenty hours, is a very new thought, and most humorously exe-

cuted. There is something exceedingly good in the creature's early impression of self-consequence, supposing that it is the victim of a conspiracy to crush the free and independent spirit it has too rashly manifested. There is some sweet poetry scattered through these pages; and a "Party of pleasure up the river Jamar," is very entertainingly versified by Lady Morley. The Keepsake walks still "in crimson robe," and is a most beautiful book.

"The Picturesque Annual."

If "all's well that ends well," this article, whose close we fast approach, is very good, for it is about to end very well indeed. The last, but certainly

"Not the least in our dear liking."

The exquisite scenes depicted in this volume make us hesitate whether

"To order our wings and be off to the West,"

or to content ourselves with the luxurious enjoyment of having all this loveliness of other lands brought to our very fire-side: we believe we should prefer the former if Cinderella would lend us her godmother for a season. As it is, we must content ourselves with flinging back the curtains, and placing the lovely landscapes before us in the best light. We hear that no artist is so easily engraved as Stanfield. Turner trusts much to the imagination he has excited, and in the progress of engraving his pictures, a perpetual reference, for filling in lines, &c. must be made to the artist, but in Stanfield, the engraver has only to copy accurately the perfectly finished drawing. We will select at random:—That Swiss cottage near Breig is positively dangerous; we know how completely love in a cottage is now-a-days, exploded from all well-regulated minds, yet it is all but impossible not to look upon it and grow romantic. Verona, too, is a worthy "local habitation, and a name even for Shakespeare's genius. What a rich piece of foliage! is beside the "Sesto Calende;" and the moonlight view on the Lake of Constance is the very perfection of art.

> "The moonlight tremulous upon the wave
> Which it hath turned to silver, one bright line,
> Such as a spirit leaves."

The scenes in the Tyrol are our great favourites; wild, rocky, bearing the boldest character of the picturesque, they have too all the charm of novelty. Inspruck is a fine old town; what a host of adventures and legends must belong to those antique-looking houses! This mingling of Italian, Swiss, and German views, gives a delightful variety to this delightful volume; which will be an equal treat to the lovers of exquisite art, and of merely pretty pictures. The literary part is "excellently well done" by Mr. Leitch Ritchie; perhaps it is his best praise to say he deserves to travel in Mr. Stanfield's company. Spirited, graphic, at once amusing and romantic, his volume even "unadorned" would be a very attractive one. He does not go "from Dan to Beersheba, and find all things barren;" and has just that rich imagination which heightens, not destroys, reality: he is the very one to wander through a land, "where the ladies looked more like arrant damosels of romance, than farmers' wives and daughters."

We have now passed in review "the whole glittering array" of the Annuals which have yet appeared; our opinions, like the rustic rector of the Deserted Village, have

"——— leaned to Mercy's side."

But it is impossible to turn from one elegant tome to another, combining all of luxury in literature or art, and retain a feeling of discontent: that they might be improved we think, but still they are very attractive as they are. There are beautiful faces, exquisite landscapes, sweet poetry, and amusing stories, enough to throw their demerits quite into the shade.

We will finish by saying, that if people are to be periodically generous and affectionate, Annuals are the very perfection of gifts.

DISCUSSION ON THE FRENCH PEERAGE.

It is one of the singular coincidences of this extraordinary period that two legislative questions of the gravest importance should, at the same moment, have been discussed by the two nations, with whose retrogradation or advancement the state of Europe and the interests of civilization are the most intimately connected. It would be impossible to have a better occasion for remarking the differences in the social state, or the political situation of these rival countries. Their Governments have identical views, and yet how dissimilar their position! In England, the Prime Minister at the head of the movement party, rendering the monarchy popular, by associating it with popular opinions, asserting the rights of the aristocracy with the voice of the tribune of the people—the advocate for peace, because war would be the enemy of Reform! In France, the President of the Council, the chief of the 'Centre,' in direct opposition to the march of the times, yielding to the cry of the country with the proud, reluctant tone of an aristocrat; trembling at a war, as the first prelude to civil convulsion! The fact is, that Monsieur Casimir Perier now stands where Lord Grey would have been if he had succeeded the Duke of Wellington in consequence of a revolution; or where Lord Grey soon will be, if the feelings of the people be not soothed, before excitement become a habit, by a full and speedy measure of conciliation. If Monsieur Casimir Perier had been the tranquil successor of Monsieur de Martignac, the constitutional Minister of Charles X. and able to carry the liberal ideas which he was then professing into execution;—had he been the legal adviser of a legitimate sovereign, and the party of the Church and the Court not been strong enough to thwart his intentions; there can be little doubt that the Bourbons would still have been upon the throne of France, and the present Prime Minister as much lauded as a *liberal*, as he is now abused as a *doctrinaire*. There is a point to which all wise and prudent men are anxious to arrive in troublesome times; that point, in which every thing is granted to justice without any thing being conceded to clamour; in such times, this is the only safe position for power; and this position is only safe if all its advantages are seized without a moment's delay. Machiavel, speaking of such crises in one of his writings, says—"that a people can never be long united in demanding what is just, without being excited by resistance, to demand something more." He then proceeds to argue whether a Government which succeeds to power when a nation is thus excited, will find it a better policy to resist or to yield to even extravagant demands; and after declaring the state in either case to be in imminent peril, he gives his opinion in favour of concession, as well as we remember, for these reasons. "That men, when left to themselves, usually recur from any violent emotion that has misdirected them to a calm recollection of their self-interests. But that, on the contrary, every resistance to their passions is a call for still further passion in order to overcome that resistance; until the popular fever, fed by fresh heat and excitement, becomes an unreflecting frenzy, in which all sense of private and public advantage is lost in a wild desire to promote general confusion." Monsieur Casimir Perier seems to have read this passage, and to have been willing in a certain degree to profit by it. But if this was the case, he took up

his position with too little art and decision. When great men find themselves obliged to yield their sober opinions for the sake of immediate expediency, they do not confess their weakness or their fear; they appropriate the idea which is abroad and conciliate to themselves the popularity and power which results from it, as a barrier to future encroachment. To confess one opinion and adopt another line of conduct is the absurdest error of which a statesman can be guilty; and yet two ministers eminent for their talent have fallen into it. Sir R. Peel's declaration that his ideas respecting the Catholic Question remained the same, when he brought forward the Emancipation Bill, and Monsieur Casimir Perier's declaration that he was in favour of an hereditary Peerage while he proposed its abolition, are two of those singular facts which show the frequent miscalculation of men of the most undoubted abilities, who sometimes, in the attempt to steer a middle course, incur the evils of the two extremes without obtaining the advantages of either. This is usually the effect of half-measures in a tempestuous period; and we ought to be particularly thankful that in the times in which our lot fell, the men called to power were equal to the crisis. Luckily for us and for themselves their accession to office was under more auspicious circumstances than those which surrounded the Minister whose conduct we have been arraigning: they had to satisfy a people's reason rather than to soothe a people's passion. But still the task they undertook was a difficult one; they assumed it with a sternness of purpose which was hardly to be expected; and if the end of their endeavours is still uncertain, the responsibility rests with those whom posterity will severely judge.

But to turn from the policy of the French minister to the eloquent discussion it has given rise to. The first circumstance which strikes us is the deep, grave, and philosophic tone of the orators, now and then, to be sure, interrupted by peals of the President's bell; but still proceeding with a stately and solemn march, totally inconsistent with all our ideas of the most frivolous, and lively, and volatile people upon earth.

Certainly it would be very difficult for any one who read the two discourses translated into German, and who was acquainted solely with the characters of the two people, to believe that Lord Brougham's light-hearted and passionate effusion was delivered by the Lord Chancellor of England, or that Monsieur Royer Collard's profound metaphysical disquisition was the popular speech of the Chamber of Deputies. The two nations, on crossing the threshold of their representative assemblies, seem to exchange characters. The life, the animation, the action of the French citizen passes into the English orator. The cold, abstruse, and deeply reflective spirit of the English philosopher transmigrates into the volatile person of the French statesman. Even in the first French Revolution, except in moments of peculiar excitement in which men were striving for their lives, rather than contending for any legislative theory, the same cold and philosophic tone was perceptible. The usual style of the passionate and impetuous Mirabeau himself, whose character and energy were rather displayed in short, abrupt, and timely exclamations, such as the reply to M. de Brezé, than in lengthened discourses, wore so much the appearance of the calm meditation of the closet, that

he was commonly accused of repeating the lectures of Monsieur Dumont.

Of the ordinary style of the National Assembly we may see a choice example in the opening of M. Lameth's late speech on the Peerage:—"When I look to India, and when I look to Greece, and when I look to Rome, and when I look to America." So the 'Plaideur' "quand je vois le soleil, et quand je vois la lune, et quand je vois," &c. This, though a ridiculous specimen, exemplifies the kind of discussion which was in short the delivery of so many articles in the Edinburgh or the Quarterly Review, full of grave reflection, consecutive reasoning, and historical illustration, the first sentence of which would have emptied our House of Commons.

How is it that the character and the eloquence of a people are in such direct opposition? To say that the orator reads in the French chamber and extemporizes in ours, is not sufficient, since we are willing to cite the examples of French orators who speak habitually, without premeditation. Besides, if the Ex-cathedrâ species of oratory were not in some degree conformable with the genius of the place, it would not be received and admired there. That love for detail and that passion for generalities by which the two countries are respectively characterized, are singularly remarkable in their respective constitutions. In England, the progress of improvement has been slow and piecemeal; we have added on a little here, we have cut off a little there, and we have continued mending, and sometimes, though not frequently, adding, from casual motives of expediency. We have argued upon legislative questions as upon turnpike acts, but, with one exception only, we have never solved the elements of society in order to recompose it. We have never taken large and extended views of our form of Government and attempted to base it on general principles. Even in moments of change, we have adopted the language of Burke, and considering our constitution "a sacred legacy," rather asserted the justice of restoration than the necessity of improvement.

It has rarely happened, therefore, that in the questions agitated, there has been wherewithal to engross the whole mind and faculties of the statesman, or deeply to excite the attention of the assembly or the public. Doddington's Diary furnishes us with amusing instances of the manner in which an opposition go about looking for a grievance. The subjects ordinarily brought forward have derived their importance less from themselves than from the opportunity they afforded to two parties of delivering battle. The excitement was in the strife, and not in its cause. A personal, passionate, amusing way of speaking therefore naturally introduced itself, without the charm and colour of which a debate would frequently have resembled Uncle Tom's dispute with nephew John on the difference between a chesnut horse and a horse chesnut.

In France, on the contrary, when the builder in 1789 took the towel into his hands, the first stone of the building was not laid. The principle on which it was to be deposited and consecrated was the subject of long deliberation. The rights of man were declared, before any attempt to deduce social happiness and political power from them was made. There was enough in the gigantic questions which started every instant into discussion to fill the mind of the politician, and to arrest the attention of those to whom he was communicating

new and important truths. A philosophical treatise was wanted, rather than a spirited harangue; and it was only at the fall of the Girondists, when principles were forgotten and persons were contending—less indeed to obtain the honours of the state than to escape the revolutionary scaffold, that we find frequent specimens of another eloquence in those beautiful and impassioned bursts—one of which escaped from Madame de Roland's unfortunate lover, who vainly hoped and declared that his voice—" qui plus d'une fois avait porté la terreur dans ce palais d'où elle avait précipité la tyrannie, la porterait aussi dans l'âme des scélérats qui voulaient substiteur leur tyrannie à celle de la royauté."

The constitution of the Restoration, not the imperceptible growth of time and the patchwork of successive ages, but founded like that of the Revolution on general principles, has given rise to the same kind of discussions. There is another circumstance, less likely to be observed and more likely to be disputed, but which we think has contributed rather than any thing we have named to give a lofty and meditative style to the orations of the French tribune. It is singular enough that one of the arguments most frequently used against the Reform Bill by those who disinterestedly concern themselves in the fate of men of talent, has been the difficulty that persons of literary attainments would find in being chosen as the representatives of populous places. There is only one thing to say against this argument, that it is most completely contradicted by common sense and general experience. The popular bias indeed lies so much the other way that the more rational fear is that too great a preponderance would be given in a popularly elected chamber to persons of this description. In France there was hardly a man of literary reputation from the Abbé Siéyes to the author of Faublas who did not find his way into the National or Legislative Assemblies.

At the present time in France many of the most distinguished deputies are also distinguished as literary men. M. Guizot, M. Royer Collard, M. Bignon, M. Thiers, M. Daunou, M. Passy, M. de Tracy, M. de Ramusat, M. Keratry, M. Etienne, M. Dupin, &c. So many persons, remarkable for their ability, would give the tone of their own minds to almost any assembly in which they found themselves. But in every department, the possessor of landed property, excluded by the ballot from any influence proceeding from fear, simply enjoys that which is due to his personal merits and attainments. This almost universally ensures the return of a man of good education and enlarged mind. He understands, takes an interest in, and can listen with pleasure, to a philosophic essay on legislation, provided its principles are great and true. For the edification of the public to be improved, for the sake of the conclusion to be arrived at, there can be no doubt that such a composition is far more useful, and may embrace a far higher order of eloquence, than a flippant, entertaining, personal, or, as it is called in England, parliamentary debate, in which all the weakest parts on either side are drawn out and dilated upon; in which every kind of ridicule is endeavoured to be thrown on the character and arguments of your opponents,—but very little said in serious and sober defence of your own.

This latter style of speaking is, however, the only one adapted to our House of Commons, or even to our House of

Lords as at present constituted. The great majority of members chosen by aristocratic influence are country gentlemen of large property, who sit as members of counties; or the sons of noblemen, elected where there is no election; or men who have amassed fortunes by commerce or trade, who get themselves made Members of Parliament by bribery and beer, for the same reason that their wives take a box at the opera—the taste for eloquence in the one, the taste for music in the other, admitting of a fair comparison. Any thing above their comprehension is metaphysical, and since they really seek the House as an object of pleasure, they do not require to be instructed but to be amused. In short, the House of Commons is a mob of gentlemen: the very fact that the assembly is not popularly chosen causes the popular tone of its discussions.

We shall say but little of the speech of the President of the Council, since it has been translated in all our daily papers, and obtained, as far as the eloquence and ability displayed in it were concerned, an almost universal triumph. Our readers will remember that he brought forward his proposition as a kind of compromise between the moral value of particular doctrines and the peculiar disposition of the public mind. The subject for the chamber to reconsider was the art. 23 of the Constitution conceived in these terms.—"The nomination of the Peers of France belongs to the King;—their number is unlimited. They may vary in dignities, be named for life, or be hereditary, according to his will." On this article three questions presented themselves. By whom and on what conditions should the Peers be named? Should their number be limited or unlimited? Should the Peerage be hereditary or for life? M. Casimir Perier proposes "the nomination to belong to the King; the number to be unlimited; the dignity of Peer to be for life."—Professing this last article to be a concession to the reigning opinion, against the sober conviction of his own judgment, the Minister adds another article, stating that the one we have just mentioned, (the tenure of the dignity of Peer,) should be subject to future modification, only, however, on this measure being voted in one chamber, antecedent to that which should be called to make it. The question that came immediately under discussion was—"Shall the Peerage be hereditary?"

In the first ranks of the party attached to the opinions—not to the proposition of the Minister, the advocate of an hereditary peerage—we find M. Thiers, known as the author of "The French Revolution," to which he pretty frequently alludes, and the former editor of "The National." M. Thiers was considered, at the Revolution of July, as the promising genius of the French youth. He entered the Chamber under the weight of this reputation. Insolent, abrupt, with a little, insignificant person, and a weak and screeching voice, entrusted, too, with the fate of the Budget, as Under-secretary for the financial department, an office the most burthensome and the least brilliant at any time, Monsieur Thiers was considered not to have realized the expectations that had been formed of him in the late Chamber—in the language of the French salons, "il avait fait Fiasco." Nothing daunted, however, (the strong proof of his superiority) he re-appears again upon the scene, accused as the deserter of his old friends, Messrs. Lafayette and Lafitte, but asserting boldly that he is only acting in accordance with his long-expressed opinions.

"The ideas which I am about to pronounce," says M. Thiers, "are those of my whole life. The first interest of society is its progress. All societies advance, or ought to advance. But how? Every change ought not only to be good—it ought also not to be violent. There are two interests to be represented—progression and stability. These are to be represented in the two Chambers. But you will say society knows its own interests; let it compose these two Chambers then according to the double interests of stability and progression.

M. Thiers then enumerates the variety of systems which have in their turn been popular since 98.

"Was the country deceived on all these occasions?—No; but it erred by being exclusive in its demands. When it demanded equality and liberty, it did not demand order and peace; when it demanded order and peace, it did not demand grandeur and equality. Gentlemen, I love my country; none is better endowed. When it has wished to excel in industry and mechanics, no country has surpassed it. One quality alone is wanting to it—c'est la tenue et la suite. What it requires above all things, therefore, is discipline—a constancy, and a spirit of continuance."

The speech of M. Royer Collard, formerly professor of philosophy, was one of the most admired, perhaps for the very reason that *we* should have listened to it with impatience. It is an essay, profoundly meditated; in parts passionate and eloquent, but based, altogether, on a system which requires a continuity of argument and attention that our young gentlemen with smart waistcoats, or old gentlemen in top-boots, would hardly be disposed to lend to it. We regret that we have no space for long extracts of this speech, and it would be useless to quote short ones.

M. Odillon Barrot, formerly Préfet de la Seine—removed from that situation for his opposition to the existing Government, but still feared and courted by them — one of the most talented and popular men in France; M. Bignon, known for his political and diplomatic writings, and much respected in the salons of Paris; and Gen. Lafayette, are the three most remarkable orators who opposed the hereditary peerage, without supporting the Ministerial project. We quote a passage from the speech of the wise and argumentative M. Bignon.

"An hereditary Peerage is not only impossible because it is repulsed by public opinion, but because it is contrary to sound reason. The independence of the Peers, the principle of continuity, the spirit of stability, the necessity of an hereditary Peerage in order to support an hereditary Throne, are all idle and delusive fictions.

"Not only does hereditary right fail in constituting independence of opinion, but since it cannot exist without hereditary fortunes, it places the Peers on the dependance of Government in order to regain by its favour a compensation for that loss which the law inflicts on the younger branches of their families.

"On account of its hereditary nature, the Peerage becomes a body which has separate interests from those of the community; these interests are based on landed property, and thereby exercise a fatal influence on different branches of legislation, particularly in the distribution of taxes.

"An hereditary body contains no doubt the spirit of conservation, especially in those things the perpetuity of which are contrary to the general interests of the people—that spirit of conservation which opposes itself to the destruction of abuses. Witness the resistance which the emancipation of the Catholics met with in England—which the alteration of the Corn Laws has always encountered—and, in short, that which is now made to the Bill of Reform.

"Thus I do not deny that in hereditary power there is a spirit of duration; but in this sense, that it naturally tends to maintain every thing which is most fatal to good Government; but in this sense, that it establishes the interests of the few in a state of warfare to the interests of the many. Thanks to it, the minority intrenched in the fortresses of power governs not according to a view of the general happiness, but according to the calculations of private interests.

"In fine, an hereditary Peerage is only a support to the Crown when it dominates and overrules it. In this manner, an hereditary Aristocracy certainly surrounds the throne, it envelopes—it besieges it: it renders it the instrument of its will: it is, as we have said, the Aristocracy which reigns, and France will never consent to the arbitrary sway of an Aristocracy."

We regret that we cannot find space for farther extracts from this speech; but we earnestly invite the attention of our countrymen to the whole of this grand and memorable discussion.

It can hardly be expected on a question which has divided men the most remarkable for their liberal feelings and enlightenment—a question which embraces the consideration not only of general principles of policy, but of local facts of social organization, that we should give a decided—which would be a presumptuous—opinion. This, however, we may gather from the hoarded wisdom, the practical experience, the concurrent testimony of all—that a chamber of Peers, hereditary or otherwise, cannot exist as a certain number of isolated individuals representing their own feelings, their own interests only. In order to have power, they must represent power: in order to fill their post in the state, they must be the collection and the representation of popular superiority. Nor is this all; to prevent a division between them and the nation at large, there must be somewhere or other a connecting power; a power which shall keep the nobility and the people together by making, as occasion shall require, patricians of those who have the people's feelings. We are not against an Aristocracy; *but we say that popularity is the condition of its existence.* We are not against an aristocratic chamber, but we say it must represent the national sense of the people. We can appeal to our own ancient Aristocracy—warlike, when the genius of this country was for war. To the Aristocracy of Rome—to the Aristocracy of Venice—to every great Aristocracy that ever existed. While these words escape us, History is chronicling their illustration: while we are referring to the past, the present is an example, and offers—may God so grant it! a warning for the future. The existing hatred to the French nobility, what is its cause but their former crimes? The destruction of the hereditary Peerage in France, by what was it fixed and decided? an unpopular act of the hereditary Peerage of England!

SILON.

The amendment of M. de Mosbourg recognizes and adopts our principle by confining the exercise of King's prerogative to those who shall have obtained the honours, and deserved the approbation of their fellow-citizens.

CHOLERA MORBUS DISARMED.

Observations on the Cholera Morbus, in a letter to Dr. Alessandro Uccelli, Physician and Surgeon of the Russian Ship of War Mercury, addressed to his Father, Professor Philippo Uccelli, of Florence, and dated Sevastopol, (capital of the Crimea) 5th May 1831; translated from the Italian by John Robert Steuart, F.R.S. Member of the Royal Asiatic Society of London and Literary Society of Bombay.

HAVING been lately a resident in the Italian States, where a lively apprehension of the invasion of the Cholera Morbus very generally prevails, and my friends there being aware that I had lived many years in India, and was familiar with the symptoms of that disease and the mode of its treatment, having myself suffered under it, and having occasionally seen cases of it in my own house, besides constantly hearing of it on all sides, I was frequently requested to communicate such information as I was able afford, respecting a disease, until now, totally unknown in the South of Europe.

The subject came thus to engage a considerable share of my thoughts, and having

been one day accidentally detained in Pisa, I happened, in strolling about, to see advertised in a bookseller's shop, a small tract entitled "*Observations on the Cholera Morbus,*" which had just then been published in Florence. Anxious to know what could be said on this subject by an Italian physician, I purchased the tract and carried it home for perusal.

Great was my surprise and pleasure to find that it contained an easy, simple, and approved method of cure for this invidious malady, the principle of the cure being at the same time in perfect accordance with the practice and aim of many of the most experienced physicians in India. Besides its own advantages, it has the peculiar one of not precluding the employment of other remedies, should medical professors, with a laudable precaution, still adhere to the system which *their* experience and study may have taught them to regard as the most efficacious in the cure of this malignant distemper.

Should the practice, so happily introduced into Russia by Dr. Uccelli, prove equally successful in this country, as there is every reason to expect it will, I shall consider myself fortunate in having been the humble instrument of imparting to my own countrymen so invaluable a benefit.

The Epidemical influence of the Cholera Morbus may be said to have been entirely subdued throughout the whole of the Southern Provinces of Russia. This destructive malady, proceeding from India, through Persia, along the shores of the Caspian, appears to be mitigated in acrimony as it approaches the North. In Teflis, during the last autumn, 20,000 persons were carried off in fifteen days. In Astrachan, near the mouths of the Volga, 17,000 persons died in half that time: but at Taganrok, as well as in the Crimea, and in New Russia, the epidemic exhibited a less virulent character.

The terror produced by the first appearance of the disease was incredible, and great blame attaches to the physicians, by whose suggestions it is usual for Government to be guided in similar emergencies. Their mode of cure was uncertain, and founded upon no thorough knowledge of the nature of the malady—nay, even quarantine regulations were enforced, such as are usually had recourse to in cases of Bubonic plague.*

Subsequent observations and facts, have, however, demonstrated (although on this point there are still some sceptics,) that the Cholera Morbus is not, in our latitudes at least, to be communicated by contact, so that less rigor was afterwards observed in the precautionary measures, these being reduced to a few ablutions, by means of a solution of chlorate of lime. Here, at Sevastopol, the chief physician required those who accompanied cholera-patients to the hospitals to employ friction of the above solution; the same precaution he exacted from those who attended on the sick, and from the physicians themselves. I, amongst others, having had occasion to attend in the city more than 2000 patients, can affirm, on my own experience, that this disease does not communicate by contact; I know, moreover, that, in various parts of this empire, where the disease was, and is still, raging, several medical practitioners have had the courage to inoculate themselves, in various forms, with the morbific virus, with the blood drawn from the patients who were most affected, or with the matter vo-

---

* This passage being important, and seeming almost to reflect upon the recent proceedings of the Board of Health in this country, I here give the terms in the original.

"Indicibile fù il terrore prodotto nel primo apparire della malattia, e di ciò la colpa principale deve attribuirsi ai medici, al parere dei quali il Governo in simili casi deferisce, si par la medicatura incerta e sragionata che ne fecero, non conoscendo il fondo della malattia, corre anche perchè nel suo apparire furon prescritte le stesse misure di Quarantine come per la Peste bubbonica."

To say nothing of the obstruction to all social and commercial intercourse which must ensue from the enforcement of Quarantine regulations, and the expense which of course must devolve on Government in supporting all the poor people thus prevented from earning their bread, it appears to me that the rigid measures contemplated are more likely to propagate than diminish a disease on which the mind exercises so direct an influence. A cheerful state of mind, regular occupation, and healthful recreations will go far to resist the encroachments of this malady; but the gloom of confinement, the privations of seclusion, can only generate distrust, alarm, and despondency, the very handmaids, as it were, of the Cholera Morbus.

mited, covering themselves with the garments of the diseased, and yet never contracting the malady.

I grant, however, that in circumstances of this nature, no precautions or sanatory measures can ever be too ample or vigilant: provinces menaced by the approach of so fearful a malady, must attempt to arrest its diffusion by every possible means. Let us, however, forego this discussion, which admits of much to be said on both sides, but does not affect the presence of the awful scourge. The dissections of dead bodies have exhibited extravasations of a dark-coloured liquid in the cavities, and particularly in that of the abdomen or lower belly, resembling the same fluid evacuated in vomiting, and inflammation and gangrene of the intestines, the coats of which appeared, for the most part, ulcerated and overspread with spots of a colour so darkly red as to approach to black. In a few cases, in which death had ensued within two or three hours after the invasion of the disease, the dissection has not exhibited any sensible alteration in the abdominal organs.

This disease being less feared than the plague, physicians have been rather better able to study it with the view of devising a mode of cure; this they have done without empiricism, it is true, but still with a certain confusion in the indications, and a certain mixture of antiphlogistics and stimulants, the result of their favourite ideas of nervous spasm and indirect debility. On the first invasion of the disease, they frequently commenced with bleeding and bathing; to these were added laudanum or sulphuric æther in a dose of 40, 60, or more drops, as a calmative; next an antispasmodic draught with 15 grains of camphor as a sedative for the cholic pains, or linden-flower water, with a mixture of Diascordion and Theriacum. Those again, who pursued the so termed English plan, gave calomel with opium, in doses of 10, 15, and 20 grains at a time every two or three hours? Whatever else might arise out of this chaos of conflicting remedies, strength of constitution, or some salutary one among so many opposite remedies, may have slightly diminished the number of victims; still, here in the Crimea, as well as in New Russia, the mortality has been as high as 30, 40, and even 50 per 100. You may readily suppose that I, an *elève* of your school, and that of the illustrious Tommanni of Bologna, where I imbibed principles directly opposed to the above practice, must have deviated from such a course, though pursued by the generality of physicians in the treatment of this disease; the system I adopted was one in accordance with our ideas of pathology, and my practice was crowned with the most complete success, for amongst upwards of 2000 patients who were under my care, the mortality never exceeded 8 or 9 per 100, and these were principally cases to which I had been called in late, and in which the disease had consequently made considerable progress.

Now, as the proximate causes were intemperance, and the abuse of spiritous drinks, (to which in this country the lower classes are most fearfully addicted,) together with suppressed transpiration, the indication which I had principally and constantly in view was to promote a determination to the skin, by means of the most abundant perspiration; this I usually accomplished by applying very hot fomentations, bathing, frictions, &c. and in the majority of cases, I had the satisfaction to see this course succeed, without requiring the aid of any other remedy save some acidulated beverage. But that which, above all, was attended with the happiest results, was the use of the vapour, or steam-bath, by means of the apparatus invented by Professor Assalini,* which I had seen employed under your direction, with the most complete success, in many very desperate maladies. Of these machines I caused a number sufficient for my purpose to be constructed, introducing some few modifications, for their more ready and economical application.

* The Chevalier Assalini is favourably known in this country, from his many ingenious improvements in surgical instruments, which procured him the honour of a medal from the Society of Arts. He now superintends the Royal Hospital at Catania, in which city I have frequently had the pleasure of benefiting by his agreeable and instructive conversation; it is as flattering to me, as I am sure it will be gratifying to him, to think that the utility of his inventions is likely to be extended by my humble mediation.—*Note of Translator.*

The principal alteration consists in having two tin recipients introduced along the internal sides of the steaming case. One of these serves for the purpose of containing warm water, which by means of a tube (the valve or cock of which the patient can open and shut at pleasure) may be made to fall from the recipient, drop by drop, on heated blocks of iron, contained in a box, placed under the seat, which is made to move on four rollers.

But as the tendency of steam is always in a vertical, rather than in a horizontal direction, the feet will consequently derive a less degree of heat than the remainder of the body; to counteract this, I caused two bricks, made red hot, to be placed under a stool, on which the feet of the patient rested. The recipient, constructed on the other side, is meant to contain water extremely cold; with this the patient sprinkles his whole body — its instantaneous evaporation tempers the heat of the steam, (whenever this last becomes insupportable,) producing at the same time a most pleasurable sensation.

For the purpose of besprinkling the body, a little bunch of fresh herbs, to be dipped in the cold water, may be used; with this the patient (who all along is enclosed in the apparatus,) strikes his body, in the manner practised in the Russian baths, whereby transpiration is greatly promoted.

Scarcely is the patient well-seated in the bath, (for such this apparatus must be termed, its internal temperature being raised from 30 to 40, 45, and even 50 degrees of Reaumur, equal to 99½. 122. 134, and 145½. of Fahrenheit,) when a moist vapour invests his whole frame, and soon a most abundant perspiration causes the vomiting, diarrhea, and cholic, to cease. Returning to his bed, the transpiration continues, and in such abundance as to bathe not only the sheets, but the very mattresses; this is accompanied by a sensation of exquisite pleasure, terminating in sleep, and on his awakening, the patient finds himself perfectly recovered.

The early success of these baths, and the reputation they acquired in the cure of the cholera morbus, induced me to extend the use of them more generally. It is well known in how many maladies, arising from suppressed perspiration, and in how many chronic affections, the use of the hot bath, by simple immersion, is prescribed; its application is, indeed, only limited by the difficulties and expense in getting ready and heating the water: now, in using this apparatus, which differs from all other vapour baths, in being easily transportable, all we require is a few bricks, or blocks of iron, to be heated, and a pail of water. Nor is its use confined to the sick alone; it is instrumental in the promotion of personal cleanliness, and in preserving health, as, from time immemorial, has been practised in Russia.

Besides, in the opinion of those who have availed themselves of the machine of *Assalini*, new as it is in this part of the world, the respiration is in no degree impeded by it, as the head is not included in the bath, but remains out in the air; different from this are the Russian vapour baths, in which the whole frame is immersed in the steam, the heat of which is frequently so suffocating as to render a continuance in it impracticable. In hæmorrhoidal affections I have also experienced the greatest advantage from the use of the steam-bath; to it I am indebted for my recovery from an attack which was brought on during a tedious cruise, and tormented me during the whole of last winter. Even now, though perfectly recovered, I have recourse to the bath once a week or fortnight, merely as a preservative of health.

Already most of our Naval Commanders, as well as others in this district, have provided themselves with the apparatus, and are enthusiastic in its praises, for success is readily afforded to new and cheap inventions.* Reverting once more to the practice adopted by me in the cure of the Cholera Morbus, I shall observe that in almost every case, indeed, I may say in all, I found that baths of hot water or steam, together with warm fomentations and acidulated beverages, were alone sufficient to effect a cure; in cases, however, of very obstinate vomiting, I was generally enabled to allay the symptoms by means of caustic magnesia in conjunction with oxide of bismuth, (given in small doses and repeated during the day,) or by the draught of Riverius. In the severer cases, and in

* Here follow some remarks relative to the pecuniary advantage he expects to derive from the introduction of this apparatus into the Russian dominions. —T.

such as were accompanied with gastric embarrassments, castor oil, or sweet almond oil, afforded me no small assistance; in some particular cases I was under the necessity of having recourse to the lancet, to leeches, to doses of nitre, and also to blisters, upon the epigastric region.

Such were the principles which formed the ground-work of my treatment, and I may add, *successful treatment*, of the cholera morbus.

During convalescence, bitters, magnesia, and the bland oleaginous purgatives, together with a diet, regulated by the state of the patient, completed the cure.

In respect to what is called here the English method of cure, consisting in the exhibition of calomel in large doses, and in conjunction with opium, that is to say, 10 and 20 grains at a time, every two hours, I can affirm that I have never seen any absolute necessity for resorting to it.* A melancholy case which came before me, gave me a thorough disgust for this practice; the whole of the internal membrane of the mouth having been affected with deep ulcerations, accompanied by numerous other untoward symptoms.

Such are the principal observations on the Cholera Morbus, which I have thought it my duty to communicate, in order to satisfy your enquiries. I shall reserve for future publication, supported by such further data as I may acquire, a more detailed history of this disease, which has unfortunately swept off so many victims in this part of the world.†

The baths for applying steam may be formed in various manners. The common slipper-bath, with a cover of cloth, or stout canvass, over the mouth, will answer the purpose extremely well; the cover must be made with an aperture, and a collar tied round the neck of the patient, so as to admit of the head remaining out of the bath. A simple and cheap steam bath may be constructed of canvass alone, in the following manner:—Place two wooden or other common chairs, so that the patient reclines upon one, while his legs rest on the other; let a pole be fastened to the backs of each of the chairs for the support of a frame of stout canvass, which is to enclose the whole; the lower part of the canvass is to trail on the ground, the upper part is to be kept extended by means of an oblong hoop, and an aperture is left, as above described, to admit of the head or face of the patient remaining out To fill the bath with steam, the mode described in the letter of Dr. Ucelli, may be employed, by introducing a vessel of water, furnished with a tube and stop-cock, so as to admit of the water being made to drop at pleasure upon the hot irons or brick, which will in a very short time generate a sufficiency of steam; or a closed kettle may be made to boil, and the steam conveyed under the canvass cover by means of a tube connected with the spout, and furnished with a stop-cock, taking care to lift off the lid of the kettle previous to stopping the course of the steam into the bath. The following will be found an expeditious and easy method:—Let a kettle be made to boil on the kitchen, or any other convenient fire, place it afterwards close to the bath, upon a triangle, over a pan of lighted charcoal, which is to be fanned so as to keep up the boiling; or one or more oil or spirit lamps may be placed under the kettle, for the same purpose. A short cloth tube or hose, proceeding from the canvass cover, is to be tied fast round the spout of the kettle, for the conveyance of the steam, the course of which can at any time be stopped, by tying a string round the hose, or removing it from the spout of the kettle.

Under the canvass frame may be placed, on a third chair, or stool, a basin of cold water, with a bunch of herbs, or a branch of birch-tree, boxwood, &c. for the purpose of besprinkling the body of the patient, as described in the letter.

Other steam-baths, equally efficacious, but of a more expensive description, are constructed by many of our workers in tin and iron; amongst others, I may mention Mr. Benham, of Wigmore Street.

Mr. Green's Vapour-baths, at his establishment in Great Marlborough Street, Regent Street, appear also to be extremely well adapted for application in the Cholera Morbus.

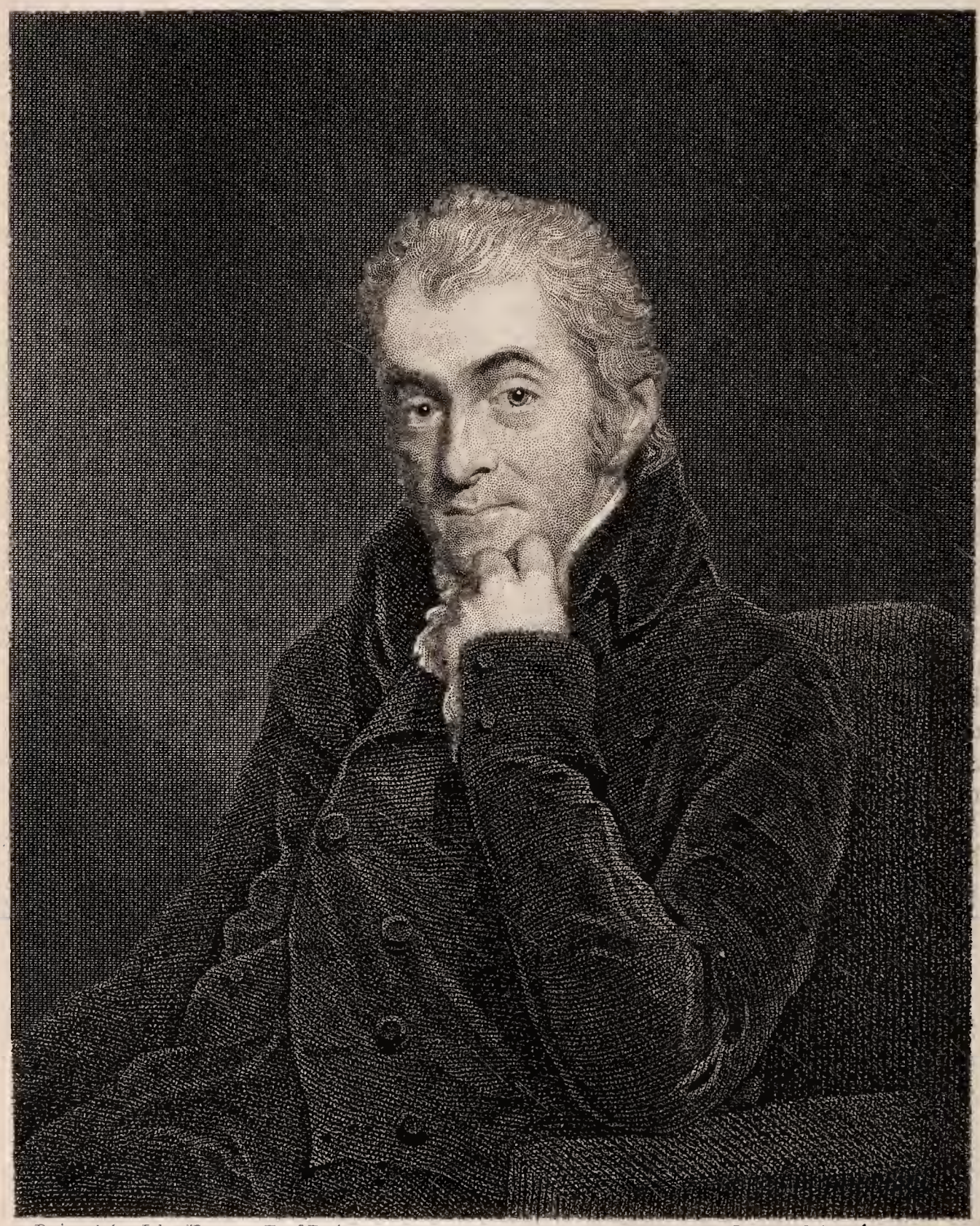
I should observe, that in order to regulate the heat of the bath, an aperture may easily be contrived in the canvass for admitting the bulb of a common thermometer, without allowing the steam to escape. J. R. S.

Most slipper-baths are furnished with a cock for letting off the water, a connecting tube from this to the boiler, will answer perfectly for introducing the steam.

---

* The *English method* is perhaps treated here with undue severity, the proportion allowed to have been saved by it is greater than what has been the result in most other places.—T.

† The letter concludes with a postscript announcing his being ordered to repair to the Baltic fleet, and he congratulates himself upon being called to assist in mitigating the ravages of the disease on the shores of the Baltic, now that it had been entirely expelled from the district in which he had hitherto been stationed.—T.



Painted by John Hoppner Esq.r R.A. *Engraved by Henry Meyer.*

THE AUTHOR OF

"THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY."

Ætat. 46.

Saml Rogers

LIVING LITERARY CHARACTERS, NO. XI.

Samuel Rogers.

(With an engraved Likeness.)

In an article in the Edinburgh Review, written some time ago, we believe by Mr. Jeffrey, upon the poetry of Mrs. Hemans, it was observed that Rogers and Campbell had suffered a less decay in popular reputation than their more wild and fiery contemporaries. The fact is, that there are some subjects so happily conceived, that the conception alone is almost sufficient to make the work everlastingly pleasing. And of all such subjects what more captivating than the "Pleasures of Memory?" This is a theme that always comes home to us—to every one,—to the passionate man and the callous—the busy man and the idle. It arrests all—it revolts none. Who can say this of the Parasina, or the Giaour? The simple feelings are universal—the violent passions rare. As the celebrity of the hour dies away, the popularity of poems that embody the latter decreases, though not perhaps the fame. But the gentler sentiments are common in every time; they require no extraordinary natures to sympathise with them; no extraordinary genius to understand; they are for the herd, and with the herd for ever. The affection of the dog to Ulysses delights every age. We are willing to find the poetry more beautiful even than it is, for the same picture would have charmed us in prose. But the passion of Myrrha to her father revolts the beings of a civilized period. Wonderfully as the passion is described in Ovid, we never recur but with disgust to the description. The displeasing nature of the sentiment makes us dead to the power of the poet. Nor is this only the case with the poet that inspires *horror*. The higher and more tragic creations of *terror* may fill us with admiration, with awe, but they do not make those passages, which we devour again and again—

> "The blessed household voices wont to thrill
> Our heart's pure depths with unalloyed delight."

Sensible of this, the greatest poets, those who hold the darker passions most at their command, always couple the sternest and fiercest with the most tender and subduing emotions. Read the Macbeth, read even the Iliad, the product of so rude an age—how wonderful the union of the terrible and soft! Let us descend lower. Let us, to enforce our meaning, contrast two men of our own day, both of second-rate, but of no inconsiderable, genius—Mackenzie and Maturin. Mackenzie is immortal; can we say as much of Maturin? Yet we question whether "Melmoth" be not a far higher and richer exertion of mind than the "Man of Feeling;" but there is an unpleasing horror created by the one, a grateful melancholy by the other. The one we do not readily forget, the other we are delighted to recur to. Both writers had one great fault—exaggeration. Mackenzie exaggerated sentiment, and Maturin passion. Exaggeration of sentiment is often concealed by a delicacy of taste, exaggeration of passion never.

A subject felicitously chosen and a style that suits the subject—these confer a popularity that is lasting enough to surprise us; they

have done so with Campbell—they have done so with Rogers. But this truth is a proof of their genius, no detraction from it. Ordinary men never do chance on subjects fitted for immortality. Conception is the noblest part of genius. And to make what is a merit seem a reproach would a little resemble the caviller, who, denying Queen Elizabeth's powers of reigning, insisted on those of her ministers.—"Her ministers were so happily chosen!"—"True," was the well remembered answer; "and when did you ever hear of foolish princes choosing wise ministers?"

Mr. Rogers' first work, we believe, was an "Ode to Superstition, and other poems." This was followed by his most popular, certainly not his greatest poem, the "Pleasures of Memory." But though not his greatest poem, how beautiful it really is! What simplicity, what grace, what sweetness! Just let us suppose that Lord Byron had written a poem on the same subject: would it have been equally touching?—certainly not. *His* pleasures of memory would not have been the pleasures that live for all. Here we have the mirror of the Hungarian wizard—it presents to every man an image like his own, but flattered into beauty.

> "As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,
> Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend."

Who does not feel those lines to his heart's core?—an idiot would! But here is a deeper thought.

> "On yon grey-stone, that fronts the chancel door,
> Worn smooth by busy feet now seen no more;
> Each eve we shot the marble through the ring,
> When the heart danced and life was on the wing.
> *(rather too showy a line, by the way, for the simple one preceding it.)*
> Alas! unconscious of the kindred earth,
> That faintly echoed to the voice of mirth;
> The glowworm loves her emerald light to shed,
> Where now the sexton rests his hoary head;
> Oft as he turned the greensward with his spade,
> He lectured every youth that round him played."

This is a picture: the gay-hearted urchins playing on the grave-stones—the old sexton pausing on his spade beside them. This, too, is nature! and there is something of a moral beneath it, a moral sad, and yet utterly void of gloom. And here, touching on a metaphysical point, how delicately are the metaphysics introduced! how utterly the learning is lost in the poetry!—

> "Hark! the bee winds her small but mellow horn,
> Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn;
> O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,
> And many a stream allures her to its source:
> 'Tis noon—'tis night, that eye so finely wrought,
> Beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,
> Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind,
> Its orb so full, its vision so confined.
> Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell—
> Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell,
> With conscious truth retrace the mazy clue
> Of varied scents that charmed her as she flew?

Hail memory—Hail—thy universal reign
Guards the least link of Being's glorious chain.

It is a pity that the last two lines are a failure, an abrupt common-place; nothing is worse than a sudden generalism, if we may use the term, for the close of an individual picture; it distracts the attention; it disturbs the single image conjured up—you were gazing on a portrait, you are now reading a truism.

Pure, in all that is best in poetry, is the allusion to—

"The blithe son of Savoy journeying round,
With humble wares, and pipe of merry sound."

But every one knows those lines—*we* would not forget them for half our library.

At this day, it would be merely a common-place criticism to point out the peculiar deficiencies and peculiar beauties of the "Pleasures of Memory;" we all know that it is sweet, polished, touching, and correct; we all know that it is not remarkable for passion or vigour—that is to say, it is a poem perfect in its kind, and has not acquired imperfections by straining after attributes inharmonious to the subject. To accuse the "Deserted Village" of wanting the dark splendour of the "Night Thoughts," would be just as absurd as to charge the "Night Thoughts" with their deficiency in the soft melancholy of the "Deserted Village." Exactly in the same manner, it is no fault in Rogers not to aim at the beauties of another. All that we have to ask in a poet is, that he be true to his own peculiar genius; it is, therefore, that in some of his subsequent poems we often *have* a right to blame Mr. Rogers, not because he avoids, but because, on the contrary, he often unsuccessfully attempts the abrupt and vehement style of his contemporaries. From the publication of the "Pleasures of Memory," to that of "Jacqueline," a long lapse of years had taken place, a vast and mighty impetus had been given to English poetry. The "Roderic" of Southey; the "Marmion" of Scott; the "Sonnets" of Wordsworth; the "Gertrude" of Campbell; the "Irish Melodies" of Moore; the "Corsair" of Byron—these great works had nothing in common with the poetical spirit that reigned over the close of the last century. Previous to "Jacqueline," Rogers had published, in 1798, "An Epistle to a Friend, with other Poems," a volume even more promising than the "Pleasures of Memory." Take it altogether, the "Epistle to a Friend" is the best poetical (non-satiric and non-philosophic) epistle in the English language; and the minor poems are the most pure, the most exquisite fragments of verse, which, in its smaller efforts, generally so trite, the Poetry of that day and that school produced: nay, they are infinitely better than the small poems of Scott or of Southey, and are only equalled among the poets of the later time, by the simplest of Moore's songs, the most stirring of Campbell's ballads, and the noblest of Byron's stanzas. The fragments of "Columbus" followed this volume. We do not esteem them very highly; the style does not chime in with the subject; and though the verses are vivid, not so the pictures they would convey: we are pleased with the colouring in itself, but it does not bring out the figures; in short, the whole wants interest—

"Grace without warmth, and beauty without life."

Still, hitherto, if Rogers failed, it was in his own school. But "Jacqueline!"—*there* his failings are in another. It was, perhaps, impossible for his great contemporaries to have influenced the rest of the world of letters and left uninfluenced a spirit so susceptible to all that is grand in art and lovely in genius as that of Rogers. He, half Mæcenas, half Horace—the patron of gems, and sculpture, and paintings—the poet of "Italy," could not, even with a taste already formed, a judgment already matured, have felt, without being also somewhat imbued with, the new and more stirring Intelligence that had breathed its soul into English poetry.

"Jacqueline" commences thus:—

> " 'Twas Autumn—through Provence had ceased
> The vintage, and the vintage feast, &c.
> * * * * *
> When Jacqueline came forth alone,
> Her kerchief o'er her tresses thrown,
> *A guilty thing and full of fears,*
> But, ah, how lovely in her tears!
> *She starts, and what has caught her eye?*
> *What, but her shadow gliding by!*
> *She stops—she pants—with lips apart,*
> *She listens—to her beating heart,*" &c.

All this is very good—but it is less Rogers than Byron—again:

> " At such an hour, in such a night,
> *So calm, so clear, so heavenly bright,*
> Who would have seen," &c.

Are we quite sure these are *not* in one of Byron's eastern tales? But let us look at more simple lines—do we find in them *the simplicity of* 1792?—the simplicity of the "Pleasures of Memory."

> " No more the orphan runs to take,
> From her lov'd hand, *the barley-cake*, &c.
> The widow trims her hearth in vain,
> She comes not, nor will come again;
> *Not now, his little lesson done,*
> *With Frederic blowing bubbles in the sun,*
> Nor spinning by the fountain-side,
> Some story of the days of old,
> Barbe bleue—or Chaperon rouge, half told
> *To him who would not be denied,*" &c.

Is this Rogers, or is it Wordsworth?

In fact, throughout the whole poem, we would defy any one to trace the peculiar genius of the author. Beautiful it is, undoubtedly, but it is a mixture of the beauties of other poets—

> " Enamelling with pied flowers, their thoughts of gold."*

This change of vein is yet more visible in "Human Life," a poem, which being written in the same metre as the "Pleasures of Memory," and somewhat allied to it in subject, furnishes us with a fairer and a fuller opportunity of noticing that alteration in school and style which a quarter of a century had effected. We open the page, and chance upon a picture of LOVERS—

---

* Sir Philip Sidney.

> " Then do they wander till the day is gone,
> Lost in each other; and when night steals on,
> Covering them round, how sweet her accents are
> Oh when she turns and speaks, *her voice is far,*
> *Far above singing!*—But soon nothing stirs
> To break the silence;—joy like his—like hers,
> Deals not in words; and now the shadows close,
> NOW IN THE GLIMMERING DYING LIGHT SHE GROWS
> LESS AND LESS EARTHLY, &c.

This passage, on the whole very exquisite, and thoroughly poetical, the reader will at once perceive contains the peculiar faults and the peculiar beauties of the exact day, not in which the genius of Rogers might be considered to take its legitimate bias, viz. when, at about the age of thirty, he published the " Pleasures of Memory;" but in which the poem of " Human Life " was given to the world. The affected running in of the lines, so wholly, so widely different from the regular Goldsmith-like pauses in the " Pleasures of Memory;" the increased richness of expression, the closer individuality of portraiture; in a word, the versification and the turn of thought are precisely those which in 1792 Rogers would have scrupulously avoided. The words in italic we consider characteristic of the faults in expression of the new school in which he had entered himself,* and the words in capitals to be equally characteristic of its beauties. This passage is not a solitary one, there are many such. Lines like the following would never have been admitted into the " Pleasures of Memory," and we think might have been very wisely excluded from " Human Life."

> " Such grief was ours—it seems but yesterday,
> When in thy prime, *wishing so much to stay,*
> 'Twas thine, Maria, thine without a sigh,
> At midnight in a sister's arms to die."

Here simplicity is aimed at, and flatness obtained.

> " A walk in spring—Grattan—like those with thee
> By the heath side (*who had not envied me?*)—
> * * * * * *
>
> " *Serving the state again—not as before!*
> * * * * * *
>
> " Flings off the coat, so long his pride and pleasure,
> And, *like a miser digging for his treasure,*
> *His tiny spade in his own garden plies,*" &c.

The thing digging—and the thing compared to a miser—is a child! —the comparison presents no image whatever—a child digging is no more like a miser digging than it is like a ploughman, and the simile seems not only introduced for the sake of the rhyme, but for the sake of a very indifferent rhyme. On the other hand, the poem abounds in beauties of a loftier strain and thoughts of a far deeper mood than we find in the " Pleasures of Memory."

> " Infinite streames continually do well,
> Out of this fountaine sweet and fayre to see." †

---

* The line itself is in Beaumont and Fletcher.

> " —— I did hear you talk
> Far above singing."—*Philaster.*

But this does not alter our position; it is the especial taste of the present age to recur to the old Poets, and to recur, above all, to the oddities and affectations of the old Poets.

† Spenser.

Thus, the picture of the Mother and Child is unequalled for truth and sweetness.

"As ever, ever, to her lap he flies,
When rosy sleep comes on *with sweet surprise.*"

What more affecting than the allusion to Jane Grey?

"Who in her chamber sate
Musing with Plato, though the horn was blown,
And every ear and every heart was won,
And all in green array were chasing down the sun."

Again, the lines on Youth.

"Then is the age of admiration—then
Gods walk the earth, or beings more than men; &c.
Then, from within, a voice exclaims 'Aspire,'" &c.

And the allusions which follow to Lord Surrey and to Byron, are of a very high merit. So—there is a startling beauty in these two lines:

"When by a good man's grave I muse alone,
Methinks an angel sits upon the stone."

Lastly, we incline to think the plan and conception of "Human Life," to be the witness of a very noble order of inventive faculty; but in the execution, we blame the ambition that sought, and we question the judgment that selected the peculiarities of a new school as an admixture with the graces of the old. A man should be very young to change a method of writing in which he has been successful. A happy mannerism either comes early, or must be brooded over long. But enough of this. Turn we to the last and greatest of our author's poems, "Italy."

An edition has lately been published of this work that has brought it, almost as a new poem, again before the world—an edition that so highly honours the arts which have adorned it, that we look upon it with a national pride, as a sort of epoch in the history of letters. "Italy" is before us; as we turn over its pages, the verse and the engraving make the divine land visible. The forms, the vases, the palace, the ruin, the lake, the beings of history, the creatures of legend, yea, the very sky, the very moon of Italy—all—we see them all:—

"Venice
The glorious city in the sea,
The sea is in the broad—the narrow—streets,
Ebbing and flowing, and the salt sea-weed
Clings to the marble of her palaces."

St. Mark's Palace.

"Not a stone
In the broad pavement—but to him who has
An eye—an ear, for the Inanimate World,
Tells of Past Ages."

The great character of this poem, as it is in the "Pleasures of Memory," is simplicity; but here simplicity assumes a nobler shape. Although to a certain degree there is an alteration in the tone of the last from that of the first published poem, an alteration seemingly more marked from the difference between blank verse and rhyme; and although there is something of the new Persian odours breathing from the myrtle wreaths of a muse whom "displicent nexæ philyrâ coronæ," yet, unlike what we felt inclined to blame in "Jacqueline"

and the "Human Life" we see nothing that reminds us of *individual* traits in another; nothing that reminds us of Byron, though he strung his harp to the same theme; nothing that recalls *any* contemporaneous writer, unless it be occasionally Wordsworth, in Wordsworth's purer, if not loftier vein: we see no harsh, constrained abruptness emulating vigour; no childish *minauderies* that would fain pass themselves off for simplicity. Along the shores and palaces of old glides one calm and serene tide of verse, wooing to its waters every legend, and every dream, that can hallow and immortalize.

This poem differs widely from the poems of the day, in that it is wholly void of all that is meretricious. Though Nature itself could not be less naked of ornament, yet Nature itself could not be more free from all ornament that is tinsel or inappropriate. A contemplative and wise man, skilled in all the arts and nursing all the beautiful traditions of the past; having seen enough of the world to moralize justly; having so far advanced in the circle of life as to have supplied emotion with meditation; telling you in sweet and serene strains all that he sees, hears, and feels in journeying through a country which Nature and History combine to consecrate: this is the character of Rogers's "Italy," and the reader will see at once how widely it differs in complexion from the solemn "Harold," or the impassioned "Corinne." This poem is perfect as a whole; it is as a whole that it must be judged; its tone, its depth, its *hoard* of thought and description, make its main excellence, and these are merits that no short extracts can adequately convey.

Of all things perhaps the hardest in the world for a poet to effect, is to *gossip* poetically. We are those who think it is in this that Wordsworth rarely succeeds, and Cowper as rarely fails. This graceful and difficult art, Rogers has made his own to a degree almost unequalled in the language.

> "Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori:
> Hic nemus, hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo."

We open the page (p. 135 of that superb edition we have referred to)—how beautiful the vignette!

> "The rising moon we hail,
> Duly, devoutly from a vestibule,
> Of many an arch o'er wrought, and lavishly
> With many a labyrinth of sylphs and flowers,
> When Raphael and his school from Florence came,
> Filling the land with splendour.

It is remarked, we perceive, by a correspondent, in another part of this number, viz. in the Conversations with an Ambitious Student, that the Author of "The Pleasures of the Imagination" was a professional man—the scholar of a city, not the fields. So, with the Author of "The Pleasures of Memory"—a banker, a wit, a man of high social reputation—we find it is from the stony heart of the great world that the living waters of a pure and transparent poetry have been stricken. Few men of letters have been more personally known in their day, or more generally courted; a vein of agreeable conversation, sometimes amene, and more often caustic—a polished manner—a sense quickly alive to all that passes around, and, above all, perhaps, a taste in the arts, a knowledge of painting and of sculpture—very rare in this country—have contributed to make the Author of "Italy"

scarce less distinguished in society than in letters—a society, it is true, that while it calls itself the best, is the most empty in all things, but pretension—made up of all the triflers in knowledge and all the coxcombs in politics—all the lords among wits, and all the wits among lords—of the sycophant, termed humorist, among the low-born — of the Mævius turned Mæcenas among the high—with a good-natured quack at the bottom of the table, and a Canidia, who apes the Aspasia, at the top!

This is not the circle in which, for our part, and with our zeal for the true dignity of letters, we are willing to find a great poet the common resident. Such scenes he should visit, but not dwell in; seen occasionally, they sharpen the observation; constantly haunted, they emasculate the genius.

"Le ton du monde n'est plus souvent qu'un persiflage ridicule. * * * Quelque éloge qu'on donne à ce jargon, si, pour apprécier le mérite de la plupart de ces bons mots si admirés dans la bonne compagnie, on les traduisoit dans une autre langue, la traduction dissiperoit le prestige, et la plupart de ces bons mot se trouveroient vuides de sens."

In a word—

"Quand le bon ton paroit, le bon sens se retire!"

We have made these remarks openly, for we think that to such society Moore has owed much that adulterates, and Rogers much that has weakened his native genius. To them it is now too late for conviction; to us it is never too late (for when will their works die?) for regret.

In composition, it is said that Mr. Rogers writes with labour, and polishes with great care. In character, those who know him best have declared him to be generous, kindly, and humane; to be free from envy, and alive to benevolence—willing to sympathise now with the distress of his brethren, and now (harder task!) with their prosperity.

These short remarks upon the writings of an accomplished and true poet contain our honest opinion; they are recorded by one who once did him a boyish injustice, who is now eager to repair it—not by a blind, pan-eulogium, but a candid, though brief criticism. Long may the poet, whose youth and age have equally delighted us, continue to foster those studies which so gracefully embellish the decline of life; may he and ourselves, even in these noisy and active times, yet find leisure, the one to furnish, and the other to acknowledge, new obligations. Among the shades and recesses of the excited world, there is always *one* spot that is sacred—that spot over which Poetry presides, and gathers a devoted and faithful court. Thither, from time to time, the sternest of us, not unmindful of young thoughts and early visions, will silently steal away, when—

"Eftsoons we hear a most delicious sound
"Of all that may delight a dainty ear,
"Such as at once may not on living ground,
"Save in this Paradise be heard elsewhere:
"Right hard it is, for wight which doth it hear,
"To read what manner music that mote be,
"For all that pleasing is to living ear,
"Is there consorted in one harmony."

B. E. *The Faery Queene.*

A WEEK AT DERBY, DURING "THE FESTIVAL."

You ask me to give you an account of the Festival at Derby. You say, amongst many other agreeable things, that you are desirous of learning what impression a series of these exhibitions make upon a man of—I quote your words—"of some sensibility, whose apprehension of the delicate and grand in sound, are not obscured by an undue respect for the mere technicalities of music." You wish also to know how "the heart of the country" responds to these musical intimations; and, in a word, you desire to know all my "whereabout, without excuse, curtailment, or delay." The result of all this is, that I send you a journal of my proceedings; a small requital, I confess, for your compliments, which I have found, as you see, irresistible.

The Festival of Derby was given for the benefit of "The General Infirmary;" the Sacred Music being performed in All Saints' Church, and the Miscellaneous (or profane) at the County Hall.

It is a pleasant thing to find oneself in a place devoted to enjoyment of any sort; and this pleasure is not diminished when music of the loftiest character is to form a part of the recreation. Accordingly, I felt that I was about to enter upon an agreeable scene, and I resolved to enjoy it as much as I might. The preparations, with their hum and bustle, the dusky old-fashioned houses in the Irongate, the deep red of the newer buildings, the exceedingly fair complexions of the damosels of Derby, the occasional recognition of faces that I had seen in London, all interested me. The first person whom I recognized, as the mail rolled into the town, was François Cramer, the steady, excellent leader of the band, ready dressed, and looking both in time and tune, and altogether presenting a pleasant intimation of what was about to happen. The band which he led, consisting of about a couple of hundred performers, reckoned amongst them the names best known in the world of music. The chorus singers (in number from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty, I believe,) were alone worth a journey thither; for there is never the same vast body of voice to be heard in London. The principal singers were Mrs. Knyvett, Madame Stockhausen, Miss Cramer, and Miss Masson (a delightful singer), Mr. Vaughan, Mr. Wm. Knyvett, Mr. E. Taylor, Mr. Phillips, and Mr. Braham. To these were added (for the evening concerts only) De Begnis. The person, however, who mainly interested me (and who was in effect the solid prop of the Derby Festival) was the Chevalier Sigismond Neukomm. Of him I shall speak hereafter.

We will now proceed to discuss the performers. I shall first, however, trouble you with a few words touching my right (not being a professor of the art) to give any opinion on the subject. The question has been a good deal agitated lately,—whether a man, ignorant of counterpoint (but otherwise being fairly entitled to entertain an opinion for himself, and having, moreover, ears of no extraordinary dimensions) may speak of the dealers in sweet sounds. I confess I think that a jury would decide in his favour. Let it be remembered that music consists, not only of a collocation of sounds, formed upon established rules (which is the *science*, properly so called) but of expression and character also; and—be it said under favour—the highest parts of music are by no means those which are built upon mere technical knowledge. Science is simply the power or director. Fancy and imagination (added to the knowledge of the human heart) it is, which generate fine music. Science enables you to avoid error—to use the thoughts that come thronging into the mind with effect. But it does not *create* those thoughts. *They* arise from the taste, the sensibility, the imagination, the general intellect of the man, and crown his work with beauty and splendour; which else would remain a dull, uninteresting mass of sound, possessing no claims even to the *name* of music. A person of cultivated ear has as undoubted a right to speak of the *effect* of music as a professed musician. If it be not so, let us understand at what precise period of his scholarship the learner of music becomes entitled to decide, in preference to the experienced lover of the art? Here is a dilemma. Is Diggory, fresh from the fallows, who has been playing on the salt-box, with horrible success, for a twelvemonth, to

frown down an intelligent amateur, who has been listening half his life to the divine melodies and harmonious combinations of Beethoven and Handel, of the learned Haydn, and the sweet-souled Mozart? Is the traveller, whose eye is acquainted with the beauties of Greek and Roman temples, to be laughed at by the brick-builder, when he hazards an opinion as to the elegance of Soll's Row, or Islington Terrace, which the said builder has built—not according to Vitruvius, but "according to contract?"—The thing is preposterous. Let the truly scientific man be deferred to, in matters of science merely. But when the result be a thing affecting taste, or sensibility, or the general understanding of men, let others be admitted to form their judgments also.

With this preamble, I proceed to the first morning exhibition of music, which commenced, in All Saints' Church, two hours after I arrived at Derby.

Tuesday, Sept. 27. The Festival opened with an Anthem of Orlando Gibbons, succeeded by the "Te Deum," and "Jubilate." Then came Dr. Boyce's delightful duet, "Here shall soft Charity repair," which I used to hear Bartleman and Harrison sing five-and-twenty years ago. It was sung on the present occasion by Vaughan and Phillips, and sung well. The first is a pure but ineffective singer—and a good master, as I imagine; but in a church he is almost lost. The latter (who has a capital voice, a barytone) is an invaluable singer, as well for the quality of his tones, which are eminently rich, as for his general taste and good sense. "The Prophecy of Babylon," (a composition of the Chevalier Neukomm) was given with good effect by Mr. E. Taylor, to whom the musical world are indebted for various translations and adaptations from Italian and German composers of eminence. I was told that this gentleman was originally an amateur only, but that circumstances had rendered it desirable for him to follow Music as a profession. This, and the intimation of his having always patronized the art and its followers, gave him an interest in my eyes. His voice (a regular bass) is very effective in quartets, &c. and he uses it with judgment. A manuscript composition of Attwood was next heard; and then Braham gave the famous recitative "Deeper and Deeper Still." To my thinking, he sung it more finely than I had ever heard, more purely, and with a more touching effect. His performance of the air "Waft her Angels," was not, I thought, equal to his introductory recitative. There is sometimes an approach to exaggeration in this great singer, and sometimes almost too great a fusion of the dramatic into his sacred songs, but in the recitative from Jephtha all was perfect, and in the best taste.

If Braham be not the *most* extraordinary singer (and I think the matter may admit of some debate on his behalf), he is, beyond a question, *one* of the most extraordinary singers that ever lived. Here has he been singing for almost half a century, manifesting (when he pleases) the purest taste, great science, and a power of voice that is beyond parallel. The thrilling exultation of some of his songs shakes the heart within us, like the blast of a trumpet. It is difficult to imagine that the tender but clear notes which he sometimes gives out, like the sound of silver, proceed from the same throat, that at other times sends abroad terrible notes that drown the brazen voices of the orchestra. He has infinite flexibility and power of adapting himself to any subject. The tender air, the merry song, the "terribil via," are all and completely his. He ranges about, like a "chartered libertine," subduing all things before him. He is at home with every composer, and in all their moods; representing with equal power, and seemingly with equal facility, the sublimity of Handel or Haydn, the pathos or grandeur of the Chevalier Neukomm, the frenzy of the songs of Purcell, the boisterous merriment of Martini, and the bacchanalian madness of wine!

Tuesday evening.—The Concert-room was not crowded this evening; but afterwards, the evening performances were exceedingly well attended. You will suppose that some interest was excited by the festival, when I tell you that Mr. Moscheles, Mr. Horseley, Mrs. Anderson, and various others, honoured by the lovers of music, were among the company at Derby. Mr. Thomson (a young composer of promise, and very considerable science, as I understand) was also there; and the Chevalier Neukomm conducted, whenever his own compositions

occurred. The first concert commenced with a Grand Sinfonia (an impressive piece of music) by M. Neukomm; after which a Glee, by Mr. Horseley, was sung by Mr. and Mrs. Knyvett, Vaughan, and Phillips. The words (by Ben Jonson) "See the chariot at hand here of love," are, for the most part, beautiful, and the music is admirably adapted to them. There is that rare alliance between sound and sense which the uninitiated are perpetually looking out for in vain. The well-known recitative and air, by Dr. Calcott, "Angel of Life," followed speedily* after Mr. Horseley's glee. It is yielding Mr. Phillips no small praise, to say that I heard him sing it with very great pleasure, although on the only occasion when I had before heard it, Bartleman himself was the singer. Then came "Napoleon's midnight Review," by the Chevalier Neukomm, a grand ghastly performance! The sounds (like subdued thunder) which accompany, and, as it were, envelope the words of this Scena, are beyond measure fine and characteristic. There is nothing of earth about them; and yet there is little or nothing of vulgar resource exhibited, in order to produce an appalling effect. The transition at the close, from the solemn and weighty sounds, where the watchword is given, to the Elysian movement, ("Thus at the midnight hour," &c.) cannot be too much admired. Madame Stockhausen sung one of her Swiss songs this evening, "The Drover Boy," as delightfully as ever. In the migration of souls, which the Arabians assure us is perpetually taking place, I apprehend that the spirit of some lark, or bullfinch, has made the bosom of Madame Stockhausen its temporary home. She is as sweet as the mocking-bird, and her trills and turns are wonderful. May she go on singing and delighting us, for half a century to come! Before I close my account of this evening's concert, I must not forget to do justice to Miss Masson, whose performance of "Se m'abbandoni," was inferior only to what Pasta could have effected. I was exceedingly struck by the modesty, good sense, and talent of this young lady. I never saw, in so young a singer, so complete an avoidance of bad ornament and common-place. In point of expression, I am not sure that she is not at the very summit of the English (female) school. She is just the master (*you* will permit this Irishism, I know) that musical ladies should consult, when they wish to emancipate themselves from the ordinary sing-song style, and to exhibit good sense and expression. She has one little fault, I think, (and I speak of it with the same frankness that I use when I praise her;)—she is sometimes not sufficiently articulate. Owing to her having sung a great deal of Italian music, (which she sings excellently,) she has acquired a habit of slurring, or fusing the words together. Our language, with its multitude of consonants, requires a different method; and I beg her (for I admire her) to adopt one. There was a tolerable quantity of the gentry and nobility of the neighbourhood present in the County-hall this evening. The Lord Lieutenant of the county, however, (the Duke of Devonshire,) was not there. All eyes seemed opened wide to catch the first sight of his advent. "The cry was still he comes:" yet he came not, after all; and the lovers of stars and garters there retired (I take this for granted) in despair.

Wednesday morning.—The distinguishing feature of the Derby Festival was the music of the Chevalier Neukomm, a composer of the very first order. I had the pleasure of interchanging some talk with him, and can testify to his being a most intelligent man. I would venture my Straduarius that he is also an amiable one. M. Neukomm is attached to the French embassy. He is *not*, however, "private Secretary to Prince Talleyrand," as has been stated; neither is he a Frenchman. He is, in truth, a native of Saltzburg, and was, during seven years, a pupil of Haydn. There is, I believe, but one opinion amongst real musicians, which is, that he does great honour to that great master. His knowledge of harmony and musical effect is probably unsurpassed; and his melodies

---

* You will understand that I do not profess to give you a regular account of *every* song, but only of such as positively pleased or displeased me. Were I to specify everything, I should be as dull as a catalogue. My object is to tell you, *familiariter*, all that passed across my mind on the occasion.

are most graceful, touching, and original. I endeavoured, during his oratorio, to catch a resemblance between his music and that of Mozart, Handel, and Haydn; but I was unable to do so, except occasionally in a bar or so, when I fancied that a dim likeness existed between his ideas and those of the latter, especially where the wind instruments occurred. It was so small, however, as not to impeach in the slightest degree his claim to originality. I compared him also with Spohr, whose "Last Judgment" was performed on the last day of the Festival, and also (as far as I could, by means of imperfect recollections) with certain music of Ries and Spontini. In my mind, he surpasses all of them. With as much grandeur as Spohr occasionally exhibits, he unfolds far sweeter melodies; and his recitatives, duets, and solos are invested, I think, with very considerably more expression.—The Oratorio of "Mount Sinai" has been the subject of so much detailed criticism, that I shall touch merely upon a few of its prominent parts. You will understand, that it, in fact, consists of "The Ten Commandments," each of which is prefaced and followed by various portions of the Old Testament, selected with infinite taste, and adapted to recitatives and airs, duets, quartets, and solos, according to the judgment of the composer. The Commandments themselves, which are invariably given in chorus, may, for high and imposing effect, stand almost by the side of Handel and Haydn. The Oratorio opened with a recitative, describing the giving forth of "The fiery law;" and then followed a charming quartet, "He loveth his flock," which, in its tenderness and a certain pastoral simplicity, can scarcely be excelled. Mr. Phillips's fine voice was then heard chaunting a striking air, "I carried you upon eagles' wings." Then Braham gave out, in his great style, the descent of God upon Mount Sinai, amongst thunders and lightnings, and "The voice of the trumpet exceeding loud:" and *Then*—all the grandeur of music broke loose, and the words of the first Commandment, "I AM THE LORD THY GOD!" came down, in vast oracular tones, that left no room in the mind for any thing but admiration and surprise. I do not remember ever to have been so awe-struck by music as by this first chorus, proclaiming the "I AM" of the Deity, and his eternal law. I positively trembled before it. The great effect here produced seemed to me not to arise from any sudden startling transitions of sound, nor from any mysterious combinations, but to be the result of feeling and of extreme simplicity. In the recitative, which introduces the Commandment, there is, indeed, a very solemn effect of trumpets; but the Commandment itself does not depend on any one particular instrument. It is borne upon a vast even body of sound, and is given upon exceedingly few notes. In the ensuing "Thou, even Thou," I thought the accompaniment was too powerful: but in the air sung by Mrs. Knyvett, "To whom, then, will you liken God?" the symphony was beyond measure delicate. This was also the case in the symphony which preceded the recitative "According to thy name." The air following this last, where it proceeds, "Sing to the Lord! O praise the God of Jacob!" is surpassingly beautiful. Every body was delighted with it; every body talked of it. There was yet another subject in the first part of the Oratorio, the grand chorus, "Make a joyful noise to the Lord," which you must be content to hear mentioned, although I have already said so much. After a few bars, it unfolds and exhibits infinite beauty and variety of sound. There is a swelling, soaring, sublime character about it, relieved by gentle modulations, and now and then a few grave notes, that make it delightful to the unlearned, as well as to the learned hearer.

I have left myself no space to speak of the second part as it deserves. Yet I must not omit to tell you, in half-a-dozen lines, that the sixth Commandment "Thou shalt do no Murder!" with its rolling drums, was fearfully fine; or that there was an exquisite duet between Braham and Phillips—"Happy the Man who hath found a virtuous Woman." (This was decidedly one of the best pieces.) That Mr. Vaughan sang a very pleasant air—"Preserve thy tongue from Evil," with horn accompaniments;—that Miss Masson did justice to a lofty solemn recitative—"The Lord will scatter the Darkness;" and that the fugue of "Glorify the Lord," which concluded the oratorio, left on the minds of all hearers a conviction that the Chevalier Sigismond Neukomm is a composer whose name will hereafter be coupled with Haydn and Beethoven, and those other lofty

geniuses who have come "like morning stars" among us, and departed; and that he is, in a word, one of the greatest masters of music that this century, at least, has seen.

Wednesday evening.—This evening, during Mozart's Grand Sinfonia, (Jupiter,) the lightning came blazing about the large concert-room, and startled some of us who were listening very quietly to the fine heathen music. It went off speedily, however, and left us at leisure to admire the beautiful "Dove Sono," Purcell's "Mad Tom," (capitally sung by Braham,) and "King Death," and "The Sea," by the Chevalier Newkomm, both of which were encored. The concert concluded with a laughing trio of Martini, (every one in the room laughing with all their might in concert with the singers,) and a chorus from Mozart's "Tito." I never saw any body laugh so well as Braham in this side-shaking trio. De Begnis was one of the party, and grinned with hideous effect.

Thursday morning.—The music this morning consisted solely of "The Messiah." It was ill attended; but, for the most part, well performed. This great Oratorio, (the finest in the world, I apprehend,) has been so often criticised, that I shall not detain you, by pointing out those beauties in detail, which you probably know better than myself. But I must be allowed to say a few words on Handel—(on "*Mister* Handel," as the Rev. R. Simpson calls him.) He has been called "The Giant" of music. If by this it be meant to convey a perfect idea of the qualities of Handel, the phrase is altogether incompetent. The giant Hurlothrumbo, who ate little children, was a mere mass of bone and muscle, a clown complete. But the great musician was a person of a totally different order. He had vast power, it is true, and his display of this at times impresses us with a vague notion of physical strength. But then he had, superadded, and, as it were, adorning and hallowing the coarser and merely vigorous parts of his mind, infinite delicacy, infinite grace, the most touching pastoral simplicity, and a sense of the sublime, which carried him beyond the uttermost flight of any other composer whatsoever. He seemed fit (not to speak it profanely) to write hymns for angels,—to convey to us, through the divine power of music, an idea of those vast hallelujahs and acclamations, which are said to ascend from the heavenly hosts, like invisible incense, towards the throne of God. I caught myself fifty times fancying that I was soaring up and up—hovering in the air—ascending and descending—and wheeling about in all sorts of spiral evolutions, whilst I was listening to the choruses of the Messiah. This was all absurd enough; but it will give you a notion of how I was borne away by the music, perhaps better than more rational conduct. I do not know how other people are impressible by musical sounds, but they sometimes make me thrill, from top to toe, as though I were touched by some electrical engine.

The Messiah is the great deed of Handel. But, independently of this, there is enough of beauty and power scattered over his other works, (his "Acis and Galatea," his "Jephtha," his "Sampson," &c.) to make up a mighty name for any other composer. In the way of comparison, he may be said to resemble Milton more than any other great genius. The same excellences distinguish them—perhaps the same defects. The poet was decidedly deficient in dramatic power: I do not think that it is very conspicuous in the composer. There is a degree of monotony in each, and a certain species of egotism (so to speak) which is always inimical to the "infinite variety" which belongs to the perfect poet. Yet their modulations are grand, and sweet, and graceful beyond expression, beyond praise; and the sublime and soaring character of their finest productions makes (or ought to make) the proudest critic humble himself to the dust. A friend of mine, who has an ear for fine music, and is, moreover, a clever man, values Handel less than Beethoven and Rossini. What will he say when he is told that such was Beethoven's admiration for the great author of the Messiah, that he wished to come over to England in order to prostrate himself at his tomb?

Thursday evening.—A Grand Sinfonia in C. by Beethoven, and a tender moonlight Glee of Horseley, introduced an air by Mrs. Robert Arkwright. The

original music is agreeable enough, and was on this occasion enriched by orchestral accompaniments by M. Neukomm. The subject is "Xarifa," a charming Spanish ballad of Mr. Lockhart. It was charmingly and expressively sung by Miss Masson. To say the truth, the effect produced by this song was not a little owing to the singer, who did her best for a composition not perhaps entirely adapted to her style. My previous impressions of Miss Masson were this night confirmed; and I had now no occasion to reproach her for want of distinctness. It was impossible that Mrs. Arkwright's music should have been given with better effect. Mr. Phillips sang his famous German song, "Reicht mir Nectar" bravely, and was properly encored. He sang again M. Neukomm's song of "The Sea" in great style, and was again encored. There was a very fine overture, (opening the second part of the concert) by Mendelssohn Bartholdy. I listened to his music, the "Midsummer Night's Dream," with no diminution of interest, you may be sure, when I learned that he was a descendant of the celebrated Mendelssohn. Madame Stockhausen sang, during the evening, her song of "The Harvest Home," and Braham gave, with inimitable spirit, another song of M. Neukomm's, entitled "Wine!" Both these airs were encored. The last has a splendid orchestral accompaniment. Mrs. Knyvett warbled very sweetly the Scottish air of "Donald," and De Begnis again shook us with his harlequinades.

On Friday the Festival terminated with selections from Spohr's "Last Judgement," "The Creation" of Haydn, and a selection of Sacred Music; the composers of which were Handel, the Chevalier Neukomm Attwood, Rossini, Sir J. Stevenson, &c. Spohr is assuredly a fine and learned composer; his quartets and choruses being almost always good, and sometimes of an exceedingly high character. But there is sometimes a monotony in his melodies, and once or twice, great poverty in his expression. I cannot be mistaken in this, which is not a matter of science merely. In the appeal to God, "Forsake me not," where the petitioner prays "Oh, spare thy servant, and cast him not away!" there is room for great pathos and expression. Yet nothing could be more flat, meagre, and uninteresting. He made up for this, however, in his great chorus of "Destroyed is Babylon the mighty," commencing with a fine exultatory movement, and terminating with some grand tones, like the dying of distant thunder. I cannot say a syllable in disparagement of this noble piece of music. Mrs. Knyvett's solo, also, with the chorus "All Glory to the Lamb," and the quartets "Yes, every Tear," and "Blest are the Departed," confirm Spohr's reputation as a composer of the greatest talent; although his learning appears to me, but too frequently, to obscure the subject which music ought to develope. I shall spare you now all further criticism. I can scarcely consent, indeed, to trouble you even with my admiration of Haydn's supremely fine recitative, "In splendour bright," or to tell you how purely and effectively Braham sang M. Neukomm's most touching music, "David's Lament for Absalom;" or how Miss Masson, in the aria—(also of M. Neukomm)—"Per te, Per te," earned for herself another leaf of the laurel which never fades. Let me be allowed to say, in conclusion however, that every singer did everything that could be wished; and that if they left behind them any dissatisfied auditors, I was not unlucky enough to meet them. For my own part, I should desire nothing better than to travel to ancient Derby once again; to look once more at her soaring tower; to listen there to the grand voices of Braham and Phillips, the lark-like notes of Madame Stockhausen; the sweet, clear tones of Mrs. Knyvett; and the passion and pathos of Miss Masson. I would have everything just as before; I would sit on the same bench (as I am informed I did) with Mr. and Mrs. Horseley, and Mrs. Anderson, and with the most divine of piano-forte players, Moscheles. I would desire only the same friendly hospitality which was then extended to me, and no more distinction than to be once more introduced to a man, as amiable, and eminent in his way, as the Chevalier Sigismond Neukomm.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

JOURNALISM.—Journalism seems to be considered in France by some writers as another form of despotism; it is held to be the ruling power, and is properly honoured and enthroned. Its sway in this country is, perhaps, equally powerful, but it is submitted to with a grumbling: the malcontents curse while they obey. The journals are modest, and say *they* have no power; they are only the mouthpieces of the public. There is some truth here, but not the whole truth; the power of journalism arises not merely from its expressing the public opinion, but from its facilitating communication and creating sympathy, by showing that that which they do express is public opinion. Where men are insulated they are easily oppressed; when roads become good, and intercourse is easy, their force is increased more than a hundred fold: when, without personal communication, their opinions can be interchanged, and the people thus become one mass, breathing one breath and one spirit, their might increases in a ratio of which it is difficult to find the measure or the limit. Journalism does this office; it is to the mind what the rail-road is to the body; so that, without attributing any extraordinary value to the compositions of the newspaper writers of the day, we must assign to them a much greater importance than that of mere heralds. Even if their writings were inferior, it does not follow they would have less power.

It is rumoured, that immediately after the passing of the Reform Bill—if it pass, and the people are content with what they have got—that Lord Althorp intends immediately to address himself to the reduction of the Newspaper Tax. The newspapers have themselves been very clamorous for this measure, without perhaps foreseeing the consequences of the measure to themselves, or with an amazing disinterestedness. The power of Journalism as Journalism will be infinitely diminished: the existing newspapers are now so many potentates on their respective thrones—their influence is permanent, and their condition steady and sure. They are now the representatives of an enormous outlay of capital, and valued at a six years' purchase. When the tax is taken off, and a journal may be circulated by post free, there will be no end to the number of their rivals, to the variety of their quality, size, price, matter, and composition. At present, under existing disadvantages, the number of new newspapers started in a year is great and they are discontinued after a time, not for want of a decent sale, but because they are stopped by the necessity of an outlay in stamps, which demands capital; and among persons who understand the trade of journalism, scribblers are far more numerous than capitalists. What then may be expected, when in fact the smallest possible capital will suffice? Newspapers will swarm; attachment to particular journals will cease, and a love of variety and change supervene; the business of newspapers, now kept together by the stamp, will be distributed; the vast dominion of the Times will be broken up into little sovereignties; the politician will have his sheet written by a professed publicist; the sportsman will have his paper edited by Nimrod; the quidnunc will have his news, and the merchant his intelligence; the play-goer his criticisms and his playbill together, the book buyer his review, his catalogue, and his advertisement: there will not only be division of labour, but division of work; and as each will simply be doing what he understands best, and as the demand will be proportionate to its aptness, and the competition will be great, we may expect an improvement in this description of circulating medium. Neither is it to be supposed that the times of publication will be adhered to any more than the size and form; the new leaves will not wait for the rising and the setting of the sun to appear; they will put forth their freshness every hour, and perhaps even oftener. Why should not a few moments be passed during many parts of the day in conversation with the journal of the hour, as well as with a friend at the corner of a street, or during a morning call. Let it be remembered that there is no difference between ideas, whether communicated orally, or through the medium of signs; the mode by signs has the advantage of being enduring, and the disadvantage of requiring an apparatus: but the more this difference is reduced, the more will these two modes of publication resemble

each other; so that journalism will lose its distinctive character, and approach to an identity with conversation. It is not even improbable that men may keep a printing-press and a printer in their houses; and such an individual may be as often called upon as a secretary, and perhaps be more useful than an under butler, whose place he may take, and whose wages he might receive. A further step would be the use of types instead of the pen: when public opinion comes to have that power which it must have in a state of perfect communication, it may be useful to persons writing upon public affairs to write with a polygraph pen; the polygraph pen which is unlimited in its power of producing copies, is the printing press; and there are already instances of men who have composed and printed whole volumes without the medium of a manuscript. Gibbon, in his Memoirs, mentions two instances of printers who have printed their own compositions, and immediately transferred the idea to its place in the printing frame. A change of this kind is a very obvious one; to learn to compose with types is not harder than to learn to write, and many could master the complete use of the printing-press while others were learning to dance. The piano is a far more difficult instrument than the type-frame; and it might not be an unseemly employment for ladies who have no ear, to compose the ideas of their husbands in an evening instead of disturbing them. There is nothing inelegant, laborious, or disagreeable in the handling of type as it might be prepared: printing itself is laborious, requires an effort, and the use of a black varnish. This business might be handed over to the devil of the house; and it is not, after all, half so dirty or disagreeable as many of the processes conducted under every roof. However, there is no reason why printing should be carried on at home; it may be always more convenient to send the manuscript into the next street, just as it may save trouble to keep your horses at livery; all we mean to point out is, that in consequence of the use of type being a new discovery, and the use of the tongue and of the pen being old ones, there is supposed to be radical differences in their nature which do not in fact exist, and the appearance of which may soon vanish.

Definition of a Republic.—One of Mr. Cooper's objects, in his selection of Venice for the subject of his new novel, seems to have been to show to his countrymen that the word republic had a different interpretation on different sides of the Atlantic. The work is full of sound principles of government; we are only afraid that romance-readers will be impatient of some of his disquisitions, and hurry from the theory to the practical illustration of it, in the adventure of the Bravo himself. Mr. Cooper's definition of a republic may be applied as a test to the pretensions of a great many ancient and some modern states that pretend to the name.

"Were we to characterize a republic, we should say it was a state in which power, both theoretically and practically, is derived from the nation, with a constant responsibility of the agents of the public to the people; a responsibility that is neither to be evaded or denied. That such a system is better on a large than on a small scale, though contrary to brilliant theories which have been written to uphold different institutions, must be evident on the smallest reflection; since the danger of all popular governments is from popular mistakes, and a people of diversified interests and extended territorial possessions are much less likely to be their subjects than the inhabitants of a single town or country. If to this definition we should add, as an infallible test of the genus, that a true republic is a government of which all others are jealous and vituperative, on the instinct of self-preservation, we believe there would be no mistaking the class."—*Bravo, Vol. I.*

Oratory waits upon occasion.—Times of trouble invariably put the intellect of mankind in a state of fermentation; a spirit is developed which no one would have suspected to lie hid in the inert and vegetable mass. It is curious to see how many orators the present commotion is eliciting in all quarters, and from among people who probably, in their lives, never thought of making a speech before. Neither Quintilian, nor all the books on rhetoric that ever were written, have made a single orator; whereas three weeks of agitation will produce orators in scores. At the Dundee meeting a weaver of unknown name got up and

astonished the assembly by the energy of his proposals. He had been an old soldier, had fought for two kings in his time, and it occurred to him, that when he fought again, it should be for himself. This man dwelt on the benefits of organization—think of such a word, with such a meaning, in the mouth of an old soldier-weaver. "Let the people, as Jethro said to Moses," quoted the modern Covenanter, "be divided into bodies of fifty and a hundred, and let there be leaders appointed, who shall answer for the conduct of their respective troops," and so on. Here is the bump of generalship showing itself on the very first call: in a revolution such a man might turn out a Pichegru. Rulers ought to be cautious how they excite the dormant propensities of a people who, in quiet times, have no means of following the bent of their genius. At the Newcastle meeting a Mr. Larkin spoke in a vein of eloquence which, for its character of powerful declamation, perhaps none of the established orators of the day could excel. At Birmingham, Mr. Parkes ran through the history of the Constitution, and exposed the difficulties with which ministers would have to contend, with more ability than perhaps any one of the legislators of the land could have done under similar circumstances: these are to be our Buzots and Brissots, if unhappily the conduct of the House of Lords should bring on a convulsion.

The Scots, especially the common people, take up an opinion and adhere to it with a fervency and a firmness which surprises us in so cautious a character. Their enthusiasm in favour of the Reform Bill reminds one of their fervid constancy in the days of the Covenant. Reform is the modern Covenant, and the Glasgow weavers are likely to see that it is taken by a good many unwilling converts.

The People's Secret.—The order of former days was passive obedience—the discovery which distinguishes this age, above all others, is that of *passive resistance*. The consequences of riot are, confusion and ultimate defeat—of libel, fine and imprisonment—of petitioning, neglect—of meeting and speaking, contempt—but the refusal to pay taxes is like some silence more powerful than any eloquence. It may not be practicable to convince a House of Peers, but it is possible to stop their supplies; the avenues to the brain are closed, but the avenue to the pocket is gaping wide. Similarly with the bishops, the congregation cannot prevent them from preaching, but, on the great principle of passive resistance, they can leave the prelate, when he ascends the pulpit, "alone in his glory, with his lawn sleeves floating about him."

The Actress Countesses.—Mr. Larkin, in his speech against the Aristocracy, makes it a point of vituperation, that our nobility marry cast-off actresses. The Newspapers, we presume, generally consider this as a distinction, for no part of the "marked class" obtains such perpetual notice, as those who have been raised from the honours of the pit to those of the peerage. The Duchess of St. Alban's has been for many a year as good as a war or an insurrection to the columns of some of the Journals. We perceive that they are now going to chronicle Lady Harrington's small beer. All her movements have been very carefully noticed since she became a Countess, and the last announcement is, to use the quotation of the penny-a-line man, that she is as ladies wish to be who love their lords.

Political Prostitution.

"Just on the verge between the two great classes of society there are to be found numbers of young men, of small means, preparing to gain their livelihood by intellectual exertion. They necessarily comprise the most cultivated and talented of our youth, and, were the institutions of our country well framed, these apt instruments would be turned to purposes of good, but now they are sought for as tools: they write, speak, and act as if such was their destination, and they are careful to make others believe that destination an honourable one. There are other classes of society produced after the same mischievous mode; and the thieves and prostitutes offer but too apt an analogy to the race of political hacks. Unfortunately the fields of plunder and of passion are wide and alluring, and such portions of the labouring population as hate honest industry, and are otherwise fitted for the vocation, live by dishonest and degrading practices. The quick-witted boy and the beautiful girl, disgusted with labour, and allured by luxury and

indulgence, betake themselves the one to pilfering, the other to prostitution; but the beauty, swelling with conscious loveliness, decked out with gaudy ornaments, attended by a numerous bevy as frail as herself, beaming with meretricious smiles and darting bright glances of solicitation, she, as she sweeps along, in spite of all her art and all her beauty, is viewed as an outcast of society: she cannot plead in excuse that multitudes like herself are frail and dishonoured; she cannot point to her surrounding associates, and exclaim, these are my extenuation: neither would it be a wise plea on the part of a detected thief, that there were multitudes of the same class, and that his lordship must be well aware, that every idle youth of the self-same rank as he (the criminal) wanted but an opportunity to become just such another thief. What would be said if he were to declare, that this was the established morality of his class; that they had established this morality because the rewards for thieving were numerous and extremely grateful; that the only alternative was between labour and thieving, and that they naturally preferred the latter?"—*Westminster Review, XXX. p.* 305.

It is seldom that the Westminster Review condescends to relieve the soundness of its doctrine by the charms of fine writing. But when we do meet with an eloquent passage, the impression it makes is deepened by the rarity of the occurrence. The extract we have taken out, which classes the political hack with the sensual hack, is one of the happiest passages of modern pamphleteering. It occurs in a sketch of the Cannings, the Huskissons, and other adventurers of the description.

The Cholera in the Gazette.—22nd. The Gazette of this evening contains an *avant-courier* of the Cholera: instructions as to what is to be done in expectation of this fearful visitor, and how he is to be received when he does arrive. The Doctors have written a very minute and appalling description of the malady; it only wants the word Death in capital letters, by way of *finis*, to make the detail complete, after the manner of Buchan in his Domestic Medicine, who, as in the case of other medical practitioners, always conducts the patient from the mildest symptoms to the more severe, until, as the case gets aggravated, the Doctor waxes warm, and begins to paint the strokes of disease with a deeper dye, and in a more eloquent tone, until at length he concludes his harangue with a peroration of unfailing effect: cold sweats, convulsive movement of the body, loss of sight, singing in the ears, coldness of the extremities, thickness of speech, rattling in the throat, Death. Truly the proclamation of the Board of Health is something of this character; we do not see what advantage is to attend it, unless it be proposed to frighten people out of their wits, and thus set up Cholera as the rival of Reform. What if the Cholera should be found the only force capable of dissolving the Birmingham Political Union!

The sole preventative measure seems to be cleanliness, and if the Gazette had given directions or pointed out the means of purifying the various dens of filth and nastiness which "send their reeking honours up to Heaven" in every district of London, more benefit might have attended their labours, than the publication of the lugubrious detail in the Gazette; which, in part, seems to be copied from Defoe's History of the Great Plague of London. The Sick and the Caution to be inscribed on doors, are in place of the Red Cross and *the Lord have mercy upon us!* of former times.

If any thing is proved by all that has been written upon the subject, it is, that quarantine is utterly useless in stopping the progress of the disease, and that it may do harm by creating an imaginary security, and cause inconvenience by impeding commerce, but that it can do no good.

The opinion of several eminent Physicians, such as Dr. J. Johnson and Dr. Kennedy, is, that Cholera is caused by a pestiferous exhalation from the *interior of the earth:* in this case, Cholera proceeding from the centre quarantine ought to act in the direction of the earth's radius, and the colliers and pit-men be made to perform it before they visit their wives and families. Dr. Forster avers that unusual signs have been seen in the Heavens, and others declare that the Cholera is "all along of" Mr. Halley's great comet, which is to return in 1833. The Rev. Mr. Irving's gift of tongues is only one of the indications of a mephitic atmosphere. The fires in Kent which have been learnedly attributed to *monomania*, are but the cholera in another form.

Low Prices.—A curious table of prices, drawn up by a Birmingham manufacturer, has been published, in which he shows, that year after year the price of manufactured goods has declined, until it has become, according to him, ruinously low. He says nothing, however, of the deterioration of the article; which, to say the least, has kept pace with price in the race of business; and on the whole, we lament as much the wretchedness of the thing produced as the paltriness of the price paid, for both are bad signs. The wretched imitation now sold of a formerly good article, is a sign that the habits of luxury, which can now no longer be afforded, are to be kept up in shadow, if not in substance: solid enjoyment is despised for the sake of the show: incomes are daily becoming less, and a false pride attempts by every means of a contemptible ingenuity to preserve the air of former wealth. Every thing is stucco and plate: you may never hope to get hold of any thing that is what it pretends to be: if it looks massive, it is hollow; if it seems polished, it is varnished; if it appear veined and variegated, it is stained: marble turns out to be scagliola or plaster of Paris; gold is mosaic, and silver is Brummagem metal. Let us hope that morality is not equally insincere, and that apparent ease is not concealed disquiet, external purity internal rottenness, hospitality a trap, and a hearty shake of the hand akin to the Iscariot's kiss. In an age when the utmost frugality is demanded, both public and private, our only aim is to make a sensation by a show of splendour: tranquillity and comfort are sold for an opinion which, after all, is never had possession of We sadly want some leading example of simplicity and self-denial, which might by possibility be extensively followed.

Sydney Smith too good for a Bishop.—Sydney Smith has been appointed a prebendary, or some such thing, of St. Paul's, while Dr. Maltby is made a Bishop. We will suppose that the ministers had good reason for their choice; but we, without any feeling of disrespect towards Dr. Maltby, cannot help feeling indignant at the preference. Dr. Maltby is a liberal churchman, doubtless, and has been an active and able examining chaplain, has preached a variety of good doctrinal sermons, and is a fair Greek scholar, as Greek scholars go, witness his enormous edition of Morell's Greek Gradus ad Parnassum; but can these claims for one moment be set against those of Sydney Smith, whose life has been irreproachable; whose character, as a clergyman, is most exemplary; and who, without neglecting the duties of a Churchman, has advanced the interests of Englishmen in the cause they are now pursuing, perhaps more than any other individual writer? he who has made the way of knowledge a path of pleasantness? The surest way to the Bench, of late years, has been through the Gradus ad Parnassum, which, in point of fact, is the hill up which, instead of Sion, most of our Right Reverends have been climbing all their lives. We know of no other claim that Blomfield has; he was great in the Chorusses of Æschylus—the Prometheus was his chef d'œuvre:—what should we say if, in future ages, and in another country, New Zealand for example, a man were raised to the most holy of places for his skill in arranging the scores and settling the text of Don Giovanni in London? The Bishop of Gloucester was not quite so great a master of *Ionics à majore*, as Dr. Blomfield, but still he printed very prettily certain devil's-books in Greek, which, had they been in English, would have been sold at the corner of Bow-street, and their editor would have stood a better chance of the King's than the Bishop's bench. Dr. Kaye, the Bishop of Lincoln, was likewise great in Greek, and in metre too—if in nothing else. Dr. Carey has devoted his life to horsing Westminster boys, and writing little books on Latin prosody, and for the just measure he preserved in both these exercises, is Bishop of Asaph. Then comes Dr. Maltby, the last of the Bishops *in metris*, who is solely indebted for his elevation to being the only Whig clergyman who has written a sufficiently large book on Greek prosody.

New Levy of Irish Cavalry.—It is said of the Irish labourers, who are employed in this country during harvest, that formerly they used to return to Ireland with manufactured goods purchased with their wages. The year before last, however, the article they had universally selected was a *donkey*, and great multitudes of this useful animal were exported to that country; this season the

labourers have bought nothing but fire-arms, and it is said that they have exhausted all the shops on the coast. This is a circumstance which has puzzled the journalists, though nothing can be clearer than the inference that another rebellion is at hand, and the long-sighted peasantry have hit upon this plan of raising an Irish regiment of light dragoons.

Servants' Advertisements.—The advertisements for places are curious and characteristic compositions. The first thing a servant thinks of is, his objections: his announcement is a kind of grumble extorted by want; the only thing he is willing to do is, to be hired, that is to say, to be fed and clothed; as to his duties, he has no objection to some of them. The advertiser informs us, for instance, that he or she is a butler or lady's maid, and has no objection to go into the country; or a housemaid wants a place, and she stipulates for a footman or two; a housekeeper almost always adheres to the condition of a single gentleman, or at least a regular family, which means a family where she is likely to have no trouble. In the "Times" (Oct. 12,) is the advertisement of a Coachman, a young man of light weight, who has no objection to "*drive* if required." This gentleman "prefers the country." In the same paper is a person who advertises as coachman and groom, who has "no objection to take the care of a horse and chaise." Now what would this coachman or groom propose to take care of, if it were not a horse and chaise? this surely is the very least a coachman or groom could pretend to get off with. Sometimes they call it "looking after" a horse and chaise, which we doubt not is the part of their duty they perform with most relish. It is common for these persons to state that "they have no objection to make themselves useful." Now what do they suppose a master puts himself to the expense of pretty nearly a hundred a-year in the fitting up, and feeding, and paying, a gentleman in blue and silver for, but that he should make a return in usefulness? It is possible that these plaguy folk, misled by the gaiety of their attire, get an idea that they are entertained as the ornaments of a respectable house, and to be put on the same footing as pier-glasses and china vases.

Liberia.—The black American colony on the West coast of Africa boasts a newspaper. It is called the "Liberia Herald," and is printed at Monrovia. In the Number we have seen, the sable editor commences his leader with acknowledgments to several ladies of the United States, who have furnished him with various articles of necessary apparel. The paper is not, however, the less well written because the editor sat down to his task in a pair of eleemosynary breeches. The colony is likely to be one of the most flourishing and useful establishments in the world, and, in addition to its effect upon the civilization of Africa, by drawing away the black blood of the United States themselves, it will rescue them from a well-merited reproach. Jonathan W. Doubekins has made the British public familiar with the horror a genuine Yankee entertains of fellowship with a Negro. A writer in the "Westminster Review" has a passage on the subject, written in the most forcible manner of that work, which may, perhaps, lead some of them to be ashamed of the gross and vulgar prejudices they are nurtured in. We may, by extracting it, perhaps, contribute to its dissemination in the States; in the mean while it is worth reading as a piece of composition.

"On view of the number of observing and sensible Americans, whom business or pleasure conducts to these portions of the globe, which exist in it in addition to the United States, it seems impossible that the more intelligent classes in America should not have begun to understand the intense vulgarity, in the eyes of the remainder of mankind, of the rampant and indomitable abhorrence of African association, which in the new country it appears to be the fashion to profess. What do the abhorrers prove by it, but that they are the sons of 'negro-drivers?' A negro-driver may be a very laudable ancestor, particularly if he has left a fortune to his descendants; but cannot our friends of the stars and stripes be made to understand, that it is not exactly the origin which a man would make a point of obtruding on the attention of foreigners? A Peer, a Prince of the Blood, the proudest of the proud, in any of the old states of Europe, displays no aversion to any degree of familiarity with an individual of African descent, that would be warranted by the circumstances of the same individual if his face

had happened to be white. But to the nice nerves of an American book-keeper, it would appear that this must for ever and for ever be an object of unconquerable terror. Surely there must have been a great resemblance between some of the first settlers in America and their negroes to make the jealousy so enduring and so fierce.—*Westminster Review, No. XXX.*

The Bugbears of the Month.—The Bugbears of the day are undoubtedly the Bishops: if they have endangered the House of Lords by throwing out the Bill, they will save it by acting as a *paratonnerre*, and drawing off the lightning of the people's wrath from the Lay Peers. To mend an old house is proverbially as expensive as building a new one: pull down a few rafters and such a picture of rottenness and decay is exposed, that a proprietor of the slightest spirit is tempted to extend his plans of repair. The rejection of the Reform Bill made apparent the fact, that the House of Lords wanted a reform as much as the House of Commons, and a consideration of the defects of the House of Lords has brought down the indignation of the public in full tide upon the Church, so that there is a great chance that its temporalities and titles will be swept away by a flood of public opinion. Men, whose very long boots and short aprons were, a few weeks ago, looked upon with at least all the marks of external respect, are to-day the objects of scorn and contempt. When politicians do agree, their unanimity is certainly wonderful; not a voice is lifted up in favour of the Reverend Bench, and persons who a short time ago would have dreaded the appellation of Atheist and Infidel, or at least Socinian, for doubting the propriety of clerical principalities, now declaim against the existence of the union of Church and State, as if it were the belief they had professed from their infancy. The secret of this is, that that which has long been private opinion, may now be openly pronounced, without fear of consequences: men's sentiments have not suddenly changed, but circumstances have. Persons may now run down tithes, and the Bishop Peerage, without the risk of being marked as a black sheep.

It is now absolutely dangerous to be a Bishop: their large incomes must, in future, be paid to them in consideration of the peril of their lives. In the instance of Dr. Murphy at Bristol, he had nearly suffered for being merely the *titular* Bishop of Cork. This was hard, for he, at least, receives no consideration for obloquy.

"On Tuesday last," says the Cork Reporter, "as the Roman Catholic Bishop of Cork was proceeding in the London mail for Bristol, at Bath the coach stopped to change horses. A mob surrounded the coach, and inquired if the Bishop of Cork was a passenger? Perceiving Dr. Murphy, they cried out 'they had the damned shovel hat,' and were proceeding to pull him out, when he assured them they were mistaken—that it was his *colleague in the see* who had voted against them, and that he was a sincere reformer, and always the people's friend.—Not a word would they believe, and doubtless he would have been most roughly handled had not the coachman whipped up the horses, and brought him off by hard driving."

The sermon of a bishop formerly used to be thought better than the curate's, in the ratio of their incomes; the congregations will now not listen to an episcopal harangue. Dr. Blomfield, the other day, was obliged to decline preaching at St. Anne's, Westminster, because the flock declined to listen to him! the congregation had come to the resolution to retire the moment he ascended the pulpit.

Bloody Island Duel.—Several duels have taken place this month: some Irishmen have "exchanged a case of pistols," and some Englishmen have repaired to the field, shivered, and fired, and shaken hands, exceedingly glad at having done no mischief. The most remarkable affair is, however, a Canadian duel, fought on a spot of earth in the St. Lawrence, properly called Bloody Island. In this case the parties appear to have practised shooting at a mark by way of preparation for the eventful morning, and both, it seems, made such progress, that by the aid of a short distance each shot his man. It is our opinion, that if men would really try to hit one another, and if all preparation in duelling were

held fair, and the object, viz. slaughter, were endeavoured after by every possible means, it would speedily reduce the number of these foolish meetings, in which men stand up against each other, firing and avoiding all aim and deliberate intention to do evil, and yet pretending to be animated by a most deadly purpose of mischief, while they are laying in the way all possible accidents to prevent its occurrence.

The Canadian duel on Bloody Island is rich in every point of absurdity; it is so ridiculous, that the fatal issue scarcely checks the feeling of utter contempt.

Lionism in London.—Great men are very soon forgotten, even though they happen to be members of Parliament. The world would, in a very short time, have obliterated from the tablet of its memory all trace of a philanthropist, and M.P., exceedingly renowned in his day, and distinguished from other prodigies by the title of Mr. Cruelty-to-Animals Martin, (just as we may speak of Mr. General-Fast Perceval, or Colonel Spare-the-Constitution Sibthorpe,) if it had not been reminded of him by the timely arrival at Drury-Lane Theatre of a sort of French edition of that individual, designated, or to be designated, Monsieur Kindness-to-Animals Martin. This gentleman, who seems to have brought with him from Paris one half of the living wonders of the Jardin des Plantes, and who is followed by almost as many leaping and creeping things as Noah of old, has floated his ark upon the Dead Sea of the drama with some éclat, but with little chance of keeping it long above water. In fact the Society for the Encouragement of Lionism, in the Regent's Park, have rendered the most surprising animal curiosities exceedingly common-place. Lions are not lions now-a-days. People pant for "rarer monsters." Nothing short of a camelopard or a hippopotamus stands the least chance, or is worthy of a great national theatre like Drury. A phœnix, to be sure, would be something, or a mermaid,—only they are understood to be shy, and difficult to catch. Prometheus's vulture, living or stuffed, might have attracted for a night or two; but, instead of these, we find only a couple of tame elephants, of which we think as little as Lord Ellenborough does; a pelican, evidently introduced for no other end than to furnish the weekly wits with some novel jokes about "the bill;" a pair of boas, no bigger than they should be, engaged because Mrs. Orger, who speaks the prologue, wears one very gracefully; a few monkeys, that cannot possibly be any novelty to the box-lobby loungers; and, lastly, the lions themselves, that, after all, are far less formidable in their roaring than several of their fellow tragedians at both houses. The present manager is young in his art, or he would have known that all these put together would not weigh for an instant in the scale of attraction with such an object as the Rev. Mr. Irving, whose skill in "unknown tongues" transcends that of any brute in the collection. Mr. Hunt, it seems, is making proficiency in the same way, and might have been announced for a Latin quotation between the pieces. But no; the manager has thought proper to interpret the public demand for "lions" literally; and rejects with disdain the wonders within his reach. Besides, the animals we recommend have the advantage of being genuine, and quite in a natural state—warranted wild; now the new accessions at Drury-Lane are most disappointingly tame. Not an actress has been eaten—not a single dancer has been dined upon; the figurantes begin to feel themselves neglected, and to regard the lion's tenderness as bad taste. There are always fifty Viscounts behind the scenes ready to eat them up; yet the lions exhibit an unnatural abstinence towards them. It perplexes them in the extreme.

Are we among those who so pathetically bewail these menagerie-matters on our national stage, and regard them as the death-blow of what is commonly called drama? Quite the reverse; we are rejoiced to see them. The old dramatic system, like the political, is rapidly breaking up: and nothing will better tend to demolish and trample down the mouldering walls of its monopoly, than a tiger-hunt or a troop of elephants. We hope, therefore, that managers will succeed in all their attempts to rend from the minor houses their legitimate supports, and in driving all thefirst-rate comedians (where most of them are already driven) to houses where they can be seen and heard without the aid of ear-trumpets and telescopes. Meanwhile we cannot possibly perceive a reason

why the statue of Shakspeare should longer continue in the rotunda of Drury-Lane. Buffon or Cuvier would be an appropriate substitute for it.

The "Olympic" Games.—We are half disposed to agree with *Sir Fretful*, that "the women are the best judges after all." While the heads of one winter house were in Paris, hunting after Bonaparte burlesques, and negotiating for the identical hat or boots that the emperor did *not* wear, and while the authorities of the other were occupied in ensnaring the prodigies above described, Madame Vestris was wisely spending her time in forming plans for the improvement of her little theatre, in finding out the most tasteful designers and decorators, in projecting all kinds of graces and ornaments, and in seducing Mr. Liston (if we may use such terms) to add himself—more irresistible than all of them—to the number. But Liston, though almost all-sufficient in himself—a substantive that requires not another actor to be joined with him—is not the only magnet and marvel; Mrs. Glover is playing here, in a style that unites the advantages of a ripened and matured knowledge, to the buoyant vivacities of a spirit as active and as young as ever. Then there is the piquant proprietor herself, with a set of smiles and glances, which it is of course very wicked to take notice of, and a voice that renders one indifferent as to what she is to sing, so that she sings frequently, and sulks when she is encored. The company is scarcely numerous enough for the performance of comedies; but all who love little light farcettas, that make one forget the Board of Health and the House of Lords, should inquire their way to Wych-Street, where they play them in perfection. Either of the names we have mentioned ought to be enough; combined, they are not to be resisted. We never glance at the bill but it costs us four shillings.

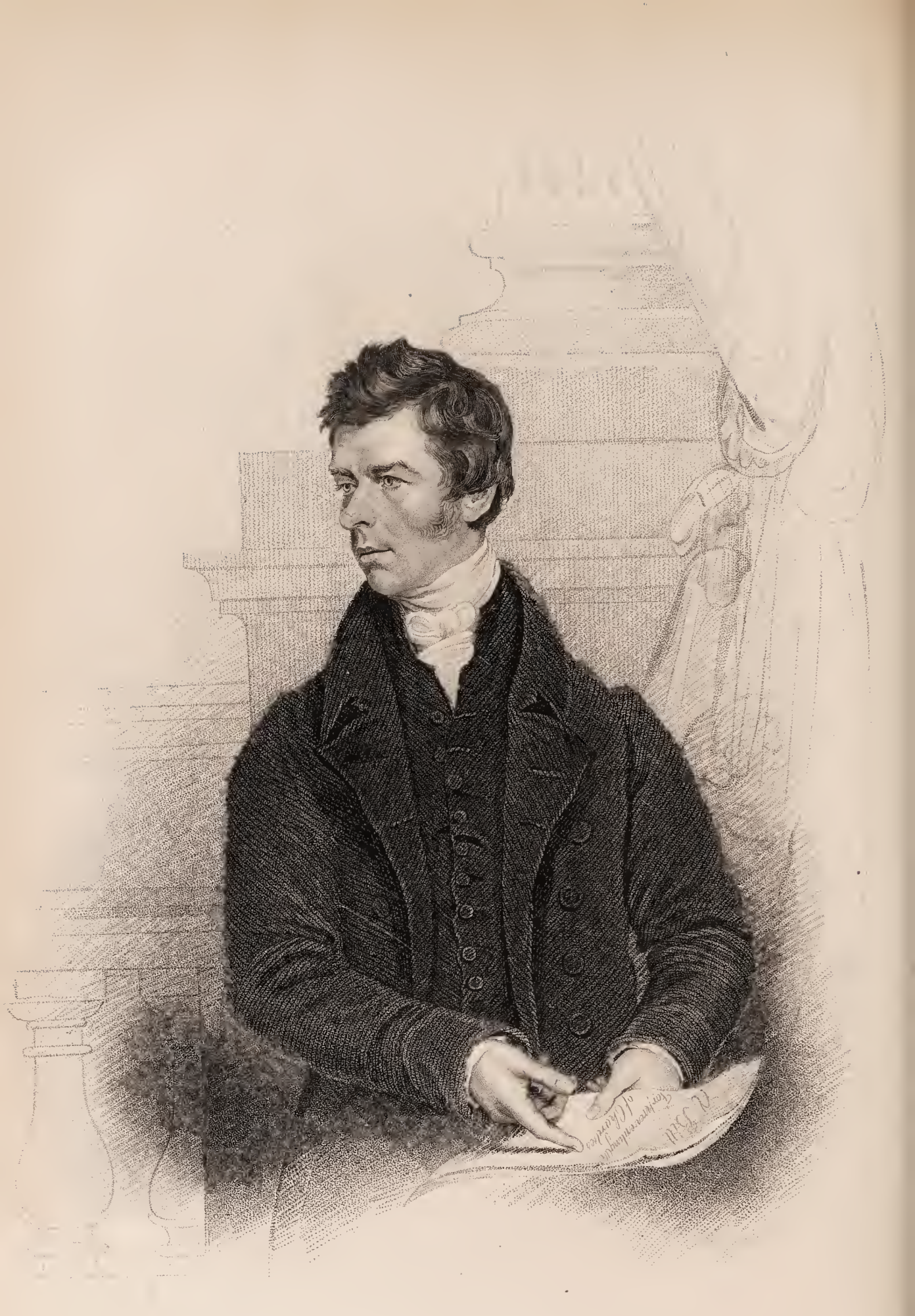
Mr. Macaulay at Leeds.—The requisition to Mr. Macaulay from the citizens of Leeds received 1304 signatures. His return, and that of Mr. Marshall, may be considered secure. Had they searched all England, the townsmen of Leeds could not have found a man to do greater honour to their choice than the present Member for Calne. No one reading Mr. Macaulay's speeches can be aware of the effect they produce—an effect which we have heard the oldest Members of the House, even political opponents, assert never to have been surpassed, and very rarely equalled, in the whole course of their experience. His knowledge is equal to his eloquence. We congratulate Leeds most heartily on its choice. It is among the *young* men of the present Parliament that electors should look out for their future representatives. It is to young England, as to young France, that the destinies of a new order of things should be entrusted. Men born with the time alone suit the time.

The Stage and the Pulpit.—We greatly regret that our favourite Richard Jones the elder, the true Jones, the fine gentleman of actors, and the actor of fine gentlemen, refuses an engagement at either theatre. It is very absurd, the confusion produced by similar names: there are two Bayleys, lyric poets; two Joneses, comic actors, and teachers of elocution. The true Richard Jones is not the gentleman who advertises as a teacher; we believe he professes to be more secret in his instructions on oratory, than to *affiché* them publicly. It is said, we think, in some newspaper or other, that this Mr. Jones is so singularly successful in his clerical pupils, that the Bishop of London always sends his most cherished protegés of the pulpit to complete their professional education under his instructions. This is excellent—the stage teaching the pulpit! and the parson catching all that he knows, perhaps, of humility, fervour, religious warmth, and unaffected piety, from the arts of the actor! By the way, Croker was an old foe and satirist of Richard Jones's—Croker is now, all of a sudden, become a very accomplished deliverer of long speeches. His action smacks marvellously of the stage. Has he been making up matters with the elocutionist, and learning at once to be the fine gentleman and the adroit performer?

POSTCRIPT ON THE ELECTIONS.

Pembrokeshire and Dorsetshire have returned Anti-Reform candidates, say the Anti-Reform journals. In the first place this is not quite true; Sir John Owen inveighs most bitterly against the charge of being an Anti-Reformer.

But grant it, and — What then?—Where is the wonder that Old Sarum should return Mr. Alexander, or Pembrokeshire return Sir John Owen?—the one at present is scarcely more a close borough than the other. A mighty triumph, indeed! The Anti-Reformers go about knocking off thistle heads, and calling the world to admire their prowess;—innocent little dears! And Dorsetshire!—Why, really we have taken some pains to learn the facts of that election, and all we wonder at is, that it was so near a race. No Reformer in the last Parliament, save only Mr. Calcraft, could have obtained Mr. Calcraft's success; it was the person that triumphed rather than the Reformer. And here Mr. Ponsonby,—not possessed of much property in the county, closely connected with Catholics—voting against Lord Chandos's amendment, and therefore considered against the agricultural interest,—goes down into the hot-bed of parsons and squires, hypochondriacs about the Corn Laws, and croakers about the church—the very focus of all prejudice, aristocratic and political—to contend against one of the most popular young noblemen in England, who had, besides, the most unlimited command of money, and, after all, he is beat only by a handful of doubtful votes, and more than probably, from the grounds of his intended petition, may not be beat at all! Is this a victory for the Anti-Reformers to crow over? The Roman Emperor who picked up a cargo of shells and sent home, demanding a triumph for the feat, had scarcely a better notion of glory. But let us, cries the Times, a journal whose great activity, power, and talent on this subject England will not lightly forget,—let us strain every nerve for the election in Cambridgeshire. We ought to do so—let us do so; but if the Reformers are beaten in Cambridgeshire it will be no proof of reaction about Reform. The agricultural districts in general are not those in which we are to seek for the free and unbiassed current of opinions. It is where men are drawn close together; it is where men are independent of each other—that is to say, it is in large towns that we are to look for the expression of popular opinion, often discussed, and not unfairly influenced. But, above all, who could call Cambridgeshire (the Hardwicke and Rutland interest united against Reform!) a fair field for Reformers? Why, the Rutland interest alone is sufficient, in common times, to return its creature. Talk of this election being a just criterion of public opinion—Pshaw! But for the Reformers it will be a noble battle; the less the disgrace in defeat, the greater the glory in victory. There is one caution we must give the people. Nothing on earth is so common a characteristic of human nature as over confidence in strength. A party very powerful in numbers, and certain of obtaining its object, never fights with the same determined and desperate zeal as one that feels that the most energetic efforts only can save it from annihilation. The Tories are extinct if the bill is passed; their efforts, therefore, are incredible; they spare no money and no labour. What must be that state of despair which wrings gold from Eldon, and activity from Newcastle? But do not let the people despise isolated skirmishes, under the notion that the grand battle is safe; let them give their enemy no plea and no quarter; let them give the practical lie to the cant of reaction. It was from too great a confidence in their numbers that the French army were beaten by the handful of "English scarecrows" at Agincourt. It would be too absurd and too disgraceful if the Tories made an Agincourt of Reform!



HENRY BROUGHAM, BARON BROUGHAM & VAUX.

Brougham

London, Published in the New Monthly Magazine, by Henry Colburn, 1834.

THE TIMES.

We shall not give the reader much of direct and immediate politics n this number. For neither to the past, nor to the present is the deep and anxious interest of the Public now directed;—all political feeling is absorbed in one subject and one conjecture—the Reform Bill and its fate; and when men are eager and hot with anticipation, it is in vain to demand from them that patient temper of discussion and inquiry without which political writing is above all other composition wearisome and tedious. But we are happy at least that we can speak with the most sanguine and cheerful conviction upon that one point—on which so keen an anxiety, so harassing a fear, and so fluctuating a hope, are entertained. Our readers may *depend* upon this—*the Reform Bill is safe.* The King is staunch—the Ministers firm—and the aspect of the Time has—we have cause *to know*—made several converts among the Peers. Let us give them credit for the motives of that conversion—do not let us join that crowd of politicians who think that a man *must* be dishonest because he is a Lord, and who would deny to educated and honourable men all views but those of ignorance, and all motives but those of dishonour. The Time, "that great innovator," may well be sufficient to convert some of the enemies to a measure which so long as it is agitated annihilates all tranquillity and paralyses all trade—every delay to the accomplishment of which feeds not excitement alone, but what is far worse—what in a commercial country, in a country supported by an artificial system of credit, must, if not speedily checked, ultimately terminate in a National Bankruptcy,—which introduces into the constitution *the habit* of unconstitutional excitement. The stoutest supporter of Aristocratic institutions must *now* feel that by opposing the measure he is encouraging,—he is nerving,—he is hurrying on—the rapid and irresistible progress of democracy. Men, whom personal considerations might not intimidate, may well be appalled by considerations for their country. But the converts among the Peers, though more numerous than are imagined, are not sufficient. The Ministry *must* make creations—let the country believe they are prepared to do so—they must do so if they wish to retain office, and to retain the chamber of Peers; for as, in another part of this number (viz. the Dialogue between a Tory Peer and a Reforming Commoner) it is more especially insisted upon—the converts to the Bill are not converts to the Ministry—if they, the Ministry, wish to prevent eternal collisions between the two Houses of Parliament, which must end in the destruction of the weaker and less popular—they will seize the present occasion to infuse into the one that general sympathy with the other, and through the other with the people, which will become at once its purifier and its safeguard. Talk of the blow to the Peers that a large creation will inflict!—the

danger that menaces them is not from being a popular, but an *un*-popular body—not from being in accordance with the general opinion—but from being opposed to it.

We have also to congratulate the country on the belief that the new Bill (equally democratic and efficient with the former) will be presented in a more convenient shape than the last—that we shall not have the same wearisome disputes in the committee, and that we may find time even among the engrossing discussions on Parliamentary Reform, to give to other subjects of business that consideration which they so imperatively require. Among these, the fearful and organized system of murder which has been evidently *long* carried on in the Metropolis—the stalling and trafficking of living men for purposes at which the blood runs cold, demands an immediate and effectual remedy. The only remedy is this—the providing subjects for anatomical science must be made a duty of Government. There must be places in every large town in which, on application, subjects can be procured at so low a price as to throw the contraband traffickers entirely out of the market. The country would not, for this end, if it be necessary, grudge the Government some adequate fund. This must be coupled with a repeal of all Laws that throw degradation on the scalpel—the bodies of felons ought *not* to be appropriated to the uses of sciences—they ought not to be deemed worthy of that honour.*

The most diligent inquiry should be made into the methods pursued abroad of procuring subjects, and the Press should and will, we trust, lend its mighty aid for the correction of such prejudice as it *may* be necessary to offend—we say *may*, for no *individual* feelings need be outraged—the repose of the churchyard need *not*, as now, be violated;—to the *unclaimed* bodies in hospitals there are no relations whose feelings are to be outraged, and that service to their fellow creatures which the sick poor abroad not only cheerfully submit to bequeath, but submit to with a sort of pride, there is no earthly reason why the sick poor of England should not, if rightly taught, equally accede to. Those who die unclaimed in hospitals, have received in their last days a great benefit from the public—why should not that benefit be repaid? Some *general* prejudice even in this may be encountered—but in what reform have we not prejudice to encounter? Those who talk cant to the poor, and cry "why do not the rich bequeath their bodies to the surgeons?" forget that in this reform it is not the rich, it is the poor alone who are to be served. The rich man does not suffer from the ignorance of the country

* This truth cannot be too much insisted upon. Some of the papers suggest that the bodies of all felons dying in prison should be appropriated to the use of anatomy.—A pretty way to remove the prepossession that such appropriation is disgraceful, by choosing subjects alone from those classes which are the most degraded

practitioner; if his finger ache he can consult a Halford or a Brodie: it is the poor who are maimed and mangled by the blundering knife that acquires that practice on the living, which the high price of subjects forbids it to acquire on the dead. Above all, it is the poor who suffer from the dark and atrocious crime of the murderer; rich men are not the prey to the Burkes and Hares of the metropolis. Men who really love the poor must be honest, must be bold in their advice: the prejudices of one class are not to be more favoured by good and liberal government than those of another. We oppose the prejudices of the rich when we deny to a Newcastle the monopoly of boroughs—we may have also to oppose the prejudices of the poor if we deny to a Burke the monopoly of human flesh. The great practical remedy is to make the supply of subjects a matter of government. Do this—appoint *responsible* agents and overseers in this matter, as in all else where business is to be safely and well done—shock no prejudice openly—take no bodies which there are relations to claim—violate no churchyards—but remove at the same time those laws which make dissection criminal, and its objects degraded; and, by the blessing of Providence, you will have an easy and simple cure for a system that now exposes the great bulk of our countrymen to the ignorance of unpractised surgeons and the peril of secret and organized murder.

In every time there is one popular vice of mind. Formerly in England, this vice was an undue confidence in public men. The government was to be supported at all hazards. The love of order was confused with a love of the administration, and bad measures were winked at as a part of the legitimate loyalty we owed to King and State. Now we have run into the opposite vice of distrust. Ministers are weak here and wavering there—they certainly won't summon Parliament till January—they won't make Peers—they are measuring my Lord Wharncliffe's stature of opinion for a new suit of Reform—they are deceivers—traitors—God knows what. Now the most singular circumstance is that the confidence was shown to the enemies of the people, and the distrust to the friends. Let us guard our minds against the excess of this caution; a certain vigilance—a certain suspicion—is what every wise people ought to direct towards their rulers. But in these times—that exceeding credulity to every rumour—that disposition towards fear—that fostering of uncertainty and wooing of suspense, is unworthy of a great nation, already resolved upon its purpose, and resting intent and irresistible upon the vast shadow of its strength. We ought to regard so feeble an enemy rather with calmness than fear. The first convinces them of our unanimity—the last flatters them with the hope of our divisions.

A Reforming Member of Parliament.

A FOREIGNER IN ENGLAND.*

THERE are few persons mixing generally with the world, who did not know something of the supposed author (Prince Pückler Muskau) of these volumes, during his stay in this country. We remember that it was a great dispute at the time, whether or not he was 'clever;' that dispute this work will, we think, effectually set at rest; other questions respecting himself, the Prince still leaves undetermined. We do not find the Book, indeed, deserving of any high eulogium; and Göthe's opinion prefixed by the very able Translator to his version of the Tour, must be received with some suspicion and reserve. For Göthe is warmly (*too* warmly were impossible,) panegyrised throughout the work, and that illustrious Author is known to share the weakness of his no illustrious contemporary of Scotland, and to be a little unduly affected with respect for those external titles and appliances which the writer of the Tour brings in addition to his literary claims to attention. Yet, without being very acute, or very profound, or very original, or even very amusing, the Author before us possesses, nevertheless, a sufficient combination of all those qualities to make his work (*accuracy apart*) one of the best Sketch Books of Travel that late years have produced. Certain it is, however, that no class of literature is more rarely found in any degree of excellence, than travels. Few possess the art, the greatest art perhaps, of Letters, and the greatest proof of a truly deep and inquiring mind; which distinguishes by a brilliant and unerring instinct the light from the frivolous, and the heavy from the profound. And this is exactly the art which the Tourist or the Traveller ought the most eminently to possess. Generally in the familiar part of this class of writings, we are regaled with all that the Traveller ate and drank, called in to admire or to condole with his eggs and his ham, his beef and his pudding, his want of sleep and his bad digestion; he tells us whether his head reposes upon one pillow or two, and is exceedingly diffuse upon the quantity of water the chambermaid leaves in his jug. In the graver portion, we have descriptions of founderies and machines; statistics that would be extremely delusive if they were not wholly unreadable, and political discussions between the inquisitive traveller and some stray gentleman on the road, who thinks it kind and hospitable to inoculate the foreigner with as much of his own ignorance as he can conveniently dispense with. Our present Traveller is not very free from the former error. He is sometimes garrulously revelant of the mysteries of his appetite; he condescends to inform us of the surprise he created in a black-haired damsel, by his pertinacity on mutton; and to make us partners of his grief, when instead of the anticipated varieties of fish, he is doomed to the monotony of "the eternal chop:" but these little frivolities we are willing to pardon in a man observant and reflective, and as to the other and graver fault of mistaking lead for the most valuable of metals, and dosing us with dulness for the pleasure of appearing sage; we yet more cheerfully and far more justly, acquit him. But our Tourist is one whose observations we must warn our readers to take with distrust. His criticisms on individuals are not very graphic, and often not very faithful; and upon the mass in

* Tour in England, Ireland, and France, in the years 1828 and 1829; by a German Prince.

general, though he is pretty accurate when he speaks of the higher classes, he is utterly out when he descends to the lower. For instance, speaking of the latter in page 4, vol. I. he tells us that—

"The distress consists in this: that the people, instead of having three or four meals a day, with tea, cold meat, bread and butter, beef-steaks, or roast meat, were *now* obliged to content themselves with two, consisting only of meat and potatoes."

And a little afterwards, he adds, that—

"So intractable and obstinate are the English common people rendered by their universal comfort, and the certainty of obtaining employment if they vigorously seek it."

Now, unfortunately, all of us who have lived a little in the rural districts, and know how far nine and ten shillings go in this country of indirect taxation, and how often, for want of employment, our labourers in the prime of life come to the parish, could contradict our visitor in this flourishing description of rural sturdiness and overflow of comfort. "Two meals of meat and potatoes!" Why, in few parts of the country does the peasant see meat on his trencher more than once, or at most, twice a-week. This mistake our noble visitor resolutely perseveres in, and very complacently reiterates; although when he comes into Wales, where for the first time he seems to make himself practically acquainted with any part of our peasantry, he amuses himself by a poetical picture of a miserable ruinous hut, in the midst of which sat an old woman spinning in silence, while some naked children lay on the ground, gnawing dry crusts of bread. This, however, our German, who is excessively sentimental, does not think fit to consider any draw-back to that charming portrait of "meat and potatoes" which he favoured us with at first. Neither, perhaps, is our philosophizing itinerant much more near to the mark, when in page 146, vol. I. he assures us, with a sententious positiveness that savours of experience, that the Welsh country girls are as "chaste as Vestals." We must warn the Princely pedestrian,—who by the way, as he afterwards informs us, is, by a damsel of no high degree, (yet a favourite withal in an honest way,) mistaken for a Jew,—not to believe that his own fortune in these matters is an infallible characteristic of national incorruptibility, and we will civilly remind him, since he is fond of moral poetry, of those lines in the Cinna.

"L'Exemple souvent n'est qu'un miroir trompeur
Quelque fois l'un se brise où l'autre s'est sauvé."

His unresting Highness very soon arrives in Ireland. He sees a portrait of Burke, which, he assures us, "announces the orator who never glossed over his own interest with affected enthusiasm for others." Unhappily for the fidelity of the portrait, there never was any man who more, in his writings and speeches, affected enthusiasm for others, than the original, and who being more fervently guided by his passions, was less influenced by his interests. This is a trivial inaccuracy, but it shows one of two things, either that our Prince had never read Burke, or that he read him with a curious infelicity. In general, it is better even for a Traveller in Ireland, to know what he is talking about. We pass over another little criticism, equally rapid and sweeping, in which we are told that "Byron is our second poet, (for after Shakspeare, the palm is surely his);" by informing Prince Pückler Muskau, that in English literature there is yet extant one

John Milton, whom we are not quite disposed to see thus suddenly thrust down—will his Highness tell us to what grade of celebrity?

Passing from the critic to the statesman, our Tourist, (in page 305, vol. I. of his work,) who is very much displeased with the ignorance of Germans about our political situation, obligingly enlightens them with the intelligence, that "in England, almost the whole soil belongs either to *the Government*, the Church, or the powerful Aristocracy." This is something like the man who, never having been out of Stony Stratford, and being asked which were the chief cities of England, replied, "London, York, and Stony Stratford." What Stony Stratford is in comparison to York and London, the property of soil vested in Government is to that vested in the Church and the Aristocracy. This is a blunder of somewhat a serious description, for to a German reader it must convey a notion of the power of our Government wholly distinct from the truth. In the same page occurs, however, an acute and just remark—

"That contracts of leases, in this country so exceedingly common, obviate many of the inconveniencies of the distribution of landed property, without diminishing its great utility to the State."

In page 25, vol. II. our ingenious traveller, carried away by his lively fancy, tells us a sad story of an Irish Lord K——, who calls on a Mr. F——, at six o'clock in the morning, when he was in bed, and, "in perfect coolness," blows out his brains.

On narrating this fact, (His Highness is great in a story!) which happened in Ireland, and in the worst of Irish times, the accomplished tourist draws the following inference :—

"The sequel proves how lightly the laws sit on great men in England, when there is not a still greater who has an interest in putting them in force. Lord K—— was indeed brought to trial; but as he had taken good care to arrange the affair with the only two witnesses, and to get them out of the way, he was acquitted for want of evidence. No man in England can be tried twice for the same offence; so that from this moment, in spite of the perfect notoriety of the murder, all danger to the murderer was at an end."

Now, in the first place, this said murder did not, as we have seen, happen in England; and, secondly, if it had, the laws would not have been to blame; the witnesses went out of the way, and the law does not hang a man without witnesses; it was, therefore, not from remitting the law, but from adhering to it, that Lord K—— escaped. Well, but his Highness has not half done with Lord K—— yet; for he goes on to tell us that this same Lord K——'s eldest son had married while yet a minor in Sicily—had already three children by her, &c., when he receives a most affectionate invitation from his father to return to Ireland. He does so; and his worthy sire employs all his influence to get the marriage annulled—succeeds, the son marries again, a rich heiress, and diverts himself, after his father's death, by going to law with his mother. Hereupon our sagacious Prince, who is particularly fond of clenching his narratives with an instructive remark, exclaims :—

"Here is a picture of the manners of the great and noble of the eighteenth century!"

An observer of a higher merit than Göthe's *protegé*, instead of this enthusiastic exclamation, would have added after his story, that these

Irish "manners" were to be carefully distinguished from the English, and not have suffered Germany to suppose, by calling an anomaly a picture, that we amused ourselves in the eighteenth century with shooting gentlemen in bed before breakfast—getting rid of the hangman—marrying young women in Sicily in order to repudiate them—and making fierce law on our mothers when we had no pleasanter sin in contemplation. We pass over some little errors, which betray, however, either an inexact or a credulous mind; such as the information he gives us as to the salary of the Irish Viceroy, and the exaggerating assurance that Mr. Beckford paid fifty guineas a week to the owner of a nursery garden for permission to gather what flowers he liked—* we will only content ourselves with observing that the following anecdote is not "a characteristic trait of England," as our vivacious Tourist is pleased to inform us:—

"The (mail) coachman who drove us had lost two hundred pounds in this same unlucky match, (a boxing-match,) and only laughed at it, giving us significantly to understand that he should soon find another dupe, who should pay it him back with interest. What advances must 'the march of intellect' make on the Continent before the postilions of the Prince of Tour and Taxis, or the Eilwagen drivers of the Herr von Nagler, will be able to lay such bets with their passengers!"

Now would not all this give the German people to understand that our mail-coachmen were in *the habit* of betting two hundred pounds upon boxing-matches; an accidental occurrence, if indeed, as is most probable, the coachman was not hoaxing the "foren gemmen," is not, allow us to suggest to your Highness, "a characteristic trait."

The two principal portraits which the Tourist has afforded us—for though he professes in his title-pages to give us anecdotes of "distinguished public characters," he is exceedingly sparing in his selection—are both Irish. O'Connell is one, and Lady Morgan the other. There is some, but not a very strong likeness, between the portraits and the originals. The Prince insists a good deal upon O'Connell's "martial" appearance, and assures us that he looks more like a general of Napoleon's than a Dublin advocate. We confess we see nothing military in the person or air of the remarkable man he speaks of, unless it be reserved for military men alone to possess a fine chest, and six feet of stature. Nor do we think that any thing whatsoever in O'Connell's manner testifies "his very high opinion of himself." On the contrary, we have met with few men (and this is a general remark), who, having played a prominent part in the world's drama, are in common intercourse so little egotistical or assuming. The great characteristics of O'Connell's manner are the peculiar and winning softness—the goodnatured ease—and the power of conciliation which it possesses—and which, it must be confessed, differ widely from the notions a stranger would form of the wild and tumultuous agitator. Of course we speak of the ordinary bearing; when the passions are once aroused, all conventional formalities and external manners bend before the stormy

* We would lay a wager that we could reckon up in these two thin volumes at least a hundred mistakes of one sort or the other. Not even a church is described but there are half a dozen errors in the description,—not even an anecdote recited but there are so many exaggerations that the anecdote is suddenly swelled into a romance; and yet, with all this amplitude of error, we repeat that Prince Pückler Muskau has (*accuracy apart!*) made his work one of the best sketch-books of travel that has lately appeared. In what a delightful state then must be that class of literature!

inspiration. Our traveller, however, does justice to O'Connell's remarkable freedom from bigotry, and general toleration of opposing opinions in religion. No man in the House of Commons utters sentiments of more enlarged and liberal Christianity; and this is the more singular, for in politics the Member for Clare is any thing but a philosopher: it is always the common-place of the argument he especially loves to seize; and one cause of his oratorical success is, that though he is an excellent replier, he is never a subtle reasoner. The Prince attends the Catholic Association, and hears O'Connell and Shiel, but gives us no clear notion, nor even attempts it, of the peculiar characteristics of either. The fact is, that our writer is more graphic in copying inanimate nature, than in describing persons. He paints landscapes well, and portraits indifferently. His remarks on Lady Morgan we shall notice hereafter. We have said thus much of his defects, because the book has been far too indiscriminately praised —because it will receive from the rank of the traveller, the nature of the travels, and in spite of its faults, its counterbalancing merits, a pretty general perusal; and because we think it right that not only in England, but also in Germany, where this periodical has some circulation, and, please God! that circulation shall be yet more general, the observations of our visitor should be considered rather as designed to entertain, than calculated to instruct. The merits of the Tourist consist in a vivid eye for scenery, and an eloquent vein of description; an agreeable and sententious faculty of remark, of which we shall give samples,—and a fine, healthy, cheerful tone of mind, which compensates for a thousand faults, and betokens one of the most valuable properties of temper with which a traveller can commence his researches. We now subjoin some passages which, beside their recommendation of brevity, appear to us among the best and most characteristic traits of the author's powers of observation.

"Never had woman a sweeter 'temper;' this word is like 'gentle,' untranslateable. Only the nation which invented 'comfort' was capable of conceiving 'good temper,' for 'good temper' is to the moral, what 'comfort' is to the physical man."

"With 'gentleness' in his own character, 'comfort' in his house, and 'good temper' in his wife, the earthly felicity of man is complete."

"Such acquaintanceships (of a day) I like; they leave no time for dissembling; ignorant of each other's social relations, each values in the other only the man."

"The love of music in England is a mere affair of fashion. There is no nation in Europe which pays music better, or understands it worse."

We now subjoin two passages, the one of considerable grace and delicacy of expression, the other of some depth and much truth.

They (the stars) are the characters by which God has from all time spoken to the soul of man; and yet I had thought not of those heavenly lights, so long as the earthly ones sparkled before me. But thus is it ever, when Earth forsakes us we seek Heaven."

"Politics, in the highest signification of the word, is the religion of modern times. Should crusades now be undertaken, that alone would be the object. The notion of representative Chambers has now-a-days a more electric effect than that of a ruling Church."

So much for our German visitor. Let us now look to ourselves; let us English men and women reap whatever good we can collect from the observations of others. What in our manners, what in our

character seems ridiculous, or unamiable; let us examine well whether it be deserved. It is for these useful lessons that we have chiefly singled out this work for review. In the first place, dear countrywomen, our tourist does not think the better of you for those airs of prudery and reserve which it pleases you to assume. He draws a contrast between you and the Irishwomen, rather to the advantage of the latter. Now we know there is not a creature in the world like an Englishwoman. But we think with our Tourist, that she has much to learn from the sparkle—the grace—the warm, yet not forward vivacity of her "Sister of Erin." An Englishwoman is always so singularly afraid of showing her heart. Believe us, dear countrywomen, there is no immodesty in good dispositions, and no indecorum in generous impulses!

The traveller also notes in us that miserable want of a vigorous independence in opinion, which undoubtedly contaminates and degrades our national character, and is at once the cause of fashion and its consequence. "An Englishman," says he justly, "is much less guided by his own observation than is generally imagined; he always attaches himself to some party, with whose eyes he sees." Hence, as the tourist remarks in the same part of his work, "character means (in a country where *appearance* has more weight than in any other) not the result or sum of a man's moral and intellectual qualities, but his *reputation*." That is to say, that we think well or ill of a person, not from what he is, but from what is said of him. We ourself, the writer of the present article, in other places than this, have constantly dinned this truth into our countrymen's ears—we hope with some success; and now that they see how much it not only tends to diminish their respectability in the eyes of foreigners, but also to belie that fancied sturdy, manly *character* of which they affect to be proud; perhaps they will begin seriously and earnestly to judge for themselves—not seek to know what Mr. So-and-so says of a book, or Lady Such-an-one of a person—but out with the truth, and shame the devil "Fashion!" Our Tourist also observes on the mechanical nature of our religion, and says, very justly, that with us it is not a matter of feeling but of "good taste." We think it *mauvais ton* to affect the deist, and in the words of the author, "we regard a man who neglects church, just in the same light as one who eats fish with a knife."* Here, as men deem it insincerity, and women indelicacy, to show affection, so both sexes unite in deeming it hypocrisy to be fervent. We are a regular people, not a devout one. But what in 1828 and 29

* In the same page is a hint to the novelists of "fashionable life." The German noble sneers, as he well may, at our English horror in seeing a foreign ambassador put, in eating, his knife in his mouth. Now really thorough-bred people never regard these minutiæ of the table, in which, according to some writers, they are supposed "to dwell in decencies for ever." The "Yes and No" of Lord Normanby (now Lord Mulgrave) is perhaps the best and most faithful picture of "Good Society" which our circulating libraries afford. Lord Mulgrave, besides being a very clever man, is likely to be an excellent judge of the habits and train of thought existent in the circle he describes, and in which he himself is not only a nobleman, but an influential and distinguished person; and we were the more particularly pleased to perceive that in that novel he strikes dumb the Lackey School, and makes *his* "fine gentleman" scorn all the little vulgarities of convention—take ale at his pleasure, and publicly connect himself with cheese. The fact is, that the great proof of the true gentleman in all countries and in all grades of life, is INDEPENDENCE!

especially and most justly offended our traveller, was our universal and sickening reverence for aristocracy. Let him come among us NOW—that reverence has of a sudden darkened into a deep and vindictive anger.—Why?—my Lords Wharncliffe and Harrowby, we call on you to answer the question. Good heavens, how imprudent, how mad must be that nobility, who with the affection of a people, even to meanness, deeply rooted in the merest externals of aristocracy, can yet in two years, by opposing the free vent of—what? why, of opinions hitherto so remarkably, so servilely inclined *towards* hereditary distinctions—convert that affection into hate. Political suicides are of frequent occurrence; but we never knew one in which the *non compos mentis* was so unhappily manifest. And now, in conclusion, one word to our Literary Brethren. The Tourist has the greatest desire to see Lady Morgan—he has a warm prepossession in her favour—he has a high admiration for her works,—he is disappointed, he is displeased, and the authoress in his pages is rendered any thing but respectable and dignified. Why is this? Not because she is dull, nor unintellectual.—No! nor because she is vain of her writings, which any man of the world readily forgives in an author, from the greatest to the least of all the tribe; but because she has fine names in her mouth—because she babbles about Almack's and Fashion—because she likes the Tourist for being a Prince—because having literary claims to be respected, she has no proper respect for herself. We could wish this may be a lesson to Lady Morgan, for we confess we like her in spite of all this absurdity—and in spite of what is yet worse, the miserable—what shall we say?—TASTE, of advertising the doctrines of materialism—doctrines, of which she is no more capable of forming a single right notion, than we are of analysing the music of the spheres; we like her for a certain vivid good humour—a cheerful courage—a natural acuteness, which, if they were but ordinarily free from affectation, would alone make her a delightful and irresistible writer. We fear, indeed, that to her, lessons of this sort come too late. We fear that to all of the old school of authors, to * * *—* * * *—to all (except Campbell, perhaps, who, take him altogether, is a noble fellow, and that 's the truth of it,) this mouth-worship of lords and ladies, and the *barabarah* of great names will continue to the end of the chapter; that they all in their hearts agree with the vile sentiment of Johnson—that the praise of a great duke is pleasanter than that of a great writer. But there is a new race of literary men springing up—it is to them we would address—with them incorporate—ourselves. We are a great and powerful body, if we are just to our own natural and legitimate consequence—if we are animated by the noble and high ambition which belongs of right to our *caste* and our distinctions. It should be ours to give, not receive honour. What are Mæcenases and Holland House to us? Literature can confer fame, and all she can obtain in return is a dinner. The exchange is somewhat unequal. No! by feeling our own strength and asserting our own dignity, we may, especially at this era of the world, raise the *Profession* of Letters to that proud estimation which it is entitled to claim. In France, Literature is the road to Power—because in France it never deigns to be dependant. Let us in England seek the same end, by clinging with all the strength and all the honesty of our hearts, to the same means.

B. E.

LORD BROUGHAM. THE MAN OF THE TIME.

There are few tasks much more difficult than the one we are assuming. The real worth of the politician must be determined not by actions, but the consequences of actions, of which posterity can be the only adequate judge: we may guess their probable result; but being able to do nothing more than guess, the conclusion of each of us is disputed by the supposition of another. In a party journal then, for such ours must seem to those who divide the supporters of improvement and the adherents to abuses into two opposite factions;—in a party journal it is almost impossible, however fairly, in our own estimation, we may speak of the present Lord Chancellor—however much we may turn in distaste from the system of unmitigated panegyric—it is almost impossible but that some will be displeased at any praise, proceeding from principles or feelings in direct opposition to their own. For this there is no remedy. On the other hand, political connection begets personal prejudices and affections, which every writer who pretends to candour, must despair of contesting. "The Author of Nature," it is said by a great English writer, "has thought fit to mingle from time to time among the societies of men, a few, and but a few, of those on whom he is graciously pleased to bestow a larger portion of the ethereal spirit than is given in the ordinary course to the sons of men. These are they, who are born to instruct, to guide, and to preserve—who are designed to be the tutors and the guardians of mankind; when they prove such, they exhibit to us examples of the highest virtue and the truest piety, and they deserve to have their festivals kept instead of that pack of anchorites and enthusiasts with whose name the Calendar is crowded and disgraced. When these men apply their talents to other purposes, when they strive to be great and despise being good, they commit a most sacrilegious breach of trust—they prevent the means—they defeat, as far as lies in them, the designs of Providence, and dispute in some sort the system of infinite Wisdom." Such is the ordinary cant, not always so eloquently expressed, by which it is frequently insinuated that men of extraordinary talent are either so generous as only to labour for the public weal, or so selfish as merely to consider their individual advantage. We believe either of these cases to be of rare occurrence. Those who think solely of themselves, are less capable of doing much than is generally imagined. They are never carried beyond themselves into those fits of vigour and enthusiasm, in which man acquires a mastery over the minds of other men. The talent which enters coldly and abstractedly into the things on which it concerns itself—which does not warm at each fact it discovers—and feel, involuntarily feel, having once engaged in the investigation of any truth, an earnest and signal desire for its perfect developement—the talent which embraces all subjects without ever being transported beyond one consideration, is of so stunted and mean a nature, that as no good can be expected from its labours, so little evil is to be feared from its ambition. In men of this caste, purely egoistic, no circumstances, however striking and stirring in their nature, create that heat and excitement which produce marvellous things. They are the figures

of ordinary clay round the statue of Memnon, which the rays of the sun could never render musical.

On the other hand, the amiable persons who, unoccupied with any selfish object, perpetually revolve plans for universal improvement, are, generally speaking, so vague and dreamy in their speculations, and this, perhaps, from the very circumstance that their thoughts are never narrowed and concentred in themselves, as to be as useless and impracticable in all matters of action and business, as the philosophic projectors of Lagado.

It is useless to expect in men of action and men of the world those qualities which, if they possessed, would assign them to a different class; with such men taking an active and useful part in public affairs, the love for the great, the beautiful, and the true, is found to infuse a noble colour into their ambition, while from that ambition springs the manly and practical tone which they give to the mere theories of legislative genius.

What is so common, if a man of ability accepts office, as the sneering ejaculation of the paltry eavesdropper,—"Ha! I always saw what these fine phrases meant. You see he only wanted place like the rest of them!" Wretched indeed, as Mr. Fox said, must be the condition of the country in which that which should be the reward of men of honour is considered as a disgrace.

We make no charge against Lord Brougham, when we allow, which we do frankly, the bitterest accusation of his detractors—that so far from being insensible to power, he has shown, not in a mean and injudicious manner, but in a tone and temper suited to his ability—a strong and earnest desire to stand in a prominent situation before the people; although we regret to think that he has condescended at times to stoop beneath his genius, and to practise those little arts and devices of popularity which, after all, rarely succeed in attaining their object.

Yet are there few,—searching history where you will—yet are there few examples of a statesman having passed to office by a broader and more straight-forward road—of an individual having more closely connected the public interests with his own, than the present Lord Chancellor of England, whom the people still call by the affectionate and familiar name of "Harry Brougham."

Lord Brougham, as is well known, is of an ancient and respectable family in Westmoreland. He was educated at the High School in Edinburgh; and even as a boy gave those remarkable indications of talent, which his life has fortunately afforded him the opportunity of developing.

A contemporary journal ("The American Review,") supposes, from some favourite theory we presume of the writer, that Lord Brougham was not thought a quick and clever, but a slow and hard-reading boy; on which supposition follows a long tirade against what is called in America "genius." We think that this reviewer is at perfect issue with the truth in the general proposition he puts forth: we are perfectly sure that he argues without foundation in the present instance. Lord Brougham, as a boy, was remarkable for the almost intuitive perception of what was placed before him. He was wild, fond of pleasure, taking to study again by starts, and always reading with more effect than others, when he did read, because it was for some specified ob-

ject, the knowledge of which was to be acquired in the shortest possible time.

Even in his early years it happened to him, as it has happened to many who have risen to after eminence in that art, to acquire the rudiments of eloquence in that fluency and facility of expression which proceed from the habits of public speaking. Young Brougham, in "The Speculative Club," exercised almost the same superiority over his youthful competitors, though some were then and afterwards remarkable for their ability, which the present Chancellor holds over his noble rivals in the House of Lords. The late Mr. Horner, the late Lord Kinnaird, Mr. Murray, Mr. Southey, the present Lord Advocate, were the most distinguished members of this society.

But these pursuits, active and engrossing as they more generally are, did not prevent this singular young man from indulging in those fits of abstract meditation with which they are usually considered and found incompatible. From the noisy clamour of a spouting club, it was not unfrequent with him to retire to the study of the more abstruse branches of mathematics; one of the fruits of which was the well-known letter to the Royal Society, which an early friend assures us that he saw when Lord Brougham was only eighteen; a Latin correspondence, which had been for some time carried on with the most distinguished *savans* in Europe, who had, in all probability, as little idea that the grave professor of science they were addressing with the most lavish superlatives, was a mere schoolboy, as they could have had that he would one day be the Lord Chancellor of England.

We would ourselves willingly stop here to inquire what might then have been the wildest visions of the young philosopher and politician?—with what thoughts he welcomed the dawn of a scientific truth, or sate down with continued "hear-hims" ringing in his ears?—what were the ordinary habits of his life? We might picture him, with the sentimentalists, in the deep stillness of night, bending in sickly meditation over the exhausted lamp, if we did not know that he was frequently occupied at that hour in loud and gay carousals. His was not that order of wisdom in youth which proceeds from a cold predisposition to the habits of age.

On quitting Edinburgh, Mr. Brougham, in company with the present Lord Stuart de Rothsay, made a tour through the northern parts of Europe.

The manner in which he announced himself to the world on his return from the Continent, was as an author.

It is the peculiar characteristic of the eminent man of whom we are speaking, that his talents are so various, that his energies have been so unwearied, that such things as would have distinguished the ability, and been landmarks in the career, of other men, are transitory and incidental, confounded with a thousand other qualifications—confused with a thousand other actions in his life—so that we are obliged to pass rapidly over each, in order to produce a proper impression from them all. It is with this feeling that we glance at the two volumes before us, "The Colonial Policy of the European Powers." To attempt a critical review of them in the space here allowed us, would be impossible. We cannot, however, lay them

altogether aside; were it only for their merits of composition, we should assign their writer a very high place among literary men. They contain political assumptions, rather hastily made, from some of which Mr. Brougham shrunk in after years. We do not subscribe to all their doctrines. In some, respecting the West Indian colonies, time has shown their author to have been much mistaken. But we do say it is impossible to read through this, we will venture to call it, remarkable work, without being struck by the bold, philosophical, and independent tone of inquiry and discussion with which it proceeds, the vast stores of information which it embodies, the deep resources of thought which it developes, and, what is more striking than all in a man of speculative mind, nor yet intimately acquainted with public affairs, while grappling with so vast and complicated a subject,—the keen and practical glance with which different theories are looked through, and some of their most delusive fallacies detected.

In 1802 the Edinburgh Review was commenced;—(Mr. Sidney Smith, we once heard in conversation, but cannot assert the fact, wrote the greater part of the first number.) To this publication Mr. Brougham was an early and powerful, and has continued almost up to the present time a frequent contributor. His articles, remarked at the time of their appearance, have, notwithstanding, sunk into that fatal oblivion from which so few periodical writings ever can escape; and we acknowledge that in reading through the earlier numbers of that (then) remarkable publication, we find it difficult to discover, amidst the general exhibition of ability, any peculiar characteristics by which we might fix upon the productions of Lord Brougham's pen.

Among the various pamphlets, many of which he has been (more often than not erroneously,) supposed the author, "Practical Observations upon the Education of the People" is the most important in its matter, and for its subject. Many of his speeches have been separately published, and indeed it is in them, rather than in the papers, quickly written, and variously dispersed, that, since entering into public life, his literary talents have been most usefully and laboriously displayed.

In 1810 Lord Brougham came into Parliament, introduced there, it was then said, to "spite the Prince." If this *on dit* be true, it was pretty early that the seeds of that bitter animosity were sown, which the late King was afterwards known to feel towards the advocate of his wife. Mr. Brougham had spoken in 1808 before the House with considerable effect, previous to becoming one of its members. His fame for talent at the bar, considerably heightened by his writings and the great conversational powers he possessed, excited much expectation. His first effort, nevertheless, added to the innumerable instances of what are called "failures," in men of ability, who for some time mistake the taste of their audience, or at all events do not skilfully contrive to manage that difficult and fastidous assembly—"a House of Commons."

We are not quite certain whether the triumph of a first speech is not, in most instances, a sign of mediocrity. The ordinary error which a man of superior mind commits is that of at first assuming the station, and speaking with the tone of those who, though no

more than his equals in mind, hold a different position from himself in an assembly where they have grown into respect.

A first speech in the florid style of Mr. Canning, or in the droll and peculiar manner of Sir Charles Wetherell, though the person speaking it might have more than the quickness and eloquence of the first, more than the humour and sesquipedalian rhetoric of the last—would be received with coldness,—very probably with disgust. Yet who is there possessing qualities to a superior degree, which qualities he sees admired in others, but might be tempted into their untimely and unfortunate display?

The man of less presumptuous faculties assumes at once as the tone of his ordinary abilities, the tone of his peculiar situation. The House admires as the force of taste and of art that which is in reality a feebleness of nature. Nor are we singular in observing that the speakers who at first knew so well how to conciliate attention, frequently go through a long life without being subsequently able to command it.

However this may be, we find Mr. Brougham very shortly afterwards taking an important part in the debates.

In 1812 he spoke against the appointment of Colonel M'Mahon as secretary to the Prince Regent, and was answered by—Mr. Croker. On the death of Mr. Perceval he was the first to call the attention of the House to the formation of an efficient and vigorous administration, in which it was intended that his political friends should take a very important share. One speech made during this year was worthy of his after-reputation: it was in support of a motion for the repeal of those foolish and fruitless acts in council, against which he had been heard in 1808 at the bar of the House.

This speech was shortly succeeded by others of extraordinary power. But it was in 1818, on the orders of the day being read for the House to go into a committee on "the Education of the Poor bill" that Mr. Brougham, whose labours on this subject we shall hereafter notice, extracted praise from Lord Castlereagh, carried the House entirely with him, and made an impression upon the country which his subsequent eloquence has not effaced. From this time his position (for which he had been struggling for some years) was fixed; his powers of expression, his indefatigability of research, as well as that stern and daring tone of mind which procures enemies at first, but which, sooner or later, gives a public man the ascendancy over those with whom he is placed in contact, were acknowledged and felt.

We pass by the trial of Queen Caroline in 1820; neither is it our intention to follow Lord Brougham step by step through his parliamentary career. In its result we have to consider him as the emendator of the laws,—the promoter of education,—the orator,—the politician. If we were to enter fairly into the discussions of Lord Brougham's merits as a law reformer, the subject would extend itself far beyond the limits of this article, and please but few who are likely to peruse the pages it occupies.

His famous proposition was considered too vast by one set of men, and too narrow by another; we confess we more than incline to the latter opinion. But, indeed, the position which, in this branch of his

labours, Lord Brougham has ever assumed, has been that one most likely to be unpopular. Daring and decisive as far as he goes, having a defined and no very distant term where he intends to stop, the language which he employs, the intention which he announces, are precisely such as are calculated to acquire (for the moment at least) the smallest number of friends,—to collect the greatest number of opponents. In this, as in other reforms, the "medio tutissimus" does not hold good for the popularity of the reformer. Few have been more violently denounced as the patron of abuses, by one set of persons, than the very man who has been so passionately accused as the instigator to revolution by another. Those who make the author of the Principia, a man certainly not idly given to Utopian schemes, a barrier to all political reformation, have woefully misread the meaning of their master. And that learned and thoughtful man who called time "the great innovator," never meant that changes ought not to be made in government and law, suitable to, or rather corresponding with, those changes, which, as the necessary consequence of pre-existing laws and government, time will introduce into national habits and thoughts: He was opposed not to all innovations, but to those innovations which might be most properly so called,—as new and strange, and contrary to the general *spirit*,—a term implying the feelings which have grown out of the climate, the religion, the ancient laws and customs of a people, from an attention to which Montesquieu heads one of his chapters, by saying, "Qu'il ne faut pas tout changer." To this spirit,—to these feelings, we cannot but think, allowing them otherwise the greatest merit, that a peculiar body of reformers are too indifferent;—they are too apt to consider men as mere arithmetical figures,—the same in all countries and in all situations, who may be divided, subtracted, and multiplied, with the certainty of producing every where the same result.

For our own part we believe that the system of government should much resemble the order and symmetry of the world,—of which a solid body is composed of transitory parts, of which the whole, at one time, is never old, nor middle-aged, nor young—but, in a condition of "changeable constancy," moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression. Thus, by preserving the method of nature in the conduct of the state, in what we improve we are never wholly new; in what we retain we are never wholly obsolete. Such, we imagine, are the opinions of the most sober and rational reformers of all ages and countries, who would prefer proceeding gradually and temperately, if they were always allowed to proceed, *and are only driven into violent measures of alteration, where their necessity has grown out of a long and bigoted resistance to salutary change!*

There is a mode, however, by which it is easy to distinguish between those who submit to insignificant corrections, in order to prevent effectual reform, and those who advocate and adopt moderate amelioration, as the safest and surest means of approaching the most sweeping improvement. The wise, the practical, the sober-thinking, are for laying the only solid and firm foundation for good government in the education of the governed.

If the people wish to know who are their real and most valuable friends,—if they wish to distinguish those who seek to oppress them on the one hand, or to profit by and cajole them on the other, from such as are judiciously and honestly anxious for their advantage,—they have only to draw a line between the advocates for, and the enemies to, their instruction. It is as one of the most earnest and zealous of the former,—it is for all that he has done to promote education,—to diffuse knowledge,—that the present Lord Chancellor will take a higher place in history than even as the great statesman and orator of his country. "Nec enim is solus reipublicæ prodest qui candidatos extrahit et tuetur reos et de pace belloque censet—sed qui juventutem exhortatur — qui in tantâ bonorum præceptorum inopiâ virtute instruit animos."

Lord Brougham's first great parliamentary effort on the subject of education, made the 21st of May 1816, was for a select committee of the House of Commons to inquire into the state of the education of the lower orders of the people in London, Westminster, and Southwark. In the evidence of this committee was produced much information on the state of the different charity schools in the metropolis; and the day after its sittings were concluded, a brief report was presented to the House, recommending that Parliament should take proper measures for extending the blessings of education to the lower class of the community, as well as for inquiring into the management of charitable donations made for their instruction. As the best method of effecting this object a parliamentary commission was recommended.

The general result of this committee, which had different stages in its proceedings, was—we quote from a contemporary opponent,—to bring the following distinct and most grave matters under public consideration:—"1. The present condition of the lower orders of the metropolis. 2. Plans for promoting education amongst them, as well as for bettering, by other methods, their moral and their general state. 3. The propriety or impropriety of connecting the national religion with national education. 4. The nature and state of *all* charitable institutions whatsoever. 5. The circumstances and administration of the great public schools, and of the two universities in England; and lastly, sundry charges of malversation and robbery of the poor adduced against some persons of exalted character in the country." We care not what might be the result of such discussion. To have induced subjects like these to have been fully considered and discussed,—to have laid before the opened eyes and awakened attention of the people large volumes of evidence bearing upon matters to them of the most vital importance, would, were it the only act of a public man, entitle him to the thanks and the esteem of his country.

The charges brought against the committee, and the commission afterwards proposed; the manner in which the powers of that commission were restricted in the House of Lords, and the name of Mr. Brougham to whom it owed its existence, omitted among the nominations of the Crown; formed the subject of many controversial pamphlets, (one written by Mr. Brougham himself, under the title of a Letter to Sir S. Romilly,) to which we refer our readers, not having

sufficient space to enter more than cursorily into those transactions. That the head masters of public schools should dislike being summarily summoned up to London, and examined with little more ceremony than they used to their own scholars ; that ill-regulated institutions should object to the examination of their charters ; that the Quarterly (we must do it the justice to say, in a very able article,) should declare the Crown and Church to be threatened with danger, denounce Mr. Brougham as a Scotchman and a dissenter, and appeal to the romantic attachment of the nobility and gentry of England for the scenes of their early instruction, are all matters of course ; but we think there were some parts in Mr. Brougham's plan, which a reasonable man might fairly object to ; the reception of, or rather invitation to anonymous and malicious accusations, however justified for the sake of supplying a clue to inquiry. The principle set forth in the declaration, that there should exist a propensity to suspect abuses, is one—which for its immediate, but more particularly for its remote. evils, in the manner in which it might affect the national character and habits of our people—from which we entirely dissent. But to the general aim and scope of the bill that was introduced, to a fair and thorough investigation of all charitable and public institutions whatsoever ; nay more, to the perpetual supervision of their management and accounts, we confess we see no reason for opposition, (to use the words of the writer of the Letter to Sir S. Romilly,) "save in a determined resolution to screen delinquents, to perpetuate negligence, and respect malversation."

In 1820, a year memorable to him in many respects, Mr. Brougham brought forward his celebrated plan of education ; and here, though the object in view was so desirable, such were the difficulties in the way of its accomplishment, that almost every class of men was opposed to the only practical means of carrying it into effect. While a certain body, generally keen in discovering its own interests, felt at once that there was danger to itself in any plan of education whatsoever ; others were dissatisfied with the means employed, and declared that they would much rather see the people remain in ignorance, than intrust to any particular, especially to any religious class of persons, the sole power over the method of their instruction. This was the cry of the dissenters, and as the same opinion is still very widely prevalent, we cannot too strongly enter our protest against so pernicious and illiberal a doctrine. What ! is it possible by any means that human ingenuity can devise, to forge out of the elements of knowledge a will to be misgoverned and misruled?—that will comes from ignorance, not information. Is it probable, is it possible, if you give men the means of acquiring a knowledge of their own interests, that they will not in the end derive from such means, consequences to their own advantage !

Set the people fairly into the road for discovering truth ; we don't care who starts them upon it ; as they travel on, they will acquire confidence in their own judgment and discretion. Their views will enlarge ; the means will open to them of looking fairly on the different modes of government in church and state. They will not adopt violent, (moderation is the distinctive mark of knowledge,) but they will, we believe, adopt honest and correct opinions of both. With bigotry

and despotism on the one hand, and liberty and toleration on the other, they will judge, like ourselves, as to which they should eschew, which embrace; but even were it otherwise, friends to freedom as we are, in the forms of government which it has usually adopted, we have no hesitation in saying that more of freedom properly understood—a greater security of property—a wiser system of laws—ay, a fairer field for the expression of opinion—will be found in an enlightened nation, the ruling authority of which is vested in one man, than among an ignorant people, who enjoy the satisfaction of misgoverning themselves. Nay, more; the grandest justification for establishing the Government of a country on a broad and popular basis, is, that the circle of its intelligence is proportionably extensive: the number of persons entrusted with power, and the share assigned to the greater multitude, must depend, or ought to depend, on their capability to exercise it: we recognize no right that people have to do themselves wrong; they cannot do wrong to themselves without injuring others: but we wish that they should be put in such a situation as that they can safely be entrusted with the management of their own affairs.

As the corner stone, then, of the temple of Freedom—as the only foundation on which it can rest—we are for knowledge—knowledge acquired by all means—obtained at all hands: nor are we likely to conclude that that blessing can be made a prop to the slavery of superstition, without which, not even the liberty of conscience can exist.

According to the details brought forward in Lord Brougham's speech, it would appear that before the Lancastrian schools in 1803, only one-twentieth of the population was educated, while in 1820, not above one-fourteenth received education. The metropolis in this respect, was in a much worse condition than the country at large.

The following is a brief sketch of the outlines of Lord Brougham's plan:—

The grand jury at the quarter sessions, the actual incumbent of the parish, any two justices, or any five resident householders, (or if two parishes or chapelries joined in the application, four householders of each,) were empowered to present to the quarter sessions, a complaint that there was no school in the parish or chapelry, or that there were not two schools, and in very extensive and populous districts, three schools where such a number was necessary. Due notice of the complaint was to be given a month before the first day of the quarter sessions, and at the request of five householders, the parish officers were obliged to resist the proceedings. An estimate of the expense of the school-house and garden was then to be furnished, and the decision of the quarter sessions was to be final.

The master was required to have a certificate of his qualification signed by the clergyman and three householders of the parish in which he had previously resided for twelve months, or by the clergyman and two householders of two parishes. He was to be a member of the Established Church. Furthermore, though the election of the master was in the inhabitant householders, paying the school rate, the parson after examination might refuse him. The school might be visited at any time by the Bishop of the diocese, and the master removed at his suggestion. No book of any kind was to be used in the school without the clergyman's permission, nor was any form of worship to be allowed

in it but the Lord's prayer and passages of the scripture. As an appendix to this plan, was one for making existing endowments more useful to the education of the poor.*

Receiving no encouragement from the government, and being unsupported by any party in the country, the scheme fell to the ground, and was altogether abandoned.

We pass by Lord Brougham's claim to the honour of founding the London University, which is disputed with great apparent justice by Mr. Campbell: neither is it necessary, after all we have said, to insist upon the share which he has taken in the publications for the diffusion of useful knowledge, (in which the design is greatly better than the selection of the subjects,) as well as in the establishment and promotion of those institutions which derive their origin from the experiment of Dr. Birkbeck.

It is now in a new character we are about to consider Lord Brougham. "Brougham is rather a heavy, laborious speaker! To me there appears something somewhat grotesque in his attempts at impassioned oratory, wherein he occasionally displays his zeal and warmth in contortions of face and figure nearly approaching to the ludicrous. He has an iron face, an iron figure, both equally divested of grace and majesty, nor does his action or expression make amends for these deficiencies of face and person; his eloquence is little more than special pleading. As the leader of a party in the House of Commons, he is at most, however, but second-rate. I have heard him occasionally on subjects of foreign policy, wherein the talents of a statesman are put to the test, and was surprised at his crudeness, as well as want of extent of idea and accuracy of information. I have certainly heard a member from our woods talk more sensibly, and display more statesman-like views."

We have quoted this passage, containing the opinion of an American contemporary, so that succeeding him as critics, our eulogies may produce greater effect, our censures require less excuse.

Whatever Lord Brougham may be, as compared with the great men who are no more; whatever posterity may decide respecting him, when he has ceased to exist in the eye of the present generation, to us who now hear him—by the side of those, and some not unworthy rivals near whom he stands, he is confessedly, and unequivocally, the Man of the Time, the superior spirit, whose word animates, awes, soothes, electrifies; to whom no one is ashamed to confess himself unequal in that art, which Cicero places just after that of arms; and which perhaps holds a still higher rank than military science in a commonwealth, peaceable and well-governed. To this, many circumstances, besides those which rise out of the intrinsic talent of the individual, have much contributed.

There was not in all probability that gigantic difference between Mr. Brougham in 1810, and Lord Brougham in 1831, which can justify the different reputation of the same individual at the two different periods: neither, perhaps, is there now that difference between Lord Brougham and Mr. Macaulay, which public opinion recognises. The rise from disputed fame to undisputed precedency, is, generally speaking, of a slow and gradual progress. Public talent is very much, and

* The plan is open, at a glance, to great objection.—Ed.

very rightly measured by its public utility: as long as there are men whose opinion, from the experience which the country has had of their capacity—whose knowledge, from their long acquaintance with the practical details of office—is and ought to be of superior weight on matters of state policy, to that of others less known and less experienced;—so long, they will be more eagerly demanded —more willingly listened to—more cheerfully admired.

It generally happens then, that the old actors pass from the political stage, before the young are allowed to play the principal parts there. As one disappears, others come forward, and it is only when these have outlived the great persons of the age which preceded them, that they have a full scope for the display of their own abilities. Nor is this all: there is a certain current of common sense in this country, which sets strongly against the exhibitions of wit, where the real demand is for information. All those, or most of those powers of the higher order, by which an orator enchants and transports his hearers, with which he adorns and renders graceful the long and wearisome road to knowledge, are forbidden to him who has not given the most frequent and convincing proofs that it is really knowledge to which he is leading. The facts brought forward in one session, procure attention to the figures by which they are illustrated in the next. Certain of your powers to instruct, your audience is not offended by your pretension to amuse them. It was the memory of Lord Brougham's speeches on commerce, education, and law—it was the thorough conviction that he could have treated the question of reform after the gravest fashion of Legislative science, that procured him the liberty of running away with it into all the odd and extravagant corners into which wit, humour, and imagination could thrust their head. He is now, then, in a position in which he may give full scope to his genius, in which he may excite and encourage all the faculties which nature has given him and study perfectioned. He is now in a position, moreover, in which his energies may assume the nervous, masculine, and well-directed and regulated energies of power; in which he must feel, instead of that chilling conviction which damps the force of a leader of Opposition—the chilling conviction that all his efforts are to be overpowered,—the full, the thrilling, almost godlike sensation that every word which falls from his lips—the enunciation of thoughts long conned and brooded over, will have an influence on the destinies of the world. It is in this position that we saw and heard him on the 7th of October, an event that we shall ever consider memorable in our lives. It was after a discussion of almost unexampled length and certainly of unexampled power, that the Chancellor rose to express his opinion on a subject which, for many months, had excited all the talent, exhausted, as it was to be supposed, all the eloquence of the sternest and subtlest minds; a subject on which had been collected and concentered the clearest expressions of reason, the most vivid conceptions of fancy; a subject which art and genius, every energy quickened by interest, every pulse throbbing for power, had taken as the arena of political contention. In such a struggle, it was necessary that Lord Brougham should surpass all others. His triumph was to be as imposing, or his failure was to be as signal, as the tone which he assumed, and the position in which he placed himself, were lofty and conspicuous.

That he succeeded under these circumstances, places him, beyond dispute, among the greatest of those men in modern times who are his rivals in the same art. And we might almost be tempted to exclaim, "Nolumus enim putare quenquam pleniorem et uberiorem ad dicendum fuisse," if in the midst of our eulogies we could not but feel the readiness with which the present is ever apt to glorify itself. We cannot but remember that Bolingbroke, Chatham, Pitt, his rival Fox,—and Mr. Canning in our own time, were all cheered on with the same cry, that each was the first man—the greatest orator that *ever* existed. We must not too easily accord that Lord Brougham is this. He is an orator of the first order, he has all the qualifications for being so—copiousness of language—fulness and sweetness of voice—an eloquent appearance;—and even in the management of his robes, "et motu aque ipso amictu," there is something of that dignity, which though it would count for little in our estimation of the man, is in nowise to be considered unimportant in our judgment of the orator. But with all these qualifications—with all the qualifications which, if stated singly, would seem to comprehend every thing we could desiderate or describe, there does appear to us, we confess, that something wanting, which answers to Lord Bacon's definition of the best part of physical beauty, that something "which neither pen nor pencil can delineate; no, nor our first sight of the life." We say to Lord Brougham's facetious sallies, what exquisite humour! to his splendid perorations, what scholastic composition! the modulations of his voice, the strength and dignity of his action strike us with astonishment and admiration; his irony and sarcasm (there he is most powerful) thrill through us; the mastery he frequently displays, not only of hoarded lore, but of living and worldly knowledge, assures us at once that it is to a great and full mind we are delivering our attention; the various parts of his discourse (we speak of him in his best moments,) strike us as perfect in their way;—and yet when he has finished, we cannot say that nothing is wanting in the whole. We have been alternately amused, terrified, or instructed; but it is very rarely that we feel the effect of any one feeling in a permanent and irresistible degree! We should cry "The fine orator!"—we should *not* cry, "Let us go and fight Philip."

We will take the last, perhaps the best, of Lord Brougham's speeches, as an illustration of our criticism. We were convulsed with laughter at Lord Wharncliffe's solitary promenade on the south side of Berkeley Square. We shrank, with Lord Dudley, into insignificance at the comparison between the maker of Latin verse, and the manufacturer of philosophers for Manchester and Birmingham; the researches into constitutional and legal literature, convinced us of the learning of the Lord Chancellor; his remarks on the genius of the English people, on the necessity, the wholesome necessity, of consolidating and connecting the various parts of society, by adding to the firmness and strength of that link which kept its extremities together; convinced us that that learning had been poured into a mind capable of giving it a practical result: the concluding passage, or peroration, was powerful and impressive, even to preventing the genuflexion with which it closed from appearing ridiculous; yet, notwithstanding all this, we ask any one who enjoyed the felicity of hearing that remarkable speech, whether when Lord Brougham sate down, the

listener felt the strong conviction that it must have seduced, convinced, or terrified any set of men into the necessity it contended for; nay, more, whether he felt certain of a deep earnestness in the speaker's own mind, in favour of that opinion which he sought to introduce into the minds of others. There is something in Lord Brougham's oratory which brings the speech and the speaker too much before us; we admire the eloquence of the one, the voice and action of the other; but the subject of this eloquence, the cause which calls forth those deep tones and raises that sinewy arm and long outstretched finger, is somewhat too strongly thrown into the shade by its effects.

Nor is this all, the long and involved sentences out of which a fact starts suddenly into life; the discursive manner in which an opponent is attacked; the magnificent embroidery with which truth is adorned; (though each of these things startles and captivates our minds at the time,) wear us out, at length, of any singleness of attention. We are like a traveller setting out on a voyage of business by a beautiful road, who, lost in admiration of the woods, the waterfalls, the rich parks by which he passes, forgets altogether the object of his journey when he has arrived at the end of it.

The extent of the study or preparation which Lord Brougham gives to his speeches, must be a matter of conjecture, and is therefore frequently one of dispute. We have heard anecdotes in proof of their perfect unpremeditation, while we think we remember a letter from Lord Brougham himself, in which the necessity not only of premeditating, but of verbally composing those parts of a speech which are meant to be most effective, is absolutely insisted upon. There may be exaggeration in either case, nor is even self-testimony to be perfectly relied upon, since some persons are as fond of exaggerating their labours, as others, more foolishly, are of professing to succeed without effort. There is, however, in the speeches themselves, strong internal evidence in favour of Lord Brougham's own confession, even if it were not a fact that no great orator was ever perfectly extemporaneous. But it by no means follows, that the habit of composition precludes the talent of improvisation; there exist the most splendid proofs to the contrary. The frequent revolving of harmonious periods and splendid images in the mind, render it more likely that such will rush readily to the lips, under feelings of extreme excitement.

For ourselves, we should rather believe as coincident with the ideas we have previously expressed, that Lord Brougham preconceives, and takes much pains with various branches of his intended oration, but that he does not sufficiently meditate upon the manner in which these may be best incorporated into, and united most closely with, the compact body of his discourse. We can never fancy his considering with Phocion in how few words he could express his ideas. It is to this, we imagine, and not to any natural or irremediable cause, that his speeches do not produce that concentrated effect which would make them perfect. In the language he employs, also, there is not sufficient of that purity and simplicity in which sublimity consists. Those antiquated words and inverted phrases, that long Latinity of language, savour too much of the affectation of solemnity to be truly solemn. They are too artificially impressive to produce the deepest, because the most natural impression. If we wished for a figure to express

our meaning, we should borrow that beautiful expression which the Greek philosophers inversely applied to Plato:—"If Jupiter spoke our language, he would *not* speak like Lord Brougham."

The greater part of what we should have to say of Lord Brougham as a political character, has been already said in our enumeration of what he has done for the public. There are those things, however, which affect him more individually—the consistency of his views as a politician—the *utility* and *practicability* of his talents as a man of action: for what Demosthenes said of eloquence is true enough, that, like a weapon, it is of little use to the owner unless he have the force and the skill to use it.

The subject on which all minds are now exclusively bent, and on which the noblest exhibition of Lord Brougham's talent has been made, is that one on which his consistency is most called in question.

There can be no doubt that the Reform Bill lately introduced by his Majesty's Ministers, went much farther than men had been in the habit of contemplating of late years. We say of late years, because we have only to go back to the reign of Queen Anne in order to enlist Lord Bolingbroke and Swift, and the whole of the country party of that time, in the ranks of our modern Radicals. It may be doubted, however, whether the opinions those writers broached were formed wisely and conscientiously. We rather believe them to have been the exaggerated doctrines of a faction, similar to that of Monsieur Chateaubriand's now in France, contending for all violent measures, which by change or convulsion were likely to bring themselves and the exiled family into power.

If there is any opinion universal among practical and thoughtful men, it is one against violent and sudden changes in a State when there is no pre-existing cause for it in the public mind. This we believe we have before said, and cannot, as the result of our settled conviction, too seriously repeat. If a people are happy and contented under their form of government, God forbid that any political empiric should make violent experiments for the sake of producing a greater portion of happiness and contentment. A wise statesman may see improvements to be made—there are improvements to be made in all constitutions, for nothing human can remain stationary—it must be in a state of progress or a state of decay; for these improvements he would prepare opinion, advancing gradually and temperately towards them. But if there be a barrier in his way—if opinion be allowed to acquire a force, to which legislation is insensible—if the consequences of civilization are checked—if the stream which flows from that sacred source is dammed up—year by year its mass of waters collect and swell, gradually, insensibly—even to the eye of the political inquirer, who, if he marks their rise, sees nothing threatening in the smooth, unruffled tranquillity in which they sleep. At last the breeze arises; some violent, unexpected gust, perchance from a foreign shore. The agitation of the wave excites our attention to its depth. We look around us. Lo! the old water-marks are swept out of sight. The stifled torrent is gathering and amassing; a few inches more, and the banks which have hitherto confined it are overspread and past. What is the safest course? There is but one; the impediment must be cut down, at all hazards; the current freely takes its way—not with its regular tide indeed—with an unnatural and accelerated, ay,

a perilous force. Who are to be blamed? they who saved the country from inundation? No! There was danger in the course they adopted—who denies it? There was greater danger in the opposite extreme. May not those who resort to the desperate remedy at last be allowed to lament that their earlier advice was not attended to—be allowed to regret that this same stream thus unseasonably checked, thus violently let loose, had not been allowed to flow naturally on?

Where is the inconsistency in this? For ourselves, prejudiced or not, we see none.

It is the remark of one who knew as much of parties and politics as most men, that "it would have been to little purpose that Cicero attacked Catiline in the Senate, if he had not made much more use of political prudence, that is, of the knowledge of mankind, and of the arts of government, which study and experience give, than of all the powers of his eloquence." The same might be said of Demosthenes, of Mirabeau, of all great orators, who were also, and must, as we imagine, always be, what, to adopt the modern term, are called "men of action." Here is the difference between the mere rhetorician, who speaks for the sake of speaking, and the real orator, who employs his eloquence as one of the means (the most appropriate means at the time) by which a particular end is to be accomplished. We are very much mistaken if in any thing we have said, we have given reason to suppose that we do not consider Lord Brougham most essentially of that class of men who take words as mere engines to work for things. We think, indeed, when he gets hold of his favourite weapon, that he is rather too much enchanted with it; that he frequently flourishes it somewhat idly, but gracefully about, before he gives, or at the time he is giving, the fatal stroke: we think that he puts himself too artfully in all the attitudes and positions of the fencing-master; but the combat in which he engages is no mock or unreal one. He may, at first sight, give one the idea that he is merely at his exercises; but at the first desperate lunge we see that the button is most assuredly from the foil.

Is any one (as it was once asked of another) better acquainted with our colonies or provinces,—with our allies and enemies,—with the rights and privileges of the former,—with the dispositions and conditions of the latter,—with the interests of them all, relative to the empire,—with the interests of the empire relatively to them? There is also in his character that which it is impossible to approach him without observing,—that bold, daring, and assuming tone,—which makes it more difficult for unacknowledged merit to succeed, but which gives to reputed talent an arbitrary sway, a despotic authority over all with whom it comes in contact, which Lord Brougham, more perhaps than any other man since his great predecessor Lord Chatham, holds in public debate over his rivals, in more familiar intercourse over his associates. Hence the curious anecdotes daily in circulation, confused, and, for the most part, false—as they are narrated,—having, however, not unfrequently a foundation in truth; and, even when pure fabrications, being strongly indicative of the character of the man. With this character is closely connected that scalding irony, that fierce facility towards satire, by which a friend is sometimes made a foe, when it might be better policy that an enemy should be conciliated;—and yet place Lord Brough-

am in the midst of his family,—let him be surrounded by those who worship his superiority,— and the superiority can hardly be said to exist: Fond and affectionate to those of his blood,—never forgetful of an old friend—gay, gentle, amiable,—the life and soul of every society in which he finds himself at home,—as ready to play the schoolboy, and talk like the man of pleasure, as if he had a bag of marbles in his pocket, or was going to get up at five o'clock the next morning for a fox chase,—he possesses in an eminent degree that conjunction of moral energy, with animal spirits, which startled the traveller when Montesquieu leaped over a stile, and which led Machiavel to a wrestling-match.

As the peculiar vein of his eloquence is satire, so the peculiar feature of his genius is its facility of abstraction, its quick power of digestion, its rapid and sudden turns, its extraordinary variety and elasticity, which, even at the moment that another would be supposed sinking under the unwearied discharge of the most laborious and engrossing employments, procures the Chancellor of England the credit of being the author of every popular pamphlet, and of writing every powerful paragraph in the daily newspapers by which the public attention is arrested.

Lord Brougham's marvellous quickness in doing any thing, as well as his singular happiness in being able to do all things at the same time, furnish many anecdotes to his gossiping acquaintance. We have heard (he can read two pages to the Lord Advocate's one,) of the perfect knowledge he has acquired of two quarto volumes in sixty minutes, as well as of the copulative facility with which he has conjoined the dispatch of three letters, three newspapers, three bottles of wine, and three applicants for livings, in a quarter of an hour!

Of these marvels every Club has its regular reciters. To us, (we must confess,) as we glance back on what we have hastily written, and think of all with which the public is acquainted, there seems no want of private evidence to prove the rare abilities, the various accomplishments, the restless and indefatigable energies of that illustrious individual, who, though inferior to either in particular points, brings to our recollection, in the united qualities of his character, the two most differing and distinguished persons who ever held his high office,—the man of science,—the man of action,—Bacon and Shaftesbury.

Rare are the instances in which the study of the law has not cramped the mind of the philosopher,— in which the doctrines of philosophy have not subtilized the speeches of the orator, and given impracticable theories to the politician. Rarely are moral and physical vigour blended together with so felicitous a harmony, nor ever, we may suppose, without some deep design. So many extraordinary qualities,— extraordinary in themselves,— extraordinary in their combination,—were not given but for some noble end. By their application to that end,—by their application to the benefit of society,—to the progress of knowledge, their remarkable possessor may eclipse his present by his future renown;—a future renown which, incorporated with the developement of the human mind, shall develope with it: with the growth and the spread of civilization it shall enlarge and grow; as those characters we see graved on the tender rind of the young oak, which widen and expand with every year that increases the bulk and advances the maturity of the tree.

THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD IN MEN AND BOOKS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"CONVERSATIONS WITH AN AMBITIOUS STUDENT."

Royalty and its symbols were abolished in France. A showman of wild beasts had (the pride of his flock) an immense Bengal tiger, commonly called the *Royal Tiger*. What did our showman do?—Why, he knew the world, and he changed the name of the beast, from the *Tigre Royal* to the *Tigre National!* Horace Walpole was particularly charmed with this anecdote, for he knew the world as well as the showman. It is exactly these little things—the happy turn of a phrase—a well-timed pleasantry, that no unobservant man ever thinks of, and that, while seeming humour, are in reality wisdom. There are changes in the veins of wit, as in every thing else. Sir William Temple tells us, that on the return of Charles II. none were more out of fashion than the old Earl of Norwich, who was esteemed the greatest wit of the time of Charles the First. But it is clear that the Earl of Norwich must have wanted knowledge of the world; he did not feel, as by an instinct, like the showman, how to vary an epithet—he stuck to the last to his *tigre royal!*

This knowledge of the world baffles our calculations—it does not always require experience. Some men take to it intuitively; their first step in life exhibits the same profound mastery over the minds of their contemporaries—the same subtle consideration—the same felicitous address, as distinguish the close of their career. Congreve had written his comedies at twenty-five; the best anecdotes of the acuteness of Cyrus are those of his boyhood. I should like, above all things, a veracious account of the childhood of Talleyrand. What a world of shrewdness may he have vented in trundling his hoop! Shakspeare has given us the madness of Hamlet the youth, and of Lear the old man—but there is a far deeper wisdom in the young man's thoughts than those of the old man.

Minds early accustomed to solitude usually make the keenest observers of the world, and chiefly for this reason—when few objects are presented to our contemplation, we seize them—we ruminate over them—we think, again and again, upon all the features they present to our examination; and we thus master the knowledge of the great book of Mankind as Eugene Aram mastered that of Learning, by studying five lines at a time, and ceasing not from our labour till those are thoroughly acquired. A boy, whose attention has not been distracted by a multiplicity of objects—who, living greatly alone, is obliged therefore to think, not as a task, but as a diversion, emerges at last into the world—a shy man, but a deep observer. Accustomed to reflection, he is not dazzled by novelty; while it strikes his eye, it occupies his mind. Hence, if he sits down to describe what he sees, he describes it justly at once, and at first; and more vividly, perhaps, than he might in after-life, because it is newer to him. Perhaps, too, the moral eye resembles the physical—by custom familiarizes itself with delusion, and inverts, mechanically, the objects presented to it, till the deceit becomes more natural than Nature itself.

There are men who say they know the world, because they know

its vices. So does an officer at Bow-street, or the turnkey at Newgate. This would be a claim to knowledge of the world, if there were but rogues in it. But these are as bad judges of our minds as a physician would be of our bodies, if he had never seen any but those in a diseased state. Such a man would fancy health itself a disease. We generally find, indeed, that men are governed by their weaknesses, not their vices, and those weaknesses are often the most amiable part about them. The wavering Jaffier betrays his friend through a weakness, which a hardened criminal might equally have felt, and which, in that criminal, might have been the origin of his guilt. It is the knowledge of these weaknesses, as if by a glance, that serves a man better in the understanding and conquest of his species, than a knowledge of the vices to which they lead—it is better to seize the one cause than ponder over the thousand effects. It is the former knowledge which I chiefly call the knowledge of the world. It is this which immortalised Moliere in the drama, and distinguishes Talleyrand in action.

It has been asked whether the same worldly wisdom which we admire in a writer would, had occasion brought him prominently forward, have made him equally successful in action? Certainly not, as a necessary consequence. Swift was the most sensible writer of his day, and one of the least sensible politicians, in the selfish sense—the only sense in which he knew it—of the word. What knowledge of the world in "Don Juan" and in Byron's "Correspondence"—what seeming want of that knowledge in the great poet's susceptibility to attack, on the one hand, and his wanton trifling with his character on the other! How is this difference between the man and the writer to be accounted for? Because, in the writer, the infirmities of constitution are either concealed or decorated by genius—not so in the man: fretfulness, spleen, morbid sensitiveness, eternally spoil our plans in life—but they often give an interest to our plans on paper. Byron, quarrelling with the world, as Childe Harold, proves his genius; but Byron quarrelling with the world in his own person betrays his folly! To show wisdom in a book, it is but necessary that we should possess the theoretical wisdom; but in life, it requires not only the theoretical wisdom, but the practical ability to act up to it. We may know exactly what we ought to do, but we may not have the fortitude to do it. "Now," says the shy man in love, "I ought to go and talk to my mistress—my rival is with her—I ought to make myself as agreeable as possible—I ought to throw that fellow in the shade by my *bons mots* and my compliments." Does he do so? No! he sits in a corner and scowls at the lady. He is in the miserable state described by Persius. He knows what is good and cannot perform it. Yet this man, if an author, from the very circumstance of feeling so bitterly that his constitution is stronger than his reason, would have made his lover in a book all that he could not be himself in reality.

There is a sort of wit peculiar to knowledge of the world, and we usually find that writers, who are supposed to have the most exhibited that knowledge in their books, are also commonly esteemed the wittiest authors of their country—Horace, Plautus, Moliere, Le Sage, Voltaire, Cervantes, Shakspeare, Fielding, Swift;* and this is, because

* Let me mention two political writers of the present day—men equally remarkable for their wit and wisdom—Sidney Smith, and the Editor of the "Examiner," Mr. Fon-

the essence of the most refined species of wit is truth. Even in the solemn and grave Tacitus, we come perpetually to sudden turns—striking points, of sententious brilliancy, which make us smile, from the depth itself of their importance—an aphorism is always on the borders of an epigram.†

It is remarkable that there is scarcely any *very popular* author of great imaginative power, in whose works we do not recognise that common sense which is knowledge of the world, and which is so generally supposed by the superficial to be in direct opposition to the imaginative faculty. When an author does not possess it eminently, he is never eminently popular, whatever be his fame. Compare Scott and Shelley, the two most *imaginative* authors of their time. The one, in his wildest flights, never loses sight of common sense—there is an affinity between him and his humblest reader; nay, the more discursive the flight, the closer that affinity becomes. We are even more wrapt with the author when he is with his spirits of the mountain and fell—with the mighty dead at Melrose, than when he is leading us through the humours of a guard-room, or confiding to us the interview of lovers. But Shelley disdains common sense. Of his "Prince Athanase," we have no early comprehension—with his "Prometheus" we have no human sympathies; and the grander he becomes, the less popular we find him. Writers who do not in theory know their kind, may be admired, but they can never be popular. And when we hear men of unquestionable genius complain of not being appreciated by the herd, it is because they are not themselves skilled in the feelings of the herd. For what is knowledge of mankind, but the knowledge of their feelings, their humours, their caprices, their passions; touch these, and you gain attention—develope these, and you have conquered your audience.

Among writers of an inferior reputation we often discover a sufficient shrewdness and penetration into human foibles—to startle us in points, while they cannot carry their knowledge far enough to please us on the whole. They can paint nature by a happy hit, but they violate all the likeness before they have concluded the plot—they charm us with a reflection and revolt us by a character. Sir John Suckling is one of these writers—his correspondence is witty and thoughtful, and his plays—but little known in comparison to his songs—abound with just remarks and false positions, the most natural lines and the most improbable inventions. Two persons in one of these plays are under sentence of execution, and the poet hits off the vanity of the one by a stroke worthy of a much greater dramatist.

"I have something troubles me," says Pellagrin.

"What's that?" asks his friend.

"The people," replies Pellagrin, "will say, as we go along, '*thou art the properer fellow!*'"*

Had the whole character been conceived like that sentence, I should not have forgotten the name of the play, and instead of mak-

---

blanque; barring, may I say it? a little affectation of pithiness—the latter writer is one of the greatest masters of that art which makes "words like sharp swords," that our age has produced. And I cannot help adding, in common with many of his admirers, an earnest hope that he may leave the world a more firm and settled monument of his great abilities, than the pages of any periodical can afford.

† And every one will recollect the sagacious sneer of Gibbon.

ing a joke, the author would have consummated a creation. Both Madame de Stael and Rousseau appear to me to have possessed this sort of imperfect knowledge. Both are great in aphorisms, and feeble in realizing conceptions of flesh and blood. When Madame de Stael tells us "that great losses, so far from binding men more closely to the advantages they still have left, at once loosen all ties of affection," she speaks like one versed in the mysteries of the human heart, and expresses exactly what she wishes to convey; but when she draws the character of Corinne's lover, she not only confounds all the moral qualities into one impossible compound, but she utterly fails in what she evidently attempts to picture. The proud, sensitive, generous, high-minded Englishman, with a soul at once alive to genius, and fearing its effect—daring as a soldier, timid as a man—the slave of love that tells him to scorn the world, and of opinion that tells him to adore it—this is the new, the delicate, the many-coloured character Madame de Stael conceived, and nothing can be more unlike the heartless and whining pedant she has accomplished.

In Rousseau, every sentence Lord *Edouard* utters is full of beauty, and sometimes of depth, and yet those sentences give us no conception of the utterer himself. The expressions are all soul, and the character is all clay—nothing can be more brilliant than the sentiments, or more heavy than the speaker.

In fact it is not often that the graver writers have succeeded in plot and character as they have done in the allurement of reflection, or the graces of style. While Goldsmith makes us acquainted with all the personages of his unrivalled story—while we sit at the threshold in the summer evenings and sympathize with the good Vicar in his laudable zeal for monogamy—while ever and anon we steal a look behind through the lattice, and smile at the gay Sophia, who is playing with Dick, or fix our admiration on Olivia who is practising an air against the young Squire comes—while we see the sturdy Burchell crossing the stile, and striding on at his hearty pace with his oak cudgel cutting circles in the air—nay, while we ride with Moses to make his bargains, and prick up our ears when Mr. Jenkinson begins with "Ay, Sir! the world is in its dotage"—while in recalling the characters of that immortal tale, we are recalling the memory of so many living persons with whom we have dined, and walked, and chatted—we see in the gloomy Rasselas of Goldsmith's sager cotemporary, a dim succession of shadowy images without life or identity, mere machines for the grinding of morals, and the nice location of sonorous phraseology.

That delightful egotist—half good-fellow, half sage, half rake, half divine, the pet gossip of philosophy, the—in one word—inimitable and unimitated Montaigne insists upon it in right earnest, with plenty to support him, that *continual* cheerfulness is the most indisputable sign of wisdom, and that her estate, like that of things in the regions above the moon, is always calm, cloudless, and serene. And in the

---

* Suckling's plays abound also in passages of singular beauty of diction and elegance of thought. I will quote one which seems to me to contain one of the most beautiful compliments a woman ever received. Orsabrin, a seaman *if I recollect right*, says to Reginella—

"Have you a name too?

Reginella. "Why do you ask?"

Orsabrin. "Because I'd call upon it in a storm,

"*And save a ship from perishing sometimes!*"

same essay he recites the old story of Demetrius the grammarian, who, finding in the Temple of Delphos a knot of philosophers chatting away in high glee and comfort, said, "I am greatly mistaken, gentlemen, or by your pleasant countenances you are not engaged in any very profound discourse." Whereon Heracleon answered the grammarian with a "Pshaw, my good friend! it does very well for fellows who live in a perpetual anxiety to know whether the future tense of the verb *Ballo* should be spelt with one l or two, to knit their brows and look solemn, but we who are engaged in discoursing true philosophy, are cheerful as a matter of course!" Ah, those were the philosophers who had read the world aright; give me Heracleon the magician, for a fellow who knew what he was about when he resolved to be wise. And yet,after all, it is our constitution and not our learning, that makes us one thing or the other—grave or gay, lively or severe!

For my own part I candidly confess that, in spite of all my endeavours, and though all my precepts run the contrary way, I cannot divest myself at times of a certain sadness when I recall the lessons the world has taught me. It is true that I now expect little or nothing from mankind, and I therefore forgive offences against me with ease, but that ease which comes from contempt is no desirable acquisition of temper. I should like to feel something of my old indignation at every vice, and my old bitterness at every foe.

After all, as we know, or fancy that we know mankind, there is a certain dimness that falls upon the glory of all we see. We are not so confiding of our trust—and that is no petty misfortune to some of us; without growing perhaps more selfish, we contract the circle of our enjoyments. We do not hazard—we do not venture as we once did. The sea that rolls before us proffers to our curiosity no port that we have not already seen. About this time, too, our ambition changes its character—it becomes more a thing of custom than of ardour. We have begun our career—shame forbids us to leave it; but I question whether any man moderately wise, does not see how small is the reward of pursuit. Nay, ask the oldest, the most hacknied adventurer of the world, and you will find he has some dream at his heart, which is more cherished than all the honours he seeks—some dream perhaps of a happy and serene retirement which has lain at his breast since he was a boy, and which he will never realize. The trader and his retreat at Highgate are but the type of Walpole and his palace at Houghton. The worst feature in our knowledge of the world is that we are wise to little purpose—we penetrate the hearts of others, but we do not satisfy our own. Every wise man feels that he ought not to be ambitious, nor covetous, nor subject to emotion—yet the wisest go on toiling, and burning to the last. Men who have declaimed most against ambition have been among the most ambitious; so that, at the best, we only get wise for the sake of writing books which the world seldom sees till we are dead—or of making laws and speeches, which, when dead, the world hastens to forget. "When all is done, human life is at the greatest and the best but like a froward child, that must be played with and humoured a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over."* A.

* Sir William Temple.

THE CHOLERA MORBUS.

ON HEARING IT SAID THAT THIS DISEASE ONLY ATTACKED THE POOR.

It comes! it comes! from England's trembling tongue
One low and universal murmur stealeth;—
By dawn of day, each journal is o'erhung
With starting eyes, to read what it revealeth,
And all aghast, ejaculate one word—
The Cholera—no other sound is heard!

Had Death, upon his ghastly horse reveal'd,
From his throat-rattling trump a summons sounded,
Not more appallingly its blast had peal'd
Upon the nation's ear;—awe-struck, astounded,
Men strive in vain their secret fears to smother,
And gaze in blank dismay on one another.

Now are all cares absorb'd in that of health;
Hush'd is the song, the dance, the voice of gladness,
While thousands in the selfishness of wealth,
With looks of confidence, but hearts of sadness,
Dream they can purchase safety for their lives
By *nostrums*, drugs, and quack preventatives.

The wretch who might have died in squalid want,
Unseen, unmourn'd by our hard-hearted blindness,
Wringing from fear what pity would not grant,
Becomes the sudden object of our kindness,
Now that his betters he may implicate,
And spread infection to the rich and great.

Yet still will wealth presumptuously cry
"What, though the hand of death be thus outstretched;
It will not reach the lordly and the high,
But only strike the lowly and the wretched.
Tush!—what have *we* to quail at? Let us fold
Our arms, and trust to luxury and to gold."

They do belie thee, honest Pestilence!
Thou 'rt brave, magnanimous, not mean and dastard;
Thou 'lt not assert thy dread omnipotence
In mastering those already overmaster'd
By want and woe,—trampling the trampled crowd,
To spare the unsparing and preserve the proud.

Usurpers of the people's rights! prepare
For death by quick atonement.—Stony-hearted
Oppressors of the poor!—in time beware!
When the destroying angel's shaft is darted,
'Twill smite the star on titled bosoms set,
The mitre pierce, transfix the coronet.

Take moral physic, Pomp! not drugs and oil,
And learn, to broad philanthropy a stranger,
That every son of poverty and toil,
With whom thou sharest now an equal danger,
Should as a brother share, in happier hours,
The blessings which our common Father showers.

O thou reforming Cholera! thou 'rt sent
Not as a scourge alone, but as a teacher,
That they who shall survive to mark the event
Of thy dread summons, thou death-dealing preacher!
By piety and love of kind may best
Requite the love that snatch'd them from the Pest. H.

CHATEAUBRIAND AND LOUIS PHILIPPE.

(From our Paris Correspondent.)

Though far from deserving all the honour of the comparison, M. De Chateaubriand is a kind of political Lord Byron, at least, according, not to our individual, but to the vulgar, notions of the latter. He is interesting and repulsive, amiable and detestable; now formidable for his talents, now only remarkable for his eccentricities. His character is not of the best, being a *roué* of public life, as Byron was of private—the errors of both, being redeemed by a multitude of generous and noble acts. There is similarity despite the inequality betwixt their literary powers, both delighting in the sublime of exaggeration, and only preserved by their genius from tumbling each instant into the ridiculous. Both were endowed with unexampled mastery over their respective languages. The English language in Byron's hand was, as he pleased it, a plaything or a thunderbolt; like Aaron's staff, now a rod to walk tranquilly and lordly withal, now a serpent devouring its neighbours. Chateaubriand has a similar power, *longo intervallo* in sooth, over the French, which is far less plastic and manageable. Except Montaigne, Voltaire, and Paul Louis Courrier, he has made more than any Frenchman of his language, which resembles a splendid suit of armour, adorning the wearer indeed, but demanding and exhausting all his strength to support its weight.

In personal respects the comparison may be followed closer. Chateaubriand is noble, inheriting all the prejudices and few of the advantages of rank; poor, as Byron was, for his *caste;* looked down upon by his fellows, and obliged to have recourse to the plebeian's *noblesse*, viz. genius, for pre-eminence. Bred amongst a people with whom unbelief was a dogma, Chateaubriand ran tilt against received opinions, and asserted religion, when the Church had not a votary. Byron, we know, did the same contrarywise, and assailed the religious dogmas of *his* countrymen with a chivalrous spirit of contradiction. And now Chateaubriand has succeeded by his political paradoxes, misfortunes, and talents, in placing himself, with respect to the French public, in much the same station that Byron held in the eye of the English. He is by himself a *puissance*—how is this to be translated?—a crowned head, the crown being but laurel, which all parties reverence, court, and dread. A victim to his liberal principles, Chateaubriand resigned his embassy, on the appointment of Polignac; a victim to his royalism, he is now without place or means of support, except his pen. With a blundering foresight, worthy of the economy of a poet, he deposited his savings in the Dutch funds, as then the most secure in revolutionary Europe, and the most likely to stand firm by the political exile. On the contrary it proved, that in the political tempest the Dutchman's sheet-anchor was the first to drag. Now Chateaubriand is the Carlist, the only man in France, who dares hold out for the discarded race; (the Journal des Debats, so long the organ of his opinions, has here forsaken the noble Viscount's guidance;) and, moreover, he is the only man whose Carlism the French can pardon.

Twice since the revolution of July, has M. de Chateaubriand come forward with a pamphlet. He spoke in the Upper Chamber for the Duke of Bordeaux; that scouted, his device has since been war to

the present order of things. His first pamphlet went to prove that an elective monarchy was an absurdity; that it could not endure. Or, that in order to endure, one of two alternatives was requisite; viz. either to declare war, occupy Belgium, run the same muck against Europe that Napoleon had failed in, and acquire that 'baptism of blood,' which alone, it was argued, could consecrate a new dynasty. 'If you do not make war,' cried M. de Chateaubriand, to Louis Philippe, 'the French will never respect you. Their pretended love of liberty is a farce; it is glory they love, and without glory they will never live. See the unquiet population; how with the least pretext it rises in tumult; how men grasp at the old revolutionary ideas! see the clubs and the press driving still on to anarchy. Nothing but war can occupy and satisfy these men. In avoiding it, you will be driven upon the other alternative—tyranny, proscriptions, and those arbitrary means, that both Napoleon and the Bourbons were compelled to use.'

Unfortunately for M. de Chateaubriand's character as a prophet, Louis Philippe has adopted neither of these alternatives. He has neither declared war abroad with Europe, nor with Liberty at home. He has gone on quietly, peaceably, steadily, and surely in a middle course, repressing tumultuous mobs by patience, and wearing out, rather than crushing, sedition. Yet he reigns, and his throne acquires daily more solidity. Mobs are at an end. The sounds of war have died away. The funds rise like a thermometer in June, and Perier is hailed as the Richelieu of his time.

M. de Chateaubriand is profoundly vexed at all this. It should not have been so; and he has just issued another pamphlet to prove it: a pamphlet, in which every power, and interest, and argument are brought forward, that are at all hostile to the existing government; no matter how little consistent or compatible with each other. Since royalist feelings can be no longer appealed to, M. de Chateaubriand appeals to the republicans, to the men of the *mouvement*, and calls to the anarchists to raise the standard of Henry the Fifth. What a coalition! that of Wilson Croker and Henry Hunt is a marriage within the affinities, compared with it.

"Why should a republic be considered to be an unachievable chimera?" exclaims the royalist pamphleteer. "Since the discovery of representative government, it has been proved that the system of *representation* may be realized by a great people in a republican, as well as in a monarchic form. A republic possesses incontestable advantages. It is cheap. It is noble. It assigns to different degrees of intellect their natural ranks."

He then quotes Samuel's advice to the Israelites, dissuading them to choose a king, and continues:

"If a republican government had been the result of the revolution of July, it would have set many consciences at ease. In swearing allegiance to it there could have been no treason; it would have been merely a change of principle, not one king substituted for another. There would not have been an usurpation, but merely another order of things. As for me, who am republican by nature, monarchic by reason, and Bourbonist from honour, I should have far sooner become reconciled with a democracy, since the legitimate monarchy was impossible, than with the bastard monarchy, which has been *octroyed* to us by the Lord knows whom."

Now, we have no dissent to express from M. de Chateaubriand's

panegyric of a republic; our wonder and disgust is to hear such from his mouth. As to his scruples about the allegiance, which it is treason to pay to Louis Philippe, the elect of the people, and no treason to pay to a republic, these, together with his reasons for the same, appear to us as flagrant specimens of Jesuitism as ever were exposed by Pascal. His peroration in favour of a republic, M. de Chateaubriand winds up, like certain members of our House of Commons, who are wont to speak on one side, and vote on the other, with an avowal that it was incompatible with the state of opinion and society in France; when he proceeds to consider the claims and advantages of two competitors.

"There remained the choice betwixt two species of legitimacies; the Duke of Bordeaux, heir of a great race; the Duke of Reichstadt, heir of a great man. These two legitimacies, which, at different epochs of history, drew their right from the same source, popular election, might have *equally* suited France."

Here is an admission for the author of "Bonaparte et les Bourbons!" The legitimacies of both families are *equal*, and derived from the same source. Now, Louis Philippe derives *his* title from this very source; yet *his* legitimacy is denied. M. de Chateaubriand, who swore allegiance to the two former sovereigns, finds an oath to this, and no religious oath either, stick in his throat.

"The advantages which ancient and royal blood gave to the Duke of Bordeaux, the illustrious fame of his sire gave to the Duke of Reichstadt. Napoleon's life was tantamount to a generation; his years were centuries. The Duke of Reichstadt, moreover, presented advantages, to win alike men of religious, and men of aristocratic prejudices,—a consecration by the hands of the Sovereign Pontiff to the one, his mother's blood, that of the modern Cæsars, to the other. His mother brought to him the past, his sire bequeathed to him the future."

We would give a new reading to M. de Chateaubriand's confession of faith above quoted, and say that he was "Republican from paradox, Bourbonist from prejudice, and Bonapartist from antithesis." All these suppositions, all this beautiful diction and bad logic, however, are idle attacks upon the throne of Louis Philippe. People are little given to study or examine theories now-a-days, above all, political ones; and the origin of power has become of far less importance than its utility and beneficence. In all the departments of internal administration, the government of the elective monarchy has "worked well." But its external policy is certainly the weak part of this government,—weak, because inglorious. M. de Chateaubriand is too skilful and polemic not to direct his chief attack on this side, and his animadversions are here more likely to be felt, and to have influence with the French people.

"The elective monarchy of France hath as yet little honoured the flag which it has adopted; it has floated but over the portals of ministers' palaces, and under the walls of Lisbon: it has been torn but by the winds; the rain washes away its scarlet and azure, and leaves but a flag of dirty white, true emblem of quasi-legitimacy. The tricolour was not so when attached to the republican pike. Under the Duke of Reichstadt it would have been borne anew by those eagles which soared over so many fields of battle, but which no longer lend their mighty wings and talons to a humiliated standard."

From the mouth of a soldier, from that of one of the veterans of Austerlitz, we should admire this spirit, perhaps applaud this indig-

nation; but uttered by one who bore arms against his country in his youth, and who in his age struggled to prolong its occupation by a foreign force, what feeling can it excite? With what grace can M. de Chateaubriand, who was minister of Louis XVIII. at Ghent, and who re-entered Paris amongst the English baggage-carts, now assume the bullying tone of a Buonapartist, and halloo his countrymen against the British?

There are honester men who profess the same opinions with consistency, and we respect them. They argue that peace can never endure or be solid betwixt the rival principles of liberty and absolutism; that war must come, sooner or later, to decide the question of which shall advance, which recede;—and that war immediately after the revolution would have been a natural consequence, a relief; and a fit vent for the population that have since that event been starving; that war at any future period will be a greater evil; that it will be daily attended with less chances of success; that the enthusiasm which at that time surpassed the frenzy of ninety-two, and which now evaporates, can never be re-kindled; that Poland can never be again reformed, with a national and disciplined army in the field; that France has only preserved peace by truckling; that the hostile principle prevails in all her frontiers, except that of Belgium, beyond the Pyrenees, the Alps, and the Rhine; and that the country is in the disgraceful state of a political quarantine, shut in from Europe until the cholera of liberty consume itself and die away.

On the other hand, the Louis Philippite responds, that the late Revolution will have more influence and make more imitators by peace and order, than by war; that the cause of liberty, which is certainly progressing in Germany and in England, would at least in those countries be inevitably retarded, if not crushed, by French aggression. These, not to mention the weighty reasons to be drawn from the internal state of the country, should suffice. But they assert that others are not wanting; that even supposing the dynasty firm upon the throne, and the new institutions stable, still it has been proved that France alone is not able to war single-handed with Europe, that she has need of an ally, of one powerful ally at least. Napoleon, in the height of his power, acknowledged this principle, and acted upon it. He first aimed at the alliance of Prussia, then of Russia, lastly of Austria, and when all failed him, he fell.

The party of the *mouvement* or of the republican, with whom M. de Chateaubriand (his present companions, we learn, are Messrs. Cavaignac and Trelat, this we say with no reproach, for all honest men and principles are to be respected,) has enlisted, owned the soundness of this maxim, when, immediately after July 1830, they cried out, that France should ally with Russia, that Russia was the country most disposed to yield territorial aggrandizement to the former. Events proved the absurdity of hoping to have Russia for an ally. And Louis Philippe turned towards England, a country opposed indeed to the territorial aggrandizement of her neighbour, but certainly one of the great well-wishers to liberty.

Prince Talleyrand is considered, with reason, to be the originator and supporter of the alliance and amity with England, which had been long an idea of his, the one upon which he acted to bring about the

agreement of Amiens. Since Cardinal Dubois, he is the only minister that has entertained such a thought; and singular enough to say, both these statesmen were able to pursue this policy by princes of the house of Orleans. England, indeed, on her part, has rendered few or scanty returns for such unusual confidence on the part of her neighbour. But, allowances are made for the difficulties of Lord Grey's situation, and France hopes yet to reap the benefits of England's active alliance, when Reform shall have infused fresh life into a land so long "overlain with the putrid carcase of oligarchic corruption." In the mean time, however Frenchmen may find pretexts to complain against Louis Philippe, his caution and his government; we, as Englishmen, can have none. He has proffered us the hand of amity, that the Bourbons, even the weakest of them, never held out. If we do not prove grateful, all that is to be said is, that we deserve to be shut out from the Continent by another Buonaparte; and to have our colonies and dependent states insurrectionized by another Vergennes.*

It is very conceivable that M. de Chateaubriand, at present a Carlist under the garb of a republican, may exclaim against this moderate and honest policy. Louis Philippe in a death struggle with the rest of Europe, is that which would most flatter the hopes of the family at Holyrood. Even apart the consistency and political honour of the man,—making to him the huge compliment of forgetting the precedents and successive creeds of his past life,—and allowing him full credit to be what he pretends, a political mariner disengaged from party by the wreck of his own, and clinging since that to patriotism,—we can neither admit the justness, nor sympathize with what he deems the nobleness of his views.

M. de Chateaubriand is a poet, not a statesman; and consequently his ideas turn upon feelings, rather than upon principles. He considers a nation as the hero of a romance, of whom the duty is not so much to be honest, happy, wealthy, free, as to be interesting and noble. The model of a monarch, to him, is Charlemagne, surrounded by his Paladins, converting the Saxons to Christianity by fire and sword, as M. de Chateaubriand, when minister, converted the Spaniards to despotism by bayonets, unobserved capitulations, and the gallows. Thus it is little wonderful, that, after forswearing his admiration of Napoleon, he should resume and re-express it; and that after having mainly aided to overthrow the Bourbons, for being inimical to liberty, as he then protested, he should now come forward to represent France, as careless of Freedom, but demanding Glory as the indispensable condition of her existence. C.

---

* Later whispers have said, and indeed, later circumstances have proved, that Talleyrand's policy and address have not been limited to an alliance betwixt England and France, but that Austria was won over to second these two powers in the task of shutting out the Northern potentates from weighing upon Europe. This triple juncture of interests, though too late for the safety of Poland, came at least in time to place the majority of the Conference at London, on the side of peace and fairness.

MARGARET SUNDERLAND.

"Hush, Margaret, I see it again! poor little thing, how it limps! Hush! I declare it has gone through the hedge into the churchyard. Wait one, only one moment, dear Sister, and I shall certainly catch it,"—and over the churchyard stile bounded Rose Sunderland, as lightly as a sunbeam, or, I should rather say, to be in keeping with the time and place, as lightly as a moonbeam; for that favourite orb of love and ladies had risen, even while the golden hue of an autumnal sun lingered in the sky, and its pale, uncertain beams silvered the early dew-drops, which the gay and thoughtless girl shook from their verdant beds in her rapid movements. But Rose cared little about disturbing dew-drops, or indeed any thing else that interfered with the pursuit that occupied her for the moment. With the eagerness of sixteen she had pursued a young wounded leveret among the silent tombs, as thoughtlessly as if she trod only on the sweet wild thyme, or humble daisy; and when she had nearly wearied out the object of her anxiety, she saw it take shelter under the worn arch of an ancient monument with evident satisfaction, convinced that now she could secure her prize if Margaret would only come to her assistance.

"Sister, Sister," repeated she, eagerly, "come! if we do not take it, it will surely become the prey of some weazel or wild cub-fox before morning."

Margaret slowly passed the stile.

"One would think you were pacing to a funeral," said Rose pettishly. "If you will do nothing else, stand there at least, and—now I have it!" exclaimed she joyously; "its little heart pants—poor thing! I wonder how it got injured!"

"Stop," replied her sister, in a low, agitated voice; "you forget—yet how can you forget?—who it is that rests here; who—" She placed her hand upon a plain stone pedestal, but strong and increasing emotion prevented her finishing the sentence.

"My dear Margaret, forgive me! it is ever thus; I am fated to be your misery. I am sure I never thought—"

"Think now then, Rose, if it be but for a moment; think, that only one little year has passed since he was with us; since his voice, so wise, and yet so sweet, was the music of our cottage; his kindness, the oil and honey of our existence. Though the arrow had entered into his soul, it festered not, for no corruption was there. When he was reviled, he reviled not again; and though his heart was broken, his last words were, 'Lord, thy will, not mine, be done.' My dear, dear father," she continued, sinking at the same moment upon her knees, and clasping her hands in devout agony, "teach me to be like thee."—"Say *me*, rather," ejaculated the sobbing Rose, whose grief now was as vivid as her exultation had been: "say, teach Rose to be like thee; you are like our father; but I am nothing! anything! Oh, Margaret, can you forgive me? There, I'll let the hare go this moment; I'll do any thing you wish; indeed I will."

"Do not let it go," replied Margaret Sunderland, who had quickly recovered her self-possession; "It would be ill done to permit any suffering near his grave. After a brief pause she rose from her knees,

and passing her arm through her sister's, left the churchyard to its moonlight solitude.

The silence was soon broken by the younger, who observed,

"Sister, I forgot to tell you that I met Lady Louisa Calcraft this morning at the Library, and she took no notice of me."

"The ban is upon you, and upon us all, Rose," replied Margaret, turning her pale, but beautiful countenance towards her sister—"The ban

——— 'of buried hopes
And prospects faded.'

Would to God that that were all; that any sacrifice on my part could pay the debts my poor father in his honest, but wild speculations, incurred. The Calcrafts in Lincoln!—but they are everywhere. I could ill have borne a scornful look from one of them."

"They are friends of Ernest Heathwood's, are they not?"

A deep and glowing crimson, which luckily the obscurity of the night preserved from observation, mantled the cheeks of Margaret Sunderland, while she replied—

"Yes, I believe so; but, dear Rose, you might have spared me the mention of his name."

"I am ever doing wrong," murmured poor Rose, as her sister withdrew her arm from within her's.

Margaret and Rose Sunderland were the daughters of a ruined merchant—of one, indeed, who had been a prince yesterday, and a beggar to-day—of one whose argosies had gone forth, but returned no more—whose name one year would have guaranteed millions—yet who died the next, wanting a shilling. Maurice Sunderland had cheerfully surrendered all to his creditors, yet that all was insufficient to satisfy any thing like the claims made, and justly made, upon him. House, plate, jewels, servants, had all been sacrificed. Not a vestige of their former prosperity lingered; and they who had revelled in superfluities, now wanted the most common necessaries. A small jointure alone remained; and in that his wife had only a life interest.

Mrs. Sunderland was vain, weak, selfish; a woman who knew not what it was to grow old gracefully, and who haunted youthful pleasures with a wrinkled brow, a flaxen wig, and a painted cheek; her mind was inconceivably small. She wept more for the loss of her diamonds and Dresden than for her husband's misfortunes.

Pecuniary difficulties were only the commencement of Margaret's trials. The family removed to Lincoln, as one or two relations lived there, who could forward the plans Miss Sunderland had formed for their support. Her affection for her father would not permit her to leave him to the care of a giddy, childish sister, and her almost idiotic mother; particularly as his health was visibly sinking, and nature appeared unable to repair the inroads of disease. She therefore accepted, most joyfully, the charge of the education of four little girls, her cousins. Her father raised no obstacle to this plan; though his withered cheek flushed, and his hand trembled the first day that he saw his beautiful Margaret quietly arranging and superintending her élèves in the back parlour of their cottage; but her mother's caprice and spirit of contradiction, was a constant source of mortification, although it tended still more to draw

forth her daughter's virtues: she was never satisfied; always regretting their past splendour, always reproaching poor Margaret with having degraded her family, by condescending to become a "School Mistress;" and yet thoughtlessly squandering her hard earnings on selfish enjoyments: this was not all—no one who has only *read* of "The delightful task of teaching the young idea how to shoot," can form any estimate of the self-denial, the self-abasement which must be the portion of an instructress; particularly if she be conscientious in the discharge of her duty. All influences, to be useful, must be exercised with discretion; and alas! it is but a short step from dominion to tyranny. Margaret was obliged to practise as well as preach; and indeed, the one without the other is always unavailing: she had to watch not only herself, but others; so that her maxims might be really useful to those she sought to improve. She wished to make them not only accomplished, but informed; and "her new system," as it was called, was subject to many animadversions, both from her relatives and their friends, who, as usual on such occasions, quite forgot what Miss Sunderland *had been*, in what she was; treated her merely as "the governess," and admitted her only as such into their houses. At one of those visits, which she continually shrank from, and only endured as an occasional penance, she met the very Ernest Heathwood, whom Rose so unwittingly alluded to during their evening's walk. The eldest son of a Baronet, who, with his new honours, had changed, it was understood, a mercantile for a somewhat Aristocratic name, was a likely person to attract the attention, and win the civilities of all within his sphere; and he was welcomed to the mansion of one of Miss Sunderland's relatives with extraordinary courtesy. Margaret, always collected, always dignified, neither sought nor avoided his attentions; but silently suffered all the little manœuvres of second-rate country-town society to take their course. The anxiety that some mothers evinced, to crowd a tribe of ill-dressed daughters to a tuneless piano, and there show off their skill in the various departments of first, second, and third harmony; while others contented themselves with exhibiting the more quiet, and consequently, more endurable litter of card drawings and Poonah painting, could only excite a feeling of pity in such a mind as Margaret's. Pity, that woman should so thoroughly mistake the end and aim of her creation, as to descend to be the mistress of a puppet-show—and something more severe than pity, towards the other sex, who outwardly encourage, while they inwardly despise such petty traps of slavery! "An age," reflected Margaret, "which values itself on caricature, parody, or burlesque, can produce little that is sublime, either in genius or virtue. Yet those qualities, and the display of imperfect, and, in nine cases out of ten, most senseless accomplishments, amuse; and we live in an age that must be *amused*, though our best and noblest feelings pay the forfeiture;" and she employed her slender fingers with tenfold care to build up the card castle which her little pupil, Cicely, had thrown down.

"It is abominable," whispered her sister, "to hear such bad music, while *you* could give us so much that is good." A quiet motion of her sister's finger to her lips prevented farther observation; and the card castle bade fair to mount three stories high, when suddenly Ernest

Heathwood turned round, and, addressing himself to the fair architect, asked if now she would favour them, for he was sure she could. "Oh, yes," observed one of the Dowagers, "of course Miss Sunderland *can* and *will*; she *teaches* so well, that she must be a proficient." Some feeling of pride, perhaps, for it will linger, despite our better judgment, called so exquisite a blush to Margaret's cheek; and young Heathwood gazed on her with such respectful, yet visible admiration, that, were she not "only a governess," the entire female sex, likely to be married, or given in marriage, would have thrown up the game as hopeless; but the eldest son of a rich baronet would never think of the daughter of a broken merchant—*and a governess!* the thing was impossible—quite.

What Ernest Heathwood did think while Margaret commenced that sweet ballad of Moore's "All that's bright must fade," it is impossible to say; but a thrill, amounting to anguish, was felt by every one in the room, by the peculiar manner in which she pronounced the following lines,

"Who would seek or prize
Delights that end in aching?
Who would trust to ties
That every hour are breaking."

Then it was that Ernest Heathwood saw into her very soul; and felt that she must have indeed known change and misfortune. Music is dangerous from lips of beauty; but more dangerous from those of feeling: the union of both was too much for Ernest's philosophy, and he was, it must be confessed, somewhat bewildered during the remainder of the evening. She inspired him not only with interest, but admiration; and he experienced more anxiety than he cared to express, when her history was truly, though it appeared to him, coldly communicated by her relative, the next day, with the additional intelligence, that her father had been seized only that morning with paralysis; and little hopes were entertained of his recovery! He called constantly at the cottage; but it was not until some time after the bereavement which Margaret, above all, lamented, that he saw the being who had more interest for him than ever. There are peculiar circumstances, which train our susceptibilities to receive impressions; and misfortune either softens or hardens the heart: the incapacity of her mother, the volatility of her sister, rendered them both unfit companions for the high-minded Margaret; and she might well be pardoned for anticipating the evening that now invariably brought Ernest to the cottage, as the time, when, freed from toil and restraint, she would meet the sympathy and tenderness, without which a woman's heart must be indeed sad and unsatisfied: she was not, like many other wise and prudent people, at all aware of the danger of her position. She had no idea that while seeking to alleviate and dispel her sorrows, by what she termed friendly converse, a deep and lasting sentiment was silently, but surely, implanting itself in her bosom; and that time and opportunity were fostering it, either for her happiness or misery. Her girlhood had passed without any of what we call the frippery of love: how she had escaped the contagion of flirtation, heaven knows! perhaps it might be attributed to a certain reserve of manner, which served as a beacon to fools and puppies, to warn them off the rocks

sands of female intellect, whenever it was their fortune to encounter Margaret Sunderland.

Amongst the wealthy citizens, many had sought her hand; but she was not to be courted in a golden shower; and after her father's failure, none remembered the beautiful daughter of the unfortunate merchant; it was therefore not to be wondered at, that she valued him who valued her for herself, and herself only; and dreamt the dream that can be dreamt but once.

Many evenings were spent in that full and perfect trustfulness, which pure and virtuous hearts alone experience. So certain, indeed, appeared the prospect of her happiness, that she sometimes doubted its reality: and when a doubt as to the future did arise, it pressed so heavily, so very heavily, upon her heart, that, with a gasping eagerness, which excited her own astonishment, she cast it from her, as a burden too much for her to bear.

She had known and loved Ernest for some months, when, one morning, their only servant interrupted her little school, by saying, that a gentleman in the parlour wished to speak with her. On entering the room, a short dark elderly man returned her graceful salutation, with an uncouth effort at ease and self-possession.

"Miss Sunderland, I presume."

She bowed;—a long pause succeeded, which neither seemed willing to interrupt, and when Margaret raised her eyes to his, there was something—she could hardly tell what, that made her think him the bearer of evil tidings. Yet was the countenance not unpleasing to look upon—the expanded and somewhat elevated brow—the round full eye that had rather a benign than stern expression, would have betokened a kind and even gentle being, had not the lower portion of the face boded meanness and severity—the mouth was thin and compressed—the chin lean and short—the nose looked as if nature had intended at first to mould it according to the most approved of Grecian features, but suddenly changing her plan, left it stubbed and stunted at the end, a rude piece of unfinished workmanship.

"Madam," he at last commenced, "you are, I believe, acquainted with my son."

"Sir!"

"My son, Mr. Ernest Heathwood."

Again Margaret replied by bowing.

"I have resided many years abroad, but if your father was living he would know me well."

The word "Father" was ever a talisman to poor Margaret, and she looked into his face, as if imploring him to state how he had known her parent; he evidently did not understand the appeal, and continued in a constrained manner, his lips compressed, so as scarcely to permit egress to his words, and his eyes bent on the carpet, unwilling to meet her now fixed and anxious gaze.

"I have every respect for you, Miss Sunderland; and yet I feel it but right to mention in time, that a union between you and my son is what I never could—never will agree to. The title," (and the new baronet drew up his little person with much dignity,) "I cannot prevent his having, but a shilling of my money goes not with it, unless he marries with my perfect consent; forgive me, young lady, I es-

teem your character, I—I—" he raised his eyes, and the death-like hue of Margaret's features seemed, for the first time, to give him the idea that he spoke to a being endowed with feeling: "Good God, Miss Sunderland, I was not prepared for this—I had hoped matters had not gone so far—I—then you really love Ernest."

"Whatever my sentiments, Sir, may be towards your son," she replied, all the proud woman roused within her, "I would never entail beggary on him."

"Well spoken, 'faith; and I am sure, Miss Sunderland, that—had you—in short you must be aware this is a very delicate subject,—but had you fortune equal to my hopes for Ernest, I would prefer you, upon my soul I would, though I never saw you till this moment, to any woman in England. You see," he persisted, assuming the tone of low-bred confidence, "I have, as a mercantile man, had many losses, perhaps you know that?" he paused for a reply, which Margaret could not give. "These losses must be repaired, and there is only one way to do so: if I had not the station to support which I have, it would not signify; but as a man of title, the truth is, I require, and must have ten or twenty thousand pounds within a very little time; there is but one way to obtain it; you would not—" (and here the man of rank forgot himself in the husband and father,) "you would not, I am sure, by persisting in this love affair, entail ruin upon me and mine. Ernest has two sisters and a mother, Miss Sunderland."

Margaret's breath came short and thick, the room reeled round, and, as she endeavoured to move to the open window, she must have fallen, but for the support which Sir Thomas Heathwood afforded her.

"I will never bring ruin on any one," she said, at last: "what is it you require of me?"

"To write and reject, fully and entirely, my son's addresses, and never, never, see him more."

"This, Sir, I cannot do; I will see him once more for the last time, this evening. I will practise no deceit, but I will tell him what is necessary: there, Sir, you have my word, and may the Almighty ever preserve you and yours from the bitter sin of poverty!"

Well might the old Baronet dread the effects of another interview between Margaret and his son, when he himself experienced such a sensation of awe and love towards this self-denying girl; yet such was the holy truth of her resolve, that he had not power to dispute it, and he left the cottage, after various awkward attempts to give utterance to his contending feelings.

The evening of that eventful day was clear and balmy; the flowers of early spring disseminated their fragrance over every little weed and blade of grass, till they were all impregnated with a most sweet odour; the few insects which the April sun calls into existence, clung wearily to the young tendrils for support, and the oak leaves of the past Autumn still rustled beneath the tread of the creeping hedge-hog, or swift-footed hare. It was a tranquil hour, and Margaret Sunderland repined at its tranquillity. "I could have better parted from him in storm and tempest, than amid such a scene as this," she said, as she leaned against the gnarled trunk of a withered beech-tree for support; the next moment, Ernest was at her side.

"And thus, to please the avarice of my father, Margaret, you cast

me off for ever: you turn me adrift, you consent to my union with another, though you have often said, that a union unhallowed by affection, was indeed unholy; is this consistency?"

"I came not here to reason, but to part from you; to say, Ernest Heathwood, what I never said before, that so true is my affection for you, that I will kneel to my Maker, and fervently and earnestly implore him to bless you, to bless your bride, to multiply happiness and prosperity to your house, and to increase exceedingly your riches and good name."

"Riches!" repeated her lover, (like all lovers,) contemptuously; "with you, I should not need them."

"But your family; you can save them from the misery of poverty, from the plague spot which marks, and blights, and curses, all whom it approaches. I should have remembered," she added with unwonted asperity, "that it rested upon us, and not have suffered you to be contaminated by its influence."

Many were the arguments he used, and the reasons he adopted, to shake what he called her mad resolve; he appealed to her affections, but they were too strongly enlisted on the side of duty to heed his arguments, and after some reproaches on the score of caprice and inconsistency, which she bore with more patience than women so circumstanced generally possess, he left her under feelings of strong excitement and displeasure. He had not given himself time to consider the sacrifice she made; he felt as if she deserted him from a feeling of overstrained pride, and bitterly hinted, (though he knew it to be untrue at the time,) that it might be she had suddenly formed some other attachment. When she found herself indeed alone, in the dim twilight, at their old trysting spot, though while he was present she had repelled the last charge with true womanly contempt; yet she would fain have recalled him to reiterate her blessing, and assure him that though her resolve was unchangeable, she loved him with a pure and unsullied faith. Had he turned on his path, he would have seen her waving him back; and the tears which deluged her pale cheeks would have told but too truly of the suppressed agony she had endured.

A few days only had elapsed, and she had outwardly recovered her tranquillity, though but ill fitted to go through her daily labours as before, when Rose so unexpectedly mentioned his name. When the two girls entered the little cottage, it was evident that something was necessary to dispel Mrs. Sunderland's ill temper.

"Yes, it's a pretty little thing; what loves of eyes it has, and such nice long ears! but really, Margaret, you must not go out and leave me at home without a sixpence; there was no silver in your purse and the post-boy came here, and refused to leave a London letter without the money; how impudent these fellows are—so—"

Margaret interrupted her mother, by saying, that she left ten or twelve shillings in her purse.

"Ay, very true, so you did, but a woman called with such an assortment of sweet collars, and it is so seldom I have an opportunity now of treating myself to any little article of dress; that I used them, it was so cheap, only eleven and sixpence, with so lovely a border of double-hem stitch, and the corners worked in the most delicate bunches of fusia—here it is!"

"And did the letter really go back, mother?"

"I wish you would not call me *mother;* it is so vulgar! every one says mamma, even married women. No, it did not go back; I sent Mary into the little grocer's to borrow half-a-crown. You need not get so red, child: I said you were out,—had my purse,—and would repay it to-morrow morning."

Degradation on degradation, thought poor Margaret, as she took the letter, and withdrew to her chamber. "I cannot repay it to-morrow; that was the last silver in the house;—I know not where to get a shilling till next week."

"Rose," said Margaret, a short time after, as the former entered their bed-room, "come hither: Sit here, and look over the communication I received this night from London."

"What a vulgar looking letter!—such coarse paper, and such a *scribbely-scrabbely* hand!" Whatever the hand or paper might be, after she had fairly commenced, she did not again speak until she had finished the perusal from beginning to end, and then, with one loud cry of joy, she threw herself into her sister's arms. "Margaret, dear Margaret, to think of your taking this so quietly, when I—My dear sister, I shall certainly lose my senses. We shall be rich,—more rich than ever, and you can marry Ernest—dear, kind Ernest,—and we can live in London, and keep our carriage, and, Oh, Margaret, I am so happy! let us tell our mother,—*mamma,*—I beg her pardon; and you shall give up your pupils:—dear, beautiful letter!—let me read it again!" and the second perusal threw her into greater raptures than the first.

"It is better *not* to mention this to our mother, I think," said Margaret, when her sister's ecstasies had in some degree subsided: "and yet she is our parent, and has therefore a right to our confidence, though I know she will endeavour to thwart my resolves—yet—"

"Thwart your resolves!" repeated Rose in astonishment; "why what resolves can you have, except to marry Ernest, and be as happy as the day is long?"

"I shall never marry Ernest Heathwood," replied her sister in a trembling voice, "though I certainly shall be more happy than I ever anticipated in this world."

"I cannot pretend to understand you," said Rose; "but do let me go and make mamma acquainted with our unlooked-for prosperity and she accordingly explained that a brother of her father's, one who had ever been on decidedly bad terms with all his relatives, and their family more particularly, had died lately in Calcutta, bequeathing by will a very large sum to his eldest niece Margaret, who, in the words of his singular testament, "had never offended him by word or deed, and must ever be considered a credit to her sex." There is no necessity to recapitulate the ecstasies and arrangements which succeeded, and in which Margaret took no part.

The next morning she granted her pupils a holiday, and when her mother went out, doubtless for the purpose of spreading the account of their good fortune, Margaret told her sister that she wished to be alone for some time to arrange her plans. She had been so occupied for about two hours, when Rose Sunderland, accompanied by a gentleman, passed the beechen tree where Margaret and her lover had last met.

"I am sure she will not be angry,—it will be an agreeable surprize,—and mamma won't be home for a long time," said Rose: "I will open the parlour door, and—"

"There I shall find her forming plans for future happiness, in which, perhaps, I am not included," interrupted Ernest Heathwood.

"You are unjust, Sir," replied her sister, as they entered the cottage; and in another instant Margaret, with a flushed cheek and a burning brow had returned the salutation of him she loved. There was more coldness in her manner than he deemed necessary, and with the impetuosity of a high and ardent spirit, he asked her "if she attributed his visit to interested motives. "No," she replied, "not so; I hold myself incapable of such feelings, and why should I attribute them to you! I tell you now, as I told you when last we met, that my constant prayer is that God might exceedingly bless you and yours, and save you from poverty, which, in the world's eyes, is the perfection of sin."

"But, Margaret," interrupted Rose, as was her wont, "there is no fear of poverty now; and Sir Thomas himself said that with even a moderate fortune he should prefer you to all other women."

"I have not even a moderate fortune," replied the noble-minded girl, rising from her seat, and at the same time laying her hand on a pile of account-books which she had been examining; "you, Mr. Heathwood, will understand me if I say that when I first breathed the air of existence, I became a partaker of my family's fortunes, as they might be, for good or evil."

"And you shared in both, Margaret, and supported both with dignity," said Ernest eagerly.

"I believe you think so, and I thank you," she replied, while the flush of gratified feeling passed over her fine features. "And now bear with me for a little, while I explain my future intentions. My poor father's unfortunate failure worked misery for many who trusted in him with a confidence which he deserved, and yet betrayed,—I meant not that," she added hastily; "he did not betray;—but the waves, the winds, and the misfortunes or ill principles of others, conspired against him, and he fell, overwhelmed in his own and others' ruin. Lips that before had blessed, now cursed him they had so fatally trusted, and every curse seemed to accumulate sufferings which only *I* was witness to. To the very uttermost,—even the ring from his finger,—he gave cheerfully to his creditors: there was no reserve on his part,—all, all was sacrificed. Yet, like the daughters of the Horseleech, the cry was still 'give! give!' and," she added, with a trembling voice, "at last he *did* give—even his existence!—And I, who knew so well the honour of his noble nature, at the very time when his cold corpse lingered in the house, because I lacked the means of decent burial, was doomed to receive letters, and hear complaints of his injustice.

"In the silent hour of night, I at last knelt by his coffin—decay had been merciful; it had spared his features to the last—and I could count and kiss the furrows which disappointment and the scornings of a selfish world had graven on his brow—but, oh God! how perfectly did I feel in that melancholy hour, that his spirit was indeed departed, and that my lips rested on nought but cold and senseless clay; yet I clung

with almost childish infatuation to the dwelling it had so sweetly inhabited for such a length of years. The hours rolled on, and the grey mist of morning found me in the same spot; it was then, as the light mingled with, and overcame the departing darkness, that I entered into a compact with the living spirit of my dead father, that as long as I possessed power to think or act, I would entirely devote my exertions to the fulfilment of those engagements, which his necessities compelled him to leave unsatisfied. I am ashamed to say, I nearly forgot my promise, and though a portion of my hard earnings was regularly devoted to the darling prospect of winning back for my father his unspotted reputation, yet I *did* form plans of happiness in which his memory had no share.

"Ernest, for this I have suffered—and must suffer more.—I have gone over these books, and find, that after devoting the entire of the many, many thousands now my own, to the cherished object, only a few hundreds will remain at my disposal. This is enough—again, I say, may you be happy with your dowered bride, and remember that the one consolation—the only one that can support me under this separation is, that I have done my duty." Strange as it may appear, young Heathwood did not seem as much distressed at this resolution, as Rose, or, to say the truth, as Margaret thought he would have been. No matter how heroic, how disinterested the feeling which compels a woman to resign her lover, she naturally expects that the lover will evince a proper quantity of despair at the circumstance: Ernest, after a pause of a few minutes, during which time he seemed more affected by Margaret's noble-mindedness than his own bereavement, entered cordially into her views, and praised the sacrifice (if, with her feelings, so it might be called) with an energy, which left no room to doubt its sincerity.

After his departure, she pondered these things in her heart; and poor Rose, who in so little time had been twice disappointed—in her hopes both of a fortune, and a wedding, was reproved with some asperity for conducting Ernest Heathwood under any circumstances to their cottage. It is needless to add, that her mother's tears and remonstrances had no effect upon Margaret's purpose; her lawyer received instructions to remit forthwith to all the creditors of the late Maurice Sunderland, the full amount of their demands, with the interest due thereon from the day of his failure!

It required all her firmness to bear up against her mother's complainings: and above all, against the painful truth established in her mind, that Ernest had ceased to regard her with any thing bordering on affection.—Strange! that at the very moment we are endeavouring to repress the unavailing passion of the one we love, we secretly—unknowingly, it may be—hope for its continuance! Not that Margaret would have ever swerved from her noble purpose, but she could not support the idea, that she was no longer thought of. And *he* had left her too, without the sort of farewell she felt she had deserved.

All "business affairs" were arranged according to her desire; but she was fast sinking under the outward tranquillity which, under such circumstances, is more fatal than exertion. Listlessly she wandered amidst the flowers which Rose loved to cultivate, when the unusual

sound of carriage-wheels roused her attention, and with no ordinary emotion she saw Sir Thomas and Ernest Heathwood enter the wicket-gate and take the path leading to the cottage.

"I told you, Miss Sunderland," commenced the old gentleman, with more agitation, but less embarrassment than he had shown at their former interview, "that I had need of twenty thousand pounds to support my credit, and save my family from distress. I told you, that I wished my son to marry a lady possessed of that sum, and I now come to claim you as his bride."

"Sir! ——"

"Yes, Madam, I was your father's largest creditor; and though I had no fraud, nothing dishonourable to allege against him, yet I did not, I confess it, like the idea of my son's being united to his daughter. He was always speculative and imaginative, and I feared that you might be the same. The sum you have so nobly repaid me, I looked upon as lost, and you must therefore suffer me to consider it a marriage portion; it has saved me from ruin, without the sacrifice of my son's happiness."

"How is this?" exclaimed Margaret, fearful of trusting the evidence of her own senses, "I cannot understand—the name ——"

"Our original name was Simmons," explained Ernest eagerly, "but knowing all the circumstances—I never told you—I knew how my father would feel at your disinterested conduct; and now that your trials are passed, you will, I trust, no longer doubt me."

"Who said I doubted?" inquired Margaret.

"Even the pretty Rose, and here she comes to answer for her apostasy."

"Nay, dearest sister," exclaimed the laughing girl, "it was only last evening that I saw Ernest, and I have kept out of your way ever since, lest I should discover my own secret. Without my frivolity, and the thoughtlesness of another, who for all that, is dear to us both, Margaret's virtues would never have shone with so dazzling yet steady a light."

"True, Rose, spoken like an angel; I never thought you wise before; it is to be hoped that when your sister changes her name, her mantle may descend upon you," said Ernest.

"I think she had better share it with you; and I only hope that Margaret——She may want it for herself," she continued, archly; "who knows but the most bitter trials of Margaret Sunderland may come after marriage?"

Ernest did not reply to the unjust suspicion, for he had not heard it; his sense, his thought, his heart, were fixed only upon her, who had thrown so bright and cheering a lustre over that truth, usually so dark, even in its grandeur. "The good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired."

ROMANCE AND REALITY. BY L. E. L.

We review this work for two reasons; first, because it is exceedingly clever; secondly, because being exceedingly clever, it is written by a lady. One among the designs in the ambition entertained by the present conductors of this Magazine, is to support that wise and enlarged social policy which would give to one sex the same mental cultivation as to the other. Of all cant in this most canting country, no species is at once more paltry and more dangerous than that which has been made the instrument of decrying female accomplishment. All that execrable twaddle about feminine retirement, and feminine ignorance, which we are doomed so often to hear, has done more towards making women scolds, and flirts, and scandal-mongers, than people are well aware of. All minds, whether of males or females, that are ignorant and empty, can only find delight and occupation in a small circle. "Exactly!" cries our canter, "in the household circle! What larger orbit would you have a woman busy herself in? Is not that her proper sphere?" Fiddledee! Does housekeeping—the suckling of fools and the chronicling of small-beer—take up all the lady's time? Is she never visiting her neighbours, and pulling her friends' characters to pieces? How can she do otherwise than talk scandal? What else can she talk of if she is ignorant? If she knows nothing about things, she must talk about persons; if she cannot converse, she must gossip. The sole species of talk that cottagers have, for instance, is gossip. The same cause that makes poor women gossip applies to rich women also—ignorance! Then as to feminine delicacy—what softens so much as knowledge? Does knowledge make men bad husbands? Why should it make women bad wives? And the most sad part of the business is, that women themselves should repeat and exult in all this insulting jargon; that they should be the chief persons always to talk of the blessings of not being well educated; of knowing only how to make puddings and tea; of having no talk but backbiting, and feeling no horror like that at a blue-stocking. All this is very pitiable. The soul of a woman is as fine an emanation from the Great Fountain of Spirit as that of a man. Why is she to paper it up as carefully as if it were made of silver lace, and the breath of Heaven would tarnish it? If there were any thing harsh, or unfeeling, or unmatronly, or unfeminine in being well informed, God knows we would not insist upon it. But if there be any truth in the world it is this; that as it was chiefly empty houses that evil spirits were supposed to haunt, so it is chiefly in empty minds that low passions and unworthy sentiments are to be found. Nothing is so tender as true wisdom, or so selfish as folly; and to instruct the mind is the best method wherewith to elevate the heart. The more fit a woman is to be our companion, the more likely she is to be our soother and our friend; and in proportion as she is worthy of our affection will she be capable herself of feeling the loftier and more lasting order of love.

Thinking, then, that it is so necessary for all who are actuated by the high and pure desire to reform and liberalise our social system, no less than our legislative, to encourage rather than (as hitherto

Englishmen have done) dampen and satirise that ambition which directs women to intellectual cultivation and mental eminence, we are disposed, in our capacity of critics, to pay peculiar attention to those works which emanate from the gentler sex. The height of literary distinction may be clombe by all; but to women especially it would seem that the ascent should be rendered smooth and easy. The heart-burnings and jealousies that we feel towards rivals of our own sex, we can scarcely experience towards our emulators in the other. Women can neither jostle us in our political career, nor thwart us in our vainer and more alluring ambition of society. And while it is soothing to our pride, and seems generous in our manhood, to encourage the timid and shrinking steps of female genius, we cannot but feel, with a more selfish policy, that those steps will not cross our own, and that by such aspirers we may be equalled without rivalry, and surpassed without defeat. We would please ourselves by comparing that literary eminence to which we would encourage our countrywomen, not to the harsh and rugged steep, where for us

"Fame's proud temple shines afar,"

but rather to the soft and haunted "Acidale" which Spenser has so beautifully described:—

"It is an hill placed in an open plaine,
That round about is bordered with a wood
Of matchless height, that seems th' earth to disdaine;
* * * * * * *
And at the foot thereof a gentle flood
His silver waves doth softly tumble down,
Unmoved with rugged moss or filthy mud:
Nor may wild beasts, nor may the ruder clowne
There to approach ——————
But nymphs and faeries by the bankes do sit
In the wood shade which do the waters crowne,
Keeping all noisome things away from it,
And to the water's fall tuning their accents fit."

The Author of these volumes is a lady of remarkable genius. We remember well when she first appeared before the public in the pages of "The Literary Gazette." We were at that time more capable than we are now of poetic enthusiasm; and certainly that enthusiasm we not only felt ourselves, but we shared with every second person we then met. We were young, and at college, lavishing our golden years, not so much on the Greek verse and mystic character to which we ought, perhaps, to have been rigidly devoted, as

"Our heart in passion and our head in rhymes."

At that time, poetry was not yet out of fashion, at least with us of the cloister; and there was always, in the Reading Room of the Union, a rush every Saturday afternoon for "The Literary Gazette," and an impatient anxiety to hasten at once to that corner of the sheet which contained the three magical letters of "L. E. L." And all of us praised the verse, and all of us guessed at the author. We soon learned it was a female, and our admiration was doubled, and our conjectures tripled. Was she young? Was she pretty? and—for there were some embryo fortune-hunters among us—was she rich? We

ourselves, who, now staid critics and sober gentlemen, are about coldly to measure to a prose work the due quantum of laud and censure, then only thought of homage, and in verse only we condescended to yield it. But the other day, in looking over some of our boyish effusions, we found a paper superscribed to "L. E. L." and beginning with "Fair Spirit." We need scarcely add that we have burnt the weed that we then intended as an offering, and fancied might be mistaken for a flower. These early proofs of the genius of our Poetess are, indeed, singularly beautiful: they have gone far towards producing a new school—a school, in truth, which we do not admire; and in which the proselytes have done their possible to copy the faults, without the merits of the founder. But, despite the beauty of the poems we refer to, Miss Landon has greatly improved in poetical taste of late. Something more vigorous, staid, and thoughtful than belonged to her early poetry, has dignified the grace and sweetness of that last published. And though we think that severe and stern study is yet wanting to complete the full extent of her powers, those powers have given a promise—more especially in her blank verse ("Erinna," for instance,) and her smaller pieces—which can only be duly kept by performances, not of the soft and gentle only, but of the noblest and most enduring order. And now we come to the volumes on our table.

"Romance and Reality" is a novel of great merit. Its beauties and its faults are those of genius. We shall be just to both. The story opens with the description of the heroine, Emily Arundel, at a country mansion. She comes to town, and the following is a sparkling and witty sketch of the lady under whose auspices she commences her first season in London:—

"Few women think, but most feel; now Lady Alicia did neither: nature had made her weak and indolent, and she had never been placed in circumstances either to create or call forth character. As an infant she had the richest of worked robes, and the finest of lace caps; the nurse was in due time succeeded by the nursery governess, whose situation was soon filled by the most accomplished person the united efforts of fourteen countesses could discover. Pianos, harps, colour-boxes, collars, French, Italian, &c. &c. duly filled the school-room: but for music Lady Alicia had no ear, for dancing no liking, for drawing no taste; and French and Italian were, it must be owned, somewhat unnecessary to one who considered her own language an unnecessary fatigue. At eighteen she came out; beautiful she certainly was: highly accomplished—for Lady F., her mother's intimate friend, had several times confidentially mentioned the names of her masters; while Lady C. had expressed her approbation of the reserved dignity which led the daughter of one of our oldest families to shun that display which might gratify her vanity, but wounded her pride.

"All were prepared for a ducal coronet at least; when the very day after her presentation, her father went out of town, and the ministry together; and three long useless years were wasted in the stately seclusion of Etheringhame Castle, where the mornings in summer were spent at a small table by the window, and in winter by the fire, putting in practice the only accomplishment that remained—like a ghost of the past—cutting out figures and landscapes in white paper, whose cold, colourless regularity were too much in sympathy with herself for her not to excel in the art. The middle of the day was devoted to a drive, if fair—if wet, to wondering whether it would clear. Dressing came next—a mere mechanical adjustment of certain rich silks and handsome jewels, where vanity was as much out of the question, as if its own peculiar domain had not been a looking-glass: with no one to attract, and, still dearer hope, no

one to surpass, *cui bono?* for, after all, vanity is like those chemical essences whose only existence is when called into being by the action of some opposite influence.

"During dinner the Earl lamented the inevitable ruin to which the country was hastening; and, after grace had been said, the Countess agreed with him, moreover observing, that dress alone was destroying the distinction of ranks, and that at church silks were commoner than stuffs. Here the conversation ceased, and they returned to the drawing-room; the Countess to sleep—Lady Alicia to cut out more paper landscapes.

"Twice a-year there was a great dinner, to which she was regularly handed down by the old Marquis of Snowdon, who duly impressed upon her mind how very cold it was; and, in truth, he looked like an embodied shiver.

"At one-and-twenty an important change took place. Lady Alicia was summoned from a little paper poodle, on whose white curls she had been bestowing peculiar pains, by the drawing-room doors being thrown open with even more than their usual solemnity, and she was informed, by his own man, that his lordship requested her presence in the library: the surprise was sufficiently great to make her cut off her little dog's tail.

"The ex-minister was too important a person to be kept waiting, at least in his own family; what he now wanted in quantity of authority, he made up in quality. She descended into the large Gothic room dedicated to the learning of past ages, and the dignity of the present; a large round table stood in the middle, covered with political pamphlets, cut open, at least, most carefully, and a newspaper lying on a folio (?) volume of Bolingbroke's. In a large arm-chair, with the Peerage in one hand, and an open letter in the other, whose seal, though broken, still shewed the crimson glory of the coat of arms, sat Lord Etheringhame; and on the other side, in a chair equally erect, and in her person still more so, was the lady mother. What circumstance could have occasioned such a change in the castle's domestic economy—a matrimonial *tête-à-tête* at such unusual hours, and in such an unusual place? What but a circumstance that has authorised many extraordinary proceedings—an offer of marriage? Lady Alicia took the seat assigned her by a wave of his lordship's hand.

"'The consequence of our family,' said her father.

"'The advantages of such a union,' observed the mother.

"'The solitude to which my philosophical and literary pursuits—' here the retired statesman paused.

"'Well aware of the excellent principles instilled into your mind,' exclaimed mamma.

"'Connected with some of the first people in the kingdom,' ejaculated papa.

"'Fastidious as my daughter must be,' and Lady Etheringhame drew up *à la giraffe*.

"'So desirable a political connexion,' and his lordship looked at his daughter and his pamphlets.

"'I shall be freed from the weight of so much maternal anxiety;' but her ladyship was stopped in her parental display by the positive declaration of—

"'And now, Alicia, shall I write an answer as affirmative as suits the dignity of our house?'

"Alicia said nothing, and looked less.

"'We will spare her confusion,' said the Countess.

"'You may retire,' said the Earl.

"Lady Alicia was as much bewildered as it was in her nature to be; but she made up her mind to ask her mother what they wanted with her in the library, and seated herself to cut out another little poodle.

"The dinner-bell rang, and Lady Etheringhame entered.

"'Alicia, my love, wear your turquoise set to-day: of course, I should wish you to appear to advantage on Mr. Delawarr's first visit.'"

Our heroine sees the great world, and learns a heroine's first

task—love. And here we must find space for a specimen of merits of a very different order from those in the extract we have first quoted:—

"I doubt whether this morning twilight of the affections has the same extent of duration and influence in man that it has in woman: the necessity of exertion for attainment has been early inculcated upon him. He knows, that if he would win, he must woo; and his imagination acts chiefly as a stimulus. But a woman's is of a more passive kind: she has no motive for analysing feelings whose future rests not with herself: more imaginative from early sedentary habits, she is content to dream on, and some chance reveals to herself the secret she would never have learnt from self-investigation. Imbued with all the timidity, exalted by all the romance of a first attachment, never did a girl yet calculate on making what is called a conquest of the man she loves. A conquest is the resource of weariness—the consolation of disappointment—a second world of vanity and ambition, sighed for like Alexander's, but not till we have wasted and destroyed the heart's first sweet world of early love.

"Let Lord Byron say what he will of bread and butter, girlhood is a beautiful season, and its love—its warm, uncalculating, devoted love—so exaggerating in its simplicity—so keen from its freshness—is the very poetry of attachment: after-years have nothing like it. To know that the love which once seemed eternal can have an end, destroys its immortality; and, thus brought to a level with the beginnings and endings—the chances and changes of life's commonplace employments and pleasures—and, alas! from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step—our divinity turns out an idol—we are grown too wise, too worldly, for our former faith—and we laugh at what we wept before; such laughter is more bitter—a thousand times more bitter—than tears!"

It is impossible to read this extract without being struck with the grace of the style—the tenderness and the truth of the thought. Few are the persons who could be successful in two classes of composition so wholly distinct from each other as the extracts we have quoted. The talent to delineate character, and the talent to deduce observation from the portrait, are wholly distinct. In the one lies Scott's genius; in the other, Godwin's. In the latter faculty, Miss Landon is the more especially felicitous. The whole work abounds with passages of equal eloquence and truth—in aphorisms of pointed originality, in descriptions adorned by a singular richness and power of diction. Yet in the reflexions there is sometimes an affectation of imagery, or of novelty, which we do not like, and which we entreat our Author to avoid for the future. For instance:—"Youth is the French Count, who takes the Yorick of Sterne for that of Shakspeare; it combines better than it calculates; its wishes are prophecies of their own fulfilment." Now the discerning reader will perceive at once that the above image is too strained, "too peregrinate," as Master Holofernes would say; and he will also perceive that the fault is one which no stupid person could commit. It is the fault of youth and fancy—a fault of an order to which true criticism is always lenient. Another fault to which we should be disposed to be less indulgent, were it not of very unfrequent occurrence, is, that instead of aspiring from the level road of genius, our Author sometimes stoops below it, and sullies her wings among the flippancies of a class of writers so immeasurably beneath her, that she ought only to know them in order to avoid. We allude to passages against such harmless vulgarities as "blue coats and brass buttons." All those toilet seve-

rities do very well for the "*flunkies*," as "Blackwood" expresses himself, but not for the Poetess of "Erinna."

The story continues through romance and reality, through love, reflection, criticism, ambition, travel, and death. We will not abridge it. The reader must fly to the book itself; and if he read it once for the story, he must read it twice for the wit and the eloquence, for the style, the reflections, and the moral. Miss Landon's prose contains the witness of some faculties not visible in her poetry—acute liveliness, and playful, yet deep observation. It contains also the same one fault, which we shall call the want of art, and on which we shall add a word or two of explanation and advice. When an actor first begins to speak in public, let his voice be ever so full and musical, it is ten to one but that it seems weak and overstrained. Why? Because he has not learnt to manage it. The voices that seem the strongest and the richest, are often the least so by nature. Practice and management are the secrets by which the orator or the actor obtains his effects. Exactly so in fictitious composition: it is not the power only, but the knowledge of those places in which the power should be cast, that makes the novelist or the poet thrill and command his readers at his will. For instance:—Godwin is a writer of extraordinary genius; Miss Jane Porter is a writer of mediocre talent: but Miss Porter constantly produces effects which, with all his metaphysical knowledge of the passions, Godwin rarely does. And this is because Miss Porter knows those parts of her story from which a stirring scene can be created. She throws all her powers into that scene, and it becomes at once full of animation and interest. Godwin, on the contrary, passes over such scenes with a moral, or a discussion, and selects the most uninteresting passages wherein to lavish his eloquence. His voice is good, but is pitched in the wrong places. He reasons where he should describe, and when he comes to describe, it would often be better if he had reasoned. Common-place critics would cry, this was the fault of the Author's natural temperament. Not at all so: it is the want of art. He has the power to describe, but he misapplies it. Whenever we moralise where we should paint, we may be equally clever—nay, cleverer in a higher order of merit, but we are not equally successful in gaining our end, and enforcing our moral. Thus the Author of the book before us often prefers to tell us the character of a person than to throw the person into scenes in which the character would be far more instantaneously and vividly bodied forth. This, since she has the two faculties chiefly requisite for creating dramatic effect—a ready power to enter into various character, and a great command and variety of language, is a deficiency, not of nature, but of art. How is that deficiency alone to be remedied? By a deep and earnest study of the Drama! Many of the fine old plays that enrich our literature are shut out from a female library. But Shakspeare is open to all—a library in himself. The more we study Shakspeare, the more we are astonished at his art. Art in him was even more wonderfully displayed than genius. The reflections of Macbeth, beginning with "Seyton, I 'm sick at heart," a great genius only could have written: but it was the deep and learned Art which introduced them exactly in that part of the play

where we now find them. Had Godwin written "Macbeth," those reflections, in all probability, would have occurred where, instead of piercing the heart, they would have fatigued the attention. The trick of the boards, the scenic effect, the life of the stage, is what a novelist possessed of Miss Landon's powers should intently study. It will teach her never to narrate, where she can act, her story; and while as thoughtful, as reflective, as analysing as ever, to be so only in the right moment, and with the most effect. We need not say that we should not have given this advice to a writer of moderate genius; nor should we have given it to a novelist of long standing. It *is* given as a proof that we form from the present performance great hopes for the future. And now, passing over unmentioned, on the one hand, a few slight inaccuracies and petty blemishes, and on the other, a whole host of delicate and subtle beauties of composition, we consign our Author to the popularity she will doubtless obtain, and most richly deserve. When we consider her accomplishments, her versatility, her acute observation, her graceful fancy, her powers both in the actual world and the ideal, her habit of thought, and her command of language; and when we remember also how much she has yet done, and how young she yet is, we speak advisedly when we recommend to her the highest models and the severest study. Such a recommendation could only be given to one capable, if she do justice to herself, of achieving those triumphs which, as her critics, we anticipate, and as her admirers, we predict.

GOVERNMENT AND ADMINISTRATION.

INDISCRIMINATELY as these two terms are used, there is a wide difference between them. Government implies authority, a power not emanating from those over whom it is exercised. Hence the plausibility and receptability of the old notion of Divine right; for if Kings and Rulers derived not their authority from men, from whom did they derive it? Among an ignorant and unthinking people, who could not understand the expediency of compliance with laws and customs, the word Government was useful as a delusion. When the understanding of the people is matured, and when a people are really free, then the management of public affairs becomes Administration. Then the question is not of the wickedness of rebellion, but of the impolicy of resistance and the folly of a minority contending against the will of the majority. A Representative Government is very nearly a contradiction in terms. He that acts by a representative is supposed to act from his own will, though not in his own person:—now self-acting beings can hardly be said to be governed. The driver of a carriage governs the movements of his horses. The commander-in-chief governs the movements of his army. The schoolmaster governs his pupils. In these cases there is no representation. One mind—one will rules all. But representation implies that the will of the whole is consulted, and that the mass acts by its representatives, and is not acted upon by them.

POEM. BY THE AUTHOR OF THE CORN-LAW RHYMES.

The "New Monthly Magazine" was the *first* journal that attracted the attention of the Public to the genius of the Poem, called "Corn-Law Rhymes." The example thus set, was soon followed, and other periodicals, to which the Poem had been sent long before, but in so uninviting a type and shape that, in all probability, curiosity stopped at the outside—struck with the singular strength and beauty of the extracts we gave—took up the poem, hitherto neglected, and, to their honour be it said, were no less lavish, viz. no less just in their encomiums than ourselves. We have now the pleasure of presenting our readers with another poem by the same author. We are sure that those characteristics that stamped the "Corn-Law Rhymes," will be equally recognized in the verses we subjoin—the same nerve, vigour, and originality on the one hand—the same roughness and obscurity on the other. We think two or three lines, especially that containing the curious objurgation "cat but not vulture," as bad as lines can well be. We think the description of Napoleon, as fine as any thing in the language. We are sure that every man of a pure and genuine knowledge of criticism will unite with us in hailing the rise of a Poet of so great promise, from the lower ranks of life and the heart of a manufacturing town—and in trusting that powers of so high an order will be exerted in a flight more lofty and sustained, than those in which they have, as yet, toyed with their own strength.—Ed.

BYRON AND NAPOLEON; OR, THEY MET IN HEAVEN.

I.

Through realms of ice my journey lay, beneath
  The wafture of two pinions black and vast,
That shook o'er boundless snows the dust of death,
  While over head, thick, starless Midnight cast
  Gloom on sad forms, that ever onward pass'd.
But whither passed they? Oh, Eternity,
  Thou answerest not! Yet still thy sable wings,
Silently, silently, how silently!
  Are sweeping worlds away, with all their Kings!—
  And still I wander'd with forgotten things,
In pilgrimage with Death, an age-long day,
  A year of anxious ages—so methought—
Till rose a living world in morning grey,
  And light seem'd born of darkness—light, which brought
  Before my soul the coasts of land remote.
"Hail, holy light, offspring of heav'n, first-born,
  Or of the eternal, co-eternal beam!"
Through worlds of darkness led, and travel-worn,
  Again I felt thy glowing, brightening gleam,
  Again I greeted thine ethereal stream,
And bless'd the fountain whence thy glories flow.

II.

I waked not then, methought, but wander'd slow,
  Where dwell the great, whom death hath free'd from pain.
Trembling, I gazed on Hampden's thoughtful brow,

While Strafford smiled upon me in disdain,
And turn'd away from Hutchison and Vane.
There, some whom criminals disdain'd; and all
Who, battling for the right, had nobly died;
And some whom justest men deem'd criminal,
Wond'ring, I saw! the flatter'd, the belied!
And Muir, and Saville, walking side by side!
They wept—ev'n Strafford melted, when I told
Of Britain's woes—of toil that earn'd not bread,
And hands that found not work; but Fairfax scowl'd,
While Cromwell laugh'd, and Russell's cheek grew red,
When, pale, I spake of satraps breadtax-fed.
Lo! as I ceas'd, from earth a Stranger came,
With hurried step—a presence heavenly fair!
Yet grief, and anger, pride, contempt, and shame,
Were strangely mingled in his troubled stare!
And thus he spoke, with timid, haughty air,
To Russell, Fairfax, in tones low but sweet:
"I too am noble. England's magnates rank
Me with themselves; and when, beneath their feet
Fate's low-born despot, hope-deserted, sank—
When torrid noon his sweat of horror drank—
I join'd his name for ever with my own!"

III.

Him then to answer, one who sate alone,
Like a maim'd lion, mateless in his lair,
Rose from his savage couch of barren stone,
His Kingly features wither'd by despair,
And heart-worn till the tortur'd nerve was bare.
With looks that seem'd to scorn ev'n scorn of less
Than demigods, the Army-Scatterer came;
An awful shadow of the mightiness
That once was his; the gloom, but not the flame
Of waning storms, when winds and seas grow tame.
The stranger, shrinking from the warrior's eye,
On his own hands his beauteous visage bow'd,
Sobbing; but soon he rais'd it mournfully,
And met th' accusing look, and on the crowd
Smil'd, while the stern accuser spake aloud.

IV.

"Yet, Lordling*—though 'but yesterday a King,
Throneless, I died,'—yet nations sobb'd my knell!
And still I live, and reign, no nameless thing!
I fell, 'tis true—I failed; and thou canst tell
That any wretch alive may say I fell.
Of worth convicted, and the glorious sin
That wreck'd the angels, now I owe and pay,
To wealth and power's pretended Jacobin,
Scorn for thy glory, laughter for the lay
That won the flatteries of an abject day.

* If it be objected to these lines that the great bard is dead, so, I answer, is also the great warrior; and he who has honest and useful thoughts to express of either, or both of them, should do his duty Briton-like.

When Meanness taught her helots to be proud,
Because the breaker of their bonds was gone;
Didst thou, too, join, magnanimous and loud,
The yell of millions o'er the prostrate one?
What cat out-mew'd the Cat of Helicon?
Yes, thou didst soothe my sorrows with an ode,
When stunn'd I lay beneath Destruction's wing,
And realms embattled o'er their conqueror rode.
Yes, when a world combined with fate to fling
A cruel sunshine on each vulgar King;
When fall'n, deserted, blasted, and alone,
Silent he press'd his bed of burning stone,
What caitiff aim'd at greatness in despair,
Th' immortal shaft that pierc'd Prometheus there?
Cat, and not vulture! couldst not thou refrain,
The laureate vile of viler things to be?
When 'Timour's Captive's' cage was rock and main,
What was 'proud Austria's mournful flower' to thee,
Thou soulless torturer of Captivity?
And what to thee, mean Homager of Thrones,
The sleepless pang that stung him till he died?
Tortur'd, he perish'd—but who heard his groans?
Chain'd through the soul, the 'throneless homicide,'
Mantled his agony in stoic pride.
While souls guilt-clotted watch'd, with other's eyes,
And from afar, with other's feet, repair'd
To count, and weigh, and quaff his agonies—
Like Phidian marble he endur'd, and dared
The Universe to shake what Fate had spared.
How fare the lands he lov'd, and fought to save?
Oh, Hun and Goth! your new-born hope is gone!
Thou, Italy, art glory's spacious grave,
Through which the stream of my renown flows on,
Like thine Euphrates, ruin'd Babylon!
What gain'd my gaolers by my wrongs and fall?
Laws, prais'd in hell—not Draco's laws, but worse;
A mournful page, which history writes in gall;
A table without food—an empty purse:
A name, become a byword and a curse,
O'er every sea, to warn all nations, borne!"

V.

Was it the brightening gleam of heavenly morn,
Beneath the shadow of his godlike brow?
Or, did a tear of grief, and rage, and scorn,
Down his sad cheek of pride and trouble, flow?
He felt upon his cheek th' indignant glow,
But shed no tear, not ev'n a burning tear.
The fire of sorrow in his bosom pent,
He gaz'd on Milton, with an eye severe,
On tranquil Pymm a look of sternness bent,
Then, smiling on the humbled stranger, went
To laugh with Cæsar tasking Hannibal.

REMINISCENCES OF WINDHAM. BY AN OLD MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.*

Things passing strange are every day happening in our world of letters. Among these, can any thing be more unaccountable than the preposterous selection of persons deemed worthy of biographical commemoration? You have life-writers by dozens plying their obscure labours to force into a few weeks' importance names as obscure as their own, in spite of the wise destinations that had ordained them to ripen and to rot unheeded—the natural euthanasia to which they were hastening in the course of things, but for the stercoraceous culture of the biographer. East India Generals or Colonels, and individuals who have groped their way to some humble nook of science, zoologists, botanists, men who passed their days in stuffing their museums with butterflies and plants, have had their lives written, and their private letters to their wives and daughters dragged from their sanctuaries—to prove what? Why that they were wise in their generation, fond husbands and good parents; that is, that they followed the ordinary instincts of their nature, and had sense enough to find out that the practice of those modest virtues made their homes comfortable and their fire-sides cheerful. Is this to be called biography? The preservation of such names and characters from utter decomposition is not worth a single ounce of the gums and unguents expended in the process.

Yet amidst so many works of biographical supererogation, Windham to this day remains uncommemorated. Passing by the slender notices of Malone and Amyot, the one a mere memento for an obituary, the other of some merit considered with reference to its professed purpose, that of being an introduction to a collection of his speeches, but sadly disfigured by a long and dull ode from the pen of Mr. Courtenay, and a whining jeremiade by a certain Mrs. Browne of Norfolk, there is not a moral portraiture of the man, that is worth a farthing. And yet in Windham were concentrated more than the chivalry of his own or of any age—the courage and the courtesy, the eldest-born of courage, that ennobled a Bayard—every unbought grace of mind that belongs to the finished gentleman—the lofty unbending integrity that never stooped to a job, nor even listened to the suggestion of one, and during the whole of its shining and uncontaminated career, stood proudly aloof from the vulgar chase after the wealth, or honours, or titles, for which common men barter away the immediate jewel of their souls. Add to this (nor is it a mean praise) he was a hater of cant in a canting age, of such cant especially as is now dominant—a cant not venting itself in harmless bursts of verbal hypocrisy, but an embodied living nuisance, pursuing with unslumbering zeal its sworn purpose, the extinction of the amusements and exercises of the poor, filching away their humble recreations, and for ever growling at their ale-house enjoyments, or their village festivities. Indeed, of all kinds

* In personal sketches of this sort, great latitude must be allowed to the generous admiration of the writer. And we content ourselves with warning our readers, that in all such sketches, they should consider the author rather as a friend who narrates, than as a judge who determines.—Ed.

of cant, whether in man or woman, Windham was the unsparing adversary. He felt the decent horror of a genuine Englishman, when he saw the bench of Quarter Sessions blackened by clerical magistrates, and thwarted as much as he could their gossiping interference with the lowly pleasures of the peasant. He was the last who lifted up a protesting voice against the encroachments of inclosure acts, which robbed the poor man of his village green, and blotted out from his native landscape those beautiful patches of verdure over which his goose and her noisy brood had once the unmolested privilege of wandering.

For his admiration of pugilism he shall be his own apologist. In 1809 I find his opinions on this subject developed in a logical or rather a philosophical form; and they are certainly characteristic of a mind disciplined to large views, and surveying man and his nature in a wide horizon. They occur in a letter written in that year to his friend Mr. Hudson of Norwich. "A smart contest this between Richmond and Madox! Why are we to boast so much of the native valour of our troops, as shown at Talavera, Maida, and Vimeira, whilst we discourage every practice and habit that tends to keep alive its sentiment and feeling? The emotions that filled the minds of the three thousand spectators who attended the two pugilists, were precisely the same in kind as those which inspired the higher combatants on those occasions.

> He that the world subdued, had been
> But the best wrestler on the green.

There is no sense in asking, are no men brave but boxers? Bravery is found in all habits, classes, circumstances, and conditions. But have habits and institutions of one sort no tendency to form it more than another? Longevity is found in persons of habits the most opposite; but are not certain habits more favourable to it than others? The courage does not arise from *mere* boxing, from beating or being beat, but by the sentiments excited in the contemplation and culture of such practices. Will it make no difference in the mass of a people, whether their amusements are all of a pacific, pleasurable, and effeminate kind, or whether they are of a sort that calls forth continued admiration of hardihood and prowess? But when I get on these topics I never know when to have done—so I will send my compliments to Mrs. H. and have done."

Is it not an odd problem that there should be no biography of such a man, one of the most complete scholars and one of the most eloquent statesmen of his day—the friend of Johnson, Reynolds, and Garrick—the cherished disciple of Burke, and the beloved associate of Fox—a distinguished member too of the club, the only club that ever deserved the name of literary? Yet there is hardly an instance of a man, public or private, who was so much deplored. It seems almost the other day, though nearly twenty-two years ago, when crowds of anxious inquirers assembled at his door in Pall Mall to hear the report of his physicians, so soon as they had learned he had undergone an operation that placed his life in jeopardy. No enquirers were more assiduous than George the Third, who had the strongest personal regard for him. The day before his death, I remained for some hours at Strongitharm's shop opposite to his resi-

dence, expecting that some casual message might bring Moreton or some other domestic into the street; and when Moreton appeared and answered my interrogation whether all was right, by sighing heavily and shaking his head, a chill dampness siezed me, and the hopes that the immediate effects of the operation which was deemed a successful one, had diffused over London but a day or two before, fled instantly from the countenances of those who were pacing the street to satisfy the same gloomy curiosity. Nor shall I soon forget seeing William Elliot, Windham's dearest friend, (who had passed the last three days and nights in his sick chamber) leaving the house soon after. That wan though intelligent face, which had procured him the appellation of the Castle Spectre, when he was Irish Secretary, was on this occasion sicklied o'er with a paleness more livid than ever, a pretty intelligible index of the prophetic feeling that he had seen Windham for the last time. And there is no rhetorical exaggeration in saying that the death of this man threw a gloom over the social circles of the town ;—those circles, I mean, that could appreciate the loss sustained by the nation in the extinction of one of its last remaining ornaments. Not that fashionable pleasure was suspended, or that balls and dinners did not go on as before; but there was a manifest eclipse of gaiety, and in every party you saw a group involuntarily gathering together, and talking about it as a calamity by which every other topic was superseded. Even those who thought too much of themselves to cast a thought on Windham or anybody else, deemed it good taste and decency to assume the tone and sentiment prevalent on that occasion.

I have lived to see the great luminaries of our state and senate disappear one after the other, and having been a good deal about town at the period I speak of, I set myself up for a tolerable judge of the various degrees of regret felt at their deaths, considering them as no mean criteria of the respective degrees of their living estimation. Pitt was missed more than regretted, and Fox, "a man made to be loved," was honoured with the purest tears of friendship and affection. Burke indeed had arrived at the extreme boundaries of life, and the infirmities of age accelerated by his almost morbid sorrows for the death of his son, had long withdrawn him from the public eye. And by the way, (if I may be permitted the digression,) Windham himself told me that Burke bewailed the loss of his son Richard with such an "emphasis of grief" as nearly to deprive him of reason. "I had often thought," said Windham, "that the sorrow Lucan puts into the mouth of Cornelia for the death of Pompey—

'Turpe mori post te solo non posse dolore,'

was a mere idle rapture and wholly out of nature. But I can assure you that it is precisely the sorrow experienced by Mr. Burke, and that he feels as if it were an unbecoming thing to survive his son, a species of disgrace that his grief is not sufficiently acute to terminate his own existence." But Windham, the manly, the chivalrous Windham, the unstained mirror in which the highest graces of the human character were reflected, "pure in the last recesses of the mind," fearlessly expressing what he thought and felt, and instinctively loathing and shrinking from the contagion of all that is mean, little,

or shuffling—Windham, perhaps in some degree from the stricter justice that men are disposed to show each other after death, was still more acutely deplored, and that too by many whom the uncompromising fearlessness of his character had unintentionally wounded. I met Lord Erskine a day or two after Windham's death. A man more exquisitely alive to ridicule than Erskine never lived; and it was only a few weeks before that Windham had, by the mingled force of ridicule and argument, driven his "Cruelty to Animals' Bill" out of the House of Commons; and Erskine was not one easily to forgive the overthrow of a piece of legislation which he fondly imagined would remain an imperishable monument to his fame. Yet no person shared more fully in the regret of that occasion. "To tell you the truth," said Erskine, "I was a good deal hurt that the bill was not allowed fair play; but I feel now, however wounded vanity might have nettled me against poor Windham, that I love and admire him as much as I loved and admired him before he seceded from the Whigs, and when we used to pass so many delightful evenings together at our friend Weddel's."*

Windham incurred before and after his death considerable obloquy by opposing that Bill, and stood a similar fire when he opposed Sir William Dolben's Bill to prevent bull-baiting, for all the Saints were in full cry against him except Wilberforce, who had too fine a tact not to perceive and render homage to the enlarged principles by which he was influenced. Even now, when Windham's name has been occasionally mentioned, it has been my fate to hear him censured, nay his memory insulted by some of the minor talkers and thinkers, who affect the fashionable sensibilities of the day, as if he had been the cold-blooded apologist for cruelty towards the inferior creation. Yet never was there a man who abhorred more the sufferings inflicted on those to whom by placing them under man's dominion Providence had given an indefeasible claim to his protection, and he did what most men would demur to undertake—he *personally* interfered when he saw an animal injuriously treated; he did, moreover, what few could have done better, inflicted a severe chastisement on the brutal offender. The truth is, he was adverse to needless acts of legislation, that great opprobrium of modern times, which has rendered nearly half our statute book a morbid excrescence of useless or inefficient enactments, and he thought that legislation was worse than thrown away when it interfered unnecessarily with an evil which opinion and manners could alone effectually correct. "Every body," Windham used to say in his peculiar way, "every body now-a-days runs to the House of Commons as to the parish pump." Or as he once observed to me, "the table of the House reminds one of the mountain of miseries in the Spectator, to which every one, who has got any thing to complain of, comes, and adds it to the heap."

In the House of Commons, where his clear but somewhat shrill

---

* Mr. Weddel, the friend of Lord Rockingham, Mr. Burke, Lord Fitzwilliam, and Dunning, was a staunch supporter of the old Whig party. At his hospitable table the members of that party were frequently and elegantly entertained. Mr. W. died suddenly whilst taking a hot-bath.

voice had been heard only a few weeks before,* his premature death made a chasm which we all felt, but knew not how to supply; and when we observed old Bankes occupying the place where Windham generally sat, the chasm seemed to yawn wider than before. We looked thither with feelings not unlike the pious regrets of Cicero, when he missed Crassus from his usual seat in the forum. "Illa tanquam cycnea fuit divini hominis vox et oratio, quam quasi expectantes, post ejus interitum, veniebamus in curiam, ut vestigium illud ipsum, in quo ille postremum institisset, contueremur."

Windham died in his sixtieth year, whilst he was doing much and projecting more, and long before his eloquence was enfeebled, or his imagination bedimmed, or his activity of frame impaired; and his death forms an interesting feature of his character, for it originated in an act of characteristic heroism, and was another instance of the total postponement of self, and every thing connected with self, that marked the whole tenour of his life. It was on the 8th of July 1809, about twelve at night that he was walking home from a party, and saw a house in Conduit Street on fire contiguous to that of his friend Frederick North, (then on a voyage in the Mediterranean,) and threatening its immediate destruction; a destruction which would also have involved the extensive library and the valuable manuscripts which that gentleman had expended all the taste and industry of his life in collecting. The preservation of this library instinctively struck him as an object for which no sacrifice ought to be declined, and a small volunteer corps, (a body of men to whom in his military plans and speeches he always avowed his decided objection,) being on the spot, he selected a few of the most robust and determined amongst them, to aid him in the enterprize, and succeeded at last in saving two-thirds of the books; nor did he pause from his labours till the flames rendered the continuation of them highly dangerous. During these efforts, by a fall owing to the slipperiness of the ground, he hurt his hip, and it was this injury, which produced the tumour, that subsequently rendered the fatal operation expedient. The next day he complained only of a cold, and smiled as he read in the papers some whimsical remarks on "the united labours of Mr. Windham and the volunteers." Two of the little party he had selected for the companions of his generous adventure, received considerable injury, and one of them died not long afterwards. To these persons he showed the kindest attentions, and rendered the most substantial aid to the unfortunate family of the poor fellow whose hurt had terminated fatally.

Nor was it till the spring of 1810 that he found it necessary to pay serious attention to the blow on his hip, from which he had hitherto felt very little pain, but which had gradually produced a considerable tumour. Cline urged an immediate operation, and four eminent surgeons confirmed his advice. Wilson and Philipps dissuaded it. Blane and Bailey concurred with the majority of the surgeons, and Windham determined to undergo it. The adage says, in the mul-

* He spoke for the last time on the 11th of May 1810, on the question of what course the House ought to take with respect to the civil actions brought by Sir Francis Burdett against the Speaker and the Serjeant-at-arms. Mr. Windham, on this occasion, supported the privileges of Parliament.

titude of counsellors there is safety. But adages represent only the floating opinions of mankind, and those opinions are not necessarily right. Where many are consulted, some will defer to the authority of him who first suggested the measure; and in questions of this kind it is pretty clear that, the knife abstractedly speaking being the only mode of eradicating the disease, a successful operator like Cline, calculating on the general run of hospital cases, might have excluded from the calculation the idiosyncracy, the constitutional tendencies, and the greater or less debility of the patient. Of these his family surgeon or apothecary would have been a better judge than the highest authority consulted *pro hâc vice*, and unacquainted with Mr. Windham's specific constitution. No man looked death in the face with more composure. He had a strong presentiment of the sinister result of the operation, as may be inferred from a letter dated the 16th May, after he had determined on undergoing it. Protesting against certain opinions that were then abroad he observes to his friend —"These are my first sentiments—I may add also my last and dying sentiments, for although the operation I am about to submit to is not a dangerous one, there cannot be so great pain as must, I fear, be gone through without some danger. It is, as far as I should collect, something of the same sort as that which poor John Gurney underwent and fell a victim to. I had thought at one time to defer it, till I might at last have entered my feeble protest against such madness, and have tried to satisfy men's minds that it was madness. But I find so long a delay could not be incurred, so I must only hope the best for the country and myself."

He bore the operation without a murmur. On the ninth day alarming symptoms appeared, and every hour the hope of his recovery became more faint. From the first he considered the case hopeless, and to Lynn, the attending surgeon, who endeavoured to argue him into a less gloomy opinion, he said, "Mr. Lynn, you fight the battle well, but it will not do." On the 26th of May he had a long interview with his relative, Mr. Lukin of the War-office, and kept up the conversation with his wonted felicity and spirit. He pointed out to him the drawer in which his mathematical manuscripts were deposited, and expressed a wish to have them examined, in order to ascertain whether certain portions of them might not be worth preserving. These papers were, I believe, shortly after his death, shown to Mr. Vince, the Cambridge Professor, who discouraged their publication; and when it is considered how mathematical science has advanced even since the death of Windham, and that a Cambridge Senior Optime knows more than Newton himself knew after half a century of meditation and study, perhaps Vince's suggestion will be allowed to be a sound one. It is singular that on the Friday before his death, he inquired the day of the month, and being told that it was the first of June, "Then I shall die," he replied, "on the King's birth-day." He died on that day a sincere Christian, and with the calm resignation of the Christian character.

It must not, however, be inferred, that the absence of all biographical notice of so extraordinary a man is to be attributed to a neglect of his memory; it was in a great measure accidental. For some years, it was generally understood that his friend George Ellis, to

whom his executors had confided his papers for that purpose, was preparing Windham's life for the press; and such a portion of his correspondence as could be easily collected was for that end freely supplied to him. The diary, however, in which, for many years, Windham had been in the habit of recording the incidents of the day, and which, in the hands of a discreet biographer, must have furnished ample illustrations of his familiar thinking, and interesting traces of his inexhaustible reading, as well as of the criticisms, both of men and books, in the very act of passing through a mind, cultivated perhaps beyond any extant example, was withheld from George Ellis, who delayed his undertaking in the hope of overcoming Mrs. Windham's scruples to part with it; scruples which were, no doubt, sincerely felt—for it must be considered that the diary consisted, in a great degree, of written soliloquies, and of those communings with himself which no man wishes to see the light; and it is obvious that matters of that kind, indelicately or injudiciously revealed, must have in some sort affected a reputation so justly dear to her. Names, too, of families and individuals—domestic occurrences of every kind, and not a few of the gallantries in which unmarried persons of extensive worldly intercourse, however circumspectly their lives may be passed, may be supposed occasionally to have indulged—such topics could not, without justly offending the decorum of modern readers, (many of such passages he had himself veiled in the nominal mystery of Greek characters), have been submitted to public notice. Mrs. Windham's delicacy, therefore, with respect to so important a document was not overstrained, saving in the particular instance of George Ellis, in whose discreet and honourable use of it greater confidence ought to have been placed, yet it may be readily conceived what a havoc of private names and private things would have ensued if a mere hackney biographer had been entrusted with it. Admiral Windham, however, has at length confided it, with Ellis's preparations for the work to Mr. Amyot, formerly Windham's private secretary, and well qualified, it may be presumed, for the task. A life, then, of Windham may now be looked for; only we beg leave to bargain with Mr. Amyot for a real life of Windham, and one in which credit will be given to his readers for knowing something about the American and French Revolutions, instead of surfeiting them with a political history of those events after the usual manner of biographers, merely because Mr. Windham set out in his public career a determined opponent of the measures which produced the former, and shared largely in the councils which directed the war against the revolutionists of France. And why may not the Life of Windham be written by his letters, which are very numerous, and by no means inaccessible, just as Cicero's was compiled by Middleton, and that of Erasmus by Jortin? Yet it must be done by one who could accurately read the character of Windham whilst he lived; a qualification which the mere official intercourses of a private secretary do not necessarily imply; but, above all, he ought to hold in his hand the master-key that lets him into the soul of the individual, and solves all that is eccentric or problematical in the character he illustrates.

Yet too much is not to be expected from the diary, nor must Mr. Amyot be offended if it be hinted to him that the tangible parts of

the document, of which he is so vigilant a guardian, are but slender for biographical uses. The whole of it, though consisting of entries made for many years without interruption, can scarcely furnish five specimens of private feeling and reflection equivalent to that inserted by Mr. Croker in his new edition of Boswell on the death-bed parting with Dr. Johnson, which appears to have made a solemn and deep impression on Windham. There are, indeed, perpetual memoranda of his dinings-out, of the persons he met, and, now and then, hints of the conversation, and queries subjoined to them, as if questions had been started upon which he was desirous of obtaining further information. Of his reading, certain books are now and then specified; and if nothing else appears from his diary, the almost infinite variety of his studies is sufficiently manifest. He had made, it seems, great progress in toiling through the whole series of Byzantine historians; a task to which his taste could never have invited him, but it was probably undertaken with the double object of acquiring accurate historical information, and of becoming familiar with the Greek of the Lower Empire. The diary is not communicative in regard to politics; for during the three or four years of his official life, he made no entry, and here the diary is, in every respect, a blank. In a word, it seems to have been kept for the sole purpose of refreshing his own recollection of the by-gone passages of his life and for his own exclusive use, and therefore supplies little or no help to the portraiture of his mind and dispositions. Nor is there any doubt that if he had been spared more time to arrange his papers before his death, he would have left positive injunctions to destroy it. It is from his letters and conversations, therefore, that a Life of Windham is to be compiled. On any other principle, the work will not succeed better in the hands of Mr. Amyot, with all his opportunities, than if it had been confided to the most mechanical labourer of letters that ever offered his services to a bookseller, to make a book on a subject of which he was wholly ignorant. But conversations are seldom preserved, and few yet survive whose memory retains the smallest fragments of the wit and playfulness and sound sense of Windham. He had no Boswell ready to pick up the crumbs that fell from the intellectual table, as he enlivened it by his mirth or charmed it by the ease and gracefulness of his more serious discourse, or delighted it by the sparkling illustrations with which that discourse was inlaid, as with gems; and had Windham been conscious that he was haunted by a Boswell, he would never have opened his lips. Conversations also lose more than half their briskness by transfusion; and when Windham conversed, it was always without effort, or the slightest anxiety to display his own powers. I have heard it remarked by a lady, who was then highly distinguished both in the world of fashion and of letters, that he was always impatient of any species of deference to his opinion when the conversation called it forth, and observed that "if he could not converse on equal terms, he preferred being silent." No doubt the peculiar ease of his colloquial manner, in a great measure, resulted from his constant wish to divest the party with whom he was conversing of all sense of inferiority; and on every occasion, I have remarked, that he carefully avoided being considered as the first performer. The diners-out of that time,

who had the good-fortune of meeting Windham, may be safely appealed to for testimonies of the amiable meekness with which he bore his great faculties of conversation. There was nothing that resembled the elaborate disquisition of Mackintosh, who lectures rather than converses;—no tedious quotations—nothing but that light, tripping, unstudied discourse, running Camilla-like, over the field, which is of the very essence of conversation, and sets off to the greatest advantage the discursive and varied knowledge which it requires. The same remark is applicable to Canning, who, at least in the later years of his life, exhibited nothing like effort, or an anxiety to shine. I remember him whilst he was keeping his terms in Lincoln's-inn Hall, when he was recent from the University. But no man even then presumed less than Canning on the distinctions which his literary attainments had procured for him at Oxford; and although he soon became a frequenter of the best tables, and a member of the best societies, he had good taste enough to frame those modest estimates of his own powers that are so requisite to nurture them to perfection. He was not one of those persons, as Richard Sharpe said of Tweddell, who think "their University medals will pass for current coin in the metropolis."

Windham's conversation was richly impregnated with learning, where learning was necessarily displayed for the enforcement or elucidation of an opinion; and as to any thing polemic or controversial in his tone or manner, there was nothing of the sort. He used to discountenance quotations, as the heaviest and dullest of all pedantries. He observed to me more than once, that in ten cases out of twelve, it was no proof of learning, and that the most superficial pretenders not unfrequently got the credit of deep reading by cramming their memory with scraps of erudition, and contriving to give a dexterous turn to the conversation, in order to have a decent excuse for lugging them in. He said he liked Rousseau's answer to a lady, who complained to him of her son's total want of memory—"So much the better, Madame; then he will not be able to quote." When Windham was first elected member for Norwich (1784), he supped with Dr. Parr, then master of the Free-school in that city and a warm partisan of Windham's. Parr was well acquainted with Windham's extensive knowledge of Greek and Roman authors, and being not a little flushed with the successful issue of the contest, was in high talk, and quoted with great profuseness, to the astonishment of his guests, both learned and unlearned. As they walked home together, Mr. Pile,* a clergyman, who had supped there, complained of Parr's unmerciful citations from books, observing that no one was disposed to question his vast reading, and that he might as well have given his hearers credit for believing the fact, without tasking his memory with so many quotations to prove it. "Ay," returned Windham, "quotations do not prove it, for they do not necessarily bespeak real learning. Learning is a *result*, not a *process*. It reminds me of a passage in Epictetus, who observes somewhere, 'The way for a man to show the goodness of his daily diet is by the robustness of his frame and the healthiness of his face, not by emptying the contents of his stomach before you."

* Author of an admirable collection of Sermons.

At this election, Parr was a constant attendant at Windham's committee-room, and generally took the pen. There is an address still extant, written by Parr in his name, which excited considerable attention at the time, as a specimen of Windham's powers of composition. Windham always disclaimed it, and sometimes with great emphasis; for it certainly did not accord with his theory of style. In truth, he cared very little about what is called fine writing. A few years before his death, he told me that he had a long dispute about the propriety of the word *interest*, in the sense Parr used it in the first paragraph of that address, and remarked that the latter defended it with a warmth and energy that made him suspect that he himself was not quite convinced of its propriety. "Here, you dog, Windham," said he, "if this word is scratched out, I will destroy the whole." Windham was glad to give up the point, and thought, besides, that it was rather indelicate to argue a matter of mere philology with a man whose peculiar vocation it was, and that it might injure the latter in the estimation of his friends and patrons if he strove for a mere verbal victory over him. The sentence ran thus:—"In compliance with the wishes which a large and respectable *interest* has long done me the honour to entertain towards me, I stand forth as a candidate for the city of Norwich."* Windham thought the word *interest* was improperly used to represent a collective or aggregate idea; and, I think, Windham was right. Windham told me, also, that Mr. Coke's addresses were written by Parr for many successive elections; and pointed out Sir George Saville's address to his constituents, in June 1784, as a masterpiece of the sort, observing that it was written by Mr. Burke.

I think I have already observed that Windham was not a professed jester, but I have witnessed frequently a somewhat dry species of humour that told very well. When the Cintra business was much agitated in conversation, somebody asked Windham what there was so remarkable in Sir Hew Dalrymple as to be appointed to such a command? "Nothing," he replied, "that I know of, unless it is that he spells his Christian name H–e–w, instead of H–u–g–h."—I met him one forenoon at Sir John Hippisley's, in Grosvenor-street. William Elliot was there also. We were conversing very anxiously on the subject of Mr. Burke's illness, and William Elliot, who had just arrived from Beaconsfield, was giving some interesting details respecting his sufferings. Just at that moment, a consequential East Indian

---

* There are antithetical passages in that paper (it is now before me) that are decidedly *Parrian*. For instance. "Scorning the mean arts of dissimulation, I have planted myself before the judgment of my friends and the prejudices of my enemies in open day. I may offend the unwary and even the well-disposed, but I cannot deceive them; nor will I sacrifice to any selfish views that openness of dealing which can alone secure to me the continuance of your esteem after success, or the approbation of my own heart under disappointment. The same conduct which procures me the honour of your support, shall justify you in bestowing it. * * * *

"Reports have, I am aware, gone abroad, of which, groundless and extravagant as they are, it may be necessary to take some notice. Yet I will not wrong your candour and good sense by supposing that they are in any degree hurtful to that cause which is justly dear to us all. I feel indeed some sort of degradation in the very attempt to refute those dark and invidious insinuations, which have hitherto assumed no determinate form, which have been employed only on the credulity of those who know me not, and which are industriously circulated by the artifices of those whom, because they do know me, it is easier to convince than to silence."

General or Colonel Somebody, whose name I have forgotten, but rough and overbearing in his manners, entered the room unannounced, and made an abrupt attempt to join in the conversation. I question whether he knew Windham personally. The latter evidently did not like the man, and left us conversing together, he himself walking about the apartment, yet intimating pretty plainly what he thought of the intruder by carelessly humming a line of Caliban's ditty in "The Tempest:"—

"Ban, Ban,—Ca—Caliban!"

A laboured invective would not have conveyed his opinion of the man half so expressively. Hippisley and I laughed immoderately; but Windham seemed quite unconscious of his application of the song till the self-important person left the room, when, as if he had got rid of an incubus, he again exclaimed with Caliban—

"Freedom, hey-day!—hey-day, freedom!"

When we assured him that we had instantly applied the burthen of the song, he joined in the laugh, comforting himself at the same time with the assurance, that the man was too secure in his own self-complacency to take it to himself; adding, "I much question whether he ever heard of his prototype." This little incident made the deeper impression on my remembrance, because I had never before heard him so much as hum a tune of any sort; for though his taste for the fine arts was peculiarly pure and discriminating, he had no relish for music—but he acknowledged that a simple ballad, as Miss Alderson* sung it, he could endure with a degree of acquiescence almost amounting to pleasure. Yet, upon another occasion, when an interesting young lady was singing the old song of Barbara Allen, and making a considerable pause between the stanzas, I observed Windham more than half asleep. His excuse was that it was too long, and that it reminded him "of one of Mr. Drake's† speeches in the House, who made you believe twenty times that he was going to finish, but still went on." I have heard him observe, that the four greatest men he had ever known had no pleasure in music—Mr. Burke, Charles Fox, Dr. Johnson, and Mr. Pitt.‡

To recur once more to Windham's notions of writing, his own practice was to take plain words in preference to learned ones; and he used to observe that the strength of the English language was in its ancient Saxon idiom—and this, he said, abounded more in the dialect of Norfolk than in that of any other part of England. He instanced many Saxon words used by Shakspeare, but now fallen into disuse and considered vulgar, which were still common in Norfolk. I recollect only one instance—I think it was, "for the nonce;" *i. e.* purposely, deliberately. He said that the ancient Greek authors (that is, all who were good for any thing) wrote in some specific dialect—that is, idiomatically. Thucydides, the best Greek historian, frequently render-

---

* Afterwards Mrs. Opie.

† M. P. for Amersham, a most eccentric speaker at that period.

‡ Sir James Mackintosh has the same apathy to music. He has been frequently dragged to the Italian Opera, and a more woeful figure in the pit of that theatre was never seen. Richard Sharpe proposed, as a thesis for the physiological schools at Edinburgh—what was the precise effect of music on the sensorium of Mackintosh?

ed himself obscure by too much of the Attic peculiarity, (Αττικωτατος.) He observed that, if his own ear was a true one, neither Thucydides nor Plato felt any solicitude about the artificial modulation of their sentences, though it was a current criticism that both writers affected it; remarking that harmonious sentences in prose authors were the ambition of quite a distinct æra of letters. It was true, the Athenians had a nice ear, which took offence at solecisms or barbarisms, but none of their orators indulged in the balance and sing-song of the Roman orators, such as that which Cicero so highly recommended—the ending a sentence with two trochaic feet. The affectation, however, began to creep in upon the decline of Greek letters, and Longinus is an example of it. With respect to the Greek dialects, he said that the charm of Thucydides and Herodotus with respect to mere language, was, in his opinion, chiefly derived from the two idioms in which they wrote; and that when the Greek language was written *eclectically*, that is, without any peculiarity of idiom or dialect, it was considerably enfeebled. The critics and grammarians of Alexandria wrote a species of Greek that was Greek generally, but without any of the peculiarities of the ancient dialects of the country.

Windham's disgust was uniformly excited by the modern affectation of French words and phrases; and he disliked them even as terms of art, if English ones could be found to supply their places. When he was at the War-office, he would always strike out the word *sortie*, and substitute "sally." "To rally round" any thing, such as a standard, &c. he called an unnecessary Gallicism. But nothing offended him so much as a careless or irreverent use of the name of the Creator. I showed him a few pages in manuscript of a political pamphlet I was then writing, and he struck out, with some little vehemence of gesture, the words, "God and nature;" observing that God was nature, and that the phrase was a derogation from the unity of that sacred name; and on Mr. Amyot's reading him a letter, in which the words, "My God!" had been used on a light occasion, he snatched up a pen hastily, and before he would hear the rest, blotted out the misplaced exclamation.

I have more than once remarked that Windham was no jester—that is, he did not deal in the species of anecdote so glibly retailed by talkers of a certain class, whose conversation reminds one of a leaf torn from Joe Miller. All his speeches, indeed, are full of humorous allusions, but they were illustrations of his reasoning, and singular characteristics of his peculiar style of speaking; and they were so dovetailed, as it were, into it, that you could not take away the joke without enfeebling the argument. Something like this may be perceived in the metaphysical writings of Tucker, author of the "Light of Nature," which was published under the assumed name of "Search." Of that work Windham was a great admirer, particularly "of its bright flashes of elucidation," as I have heard him say, that were perpetually throwing unexpected light on the most obscure of subjects. But Windham always seemed to slide into playfulness so naturally that you could scarcely perceive his intention, or at least you were unprepared for it; but when it did come, it was so just and natural an illustration of what he wished to establish, that it seemed as if you expected it, and as if the reasoning would have been incomplete with-

out it. The peculiar character of his eloquence, if not commanding, was, as Canning well observed, a *most insinuating* eloquence, and exclusively his own.

His familiar letters also, will be found full of this species of quiet and unobtruded humour, and it always tells the more forcibly, because it appears quite unsought for, and to follow necessarily what goes before. If Mr. Amyot does not treat us in his meditated biography with copious extracts from the letters to his friend Hippisley during Windham's travels on the Continent, it will be a woeful *hiatus*. To one letter, I cannot help referring. It is addressed to his sister-in-law, Mrs. Lukin, and dated in September 1794. The occasion of it was this:—shortly after he had accepted the office of Secretary-at-War in that year, he undertook a mission to our army, then serving in Flanders under the Duke of York, for the purpose of explaining, I believe, certain arrangements the Government had in contemplation relative to the command and disposition of the forces. Windham had from early youth a strong taste for a soldier's life, having served in the Norfolk Militia, in which he had reached the rank of Major; and a more zealous and active officer never bore the King's commission. He remained, therefore, a short time at head-quarters, and entered with some delight into the military movements that were going on. The letter alluded to, is dated Camp near Bois-le-Duc, and, after telling his correspondent that he is lodged in the house of a Dutch attorney, he says:—"The country about is light and sandy, affording very pleasant rides, which are not the less so, from your occasionally meeting bodies of troops of different dresses and countries. The relief which all this gives after a summer's confinement in London, and to such business as that of the War-office, is more than you can conceive. It has given me a new stock of health, and the beauty of the autumn mornings joined to the general idleness, in which one lives by necessity, and therefore without self-reproach, has given me a feeling of youthful enjoyment, such as I now know but rarely. You cannot conceive," he adds slyly, "how you would like a ride here, with the certainty that if you wandered too far, you might be carried off by a French patrole. It is the enjoyment that George Faulkner was supposed to describe of a scene near Dublin, 'where the delighted spectator expects every moment to be crushed by the impending rocks.'"

Windham used to tell, with much glee, a laughable mistake during this mission, made by an elderly Dutch clergyman with whom he fell accidentally into conversation. Being in black, and having been pointed out to the Dutchman as an English minister (ministre Anglois), the honest parson instantly concluding that he was a clergyman, began to interrogate him closely as to the doctrines and discipline of the Church of England. For some time, Windham parried the examination with great success, till the other begged the favour of him to let him read one of his sermons, as he understood English well enough to peruse it. Here it was time for some explanation to take place, and when the Dutchman found his mistake, he exclaimed in a tone of disappointment:—"Why, they deceived me then; they told me you were an English minister, but I learn now, that you are *only* an English statesman."

After the dissolution of 1806, and not long after the meeting of the new Parliament in which Windham sate a short time for Norfolk, I saw him frequently; but I have in general indistinct recollections only of his conversations. I walked home with him from the Committee appointed to try the merits of Concannon's election for Appleby, of which he was chairman. Mackintosh appeared as counsel for Concannon, and made a powerful speech on the evidence, to which Windham listened with great attention. This was just after the foolish prosecution of Peltier in the foolish administration of Addington. Windham felt a strong interest for poor Peltier, and from his heart despised the imbecility of a Government that, in order to ingratiate themselves with Buonaparte, did not hesitate at his suggestion to make a flagrant attack on the British press, and at a time too when the *Moniteur* under Napoleon's absolute dictation teemed with the foulest abuse of our name and character. It was said that Mackintosh had solicited the defence of Peltier, and that the brief was with some hesitation put into his hands. Be that as it may; the line of defence which he took, disappointed every body. It was a brilliant speech, but no defence of Peltier, who was sacrificed to studied sentences and refined disquisitions, his counsel seeming anxious merely to display his own powers, "considering," Windham observed, "the cause of his client and the principles involved in it, as so much ballast he might throw overboard, that his own boat might get more smoothly along." He said that "Mackintosh overlooked the *patrocinium*, the first duty of an advocate, in order to play the part of the rhetorician. But with regard to the speech he had made that morning before the Committee, it was that kind of speech precisely, which Peltier wanted; it was a defence and a defence only, and not a political lecture; at the same time exclaiming from Juvenal, 'si sic omnia dixisset!'".

He talked rarely upon political subjects, but he deplored bitterly the peace of Amiens, and with more bitterness than was usual with him. He considered it from the first as a mere trick to obtain time, and foretold the shortness of its duration. Nor shall I easily forget the energy with which he expressed himself one morning when I called on him in Pall-Mall. I think that about this time he felt somewhat sore, for he had lost his election for Norwich on the express ground of his opposition to that treaty, and had been in consequence forced into an expensive contest for the county. The French papers considered his defeat at Norwich as a political triumph; and Addington had a few nights before made him the object of a narrow-minded attack, observing that, should the rupture unfortunately take place, it would be mainly attributable to the irritating language of Windham. He said, nothing could show more clearly the flimsy materials of such a Cabinet, than their having recourse to so unmanly a crimination, holding out by name an individual Member of Parliament, perhaps to a successful conqueror, as intent on blowing up contention between the countries. Never, he said, with strong emphasis, never was a more spiritless and cowardly course of debate pursued in the House of Commons; and this too whilst they were kicked black and blue by the power whom they strove to conciliate. It was saying to the

enemy:—"*We* are giving you no trouble in your schemes of dominion. If you slap us on one cheek, we are willing to turn to you the other, and you see what a belly-full of insult and indignity we are ready to stomach. You have done just as you pleased—dictated to our press, overrun Switzerland, violated the treaty you signed at Luneville, and robbed the King of Sardinia of his territory. It is not our fault then that you are displeased. It is Mr.Windham: there he stands—let loose your displeasure upon his head." He was not usually severe in his animadversions on individuals, and this was evidently a departure from the kind and forgiving dispositions of his nature. Sometime afterwards, a lady in his company was observing that Lord Sidmouth was a perfect gentleman, so very civil and obliging; adding, "don't you think so, Mr. Windham?" It was an embarrassing question, but the answer he made was a severe one.—"If he is to be considered as a gentleman, because he is civil and obliging, the landlord or the waiter at an inn, or your ladyship's footman, has an equal right to the title." Of Lord Hastings (then Lord Moira) he observed, that vanity prompted him to do munificent things, which afterwards brought on the necessity of stooping to mean ones. He admitted his talents, but observed that he was too intent on praise, and sate like Cato in his little senate listening to his own applause, from a tribe of mercenary dependants, that lived upon his bounty.

He was by no means a party-man. He was born for mankind. It is true he associated himself with a party, but he was an intractable member of it, for he would not be any man's instrument. He was, therefore, considered by his colleagues, who were anxious to secure the co-operation of his splendid talents, an unsafe depositary of any of those schemes of doubtful morality, to which statesmen are sometimes obliged to have recourse; for they were fearful of his "letting the cat out of the bag." On the other hand, if an unsuccessful stroke of policy was hazarded, which he himself had strongly urged and supported, he would not permit the responsibility to lie upon those who dissuaded the measure, but asserted his own individual and undivided share in it. Of this heroic feeling, the unfortunate expedition to Quiberon is a remarkable instance. He was stopped by Pitt, who thought (and justly thought) that by assuming a personal responsibility, he was betraying the secrets of the Cabinet. And whilst I was writing this, the character drawn by Clarendon of the Lord Falkland, who fell at the battle of Newbury, came across my memory, and I opened the volume (Erasmus on a similar occasion said "accidit divinitus") at the passage where the noble historian sums up the qualities of his unfortunate friend. No man could have known Windham, who will not acknowledge the closeness of the parallel. "He was so exact and strict an observer of truth and justice," says Clarendon, "that he believed those necessary condescensions and applications to the weakness of other men, and those arts and insinuations, which are necessary for discoveries and prevention of ill, would in him be a declension from his own rules of life, though he acknowledged them fit and absolutely necessary to be practised in those employments. He was in truth so precise to the practick principles

he prescribed himself (to all others he was as indulgent), as if he had lived in *republicâ Platonis, non in fæce Romuli.*"*

It is highly honourable to Windham, that such a man as Johnson should have cultivated his acquaintance, and formed the highest estimate of his character and his talents long before he entered political life. When, in 1773, he accepted the appointment of Chief Secretary to Lord Northington, then going out Lord-Lieutenant to Ireland, he expressed to his venerable friend some of those noble-minded scruples we have adverted to, with respect to the practice of certain arts which might be found requisite in such a situation, and was answered by Johnson, who was in the best of humours (the anecdote is told by Boswell), " Don't be afraid, Sir, you will soon make a very pretty rascal." Windham's own misgiving, however, as to his want of sufficient pliability of disposition to fit him for the office, turned out not to be erroneous;—for in a few months afterwards he resigned it in disgust. It required a supple, scheming courtier, and Windham, moreover, had no taste for the convivial habits and hours of the Castle; for in the selection of an Irish Viceroy of that time, the first question asked as to his eligibility was, whether he could bear a good deal of wine, and Windham used to say " he preferred Felbrigg Park to the Phœnix Park, and was glad to get away." It was whilst he held this appointment, that he was enabled to cultivate the friendship of Lord Charlemont, the duration of which through the vicissitudes of his after life showed how sincerely he was esteemed by that amiable nobleman. It is hinted, and with some plausibility, by Hardy, Lord Charlemont's biographer, that Windham was displeased with the unjust distribution of patronage in Lord Northington, who having been sent out by the Whigs, conferred every thing in his power on the old court party;—and it is a Whig fatality, symptoms of which may be discerned even now, that when they have come into office, they have permitted their adversaries to play their cards. But Ireland lost much by losing Windham, and the place of a virtuous and uncorrupt statesman in an office of so much influence as that of Chief Secretary, was not easily supplied. A contemporary letter from Ireland relates a circumstance which is much to his honour. " A few days ago," says the writer, " a gentleman from England waited on him, with a strong letter from Mr. Burke, requesting him to bestow on the bearer of it whatever little preferment might be in his gift." Windham assured the party, that " he would readily present a person thus powerfully recommended a much greater piece of preferment than that asked for; but that it was his fixed determination, should he remain Secretary, of which he doubted, to give every place in his power to Irishmen, as he had long been persuaded that *the natives had the best right to the bread of their own land.*" A memorable saying, and testifying volumes to his downright unfitness for any share in the administration of that unhappy country, at all times misgoverned, but at that period blighted by the ravenous locusts, that came over in new swarms with each succeeding Lieutenant. Could high official and private honour, and a mind inflexible to corruption, have been more egregiously misplaced?

* History of the Rebellion, fourth part, vol. iii.

THE VICTIM.

A TRUE STORY. BY A MEDICAL STUDENT.

We insert this story, (for which we have to thank an anonymous contributor,) in place of a sketch of greater literary merit, in the hope that any little impression it may create, will serve to swell the general desire for immediate reform in a system which most urgently and fearfully demands it.

Some years ago, myself and a fellow-student went to Dawlish for the summer months. An accident, which I need not narrate, and which was followed by a severe attack of pleurisy, chained me a prisoner to my room for several weeks. My companion, whose name was St. Clare, was a young man of high spirits and lively temper; and though naturally kind and affectionate, escaped, as often as he could, from the restraint of a sick room. In one of his walks, he chanced to encounter a young lady, whom he fell in love with, as the phrase is, at first sight, and whose beauty he dwelt upon with a warmth of enthusiasm not a little tantalizing to one, like myself, who could not even behold it. The lady, however, quitted Dawlish very suddenly, and left my friend in ignorance of every other particular concerning her than that her name was Smith, and her residence in London. So vague a direction he, however, resolved to follow up. We returned to town sooner than we otherwise should have done, in order that the lover might commence his inquiries. My friend was worthy of the romantic name that he bore, Melville St. Clare—a name that was the delight of all his boarding-school cousins, and the jest of all his acquaintance in the schools.

He was the sole son of Thomas St. Clare, of Clare Hall, in the county of——, No. ——, in Hanover-square, and Banker, No. ——, Lombard-street. An eccentric man did the world account him. "Very odd," remarked the heads of houses for wholesale brides, "that the old man should insist upon his son studying medicine and surgery, when every one knows he will inherit at least ten thousand a-year."—"Nothing to do with it," was the argument of the father; "who can tell what is to happen to funded, or even landed property, in England? The empire of disease takes in the world; and in all its quarters, medical knowledge may be made the key to competency and wealth."

While quietly discussing in my own mind the various relative merits between two modes of operation for poplitical aneurism, at my lodgings in town, some three weeks after our return from the country of hills and rain, (some ungallantly add, of thick ancles also,) my studies were broken in upon by a messenger, who demanded my immediate compliance with the terms of a note he held in his hand. It ran thus:—

> "Let me pray you to set off instantly with the bearer in my carriage to your distressed friend—
>
> "M. St. Clare."

On reaching the house, the blinds were down and the shutters closed; while the knocker muffled, bespoke a note of ominous preparation. "How are you?" I inquired, somewhat relieved by seeing my friend up; and though looking wan, bearing no marks of severe illness. "I hope nothing has happened?"

"Yes, the deadliest arrow in Fortune's quiver has been shot—and found its mark. At three, this morning, my father's valet called me up, to say his master was in convulsions. Suspecting it to be a return of apoplexy, I despatched him off for Abercrombie,* and on reaching his room, I found my fears verified. Abercrombie arrived; he opened the temporal artery, and sense returned, when my unfortunate parent insisted on informing me what arrangements he had made in my favour respecting the property; and on my suggesting that his books might previously require to be looked over, he interrupted me by saying it was useless. 'You are the son of a ruined man.' I started. 'Yes, such have I been for the last twenty years! I have secured to you a *thousand pounds*, to finish your education—and that is all that calamity has left it in my power to bestow.' For some moments I was led to doubt his sanity.

---

* Abercrombie is the chief surgical writer on diseases of the brain.

'What, then, can be contained within those two massive chests, so carefully secured?'—'Old parchment copies of my mortgages. Your fortune has only changed in aspect; before you were in existence, the author of your being was a *beggar!* My credit alone has supported me. I have with difficulty been able to invest in the funds for your wants the paltry sum I mentioned. May you prosper better than your father, and the brightness of your day make up for the darkness of his closing scene. God's blessing——' His head sank on the pillow, and falling into a comatose state he slept for four or five hours, when his transition from time to eternity was as gentle as it was unnoticed.

"For my part, I merely remain here till the last offices are performed. All his affairs will be committed to his solicitors, when the fortune and residence which I looked forward to enjoying as my own must be left to others."

"Courage, my dear fellow," said I, "there is no space too great to allow of the sun's rays enlivening it—neither is that heart in existence which hope may not inhabit."

The funeral was over, the mansions of his father relinquished, and St. Clare himself duly forgotten by his *friends*. The profession, which he before looked on as optional in its pursuit, was now to become his means of existence; and in order to pursue it with greater comfort to ourselves, we took spacious rooms, which enabled us to live together, in —— street, Borough, in the neighbourhood of our hospital. One morning, it so happened that I had something to detain me at home, and St. Clare proceeded by himself to his studies. From the brilliant complexion and handsome countenance of a former day, his appearance had degenerated into the pale and consumptive look of one about to follow the friend for whom his "sable livery of woe was worn."

"Give me joy, Dudley! Joy, I say, for life is bright once more!" exclaimed St. Clare, returning late in the evening, while his face was beaming with gladness.

"I rejoice to hear it," said I. "What has happened?" I inquired.

St. Clare explained. He had met his unforgotten mistress of Dawlish; she had introduced him to her father, with whom she was walking, and whom he recognized as a Mr. Smith, an eccentric and wealthy acquaintance of his deceased parents. Mr. Smith invited him to dinner the next day. To cut short my story, St. Clare soon received permission to pay his addresses to the lady he had so long secretly loved; and Mr. Smith, who had originally been in trade, and was at once saving and generous, promised 16,000*l.* to the young couple, on the condition that St. Clare should follow up his profession. The marriage was to be concluded immediately after St. Clare had passed the College of Surgeons, which he expected to do in six months.

"Dudley, I have an engagement to-day, and shall not be at home till the evening," said St. Clare, returning from the Hospital one morning; "but as we must dissect the arteries of the neck somewhat more minutely before we go up for examination, I wish you would get a subject. I am told you can have one within two days, by applying to this man," giving me the card of an exhumator in the Borough.

"Very well," I returned, setting off.

"Which will you have, Sir?" asked the trafficker in human clay, whose lineaments bespoke the total absence of every human feeling from his heart:—"a lady or a jemman?"

"Whichever you can procure with least trouble," I replied. "When can you bring it to my lodgings?"

"The day after to-morrow, Sir."

"Good! What is your price?"

"Why, Sir, the market's very high just now, as there's a terrible rout about those things; so I must have twelve guineas."

"Well, then, at eleven, the evening after to-morrow, I shall expect you."

The night passed, no St. Clare appeared;—the next, still he came not—and eleven on the following evening found him yet absent. Surrounded with books, bones, skulls, and other requisites for surgical study, midnight surprised me, when a gentle tap at the door put my reveries to flight.

"Two men in the street, Sir, wish to see you there."

"Very well," said I;" and recollecting the appointment, I descended, and found the exhumator and another.

"We called you down, Sir, to get the woman out of the way; because, you know, these things don't do to gossip about. Shall we take it up-stairs?"

"Yes, and I will follow behind. Make as little noise as possible."

"No, no, Sir, trust us for that—we 're pretty well used to this sort of work. Jem, give the signal:" when the party addressed, stepping into the street, gave a low whistle on his fingers, and something advanced with a dull, rustling noise, which proved to be a wheelbarrow containing a sack. They had filled the gutter with straw, and over this driven the barrow. In an instant two of them seized the sack, and without making any more disturbance than if they had been simply walking up-stairs, they carried it into my apartment, and the vehicle it was brought in was rapidly wheeled off.

It is usual for students to carry on their dissections solely in the theatre to which they belong, but as there are many annoyances from the low and coarse set too often mixed up in these places, St. Clare and myself had determined to choose a lodging where we could pursue this necessary, but revolting, part of the profession in private. Within my bedroom was a dressing-closet, which, as it was well lighted, we devoted to this purpose. Having carried in their burden and laid it down, they returned to the sitting-room, through which was the only communication with the other.

"Couldn't get ye a jemman, Sir; so we brought ye a lady this time," said the man.

"Very well. I hope the subject is a recent one, because I may not be able to make use of the body for a day or two."

"As to the time she has been buried, Sir, that 's *none* to speak of;" while a grin of dark expression gathered round his mouth; and though ignorant of its meaning it made me recoil, from the air of additional horror it flung over features already so revolting in expression. I went into the closet to take a glance at the subject, fearing they might attempt to deceive me. They had lain it on the table, and a linen cloth swathed round was the only covering. I drew aside the corner which concealed the face, and started, for never till that instant had I seen aught that came so near to my most ideal picture of female loveliness; even though the last touches had been painted by the hand of Death. As the light of the candle fell on the shrouded figure before me, it composed the very scene that Rembrandt would have loved to paint, and you, my reader, to have looked on. Her hair was loose and motionless, while its whole length, which had strayed over her neck and shoulders, nestled in a bosom white as snow, whose pure, warm tides were now at rest for ever! One thing struck me as singular—her rich, dark tresses still held within them a thin, slight comb. An oath of impatience from the men I had left in the next room drew me from my survey.

"Where did you get the subject, my men?" I inquired, as I put the money into the man's hand.

"Oh, we hadn't it from a town churchyard, Sir. It came up from the country, didn't it, Jem?"

"Yes," replied the man addressed, and both moved quickly to depart; while I returned to gaze on the beauteous object I had left, and which afforded me a pleasure, so mixed up with all that was horrid, that I sincerely hope it will never fall to my lot to have a second experience of the same feeling.

To me she was as nothing, less than nothing; and though, from long habit, I had almost brought myself to meet with indifference the objects which are found on the dissecting-table, I could not gaze on one so young, so very fair, without feeling the springs of pity dissolve within me; and tears, fast and many, fell on those lips; I refrained not from kissing, notwithstanding Mortality had set its seal upon them; as yet—

> "Before Decay's effacing fingers
> Had swept the lines where beauty lingers."

Her eyes were closed beneath the long lashes. I lifted one lid; the orb beneath was large and blue—but "soul was wanting there." So great was the impres-

sion her beauty made upon me, that, stepping into the next room, I took my materials, and made a drawing of the placid and unconscious form so hushed and still. I look upon it at this moment, and fancy recalls the deep and unaccountable emotions that shook me as I made it. It must have been an instinctive—— But, to proceed, I saw but one figure in my sleep—the lovely, but unburied dead. I awoke—what could it be that felt so moist and cold against my face?—where was I?—what light was glimmering through the windows?—it was the break of day. Worn with fatigue, I had fallen asleep over my drawing, while the candle had burnt out in the socket, and my head was resting on the inanimate breast, which had been deprived too soon of existence to know the pure joy of pillowing a fellow-heart it loved. I arose, and retired to a sleepless couch. In the evening, while over my modicum of coffee, in came St. Clare. He appeared haggard and wild, whilst every now and then his eye would gaze on vacancy, and closing, seem to shut out some unpleasant thought, that haunted him in ideal reality.

"Well, St. Clare, what has detained you?"

"Death!" said he, solemnly. "The sole remaining relative to whom Nature has given any claim on my affections, is no more. A sudden despatch called me down to soothe the expiring hours of my mother's sister, and not a soul is left me now on earth to love, save Emily and my friend. I feel most unaccountably oppressed—a dread sense of ill pervades me; but let me hope that ill is past."

"Well, think of it no more," I replied, and changed the conversation. "I have procured a subject-female, beautiful and young; but I feel more inclined to let it rest and rot amidst its fellow-clods of clay, than bare so fair a bosom to the knife. It is well that the living hold a pre-occupancy of my heart, or such a beauteous form of death——"

"This note has just been left for you, Sir, from Mr. Smith, who requests an immediate answer," said my servant, entering. I read aloud its contents:—

"Though unknown to you, save by name and the mention of another, I call upon you, as the friend of one who was my friend, to assist me in unravelling this horrid mystery. On Tuesday, at two, my dearest Emily went out, with the intention of returning at four. Since that hour, I have been unable to obtain the slightest information respecting her. I have called in your absence for St. Clare twice; he was unexpectedly out. Surely I have not mistaken *him! He* cannot have filled up the measure of mankind's deceit, and abused the trust reposed in him! Let me pray you, for the love of Heaven! to give me the least clue you are possessed of that may lead to her discovery.

"I know not what I have written, but you can understand its meaning.

"Your's, &c.

"John Smith."

Starting from his seat with the air of a maniac, St. Clare abstractedly gazed on empty air, as if to wait conviction. Too soon it came, and seizing a light, he dashed towards the closet where he knew the body was to be. For the first time a dark suspicion flashed upon me, and taking the other candle I followed. The face had been again covered, and St. Clare, setting the light upon the table, stood transfixed,—just as we feel the pressure of some night-mare-dream,—without the power of drawing his eyes away, or by dashing aside the veil, to end this suspense of agony, in the certainty of despair.

Every muscle of his body shook, while his pale lips could only mutter—"It must be so! it must be so!" and his finger pointing to the shrouded corpse, silently bade me to disclose the truth: mute, motionless horror pervaded me throughout; when, springing from his trance, he tore away the linen from the features it concealed. One glance sufficed;—true, the last twenty-four hours had robbed them of much that was lovely, but they were cast in a mould of such sweet expression that *once seen*, was to be *remembered for ever.*

With indescribable wildness he flung himself upon the body, and embracing the pallid clay, seemed vainly trying to kiss it back to life. I watched his countenance till it became so pale, there was only one shade of difference between the two. In an instant, from the strained glare of his fixed glance, his eyes relaxed, and a lifeless, inanimate expression of nonentity succeeded their

former tension, while with his hand still retaining the hair of the deceased in his grasp, he sunk upon the ground.

Assistance was called, and from a state of insensibility he passed into one of depression.

All our efforts to disentangle the locks he had so warmly loved from his fingers were in vain; the locks were, therefore, cut off from the head. Through all the anguish of his soul he never spoke; the last words to which his lips gave utterance, were these—"It must be so, it must be so." For hours he would stare at one object, and his look was to me so full of horror and reproach, I could not meet it. Suddenly he would turn to the hair, and fastening his lips upon it, murmur some inarticulate sounds, and weep with all the bitterness of infantine sorrow.

The reader will remember it so chanced, that I never was introduced to the heroine of my tale; but all doubt was now removed as to the identity of the subject for dissection with the unfortunate Emily Smith. How she came by her death was a mystery that nothing seemed likely to unravel.

Not the slightest marks of violence could be found about her person; the arms were certainly in an unnatural position, being bent with the palms upward, as if to support a weight; and seemed to have been somewhat pressed, but this might be accounted for by the packing of the body. All beside wore the appearance of quiescent death.

She was opened, and not the slightest trace of poison presented itself. Immediate search had been made for the men; they had absconded, and all apparent means of inquiry seemed hushed with the victim of science in its grave.

Some years passed—St. Clare was dead—the father of the unfortunate Emily was no more. Fortune had thriven with me, and being independent of practice, I had settled in the West-end of London, and married the object of my choice. I was soon occupied with the employments of my profession, and amongst the rest, that of surgeon to the ——— dispensary.

Seven years after my first commencement, I had to attend a poor man who was attacked with inflammation of the brain. The violence of the disease had been subdued, but some strange wanderings of delirium still haunted him. In a paroxysm of this sort he one day exclaimed to me, as I was feeling his pulse, "Cut it off! Cut it off! it says so: off with it!" Paying no attention to this, I replaced his arm within the coverlid, but dashing it out, he seized mine and demanded, "Does it not say if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off?" "Yes, my man, but yours is a useful member; take my advice and keep it on."

"I will not; it has offended me, ay, damned me to eternity. It is a murderous right hand!" But I will not drag the reader through the incoherent ravings of guilty delirium; it suffices to say, that after some considerable pains I elicited the following story from him.

"It 's just ten years to-morrow (that's Tuesday) since I was discharged from four months imprisonment in the House of Correction. I was then just twenty. In the same place I met a gang of resurrection men, and they said what a jolly life they led, plenty of money, and all that, when one of 'em told the rest he knew a better way to get the rhino quickly than what they did, and if so be as they wouldn't split, he'd tell 'em. Well, after making me take an oath (I trembles now to think of it) that I wouldn't tell, they let me into it. This was to kidnap all the greenhorns, that didn't know their way about town, and carry them to a house the gang had in —— alley, near Blackfriars, where they were to be suffocated, and sold to you doctors for cutting up. Well, it took a long time to bring my mind to such a thing, but they persuaded me we were *all destined to go to heaven or hell*, before we were born, and that *our actions had nothing to do with it.* So I agreed, when the time came round, to enter the gang.

"On the day we were *let loose*, there were four of us loitering near the coach stand in —— street. A gentleman was walking up and down before an inn, looking at his watch every now and then, and casting his eyes round to see if a coach was coming which he seemed to expect. Presently he met some one who knowed 'un, and I saw him take a letter and read it, and then say to the other

'I can't come this instant, because I expect a friend in half an hour, and must wait for her; but stay, I can write a note, and put her off,' when he stepped inside the inn, and came out in ten minutes, with a note in his hand. One of us had been servant in a cutting-up house in the Borough, and knowed him afore; stepping up, he asked if he could carry the note for him? The other was in a hurry, and said 'yes,' giving him half-a-crown to take it into the Borough, then got into the coach and drove off. Instead of going with it, he had larnt to read, and breaking the note open, found some lady was coming to meet the gentleman by half-past two. 'I tell ye what, my boys,' says he, 'here 's a fish come to our net without looking for it, so we 'll have her first.' Shortly after, up comes the coach with a lady in it; meanwhile one of our gang had got another coach belonging to us *for the purpose*, which was in waiting; so the villain tells her that the gentleman had been obliged to go somewhere else, but he was an old servant, and if she would get into his coach, he would drive her to the house where the gemman was waiting to receive her. She, never suspecting, got in, and was driven off to the *slaughter house*, as we called it. She entered by a back yard, and frightened by the dark, dirty way, and lonely-looking rooms, and not seeing him she expected, she attempted to run off, but that was of no use, and taking her to a room for the purpose, in the middle of the house, where no one could hear her screaming, she was locked up for the night. Well, I was uncommon struck with her beautiful looks, and begged very hard to let her go: they said it would not do, because as how they would all be found out. *So die she must, the next order they had for a corpse.* That very night came an order, and they swore I should have the killing of her, for being spooney enough to beg her life. I swore I would not do it; but they said if I didn't they would send me instead, and, frightened at their threats, I agreed.

"In the room where she slept was a bed, with a sliding top to let down and smother the person who was lying beneath, while the chain which let it down was fastened in the room above. They had given her a small lamp in order to look at her through a hole, that they might see what she was about. After locking the door inside, (for they left the key there to keep 'em *easy*, while it was bolted on the out,) and looking to see there was no one in the room, nor any other door, she knelt by the bed-side, said her prayers, and then laid down in her clothes. This was at ten—they watched her till twelve; she was sleeping soundly, but crying too, they said, when they took me up into the room above, and with a drawn knife at my throat, insisted on my letting go the chain which was to smother her beneath—I did it! Oh, I did it!—hark!" starting up, "don't you hear that rustling of the clothes? a stifled cry? no, all is quiet! She is done for—take her and sell her!" and from that he fell into his old raving manner once more.

The next day he was again lucid, and pulling from his bosom an old purse, he said, "I managed to get these things without their knowledge." It contained a ring with a locket engraven "E. S." and the silver plate of a dog's collar with the name of "Emily" on it; "that," he remarked, "came from a little spaniel which we sold."

I had made a finished miniature from the rough drawing taken on the first evening of my seeing Emily Smith. This had been set in the lid of a snuff-box, and anxious to see if he would recognise it, I brought it in my pocket. After looking an instant at the contents of the purse, I silently placed the snuff-box in his hand. His mind but barely took time to comprehend and know the face, when flinging it from him with a loud cry, his spirit took its flight to final judgment—and I vowed from that day a renunciation of the scalpel for ever.

MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

Our readers may be aware that there exists a stupid, coarse, illiterate periodical, published once a month, and called "Frazer's Magazine." We mention the paltry thing because it sometimes happens that lies travel abroad, from the mouth even of the obscurest liar, and the poor creatures connected with the Periodical referred to, have been pleased to render themselves contemptible by uttering several falsehoods respecting us. In one of these falsehoods it is asserted that Mr. Bulwer has "long anonymously edited the New Monthly Magazine." We will simply state in reply to this assertion, that Mr. Bulwer had not the smallest connexion, direct or indirect, with the editorship of the New Monthly Magazine previous to the November number; and that he had not even been a contributor to the work for several months anterior to the last. So much for Frazer's Magazine. The falsehood we have exposed is but one among many! What a pitiful thing is a work calling itself literary that seeks to delude the public by such poor frauds and despicable falsities—that panders to the worst of passions by the paltriest of means, and hopes to struggle into sale by the tricks of the swindler and the lies of the beggar. We heartily trust that this notice may encourage such *enemies!* in their abuse and their slander. "There are two ways," says a wise writer, "of establishing a reputation—to be praised by honest men, and to be abused by rogues." Whatever success we may have in the former mode of establishing a reputation, we are sure, at least, of success in the latter, so long as we are honoured by the writers in "Frazer's Magazine" with that "calumniation which is not only the greatest benefit a rogue can bestow upon us, but also the only service he will perform for nothing."*

The Riots at Bristol. By an eye-witness.—I happened to be staying in the neighbourhood of Bristol during the late occurrences in that city, and as an unconcerned spectator (so to describe myself) of the riots, from their first murmur until their termination in ruin and blood, I propose to give a sketch of the proceedings, as far as my experience extended. If I were to enter into a minute detail of all that I saw and heard, I should fill a volume; and, I am sure, that one which exhibited a faithful and unadorned picture of the scene, would be capable of sustained interest and amusement.

I had heard, some time previously, that the entrance of Sir Charles Wetherell, the unpopular Recorder, would be attended with tumult, and the appearance of dragoons at Clifton a few days before the event, confirmed the rumour that such an apprehension was entertained. It appears to have been the etiquette that this magistrate should enter the city in form, at five o'clock in the afternoon, attend-

* Some time or other, when we have nothing better to do, we shall for the honour of Literature, devote a few pages to the unburrowing of some half a dozen of these vermin—the Mactoddies and Macgrawlers of Mr. Frazer's fœtid Magazine, and we think we can promise our reader that he shall both ridicule and loathe;—and while disgusted with the blackguard, he shall enjoy a hearty laugh at the fool.

ed by the Corporation, and proceed to open the King's commission; but under the existing circumstances the usual hour was anticipated, and Sir Charles made his appearance at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The danger, however, was not to be eluded by this feeble artifice. The cavalcade was attended by a mob, clamorous and violent indeed, but not differing in character from similar assemblages that I have seen at elections, and elsewhere. The personal safety of the learned gentleman, for which I had then no fears, was provided for by a strong guard of special constables. I was near enough occasionally to observe Sir Charles, in his progress to the Court-house: his demeanour was not, as represented by the newspapers, agitated; on the contrary, it was calm, *unusually* calm; the ordinary temperament of this comical functionary being rather that of a rage. The proceedings in the Guildhall were accurately detailed in the public prints. The procession from thence to the Mansion House, in Queen-square, was followed by the like demonstrations that had welcomed the Recorder into the city. When he was thus safely lodged for the day, it was reasonable to expect that the people (if it be not improper to apply so respectable a name to such assemblages) would separate; but as no motion of the kind was made, the constables, after some delay, no doubt considering it their duty, proceeded to disperse them. The mob were at this time packed in a dense mass before the Mansion House, filling little more than an angle of the great area. As soon as they were assaulted by the constables, a detachment rushed to the back, where there is a large deposit of faggots, with which having armed themselves, they returned to the square, where the constables were scattering the crowd in all directions. A smart, running skirmish now took place; but nothing resulted, beyond a few bruises and a broken head or two. The mob grew like the hydra's head before the staves of the civil force, who at length withdrew, just before dusk, when the power of the mob, like that of the crown, had increased, was increasing, and, with all due respect for the sovereign people, I must think, ought to have been diminished. At this time, I left the square, and on my return thither, between eight and nine in the evening, I found that mischief had commenced; the Mansion House had been broken into and the furniture destroyed; after which, the Riot Act had been read three times, and the military had been called out; the authorities having acted throughout the whole business pretty much in the spirit of the prudent person, who, after the steed had been stolen, carefully closed the stable door. By this time, although the Act had been thrice read, the mob had augmented in numbers, spirit, and determination, kept in check for the present by the dragoons, who were drawn up before the Mansion House, and parading the two sides of the square. They were assailed by curses, loud and deep, with threats of the morrow, and with even substantial tokens of displeasure, in the shape of missiles, some of which told sharply and heavily. I could not get near enough to catch the words which Colonel Brereton, who had the command, used to the mob, therefore I will not repeat the language which he was reported to have uttered, especially as the conduct of that officer will become the subject of investigation. The proceedings of the first of the three days, as they have been termed, ended at midnight in a partial charge of the military, by which the mob were effectually dispersed, with the loss of, I believe, no more than a single life and a few wounded.

The Magistracy, who had for a week previous to the coming of Sir Charles Wetherell placarded the city with announcements of their apprehensions for that event, and had sent for three troops of dragoons—demonstrations which were supposed by some persons to be not quite consistent with "absolute wisdom"—and who had on Saturday-afternoon called out these troops, to expose them for six hours to the abuse of the mob—these discreet magistrates, on Sunday morning, after the Mansion House had been broken into, damaged, plundered, and attempted to be fired, thought proper to send away the insulted and brickbatted 14th, because, forsooth, they had become obnoxious to the people! retaining only a small detachment of the 3rd dragoon guards, whose conduct throughout this business will, I heartily trust, upon inquiry, be found to support their former character of a gallant and loyal corps. The Light Dragoons, on

their departure, were attended by the shouts and missiles of the exulting populace, when, after vainly attempting to rid themselves of their harassing attacks by firing over the heads of the mob, some of the men of the rearguard, absolutely in self-defence, fired in good earnest, when two lives were lost and four or five wounded. One man was dismounted and dragged down a narrow street, his feather trailing in the dirt, by about a hundred vagabonds, shouting "Kill him! kill him!" But the fine fellow contrived to recover his legs and his sword, with which he cut his way through them and reached his comrades, with no damage beyond a few bruises. This happened during divine service; and the mob afterwards retired, to concert their further measures. The magistrates likewise convened a meeting of the housekeepers at the Council House, after church, to consult as to what should be done. Not having been present at this meeting, I am unable to give any account of its proceedings. I understand that it was thinly attended; and every body knows that the result of its debates was nothing whatever. The proceedings of the rioters were of a very different kind; these were characterised by method, vigour, and promptitude! Before the sages at the Council House had separated, the Bridewell had been carried, the prisoners liberated, and the building was in flames. About three o'clock, I was standing in King-street, which is the line of route from the Bridewell to the New Gaol, when the vanguard of the mob made its appearance, dancing, and shouting with joy and drink. The foremost were three stout fellows, armed respectively with a sledge-hammer, a crow-bar, and a boat-hook; these were followed by fifty or sixty boys; the whole force, I should say, was about three hundred strong, comprising, as far as I could observe while they passed, not an individual of even the lowest degree of respectability of appearance. About a quarter of an hour after the mob had gone by, and while I and three or four gentlemen were standing near the toll-gate, a body of magistrates, attended by a few other respectable persons, came up, and inquired of us the strength and temper of the mob. We described them accordingly, when the magistrates informed us that they were proceeding on an errand of *remonstrance*, and invited us to join them. Strangers as we were, we nevertheless took the liberty of hinting that it was little better than a fool's errand to remonstrate with a rabble already flushed with success. This representation, however, availed nothing; the magistrates persisted in their purpose, and invited us to accompany them. Curious to see the result, I and another spectator complied with the request, and forward we advanced; but no sooner had we arrived within sight of the gaol than we were assailed by the rioters, drawn up in battle array; and, for the first time, the authorities displayed their activity by flying in all directions. One gentleman, indeed, had his teeth knocked down his throat by a stone; and another was felled by a pickaxe thrown at him. After having thus been ignobly put to flight, I returned to Clifton to my family; in fact, I had not then any apprehension that a mob so contemptible would be suffered to proceed to extremities; I could not but believe that the governor of the gaol would be competent to defend the place against their assault; besides, there was within a quarter of a mile the troop of dragoon guards which had been kept in the city, and which could easily have routed such a pack of raggamuffins. I therefore went away, satisfied that the business must be very speedily settled. I had just sat down to dinner when a servant entered the room, announcing that there was a great fire in the direction of Bristol. I ran to a window at the back of the house; the sky was in a blaze! I seized my hat, and hurried towards Bristol; and immediately learned, from the persons who were thronging in the same direction, that the prisoners in the New Gaol had been liberated, and the building fired by the mob. On arriving at Brandon Hill, the spectacle was very grand and terrific; the whole of the central part of the prison, which formed the governor's house, was wrapped in one sheet of flame, casting a lurid reflection on the dark mass of clouds, and a horrible illumination over the venerable city, which the triumphant yells of the rioters seemed to threaten with similar destruction.

It appeared that the troop of dragoon guards had been sent to the gaol, from whence they had almost immediately returned, without effecting, or rather without attempting to effect, any thing. They then retired to their quarters, and were subsequently spectators of the proceedings in the square, comfortably wrapped in their cloaks. From this time, until they were providentially overcome by the "enemy which is put into the mouth," the city was in the possession of the mob. A single sledge-hammer made a breach in the gate, through which a single man entered, to whom the keys were instantly delivered. The governor and his suite were shown out; and the liberated prisoners received the congratulations of their friends, who furnished them with smock-frocks to cover their nakedness—for most of them had cast aside their prison dresses. Some, in their impatience, did not wait to have their irons struck off, but hastened after their companions to the Ferry-foot, holding up their chains like ladies picking their steps through a gutter. A black rag hoisted on the gateway, and a thick volume of smoke bursting from the governor's house, announced the consummation of the business. It was a remarkable fact, that while the fire was suffered unmolested to do its work with the furniture, two swords were handed out and flung into the river, as though to intimate that personal violence and plunder were disclaimed. The gateway was pulled down, and sent to accompany the swords. The only article taken from the prison, as far as I am informed, was a bell, which the rioters borrowed for the purpose of calling the body together when they were to march upon any new enterprize. I came down in time to witness the destruction of the toll-gate over the Float, where I met a friend who had been present at the taking of the prison, concerning which he gave me the above-mentioned particulars. Although they had early in the morning plundered the cellars of the Mansion House, the mob still affected to abstain from pillage, for on approaching the toll-house they ordered the keeper to quit, and allowed him a few minutes to remove his property; they likewise asked him "if he had packed up his traps," before they proceeded to fire the place; at the same time, however, I observed some fellows taking the live fowls in a small enclosure belonging to the gate, and cramming them into their pockets. The small lodge, when in flames, formed little more than a large bonfire, around which the rioters gathered, cheering. The sight was very picturesque; and the begrimed, ferocious, and exultant countenances of the wretches, illumined by the flames, formed a group worthy of Salvator.

Thenceforward, the little, delicate scruple respecting plunder, was abandoned. On their way to Lawford's-gate, which was the next public building marked for destruction, the rioters compelled the hospitality of a gin-shop. The way to the Gloucester county prison was through some of the worst parts of the city, and the mob, as they proceeded, were cheered from several of the houses, and warned to beware of the "b——y spies," which caution was, of course, meant to apply to the well-dressed persons by whom they were attended; we were, however, suffered to accompany them unmolested. Lawford's-gate was broken into, and burned, without the slightest opposition. On their return from thence, the mob, finding they had every thing their own way, no longer thought it necessary to act together in one main body; they therefore separated, one detachment proceeding to Queen-square, and a smaller party directing their course to the Bishop's Palace—I followed the latter. At the Palace, this party met with a check: the first fire which they kindled was put out by the servants, who, aided by a few spirited persons, drove back the mob, who gave way more readily than could have been expected, owing, probably, to their being utterly unprepared for resistance. At this period, with a very inconsiderable accession of force, the place could have been maintained; but none was forthcoming, and the mob returning in greater numbers, their opponents were obliged to give way—and the Palace was effectually fired, amid shouts for the King and Reform. The Chapter-house was at the same time destroyed; and the Cathedral would have shared the same fate, had they not been diverted from this sacrilege by the presence of mind of a gentleman, who pretending to be one of themselves, diverted them from it.

At the Square, I found the mob burning, destroying, plundering, and revelling. This was, in every sense, the most splendid period of their career. The Mansion House, the Custom House, and the Excise Office, together with two or three dwelling-houses, were in flames. Several of the wretches were involved in the horrible destruction which their own hands had made; others were plundering the private houses, preparatory to setting them on fire. Groups of the rioters, of both sexes, were collected in different parts of the area of the square, eating, drinking, and making merry. Some of the fellows were offering articles of furniture for sale; one man offered a bed, a pillow, and a chair for a shilling. Another was selling wine—champagne for two-pence per bottle, best port and sherry at a more advanced price. Two men were playing at bowls with a pair of globes. I saw a rascal in a bonnet and muff, dancing before one of the drawing-room windows, for the entertainment of his friends below. A man brought a cage to another window, and set fire to its inmate, a canary. Other vagabonds, who were not immediately engaged in devastation or pillage, were viewing the spectacle with frantic demonstrations of joy. Such a commixture of the vainest levity with the most hellish atrocity, was perhaps never before witnessed; nothing but canvas could represent any thing like an adequate picture of the whole scene. Had not the rioters been overpowered by fatigue and intemperance, the whole city must have been smoking by break of day, for there was nobody to oppose their progress; the military, as I before said, were wrapped in their cloaks, unconcerned spectators of the fun.

Early on Monday morning the streets were strewed with bodies of the rioters, motionless with intoxication. At nine o'clock, the 14th Light Dragoons re-entered the city, which was immediately delivered up to martial-law. A large number of special constables were at the same time sworn in, and sent in large numbers to patrol the streets, and search for criminals and stolen goods. Military continued to pour in; and after much bloodshed, order was restored.

In concluding this imperfect and desultory account of the Bristol riots, I am tempted to quote a passage from a letter of Dr. Johnson's, describing a similar scene—the No-Popery mob, in 1780.

"On Wednesday, I walked with Dr. Scott to look at Newgate, and found it in ruins, with the fire yet glowing. As I went by, the Protestants were plundering the Sessions' House at the Old Baily. There were not, I believe, an hundred; but they did their work at leisure, in full security, without sentinels, without trepidation, as men lawfully employed in full day. Such is the cowardice of a commercial place! On Wednesday they broke open the Fleet, and the King's Bench, and the Marshalsea, and Wood-street Compter, and Clerkenwell Bridewell, and released all the prisoners.

"At night they set fire to the Fleet, and to the King's Bench, and I know not how many other places; and one might see the glare of conflagration fill the sky from many parts. The sight was dreadful."

The Marvel of the Month.—If the world goes on at its present rate of progression, marvels will soon cease to be marvellous; yet here is one that will deserve its note of admiration in any age. We have marked it out as "the marvel of the month." Is it the Cholera? no. Is it the Lord Mayor? no. What is it? Has the National Debt been paid off, or has the Duke of Cumberland said anything sensible? quite the reverse. Is it any reasonable thing said or done by Mr. Hunt or Don Miguel? no, nothing like it,—it is simply a Honduras turkey! Here is the fact recorded in good round numbers:—"In the month of September, thirty-three thousand seven hundred and fifty persons, and in October, sixteen thousand two hundred and forty-four persons visited the Zoological Gardens, in the Regent's Park. Many important additions have been added to the collection—especially a *Honduras turkey*." This we take to be as pretty a specimen of an anti-climax as we could reasonably expect to meet with—a particularly small "halfpennyworth of bread" to an "enormous quantity of sack." Our visitor from Honduras should be placed at the very head of the *raræ aves*. All other wonders vanish before it. The lions have already fled from Drury-lane, in despair, or disgust; and Sir Charles Wetherell medi-

tates a similar retreat. Common curiosities have no chance against such an attraction as this. What! when riot and revolution are hanging like a two-edged sword over us—when incendiarism is rekindling its match—when people are all panic-stricken and plague-stricken—when the funds and philosophers are looking frightened—when the peerage is waging deadly war with us in front, and a pestilence is hovering upon our rear—at such a moment, to see all the marvel-hunters in the metropolis rushing Regent's-parkward, forgetting that they are at the same time on the edge of a volcano, leaving the "Unions" of which they are all members to get on as well as they can without them, plunging with a rail-road precipitancy along the terrace, straining their eyes, and out-Argusing-Argus a hundred times over—in search of what? anything that will tend to ensure the passing of the Bill, or save us from the fangs of the great Asiatic Agitator? Alas, no; there struts the object of this more than reform-excitement, in the shape of a turkey, that enjoys the very amazing peculiarity of being a somewhat speckled, brownish sort of bird; and that indeed possesses no other fault on earth, but that of not being grilled. We are startled when we hear of meetings of twenty or thirty thousand persons, to petition for parliamentary purification; yet, in the very midst of this awful and ominous commotion, here are not less than fifty thousand hearts set beating with exultation at the arrival of a turkey from Honduras. Had they been invited to dine upon it, they could hardly have been more eager. It is very lucky that Honduras turkeys have not three legs, or an eye in the centre of their crania; as in that case the Primrose-hill part of the world would have been fairly overbalanced, the Cholera would have walked about seeking whom it might devour and not discovered anybody; Parliament would have found it impossible to meet at Westminster in consequence of its tendency to Turkey, and the earth would have had considerable difficulty in moving steadily upon its axis. But Providence has prevented all this by limiting the legs of these prodigies to the ordinary number.

We have only one word more to say—and we address it to the Anti-reformers as a body. We throw out a hint to them in charity. We are ashamed to think that they cannot get up a meeting of any kind—it is painful to continue a contest with an army that cannot muster more than fifteen at a time. We recommend them therefore to secure possession of that ornithological magnet, the Honduras turkey. Let them call a meeting on the strength of it, whether in the Regent's Park or elsewhere; what has attracted one fifty thousand may attract another. The announcement that the "Duke of Wellington will preside," is useless; they must resort to a less worn-out-wonder, and head their placards with "the Honduras turkey in the chair!" This is the only chance they have of attracting a suitable assemblage, an appropriate president, and a worthy emblem of the wisdom and dignity of their proceedings.

"God Save the King."—There is one part of the present performances, at both theatres, that is well worth hearing. We do not mean the farce in five acts, or the tragedy in two, that so frequently form portions of the entertainment; but the call which is almost nightly made, in the interval between them, for the "National Anthem." It is rather late in the day to think of criticising "God Save the King;" but we must confess that, until the other night, we were not aware that it was so fine a composition. This is because we never till now had a King, that was worth a hundredth part of the enthusiasm which breathes through every note of it. We have heard it played a thousand times on as many instruments, echoed by as many voices; but we never heard it sung by heart before; it never touched a single chord within us; it never quickened the national pulse for an instant, or thrilled through any breast but that of a sycophant or a sinecurist. It now tells a different story; the King has taught us to be sincere, to sing from feeling instead of fashion, and to find a meaning in the music, which it never had till now. All who love to share in a burst of grateful and generous enthusiasm, should go to the theatres, and hear how "God Save the King" is demanded—frequently by a part of the house hitherto least likely to raise such a call, and by persons in whom loyalty is a much greater virtue than in those who have more to gain by its display. At Covent Garden especi-

ally, they will hear it to perfection; for there they will see Mr. Braham (who is evidently growing a year younger every twelvemonth of his life) step from the ranks, and take up the verse allotted to him, with an earnestness that tells you at once that he is throwing his whole soul into it, and that passes accordingly like an electric shock to every heart, young and old, in the theatre. No King can have tasted the true rapture of ruling, until he has been a listener, in a private box, upon such an occasion as that which we refer to. Were we William the Fourth, we would lose no time in purchasing a free-admission for the season.

By the way, as anecdotes of the King are multiplying with a rapidity that promises to leave his historians very little to say, we may as well relate one of our own, which is both new and true, particularly as it represents the subject of it remembering the time when his title of Prince was insufficient to protect him from the penalties of transgression, and when the future Monarch had no influence upon the fate of the midshipman. What we have to tell happened after dinner, when some of the company near the King were speculating upon the age of one of the oldest admirals on the list who was seated at the other end of the table. One of the party guessing him at a certain age, "Oh!" said his Majesty, "he must be more than that;" and then glancing down the table at the subject of the conversation, "let me see," he continued, "it is now two-and-forty years ago, since he *mast-headed me* one cold winter's night in the Channel; and I recollect," he added, "that I richly deserved it."

A Correspondent has sent us the following Hints for improving the discipline of King's College, London.

"Discipulus esuriens loquitur."

Professors in your plan there seems
A something not quite right,
'Tis queer to cherish learning's beams
By shutting out the light.
Ah! tell me why should bodily,
Succumb to mental meat,
Or why should *eta beta pi*,
Be all the *pie* we eat?
No *Helluo Librorum*, I,
No literary glutton,
Would veal with Virgil like to eat—
With metaphysics, mutton.
Leave us no longer in the church,
With Romans, Greeks, and Hindoos,
But give us beef as well as birch,
And *board* us—not your windows.

Esculapius and St. Stephen's. — Original ideas are rare now-a-days, but certainly a recently defunct Magazine may boast of having put forth one very original indeed. In an elaborate Essay on Huskisson it is gravely stated, that an attendance on medical lectures, and "a course of medical studies, is the best possible preparation" for a Prime Minister. What a host of sucking politicians are, according to these principles, learning physic and patriotism at the London University! what embryo senators are walking St. George's Hospital! The Tories, we suppose, will rise from the elegant auspices of Sir Henry Halford; the Whigs from that practical operator, Sir Astley Cooper. Abernethy, who proposes to make the lean fat by starvation, will be studied by the disciples of Mr. Hume. From Boerhaave to Bentham will be but a step, and Peel, Macaulay, &c. sink into nothing before the "rising talent" of Apothecaries' Hall.

Mr. Irving's Politics.—This "shining light" among the modern Gentiles, is an Anti-reformer. No rights of the people for him. The following passage occurs in his Lectures on the Revelations: he is treating of that part where the four-and-twenty elders prostrate themselves before the throne.

"Methinks this exhibition of the crowned ones of Heaven evermore prostrating themselves before Heaven's King, might set the question at rest as to the origin of

power, whether it be from God or whether it be from the people;—but, alas, the time is gone by for men to learn their politics from the word of God: the church is become too evangelical to meddle with matters political, and the poor statesmen are left to make the best shift for themselves. O, ye self-sufficient statesmen! ye will bring this kingdom to a direful end."

The Philosophy of Millinery.—In a French piece, played with great success at the Adelphi, called Victorine, there is a scene between two females reduced in life and a former companion of their *ci-devant* pleasures. He also is reduced lower than poverty—to crime: he had been the cause of the ruin of one of the women, and by some of his infamous machinations had deprived her of her house and her little property. When they meet again, he is fresh from a burglary, and has got a handkerchief full of jewels and trinkets. On his renewing his acquaintance, he perceives considerable reluctance on the part of his former acquaintance to acknowledge him; he is naturally regarded with abhorrence. When he sees how the wind sits, with what a Frenchman would call a knowledge of human nature, he begins to spread out his trinkets. The eyes of the women are riveted and dazzled by so much finery, and their disgust quickly dissolves into exclamations of delight. The rogue meditates a present: he desires his comrade to select some earrings; pick out the largest bobs, he whispers to the fellow. The gift of a pair of colossal earrings, even to a little lady with her head tied up in a handkerchief, is enough it seems to overcome all abhorrence and disgust even of a person who she is aware is destitute of every claim to respectability—a man, in short, steeped to the lips in crime.

This is not English, but we believe it to be French; not that we have any worse opinion of their morals than ours: but every body who has known French women must have been struck with their passion for *bijouterie*, which, however, is only a branch of their great master passion for setting off the person to the best advantage. Shallow persons call it vanity—they themselves call it *coquetterie*. It results, however, from a profound and sensitive feeling of the nature of the female position in modern society. The adornment of the person and the heightening of all natural charms is their proof armour of defence, and it is, moreover, the charm by which they exact obedience and perpetuate their sway. No women in the world are better treated than the French; nowhere do the women entrench themselves behind their sex in such force. A French woman never merges all her interests in those of her husband; she is affectionate, tender, delicate, but always herself. The English and the Italian women not unfrequently abandon themselves utterly both to the passions and the interests of their lovers—the French very rarely. The centre of a French lady's circle is herself: it is herself she studies, schools, disciplines, and calculates the results of her pleasant labour in its effects upon others. To this universal feeling among them, may be traced the excellence in every art which relates to personal appearance which marks the Frenchwoman: and this not in a few instances of skill and dexterity distinguished in the capital and the principal towns; but spreading from the duchesses of Paris to the meanest village girl in her sabots.

Catalogues of French MSS. and a mutual exchange of Literature.—The value of the documents in the French archives is well known. As far back as the year 1802, Mr. Fox and Sir James Mackintosh endeavoured to procure catalogues of all those relating to this country. The war and other circumstances rendered those endeavours abortive; but the same work has been recently undertaken by Lord Brougham, with greater success. Instructed by him, a gentleman of the Chancery Bar, it is said, has lately succeeded in obtaining full descriptive catalogues of all the manuscripts in the different repositories of France connected with the history of this kingdom, to the end of the reign of Henry VII.; and the French Government have very liberally promised that copies shall be taken of all such instruments as the Trustees of the British Museum, or the Record Commissioners, may select. Several manuscripts have been discovered that throw great light upon the origin of our Parliaments."—*Morning Chronicle.*

This is all very well if it be true. There is no doubt of the value of the Historical MSS. relative to England in the libraries of France. It would, however, take a Chancery Barrister a considerable part of his life to make a catalogue of them instead of a summer vacation divided between the Salons and the Bibliotheque du Roi. Up to this moment we have but very imperfect catalogues

of our own Museum; and no student undertakes a historical investigation without finding MSS. entered under wrong titles, and many not mentioned in the catalogue at all.

A proposition which was made on the part of the Martignac administration is well worthy of being taken up by the present government, and Lord Brougham in particular may do some good in it. M. Buchon was sent over to propose an exchange between all the publications of England and those of France. The means are an alteration in the act which sends a copy of every printed work to such places as Sion College, a hole in the city, where city clergymen alone have the right of reading, and where they never read.

Dramatic Criticism.—The dramatic critic of the Morning Chronicle, in speaking of Reynolds's play of "the Exile," makes this remark. "We regretted to see Macready's fine talents thrown away upon such a part as *Daran*, and Miss Phillips is above *Alexina*." We complain of the airs actors give themselves, but surely they are excusable when thus encouraged by the public press. *Daran* and *Alexina* may not be very bad parts, but why should they not be made the best of? Would the critic have been better satisfied if inferior actors had been put into the parts, and Mr. Macready and Miss Phillips had been sitting by the fire-sides of their respective homes? The managers have a sad time of it with all the ridiculous caprices of favourite actors, and they are not likely to have better when the public critics regret that bad parts are not filled by bad actors.

English Gallantry.—At the Adelphi, during the performance on Wednesday night, a gentleman in the pit addressed the manager and said—"Mr. Yates, here is a lady seated two seats before me in a huge purple bonnet—there, that lady (pointing to her), and will persist in keeping it on, though it shuts out from us behind nearly the whole view of the stage." Mr. Yates replied—"Sir, you ought to have more English gallantry than to demand that which will in the least degree inconvenience any lady." The gentleman left the theatre.

Surely Mr. Yates ought to have had more English good sense than to have been guilty of so great an absurdity. But it is the vocation of an actor to talk cant. Blue bonnets have increased, are increasing, and ought to be diminished, and the manager, in allowing that the vast size of the blue bonnet might be an evil, might have stated that still it was an evil not to be mitigated on the instant, or he might have said with perfect good humour, that "he lamented the inconvenience the gentleman was put to by being unhappily seated behind a lady so much in the fashion, and that as it was his duty to see that every body who did him the honour to attend his theatre was accommodated, he begged to offer him a chair on the stage, and that in the mean time, while the gentleman was taking his seat, the orchestra should strike up the air of "Blue bonnets o'er the Border."

The case of Mr. Green.—A police case has attracted some attention in the course of the month from the respectability of one of the parties and the singularity of its nature. A female of the class which assumes to itself the name of *the unfortunate*, has accused a Mr. Green, the son or nephew of a wealthy merchant, said to be highly respectable, (such is the word) with having stolen her watch nearly three years ago from her chamber where he had accompanied her from the theatre. It was in the theatre that she again saw him, and had him immediately apprehended. Her story was one of extreme circumstantiality, and she swore to the identity of the person without hesitation. Her evidence was, however, utterly unsupported by other testimony. The magistrate nevertheless held to bail in very considerable sums, and he must take his trial.

Several questions of importance to society rise out of this proceeding. Any woman, however abandoned, may pick out of a theatre or other place of public resort any young man, and though he may have the best reputation, utterly ruin him. The police examination and the Old Bailey trial are stains which, however unjustly inflicted, Mr. Green will never get over. If he be a sensitive person, he will never attempt it.

If on the other hand the magistrate had refused to entertain the charge, he would have declared virtually to the whole world that this large and unhappy class of women were denied all redress, and that in addition to the ill treatment they now receive, they were at the mercy of all the sharpers and pickpockets in the metropolis; that, in short, they were put out of the pale of the law.

If it had come to a comparison of character and a balance of probability, it is not unlikely that Mr. Green would have been discharged. But general respectability, or what may be called wealthy connexion, is in reality no answer to a charge of thievery. It is well known that there are numerous instances of persons now living who have such an itch for stealing that they rarely go into a shop without endeavouring to appropriate something. It is a matter of notoriety that a lady of high rank and one in high fashion never used to enter a shop without stealing, or dine at a table without purloining plate. It was, however, so well understood to be a malady, that the shopman regularly sent in his bill, and the butler made a rule to send next day to the lady's maid for the articles of plate which her mistress had carried home with her.

Some of the most respectable families in the country have members which disgrace the rest: there are more men of truly respectable, and even powerful connexions, at Port Jackson and Macquarrie, than is commonly supposed. The gaming-table and the pawnbroker's shop are the antichambers of the gallies. Magistrates are, of course, well aware of these circumstances, and cannot fail to call them to mind when respectability of connexion is adduced to rebut a positive charge of theft. The very severe and condemnatory leader of the "Morning Chronicle" against the magistrate on this occasion, we cannot help thinking unjust and uncalled for.

It is a complex affair, however; for it is very possible that the accused may be the individual who took the female home in a coach, and only left her in the morning, and yet may not be the person who stole the watch, though she may fancy it was he—there were other persons in the house.

Nolo Episcopari.—The odium which the Bishops have incurred is profounder than any which has been heaped upon a body of men in our time. They have been hanged and burnt in effigy all over the country, instead of Guy Faux; and were, in fact, a selection to be made for translation from the Bench to the New Drop, the temper of the people is such, that, we believe, they would witness the *auto da fè* without commiseration. The faculty of persecution is not confined to priests—they, who were once its instigators, may become its victims.

As Mr. Alley was arguing a case before the magistrates against Mr. Charles Phillips, he made some reference to the Bishops, and quoted the phrase, "Nolo Episcopari;" whereupon Mr. Phillips, with the tact of an Irish barrister, got up indignantly, and declared he had no connexion with the Bishops whatever. The mob took the hint, and overwhelmed his antagonist with hooting, hissing, and groaning—displaying both their logic and their zeal.

Mr. C. Phillips is well enough acquainted with the management of a mob, whether jurors or auditors, to know that it is only necessary to raise the bugbear, and, right or wrong, it is hunted down.

High price of Kittens.—We lately heard that, in the Northern Ocean, Cholera had become very virulent among the fish, and that the sea was covered with the victims of this terrible disorder. A correspondent of the "Medical Gazette," however, recollects a plague among the cats, "when," as he says, "the purring-race suffered such a havoc of diminution, that, within his knowledge, kittens were, in one instance, sold at a shilling each, probably for the first and last time." This is not quite correct; in long sieges, cats rise extremely in estimation, and we remember reading in some author of a couple of soldiers who fought to the death as they watched the breeding of an old she cat, in consequence of one of them seizing a kitten out of his turn.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A REFORMING COMMONER AND A TORY PEER.

Commoner.

Well, my Lord, the time draws near when the battle will again be fought—it is to be hoped with better success than heretofore for the Reformers. We, or rather the signs of the times, have made, I believe, some converts amongst your august body since our journals went into mourning for the loss of the Bill.

Peer.

If converts be made, it is more than I know of: but I do not object to that mode of gaining your (pardon me,) revolutionary objects. These, I am quite ready to grant, are times when we cannot lay down abstract and unchanging rules. What is violence in opinion one month, may be moderation the next.

Commoner.

Exactly so, my Lord. Had the Duke of Wellington, when in power, for instance, proposed a Bill enfranchising ten towns, and disenfranchising twelve boroughs, there can be little doubt but that the Tories in general would have cried out on the violence of the Reform. Now, it must be confessed, you would be happy to compound with so moderate a measure. Beware in time! Public opinion, once turned to popular subjects, marches by giant strides. The day may be at hand when you will think the present Reform as moderate as you would now think that which the Duke of Wellington might once have substituted for it.

Peer, (smiling.)

What! you recur to intimidation—threats again, eh?

Commoner.

Nay, is warning, threat? We do not speak to arouse your fears, but to express our own. Our safety is bound up in yours. All respectable classes have a common interest. *I* tremble at the future: am *I* to stifle my apprehension lest your pride take alarm? But what folly is this talk of intimidation. Suppose you had a fit of the cholera—you may have it yet—(though Heaven forbid, and keep the disease for the poor!) and the doctor cried out:—"Go into this vapour-bath; drink this laudanum; throw away those salts; for God's sake, put your arm under the bed-clothes, or you are a dead man!" would your Lordship take pet, bristle up your languid energies, and cry with a querulous voice, "Do you think, Sir, that I am to be frightened?" My Lord, my Lord, there is a moral malady in England, more deadly than the physical one, which I trust we shall escape—that malady is DISCONTENT. Why quarrel, then, with advice? Why swallow the salts, and refuse the oil? Why declare, that to caution is to terrify, and to warn is to insult?

Peer.

All this is very fine. But I think the case must be put thus: either there is one strong and bitter feeling against the aristocracy, or there is not. If there exist that feeling, we are doomed already. We can but defer our fate—let us rather meet it bravely, and die in

the first ditch, not the last. If there does not exist that feeling, it would be madness in us to encourage a democratic change in the country, while we are able, if not to prevent, at least to modify it.

Commoner.

I thank you, my Lord, for your frankness; and this, I believe, is the common view which your party take of the question. As right and just notions on this point are, then, of great consequence, let us here pause for a moment. You have read the work called "The Tour of a German Prince." You may remember (or if not, you may deign to turn to a review on that work in this Magazine,) how much the Tourist comments upon the aristocratic tendencies that in this country pervaded all classes two years ago. It is what every observant foreigner then and before remarked of us. There was, at that day, in this great country, no feeling against the aristocracy. Our vice ran the other way. You were by far the *safest*, the *most powerful*, the most solidly based portion of the state. You are now in danger—you allow it. You have become the most obnoxious, and in a revolution, would be the most exposed, body in the community; so much so, that even the Whig noblemen suffer for the dislike to the Tory, and Lord Althorp and Lord Grey are sometimes suspected to be insincere, merely because they are known to be Lords. This change, my Lord, from power to weakness, from safety to danger, from a servile homage to a calumniating hatred, ought, suffer me respectfully to say, to teach your assembly one truth, which it seems resolved not to learn, and that resolution is the cause of all the obscure and confused notions which men less intelligent than your Lordship have formed on your side of the question—that change ought, I say, to teach you in what your strength consists. It does not consist in your estates; it does not consist in your titles; it does not consist in your Norman pedigree, or your Saxon gold; it consists solely in Public Opinion. When you talk of despising the press and the popular clamour, your boast may be very sounding, but it is very irrational. You are despising the foundation of the House you inhabit, and crying, as you sit on the roof, that you care not a straw what may become of the kitchen. Public Opinion was in your favour, and you were strong; Public Opinion is now against you, and you are weak. Do you wish to be safe? Do you wish to be powerful? You must first be popular. Your Lordship's logical dilemma gives way in either horn. Public feeling is against you—brave it—and you may, perhaps, be swept away by its flood! But it has so recently been turned against you—the feeling is so contrary to old habits, that you have only to conciliate in order to be once more stronger even than I would wish you. I repeat—the secret of power, in all ages, is to be popular. In Morocco, the Muleys were popular. It was a fine thing, according to an old Eastern saying, to be subject to a King who could cut off as many heads as he pleased. Whatever be the shape of power, whether it wear a despotic garb, or a liberal, it must be cheerfully acknowledged, in order to be permanent. You, on the other hand, would guard your hereditary power by offending the opinions on which it is based; and you think you have done great things for the aristocracy by an act that has rendered them as odious as possible.

Peer.

I must say, that it is a little hard upon us, that we are to vote contrary to our opinion for the sake of becoming popular, and violate conscience to preserve our peerages, perhaps, and the privilege of our House!

Commoner.

But are you *quite* sure that you would vote *contrary* to your opinion in voting *now* for Reform? Your opinion we will allow to be, that the Bill is dangerous. Is there no danger without passing the Bill?—no danger in popular excitement—in popular resentment—in these equivocal Associations—in the arming the people?—no danger in the distress occasioned by a stagnant trade?—no danger in the discipline at Birmingham—in the angry masses of Ireland? Great God! will you tell *us*—the whole people—whom you expose to these perils, that you won't be frightened,—not by threats to your coronets and ermine—*there* the sentiment, *if* wrong, may be chivalric—but by the evils that menace your whole country? This, indeed, would be a selfish and miserable pride, of which *I* cannot believe you guilty. But to return. Your opinion is, that to pass the Bill is dangerous. But it is also your opinion, that to reject it is dangerous. Compare the two degrees of danger: the first is remote and contingent; the other is at hand, and certain. This is the way—now that the time is past for speculative inquiry and calm discussion—this is the way that wise, and, let me add, patriotic men will view the question. Whosoever suffers himself to be convinced by the distress, the danger, the convulsions, that he sees around him, depend on it, England, in her hour of need, and her day of trial, will reckon *Him*, not among those who fear for their safety, but those who feel for their country.

Peer.

I am glad, after all, that you talk rather of converts than creations. I trust (*with dignity*) that a Revolutionary Minister will not give the last blow to our legislative Chamber by a creation which will make a nullity of its decisions.

Commoner.

I shall, I own, be well pleased if sufficient converts can be made to pass the Bill unmutilated through the Upper House; the more especially, as I really do not know from what ranks of life a very numerous creation can be taken. But a creation, more or less numerous, is clearly indispensable. It would be wise in the Ministers to make, at any rate, some part of that creation forthwith. The country calls for it; the country thinks it necessary; the country refuses to confide in the *power* of the Ministry, till it sees in such creation a proof of that power; and if only half a dozen Peers were made now, it would have a wonderful effect in tranquillising the public mind. These are moments, when, to obtain that tranquillity is a matter so deeply, so ardently to be desired, that no petty objections should be allowed to counterbalance the advantage. As some creation will be necessary, why not commence now? It would be even more dignified and decorous to make, if necessary, two smaller batches than one numerous one.

Peer.

You are, at least, a shade or two more gentle than your party's oracle, "The Times," which is vastly savage upon Ministers for not having sent a hundred of the tag-rag-and-bobtail among us long since, and by one dash of the pen.

Commoner.

The delay and reluctance Ministers have shown in that augmentation of your body, is, allow me to observe, a proof that they have not been guided solely by that desire for office, and that selfish ambition, you impute to them.

Peer.

As how, pray?

Commoner.

Why, it is quite clear, that whatever converts may be made on the Reform Bill, they will be converts to the Bill, not to the Ministers. If the Peers pass the one great measure, they will find a thousand opportunities of attacking Ministers hereafter, upon ground where the latter will be less backed by the people; and while so large a majority against the Government exist in the Upper House, the tenure of Ministers must necessarily be weak, equivocal, and insecure. Now there never hereafter will be so plausible an occasion, so popular a moment, for transferring the majority from the Opposition to the Ministers, from the Tories to the Whigs, as the present occasion and the present moment afford. Men, therefore, wholly bent upon power, as you suppose the Cabinet; men selfishly and recklessly (what shall I say?) wicked and revolutionary, would seize at once the opportunity and the excuse with which our Ministers dally, reluctant and delaying. We blame their want of vigour. That want is a proof, at least, of their moderation, and that they are guided by motives stronger than the preservation of power, which, either as relates to popularity in the country, or support from the Lords, could be strengthened in no way so effectually as by that creation they have yet so signally procrastinated.

Peer.

Why, to be sure, my Lord Grey can scarcely be expected to hasten so marked a blow on the dignity and power of his order, as this creation of which we speak.

Commoner.

Let us consider this point, my Lord! Every one, it is true, says, that a numerous creation would be a marvellous shock to your House. This is one reason why the more violent clamour for it, and the more moderate would delay. But I question whether, when we come to reflect, we shall not find that both parties are a little mistaken in their opinion.

Peer.

What! the Peers by a large majority reject a measure: in order to carry this measure, some unheard-of number of new Peers is sent among us, and we are thus swamped into submission. Can there be a doubt as to the effect of this creation upon the constitution of our Chamber? What is it but to say, that the decision of the Peers may be set aside whenever a majority in the Commons concur with a wish

of the King. It forms a precedent which almost deprives us hereafter of any efficient voice in the national councils.

Commoner.

It is quite true, my Lord, that it establishes a precedent, which, if the temper of the times continue to ripen towards democracy, and your Lordships were to continue to resist that temper, would be followed up by examples finally destructive to the present privileges of your body.

Peer.

You are honest, Sir.

Commoner.

But mark; I say, "if the temper of the times continue to be democratic, and you continue to oppose it." Very well. Now I fear that you would, in the case of these hypotheses, be equally badly off, whether the "creation" furnished a precedent or not. If neither of these suppositions be made fact, you will be secure, in spite of all precedent; if they *are* made fact, the excuse of a precedent will not be wanting, even to the length of sweeping you away altogether! We stand in perilous times, my Lord, when desperate diseases require bold remedies; and we must not palter and prate about possible precedents for one order of the state, when we know not whether our next step may not be over the ruin of all. This is to emulate the quack, who stood in the market-place when the earth was shaking and palaces rocked to and fro, crying, "Famous pills, these—famous pills against an earthquake." But to return to our new "creation." If you are now in danger—it is from what?—a collision with Public Opinion! What would, then, remove the danger?—a reconciliation with Public Opinion! How would you bring this about?—by a new infusion of such men as advocate popular principles! Thus, if a numerous creation of Reformers were made, your House would suddenly be converted from an obnoxious to a popular assembly. Instead of resisting reforms, it would propose them; and you would, almost as by magic, cease to be in peril from the people, because you would cease to resist their desires.

Peer.

In other words, we should be an assembly of Radicals.

Commoner.

Not so. Men of large property, inheriting the prejudices of birth, and possessed of that practical intercourse with the real world which sobers, and it may be, degrades, political theories, will be always slower to devise than the philosophical, and more wary to act than the vehement, Reformer. Every legislative assembly is a little behind the spirit of the day. The House of Commons is now far more democratical than it ever has been; but you may see, by comparing its tone with the tone of the press, that it is not nearly so democratic as the humour of the times. If this be the case with a representative body, it must be far more the case with a body not brought into electioneering contact with the people: and you need never, therefore, fear that a House of Lords can be too radical, or not sufficiently a procrastinator of popular principles. I will suppose, then, this creation made; I will suppose the Reform Bill passed; I will suppose the

Lords rendered liberal by the new infusion—*seconding*, not rejecting the popular measures of the Commons; I will suppose them acceding to a wise and early Reform of the Church, (that *must* come next!) I will suppose them passing the repeal of the Six Acts; I will suppose them supporting my Lord Brougham in his amendment of the Poor Laws; I will suppose them freeing Ireland from her ecclesiastical abuses;—and I will ask you—I will ask any man—if the Lords would not then be safe—if the Lords would not then be powerful—if the calumnies of "Black Books" would then be purchased and believed—if the people would then debate in private, nay, demand in public, the uses of your Chamber, and the justice of your control? It is only when deeply exasperated against their rulers, that the people speculate on their rights. When William the Fourth ascended the throne, there was no friendly feeling to monarchy in this country. If at the time Charles the Tenth brought crowns into contempt, William the Fourth had advanced the standard of Anti-reform, can we say—can you, my Lord, as an Anti-reformer, lay your hand on your heart, and say, that that standard would not have waved over a fallen throne? We know, at least, that William the Fourth would not have been the beloved, and safe, and mighty King that he is now—that he could not, as now, have felt secure—that come what may, in riot or in civil war, not a hair of his head would be assailed—he would not have felt his subjects his friends, and that his citadel, in convulsion, would be the hearts of a devoted nation? Why is William the Fourth powerful?—because he is beloved! Why is his throne firmer than that of any monarch in Europe?—because it is based in opinion! My Lord, your august body can yet attain the same security by the same means. Identify yourselves with the interests of the people, and we shall hear no more said against the aristocracy than we now hear said against the monarchy. Whatever procures that identification is your best chance of permanent authority. It will benefit your order more than a thousand precedents will injure: and that prerogative which the creation of new Peers will seem to weaken, the infusion of new principles will (if human policy can effect any thing to that end) in reality preserve!

INDEX

TO THE

THIRTY-SECOND VOLUME.

Absentee, the little one, 332.
Ackermann's Forget-me-Not, noticed, 456.
Actress Countesses, 489.
Address to the Public, 393.
Advertisement extraordinary, 196.
Affray at Smyrna, 238.
Akenside's Pleasures of Imagination, 418.
Althorp, Lord, 321.
America, opinions and facts on, 297.
Amethyst, The, noticed, 458.
Amulet, The, noticed, 457.
Ancient Mariner, The, 330.
Annesley, Mr. his work on Indian diseases, 18.
Annuals for 1832, noticed, 455.
Anti-Innovator, 379.
April, lines to, 75.
Arbuthnot, Mrs. pension of, 90.
Aristocracy in France, 174
————, education of, 192.
———— in Religion, 437.
Artist, a mad one, 57.
August, lines to, 447.
Aunt's Bequest, 178.
Bar, English, sketches of, No. V.—Sir Charles Wetherell, 129.
——, Scottish, sketches of, No. III.—Mr. Forsythe, 244.
Baring, Mr. Bingham, action brought against, 193—his motion respecting Professor Pattison, 198.
Bayly, T. H. poetry by, 153, 551.
—— the new, 224.
Beggar, story of one, 56.
Belgium and Holland, hostilities between, 201, 336.
Bell, his murder of a child, 294.
Belle Epouse, blown up, 39.
Ben Hyam, case of, 93.
Berne, city of, 353.
Birkbeck, Dr. 385.
Bishops, on their right of voting, 101.
———— Irish, number of, 65.
———— why may we blame them? 402, 493.
Black work, 344.
Bloody Island Duel, 493.
Bogle Corbet, reviewed, 364.
Borough, epitaph on a rotten one, 221.
Braham, on his singing, 482.
Bristol, riots at, 577.
British Palace at Pera, 313—destroyed, 316.
Brougham, Lord, sketch of, 507.
Bryant, W. C. poetry by, 447.
Bugbears of the month, 493.
Burdett, Sir Francis, 125—his oratorical pretensions, 323.
Byron and Napoleon, or They Met in Heaven, 552.
Cannibalism in New Zealand, 200.
Canning, room in which he died, 402.
Catalogues of French MSS. 584.
Chandos, Marquis of, his amendment, 268.
Charles II. Court of, 403.
Cholera Morbus, observations on, 13.
———————— Disarmed, 468.
———————— in the Gazette, 490.
———————— lines on, 528.
Chateaubriand and Louis-Philippe, 529.
Church Establishment, Irish, 65, 109.
Clergy, beneficed, in Ireland, 68.
Clinton, Mr. F. speech of, 120.
Cockneyism Chronicled, 293.
Comic Offering, The, noticed, 458.
Congress, members of, 306.
Connecticut, government of, 299.
Constantinople, story of the plague at, 166.
Constitution, English, its advantages, 23.
Contagion, remarks on the term, 17.
Contributor, sympathy for a young one, 445.
Conversations with an Ambitious Student in Ill Health, No. VI., 409.
Convict, The, by L. E. L. 33.
Coronation Lays, 327.
———————— Robes, sale of, 85.
———————— Sonnets on, 331.
Country, state of, 395.
County Division Clause, 266.
Crochet Castle, reviewed, 363.
Cumberland, Duke of, his speech, 25.
———————— Mr. his letter to Garrick, 274.
Curiosity, absurd, 392.
Davy, Sir H. life of by Dr. Paris, 88.
Dawson, Alexander, his election for Louth, 9.
Deacle, Mr. his action against Mr. Bingham Baring, 193.
Derby, a week at during the Festival, 481.
Destiny, reviewed, 362.
De Vere, novel of, 188.
Devils, suggestions on, 95.
Dialogue between a Reforming Commoner and a Tory Peer, 587.
Diebitsch, Count, his death, 19.
Dinner, ministerial, 321.
Douglas, on the tragedy of, 277.
Doyle, Sir J. M. 10.
Dramatic Criticism, 585.
Dublin, election at, 1.
———————— discussion, 270.
Duel, Canadian, 493.
—— circumstances that led to one, 54.
Dutchman's Fire-side, reviewed, 364.
Ebrington, Lord, speech of, 324.
Edinburgh Review, criticism of, 450.
Education of the aristocracy, 192.

Egyptian Hall, ode to the ourang-outangs at, 20.
Eisdell, Mr. letter of, 384.
Elections, Irish, notice of, 1.
———— Postcript on, 495.
Epicedium, 263.
Episode of Real Life, 211.
Epitaph on a rotten borough, 221.
Esculapius and St. Stephen, 583.
Fashionable morality, 290.
F. C. C. the Paddington Shepherdess, 223.
Festival at Derby, account of, 481.
Fever, meaning of the term, 14.
Fire at Pera, account of it, 313.
First and Second, No. II.—First and Second Thoughts, 51—No. III. the First and Second Husband, 140.
Five Waters, scenes near, 134.
French Ladies, 584.
Foreign Policy, 201.
Foreigner in England, 500.
Forsythe, Mr. sketch of, 244.
Fortresses in Belgium, proposal for dismantling, 203.
Foster, Mr. statements of, 70.
France, the aristocracy in, 174—state of affairs in, 209.
French Peerage, discussion on, 462.
——— Ministry and New Chamber, 254.
Friendship's Offering, noticed, 457.
Fugitive, rhyme of the, 162.
Fuller's Bird, 271.
Gallantry, English, 585.
Gaming-houses, Parisian, 296.
Garrick, and his contemporaries, 273.
Glance from a Hood, 335.
God Save the King, 582.
Godwin, genius of, 550.
Good, Dr. on the Cholera, 17.
Gordon, Captain, 127.
——— Mr. on the Irish Rebellion, 282.
Government and Administration, 551.
Granville, town of, 370.
Grattan, Thomas Colley, sketch of, 77.
Greek affray at Smyrna, 238.
Green, Mr. case of, 585.
Gregson, Mr. character of, 191, 192.
Grey, Lord, speech of, 25—sketch of his character, 154.
———— and the Irish Yeomanry, 285.
Gossipings, gay and grave, 258.
Happiness, national, 331.
Harty, Sir Robert, 2.
Hall, Mr. Basil, his work on America, 297.
Haydon, B. R. sonnet to, 26.
Hereafter (for music), 272.
Hobbs and Dobbs, 236.
Holland and Belgium, hostilities 201, 336.
House of Commons, temper of, 429.
How will the Peers be gained? 395.
Humanity, mistaken, 294.
Hume Mr. motion of, 109.
Humorist, The, noticed, 458.
Hunt, Mr. singular proposal of, 96—his oratory in the House, 430.
Husband, the first and second, 140.
If the Lords reject the Reform Bill, what will follow? 97.
Impressment, remarks on, 310.
Innovation, evil of, 379.
Intelligence, alarming progress of, 85.
Ireland, Mr. Stanley in, 108.
——— state of, 161.
Irish cavalry, new levy of, 491.
—— Church Establishment, 65, 109.
—— Elections, account of, 1.
—— Yeomanry—the Irish members—and Lord Grey, 279.
Irving, Mr. his politics, 583.
Johnson, Dr. his Correspondence with Garrick, 275.
Jokey-pokeys, poetry of, 83.
Journalism, remarks on, 487.
Justice, British, beauties of, 93.
Juvenile Forget-me-Not, noticed, 458.
Katinko, a Greek female, story of, 238.
Keepsake, The, noticed, 459.
Kittens, high price of, 586.
Knowledge of the World in Men and Books, 523.
Landon, Miss, new novel by, 545.
Laureate's Lay, 335.
Laws for Rich and Poor, 96.
Lay of the Last Minstrel, 327.
Lazzaretto of Marseilles, 40.
Liberia Herald, 492.
Lionism in London, 494.
Literary men, claims of, 90.
———— Souvenir, The, noticed, 458.
Literature, considered as a profession, 227.
Livery Lay, addressed to the whale at Charing-cross, 220.
Living Literary Characters, No. VII. Thomas Colley Grattan, 77—No. VIII. Robert Plomer Ward, Esq. 186—No. IX. The Earl of Mulgrave, 248—No. X. Miss Mitford, 366—No. XI. Samuel Rogers, 473.
Lords, if they reject the Reform Bill, what will follow? 97.
Louis-Philippe, government of, 209.
Lyreton, Lord, M.P. 221.
Macauley, Mr. speeches of, 123, 495.
M'Lean, Dr. conceit of, 17.
Madden Mr. extract from his Travels, 171.
Mahon, Lord, 453.
Mahon, O'Gorman, reverses of, 4.
Mainote Mother, The, 377.
Malignity, a curiosity in, 95.
Margaret Sunderland, 534.
Mariner, The Ancient, 330.
Marseilles, lazaretto of, 40.
Marvel of the Month, 581.
Matilda, by Lord Normanby, 252.
Maxim, a state one, 89.
Meeting of Parliament, 22.
Melody (Moorish), 333.
Messiah, performance of, 485.
Miguel, Don, character of, 205.
Ministerial Dinner, 321.

Ministerial patronage, 390.
Ministry, French, and the new Chamber, 254.
Mitford, Miss, sketch of, 366.
Mob, where is it? 233.
Montgomery, Robert, 222.
Monsieur le Brun, 382.
Month in Parliament, 265.
Monthly Commentary, 85, 190, 290, 384, 487, 577.
Months, The, lines to, 75,
Moore, George, account of, 1.
Morality, Fashionable, 290.
Morpeth, Lord, on the liberty of the press, 325.
Mother's and Daughters, reviewed, 359.
Mulgrave, Earl of, sketch of, 249.
Musgrave, Sir Richard, his election for Waterford, 5.
My Aunt's Bequest, 178.
My Pension, 449.
Napoleon, lines to, 271.
Navy, American, facts respecting, 308.
Neukomm, Chevalier, music of, 483.
New Parliament, The, 118.
Newspaper-tax, proposed reduction in, 487.
Newtonbarry, affair of, 284.
New York, population of, 300, 301.
No Article this Month, 81.
Normanby, Lord, works of, 249.
North, Mr. elected for Drogheda, 9.
Novels and Romances of the Year, retrospective review of, 356.
Nursery Song, 84.
O'Connel, Daniel, elected for Kerry, 7.
Ogilvy, George, Esq. report of, 17.
Olympic Games, 495.
Oratory in Parliament, 430.
——— waits upon occasion, 488.
Ourang-Outang, ode to, 20.
Ourselves, our Correspondents, and the Public, 445.
Paganini, Signor, 85—anecdote of, 193—robbed at Cheltenham, 197.
Pandemonium Politics, 406.
Parishes, number of in Ireland, 70.
Parisian Gaming Houses, 296.
——— Society, remarks on, 443.
Parliament, life of a member of, 435.
——————— meeting of, 22.
——————— the month in, 265.
——————— the new one, 118.
Patronage, ministerial, 390.
Pattison, Professor, and the London University, 198, 384.
Peel, Sir Robert, 125.
Peerage, French, discussion on, 462.
Peers, how will they be gained? 395.
People's Secret, 489.
Pera, account of the fire at, 313.
Perier, M. declaration of, 463.
Perrin, Mr. returned for Dublin, 3.
Pickpockets at the opening of Parliament, 96
Picturesque Annual, The, noticed, 461.
Pin-Money, reviewed, 362.
Pitt's Bon-mot, 172.
Plague at Constantinople, story of, 162.
Pleasures of Memory, 476.
Plunkett, Lord, 292.
Poem, by the author of the "Corn-Law Rhymes," 552.
Poet, a deceased one, 271.
Poetry, Ode to the Ourang-Outangs, at the Egyptian Hall, 20—Sonnet, by William Wordsworth, 26—The Convict, by L. E. L. 33—My Pension, 49—The Poet's Old Age, 64—The Months; April, 75—The Prayer in the Wilderness, 107—Wishes, by T. H. Bayly, Esq. 153—The Rhyme of the Fugitive, 162—Pitt's Bon-mot, 172—Stanzas, 211—A Livery Lay, 220—Epitaph on a Rotten Borough, 221—Hobbs and Dobbs, 236—Epicedium, 263—Song (for music), 264—From the Portfolio of a Deceased Poet: Fuller's Bird, 271—Napoleon (for music), *ib.*—Song, 272—Hereafter (for music), *ib.*—Song of the Brave Man; from the German of Bürger, 287—The Slave-ship, 312—The Second Marriage, 320—The Lay of the Lost Minstrel, 327—The Show in London, 329—The Ancient Mariner, 330—Sonnets on the Coronation, 331—The Little Absentee, 332—A Reflection, 333—A Melody, *ib.*—A Glance from a Hood, 334—The Laureate's Lay, 335—Black Work, 344—The Two Maidens, 349—The Mainote Mother, 377—Monsieur le Brun, 382—Pandemonium Politics, 406—Sonnet; the King, 428—August, by William Cullen Bryant, 447—Cholera Morbus, 528—Poem by the author of the "Corn Law Rhymes, 552.
Poets, a new batch of uneducated ones, 218.
Poet's Old Age, 64.
Poland, state of affairs in, 206, 336.
Policy, foreign, 201.
Politics, a nuisance, 351.
Portugal, on the government of, 205.
Postscript on the Elections, 495.
Praed, Mr. his speeches on Reform, 123.
Prayer in the Wilderness, 107.
Prices, low, of manufactured goods, 491.
Prostitution, political, 489.
Public, address to, 393.
Punjaub, The, 134.
Quackery illustrated, 186.
Quarantine enactments, 15, 37.
Rail-roads, contrivance of, 380.
Rain, effects of, at a coronation, 331.
Real life, an episode of, 211.
Rebellion of 1798, 280.
Reflection, a, 333.
Reform Bill, remarks on, 22—what will follow its rejection? 97, 118—its progress, 265—opposition to it, 398.
"Religio Medici," a celebrated work, 51.
Religion, aristocracy in, 437.
——————— maintenance of, in Ireland, 65.

Reminiscences of Windham, 555.
Republic, definition of, 488.
Retrospective review of the novels and romances of the year, 356.
Revenge, horrid, 199.
Revolution of 1688, 154.
Rhyme of the Fugitive, 162.
Rich and poor, laws for, 96.
Roden, Lord, his interference in religious matters, 12.
Rogers, Samuel, sketch of, 473.
Romance and Reality, by L. E. L. 545.
Room in which Canning died, 402.
Russell, Lord John, 192, 321—his merits as an orator, 324.
Russia, conduct of, 207, 337.
St. John Long, action brought by him, 86.
Scenes near the Five Waters, (the Punjaub,) 134.
Second marriage, 320.
Self-government, meaning of, 297.
Servants' advertisements, 492.
Shackleford, Tom, 345.
Shaw, Mr. of Dublin, 2.
Shiel, Mr. elected for Louth, 8—oratory of, 434.
Show in London, 329.
Siddons, Mrs. biographical sketch of, 27.
Sirr, Major, particulars respecting, 2.
Sketches of the English Bar, No. V.—Sir Charles Wetherell, 129.
——— Sketches of the Scottish Bar, No. III.—Mr. Forsyth, 244.
Slave-ship, 312.
Smyrna, affray at, 238.
Smyth, Sydney, 491.
Society, remarks on, 438.
Soldier-Boy reviewed, 358.
Song of the brave Man, 287.
Songs, 264, 272.
Sonnet, by William Wordsworth, 26.
Sonnet—the King, 428.
Sonnets on the coronation, 331.
Spain, state of affairs in, 208.
Spirit of Song, by T. Haynes Bayly, 551.
Stage, American, compared to a French diligence, 301.
Stage and the Pulpit, 495.
Stanley, Mr. in Ireland, 108.
Stanzas, 211.
State maxim, 89.
Staubbach, fall of the, 354.
Steam-engines, introduction of, 379.
Steele, Thomas, anecdote of, 4.
Student in Ill Health, Conversations with, —No. VI. 409.
Switzerland in 1831, 351.
Talleyrand, M. de, opinion of, 337.
Tancred, Mr. his "Legal Review," 120.
Taylor, a child, murdered, 294.
Temper of the House of Commons, 429.
Temple of Melekartha, reviewed, 362.
Thiers, M. 466.
Thomson's Seasons, remarks on, 417.
Thoughts, First and Second, 51.
Times, The, 497.
Tithe system, necessity of Reform in, 68.
Tremaine, novel of, 186.
Two maidens, the, 349.
United States, expenditure of the government of, 303.
Uwins, Dr. his observations on Cholera Morbus, 13.
Vendean's Son. By the Author of "The English Italy," 370.
Victim, the, a true story, 571.
Walker, Mr. elected for Wexford, 11.
Walsh, Sir J. R. B. motion of, 119.
Ward, R. P. Esq. sketch of, 186.
Warsaw, fall of, and its effects upon England, 336.
Waterford, election at, 5.
Week at Derby, during the festival, 481.
Westminster Review, remarks on its criticism, 448—extracts from, 489, 492.
Wetherell, Sir Charles, conduct of, 127—sketch of, 129.
Whale, address to, 220.
What a shocking bad hat! origin of, 82.
Where is the mob? 233.
Why may we blame the Bishops? 402.
Wicklow, Lord, and the Irish Yeomanry, 284.
Widow, manœuvres of one, 52.
Wilde, Serjeant, ingenious speech of, 87.
Wilderness, prayer in the, 107.
William IV. speech of, 24.
Winchelsea, Lord, ideas of, 24.
Windham, reminiscences of, 555.
Winter's Wreath, the, noticed, 458.
Wishes, by Thomas Haynes Bayly, 153.
Wordsworth, William, sonnet by, 26.
World as it is, a tale, 420.
World, on its existence, 410.
Wynford, Lord, proposed measure of, 291.
Wyse, Mr. his election for Tipperary, 8.
Yeomanry, the Irish, 279.
Yes and No, by Lord Normanby, 252.
Young Duke, reviewed, 360.
Yungfrau, described, 354.
Zanga outdone, 199.

END OF THE THIRTY-SECOND VOLUME.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY, DORSET-STREET.